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THE LADDER of TIME



ILADDER of TIME

THE LADDER of TIME

a history of Breton and District

by the
Breton and District Historical Society
and the
wonderful people who have lived here

Dedication

We dedicate our book to the pioneers and all the people who made Breton and District what it is today, on Alberta's 75th birthday.

Acknowledgements

We wish to thank the Past-Lieutenant Governor Ralph Steinhauer for his message, also the New Horizons and Alberta Culture for their grants and all the service clubs who had enough trust and faith in us to assist with interest free loans. Thanks to all who provided stories so we could compile this book. No doubt names and events have been missed and mistakes have been made, but allowances must be made for any errors or omissions as they were unintentional.

We would also like to thank the Alberta 75th Anniversary Commission (the County of Leduc) for their support and encouragement.

First Edition - 1980



OFFICE OF THE LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR
LEGISLATIVE BUILDING
EDMONTON, ALBERTA, CANADA T5K 2B6



It is very important that Alberta's history be recorded before it is too late. Because our province is so very young, with its history still in the making, it is very easy to overlook its preservation. So we are indeed indebted to those people who have put so much time and effort into a book such as this.

People came to Alberta, not only from across Canada and the United States, but from countries all over the world. They all came with a determination to succeed and the ability to accept the good with the bad, and to overcome adversity. And, in doing so, made Alberta the great province it is.

To the Breton and District Historical Society I offer my warmest congratulations.

Ralph G. Steinhauer, Lieutenant-Governor of Alberta.

alph Ittinhamer

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PREFACE

It is with sincere gratitude that the Breton and District Historical Society acknowledges all who helped to make our history book, The Ladder of Time, possible.

First of all, we wish to thank the Chamber of Commerce who gave us the courage to take the first step forward — the Senior Citizens for allowing us to use their premises for the purpose of becoming organized, and also for being able to hold our meetings during the preparation of this book.

A special thanks to Alma and Don Gillies for allowing us to use their home for our office, as well as being able to use it so freely for a place to work and compile our history book.

At this time we wish to express our gratitude to Joan Wynnyk and Mary Nelson for the hours of dedicated work that they contributed in editing and proof reading. A special thanks to Mary Nelson for the massive amount of typing she did.

BOOK COMMITTEE

Some of the proof readers hard at work. L. to R. Mary Nelson and Joan Wynnyk.

Members of the Breton and District Historical Society.

Typist: Mary Nelson

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Rustand, Mrs. Mildred Raines.

Book coordinators: Jeannette Polischuk and Alma

We've really struggled, slaved and worked, We've used the midnight oil; But if you think this book's

worthwhile —
That's thanks for all our toil.

We thank you for your stories And for a helping hand; For you have helped to make this book

A Credit to our land.



Breton and District Historical Society. Back row, L. to R. Ed Grzyb, Lloyd Polischuk (Treasurer), Don Gillies (Director), Alma Gillies (Secretary), Gwen Hooks (President), Nina Grzyb (Director), Lloyd Ellis (Director), Edith Shave (Treasurer, New Horizon), Thelma Williams (Director), Jeannette Polischuk (Coordinator). Ted Grzyb (Vice President), and Mark Hooks (Director) are absent from this picture.

FORWARD

The "Ladder of Time", conceived from pride, and nurtured with care and inspiration, has blossomed to a Legacy, moving with feeling as graciously as time has moved through the years covered

within its pages.

A wealth of personal and regional history has been compiled, and it is with appreciation that the Breton Historical Society acknowledges the surrounding communities whose local histories preceded ours. For it is their footsteps we have followed, and they who inspired and gave us courage to write our local history.

As we read these pages of history, we travel back through time and find our community amid a beautiful forest of virgin spruce, ideally located in central Alberta, and artistically carved by the Poplar and Modeste Creeks. These creeks were not only a kaleidoscope of beauty, capable of providing food and recreation, but the foundation of development for the area. They provided a highway to Edmonton for the pioneer logging companies who floated logs down the waters to meet the North Saskatchewan River and on to sawmills located in the city. This natural waterway allowed the logging industry to flourish, bringing with it many people who would eventually settle and make this area their home. Industry and people were, in turn, responsible for the coming of the railway to Breton in 1927.

For 30 years, the lumbering industries provided employment for the many homesteaders who were slowly carving out the foundation for the agricultural base which now dominates our area. By 1956, the logging industry was coming to a finish. Forests had been depleted by fires through the years, and no efforts had been made to reforest. Many homesteaders chose to remain and develop the potential of the farmland on which they had settled — the roots of Breton and district had been planted. The University of Alberta, affiliated with the Department of Agriculture, located experimental farm plots on property southeast of Breton, then owned by Ben Flesher. This experimental farm contributed greatly to the advancement of agriculture

in our area. Farmers were able to learn farming procedures which would enable them to farm this virgin land and achieve prosperous returns for

many years to follow.

As we travel along the "Ladder of Time", we find the lumbering and logging industries followed closely behind by the oil and gas industries. Oil was discovered and a new and very different industry moved rapidly into the area, bringing still more people and an era of fast moving and exciting times. New roads were built, small oil related industries flourished, and many new jobs were created. In time, the "Oil Drilling Boom" reached a peak, and eventually died. Again, many people chose to remain in the area, having settled on farmland they wished to develop. A large number of farmers were able to supplement their farm income from jobs created by oil development. This additional income enabled the farmers to improve their land more quickly, thus making this a more favorable farming community.

The roots of Breton and district, planted during the lumbering era, were deepened and strengthened, and from these roots have grown a community and area of which we are very proud — mature in basic needs, but withholding unlimited potential — unique in character, because it is a community of many nationalities blended together as one. We boast of being one of the few Albertan communities to be settled by colored folks. The hearty and loving nature of these people has remained in the character of our community throughout the years, and has made the hardships and bur-

dens of growth easier to bear.

With enthusiasm, we urge you to travel the "Ladder of Time" with us. Meet the people — pioneers, loggers, district nurses, teachers, and oil field workers. Experience the fun loving labour of sawmills, the excitement of a drilling rig and the satisfaction of a fine crop harvested. Share with us, our pride and humble gratitude to all those who have made Breton and district what it is today.

- Breton and District Historical Society



EARLY PIONEERS



MEMORIES

It was only a little log cabin Near a road that was merely a track. It was two rooms and a lean-to So why is it calling me back? Why call me away from this comfort This life with its ease and its frills To gaze once again at a birth-place Nestled in rough-wooded hills The cabin is gone from the first site, "The sod roof is gone evermore," As a granary, it's serving a purpose With its rusty and creaking old door. But the big spruce tree on the hilltop Marks the place where the cabin once stood, And I know I would go back tomorrow If fate would decree that I could.

— A. M. COLLIER

THE STRAWBERRY PLAINDEALER MARCH 25 - 1914 TELFORDVILLE, ALBERTA

"Ye Editor made an interesting trip through the Keystone settlement fairly recently, with the intention of buying furs and whilst the trip was a failure from the fur buyer's point of view, all the trappers having sold out their catch a few days previously, it was edifying to see the country and get acquainted with the Negro people who are farming it.

The land there is not like our soil, but is a sandy loam and certainly grows fine vegetables, while the settlers declare that oats and barley grow equally well; the country is burnt off and there are large

open stretches of rolling land.

They appear to be a very good class of settlers and are very hospitable; their houses are tidy and clean, whilst nearly all boast some brightly colored carpets, knick-knacks, and polished furniture, giving the interior of the houses an almost suburban appearance which is all the more surprising when one considers that they are more than forty miles from a town in many cases.

They are quite anxious to see the railroad traverse their part of the country as we are here, but they are not sitting down to wait for it but seeing that they will have real farms so that they may reap the benefits of extra marketing facilities the moment

they materialise."

— AUBREY BRAY (EDITOR)

AUBREY BRAY

Aubrey Bray, his father and brother, Reginald, came to the area west of the Telfordville post office about 1910, from England. During the year 1913 and 1914 he printed a few copies of a tiny newspaper he called the "Strawberry Plaindealer". It is from one of these that this article is taken.

All three Brays joined the Armed Forces in World War I. Both of the young men were killed in active service and the father was wounded. He did

not return to the Telfordville farm.

THE GOOD HOPE BAPTIST CHURCH

Excerpts from the church minutes.

"We, the people of township 48, range 4—west of the 5th meridian, met together at Wm. Allen's house at eleven o'clock on September 10, 1911, for the purpose of organizing a church."

Motion that Bro. C.H. King Sr. act as chairman

for this meeting. Carried.

Motion we organize a missionary Baptist Church. Carried. Church was organized with 17 members. Deacons were: Bro. Wm. Bailey, Bro. H. Brooks, Bro. H. Allen, Bro. King and Bro. Wm. Allen. Bro. H. Allen to act as secretary and Bro. Wm. Allen as treasurer. Motion that the name of the church be Good Hope Missionary Baptist Church. Carried.

Motion that 1. we have regular service once every month, 2. we meet on first Sundays of the month and 3. we meet on Saturday before the first Lord's Days in every month for a conference.

The church was built on the northeast quarter of section 15. Ten acres were purchased for the site. The amount paid for the land was \$10.50. Bro. Brooks was to be pastor for the first Sunday in every month and every member was to pay 25¢ per month for the pastor's salary which was ten dollars per month."

August 12, 1918, soliciting for the church netted \$5.75.

The church was in operation for a number of years; some of the Brothers and Sisters during that time were: C. H. King, Harry Allen, Wm. Bailey, Henry Brooks, Charlie King Jr., John King, Sam King, D. L. Gist, Wm. Allen, Lenova King, Willie May King, M. E. King, Ann Tolston, Odessa Brooks, Matilda Bailey, Sallie Allen, Mattie Allen, Josie Gordon, Sister Jones, Emma King, Lucy Gist, L. Hayes, Mattie King, E. Alexander, Mabel Bailey, C. Alexander, Birdie Allen, Jasper Hayes, A. Shaw, Floyd Hayes, Alex Ross, Lottie Alexander, Guy Allen, Dural Hayes, Willie Ross, Lee Allen, Bill Alexander, Rueben Hayes, Ada Ross, Wm. Hayes, Jesse Ross and John Burton.

After the organization of the church, the Good Hope Baptist Sunday School was formed. Bro C. H. King was superintendent and Bro. Wm. Bailey assistant superintendent. Miss Stella Ramsey was secretary and Sister S. A. Allen was treasurer. Sunday School was held every Sunday. There were approximately thirty members in 1911. One Sunday in August, 1915 the attendance at Sunday School was fifty-one; the total collection was 82¢.

The church and the Sunday School were very active. They held concerts and many other types of entertainment.

THE KEYSTONE CEMETERY

The people of Keystone could not decide where they wanted the cemetery to be situated. They wanted it near the main road, but no one knew where the main road would be built. Finally, it was agreed that the first family to lose a loved one would donate land for the cemetery. The first death occurred in the Harry Allen family so the Keystone Cemetery was put on the southeast corner of his quarter. Theo Westling now owns Harry Allen's homestead.



Mr. Allen of Keystone, and his team of oxen, 1915. Alfred Stone's house in background.

THE ALLENS

Among the first of the colored pioneers to come to the Keystone area were William and Mattie Allen and family. They arrived prior to 1909. I believe the Allens had five children — Lee, Harry, Pearl, Mattie and Bertie. Mr. Allen's homestead was S.E. 22-48-4-W5. Lee Allen homesteaded N.W. 14-48-4-W5 and Harry filed on S.W. 14-48-4-W5.

Mr. Allen was instrumental in recruiting other settlers for the area. He contacted Mr. Charlie King Sr., a friend in Oklahoma, and told him about the homesteads that were available for ten dollars to males over eighteen.

The Allens were active members of the Good Hope Baptist Church which they helped build. They served on the board, and the organizational meeting for the purpose of establishing the Good Hope Baptist Church was held at his house on September 10, 1911. Mr. Charlie King Sr. chaired the meeting and Harry Allen was secretary. The Allen family also aided in the building and operating of the Funnell School.

Mr. Allen Sr. and daughter, Bertie, passed away in Keystone and were buried in the Keystone Cemetery. Most of the Allens moved to B.C. when they left Keystone.

— EMMA KING

THE BAILEYS, DAYS AND HARDINGS

The three Bailey brothers, Robert, Ben and Will, came to Canada from Kansas around 1910. Will Bailey's wife, Matilda, and her mother came at the same time. Will and Matilda also had a son they called "Big Eddy". Mrs. Matilda Bailey's mother, Mrs. Bartlett, didn't like Canada; it was much too cold so she returned to Kansas. The Baileys lived in Edmonton for awhile and moved to Keystone around 1911.

The Harding brothers, Tom and Jim, came from Kansas with the Baileys. Eventually, they all

filed on homesteads in Keystone. Will Bailey filed on S.W. 23-48-4-W5, Robert Bailey filed on N.E. 10-48-4-W5, Ben Bailey on S.W. 10-48-4-W5 and Tom Harding filed on S.W. 24-48-4-W5. After filing on a homestead, Ben Bailey sent to Kansas for his girl friend. When they were married, they moved onto their homestead.

A few years later, Robert Bailey married Mary Chandler, who came to the area with her mother, Phyllis Day, her aunt, Hattie Robinson, and her brother, Willis Day. The Day clan came from Oklahoma.

Everyone was active in building the Good Hope Baptist Church and the Funnell School. Robert and Mary Bailey had three sons. Leslie was born in Edmonton but Harvey and Eddy were born in Keystone. Mrs. Day, Mary Bailey's mother, was midwife.

When Leslie and Harvey were small, the men folk went shooting ducks, out of season. When the game warden asked the boys where their daddy was, they replied "Oh, he's hunting hawks — the ones that swim on the lake."

Before leaving Keystone, Ben and Robert Bailey and Phyllis Day invested in a sawmill; but because there was no railroad near, they had to close down after a few months' operation. They then moved the mill to Wildwood.

During the flu epidemic, Tom Harding and Will Bailey passed away. Later, Matilda Bailey and Willis Day were married in the Funnell School. Their daughter, Gwen, was born in the old log house that used to be on Webster's place. Prior to this, however, the rest of the Baileys, Days and Hardings had moved to Edmonton. Sometime later, Willis Day and family moved to Radway, Alberta.



Ben Bailey's sawmill, 1917. Keystone area.



Standing Lil Hayden and Mary Bailey. Seated Aarla Hayden and Mary Bailey's granddaughter, Reo.

In the early sixties, Mary Bailey and grand-daughters, Robin and Reo, and a friend, Lil Hayden, and her daughter, Aarla, moved back to the district. They stayed on the farm with Mary Bailey's brother and his wife - Willis and Matilda Day. While here, the girls, Robin, Reo and Aarla attended Breton School. After four or five years, they went to Calgary. The Baileys still live there and Robin has part interest in a boutique there. Reo works at the boutique also. Lil and Aarla live in B.C.

— WILLIS DAY AND MARY BAILEY

THE RALPH BURRIS FAMILY

My dad, Ralph, came to Empress, Alberta from Lincoln, Nebraska on April 10, 1917. Mabel, my mother, followed in August and they were married

on August 10, 1917 in Empress.

While in southern Alberta, they tried their hand at many different things such as, operating a cafe and homesteading, etc. Dad then joined the Canadian Army and on return from overseas, he ran a ferry on the Red Deer River. The pay for this was \$80 a month. The damp working conditions began to tell on him, so after five years he resigned and in the spring of 1925 they loaded their belongings in a boxcar and shipped them to



Burris' first home, 1927.

Wetaskiwin. They had heard of the new railway being built. By now, there were three children.

He met Jim Ratcliffe here and they worked for

awhile on an extra gang around Camrose.

Later Jim and Dad moved the Bert Kluczny family to the Winfield district and took up work on the railroad from Hoadley north for the remainder of the summer. During this period he met two men, Albert Low while working, and Ernest Russell on a return trip from visiting his family in Wetaskiwin.

The four men then filed for homesteads. Dad was on N.W. 35-46-4-W5, Ernest Russell on N.E. 35-46-4-W5, Jim Ratcliffe on N.E. 34-46-4-W5, and

Albert Low was on S.W. 35-46-4-W5.

The next spring, after the fourth child was born, Mother took the 3 younger children to Battle Lake to cook at Snell's camp. Dad and Marvin loaded everything and headed for the homestead. They travelled as far as Battle Lake and stopped and



Burris family 1938. Top row, Marvin, Ruth and Roy. Center row, Mother and Father. Bottom row, Bill (Ray), Nina and Ernest.

worked in Snell's camp for about 3 weeks. It turned bitterly cold and stormy and the camp shut down. Deciding this would be a good time to continue their trek west, while the ground was frozen, they started west along Battle Lake, stopping at a creek near what is known now as Yeoford, for lunch. Here they met the Collisson family for the first time.

About a mile from the homestead, they broke through the frost and were stuck fast. Unhitching the horses, they continued on. The next day, April 7th, Mother's birthday, they went back for the wagon. They lived in a shack which was half dugout till the house could be finished. They thought they would see few people this far out, but the first

Sunday there were 10 for dinner.

Money was low so Dad went to work on the railway again at Town Lake. The spring was very rainy and the dugout filled with water, so they moved into the unfinished house. They had to go to Yeoford for mail and groceries or to Sanford Nelsons. He would pick up the mail for them. Mr. and Mrs. Nelson and family had been in the district for several years.

January 1, 1927, Dad went to work for D.R. Fraser Lumber Co. Little Bill Fraser arrived about 2 weeks later. Dad worked for the remainder of the

winter, quitting in the spring to clear land.

There was no school at Norbuck in 1928, so a house was rented at Knob Hill to enable the older children to attend. More settlers were moving in and a school was built. The boys became quite active in the local baseball team. Some of the players were Marvin, Roy and Ernest Burris, Cecil Powell, Sidney Jones, Roy Ingbretson, Aubrey Warner and one of the Barber boys, among others. They made quite a name for themselves; one year they played 30 some games and won them all.

During the thirties, Dad worked for Art

Burrows Lumber Co. for \$30 per month.

In 1937, there was a fire that destroyed many homes as well as Burrows' sawmill and camp. The only buildings left at Norbuck were the homes of Frank Rath and Jim Ratcliffe which contained the general store and post office. It did not get as far east as our home and the school. Our family, along with many other families, were transported to Winfield. We were fed in the hotel and housed in different homes. We came back with scarlet fever. My mother must have had quite a time with six kids all sick.

We had to make our own entertainment; there was skating and sleigh riding, parties in the winter, swimming and ball in the summer. Dances, box socials and house parties were the most common. We always had time to visit with our neighbors, both near and far. Many a Sunday, we would hitch up the horses and go ten or twelve miles for dinner and back home the same day.

From the early forties to 1956, Dad worked for D.R. Frasers, first at Fraspur — 3 or 4 miles north of Norbuck, and then at Breton when they moved there. In Breton we rented a house next to the police barracks, two doors from the hotel. My brother, Bill (Ray), and I attended school in Breton.

My brother, Marvin, and his wife, Fay, took over the store and post office from Frank Rath in 1952. In 1956, when they moved to Edmonton, Mother and Dad moved back into their former home and operated the store and post office till 1967, then they retired to Edmonton. Mother passed away in 1970; Dad returned to Norbuck at that time. He had his own little home on the old



Haying 1940. Roy and Ernie.

homestead near Bill and family, who now own the farm. When the West Pine Lodge for Senior Citizens opened, he moved in and still resides there.

Marvin and his wife, Fay, live in Edmonton and he works at Elk Island Park. They have two

daughters, Muriel and Maureen.

Ruth married Chris Zwiers and now is a widow. She lives at Windermere, B.C. They have six children, Wallace, Donna, Kristine, Grace, Linda and Bruce.

Roy and his wife, Nora, live in London, Ontario where Roy is Superintendent of Construction for

the Ontario government.

Ernest and his wife, Helen, live at Lethbridge where he is a conductor for the C.P.R. They have six children, Karen, Richard, Alvin, James, Glen and Alana.

Bill (Ray) is living on the old homestead with his wife, Eleanor. They have six children, Nancy, Susan, Catherine, William, Mary and Stanley.

I married Edward Grzyb and we live at Breton. We have four children, Jerry, Lorraine, Marian and Leonard.

- NINA GRZYB

THE ALEXANDERS

Cliff, Eugene, Elmer and Marvin Alexander came to Keystone with the Kings in 1911. But Marvin returned to the States soon after arrival. The other boys filed on homesteads in the Keystone area. They were active in the formation of the Good Hope Baptist Church and Funnell School. Cliff Alexander filed on N.W. 20-48-4-W5, Elmer N.E. and Eugene the S.E. Due to hardships and inconveniences in the area, the Alexander families moved away.

JOHN BURTON

John Burton homesteaded in the Keystone area. He was an uncle to Charlie King Jr. and came to Keystone with the King families in 1911. John was a bachelor. He remained in the area until his death. He was buried in the Keystone Cemetery.

- EMMA KING

HARRY AND LILLY ASHER

Lilly Bowman was on her way from England to her brother's at Wenham Valley, when she met some people for Orillia, Ontario. They talked her into coming to work for them. While she was there, she met Harry Asher and after about a year, Harry and Lilly came out to John Bowman's and were married in Wetaskiwin in 1921.

Harry filed on a homestead about 2 miles west of John Bowman's and they lived there until 1933 or 1934.

Then they made a deal with Dan McLeod that they take over McLeod's house in town and McLeod would take over the farm. The house was quite large so they turned part of it into a second-hand store.

Harry was always very active in sports, he also played with many different bands as a drummer.

He served overseas in the Army for about 4 years, and was a very active member of the Legion for many years.

They lived in Breton until they both passed away a few years ago.

— IDA E. BOWMAN

WILLIAM AND WILLMA BOGART

Mr. William Bogart was born in Columbus Grove, Ohio, U.S.A. on June 23, 1873. He married Willma Hickman at Seward, Nebraska, U.S.A. on December 29, 1909. They had eleven children, Jackson, Ilene, Richard, Louise, Blanch, Lawrence, Willard, Lois, Morris, Robert and Lloyd.

He came to Canada with his wife and two chil-



Left to right, Mr. and Mrs. Berry, Mr. and Mrs. Bogart.

dren in 1913, making his home in the Millet district. The rest of the family were born here in Alberta.

He later lived near Pigeon Lake and then moved to a farm west of Wetaskiwin where he lived till 1924 when he decided to homestead. He filed on the N.E.¹/₄ 7-48-4-W5. His decision to move here was due to financial problems as his land was either dried and blown out or hailed out. The homestead lay to the northwest of, what is now, Breton.

His son-in-law, Frank Compton, filed on the N.W.½-7-48-4-W5, adjoining land, at the same time. They came to this district together, living together in a small building they moved from Wetaskiwin; this was their home for the first year.

They bought their supplies at the Keystone store and the Yeoford store.

His wife and family stayed at Wetaskiwin till 1925. He milked quite a few cows and hauled the cream to Yeoford where it was put into the water of a big spring that kept it cool. The cream was then



Mrs. Bogart's 80th birthday. Standing, Louise, Lawrence, Lloyd, Willard, Lois. Seated, Jack and Mrs. Bogart.

hauled to Wetaskiwin to the creamery and the cheque was sent to his wife there; that is what the family lived on.

The family spent July and August of 1925 on the homestead and returned to Wetaskiwin for school that year. In 1926 the family came to Breton to stay. We did not go to school for one year. In 1927 a school was built in Breton as the community was growing and there were more children.

Dad bought two lots in Breton (lots 19 and 20) and we lived there and attended the first classes.

The first years we lived on the homestead, the trails in summer were almost impossible to travel. Sometimes, on crossing the Ezra Bonham homestead on the way to Breton, the mud was up to the horses' stomachs.

There were lots of berries to pick in the summer and we grew a good garden which helped with our living.

For a few years, Dad hired men to cut tamarack rails which were shipped on the train by carloads.

In 1931 the New Moose Hill School was built and we attended school there. Our first teacher was



Mr. Bogart, in the garden on the homestead.

Mary Hunka. My youngest brother, Lloyd, when starting school, was asked where he was born. He replied, "In the sheep shed." (The first house was now the sheep shed.)

Dad raised vegetables which he sold and traded for lumber to the big sawmills. He traded enough vegetables to William Anthony Lumber Co. for lumber to build a good home. Vegetables grew very well on the flats along the creek and in the fall there would be many wagon loads. Those that he could not sell, he fed to the farm animals.

William Bogart passed away in 1957 and his wife, Willma, in 1978. Two children, Richard and Blanch, died at a very young age but the rest of the family are all living.

— Louise (Bogart) Hough

WILLIS DAY

I was born on July 29, 1893 in Weewoki, Oklahoma. On December 25, 1911 I arrived in Edmonton.

Shortly after arriving in Edmonton, I met Richard Funnell who suggested I come to the Funnell area, then known as Keystone, and take up a homestead. At that time, I recall there were only three white men in this area, Richard Funnell, Pete Hopkin and Mr. Beaumont. About 1910, Charlie



Willis Day.

King and family along with several other colored families, had come to the Funnell area, so a few years later I moved out and joined the other colored families in this area.

In those early years, there was no town of Breton. Funnell School, named after Richard Funnell, had been established and there was a post office named Keystone. Near the school was a Baptist church, built of logs, as most of the buildings were in those days. Rev. Brooks was the minister at that time.

Settlers followed a bush trail out from Edmonton and then cut a road through the bush to their homesteads. I homesteaded the land that Mrs. Willie Hooks now lives on. N.W. 13-48-4-W5th. Many of the settlers shipped their cattle, horses and mules, farming implements and furniture by rail. In those days the closest towns were Rimbey and Leduc.

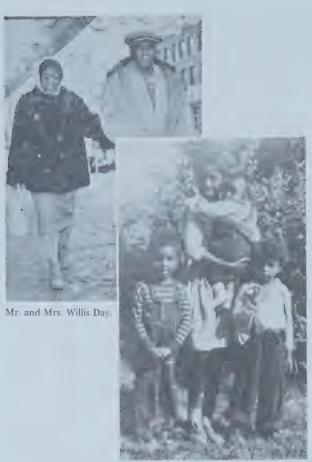
While trying to "prove up" on their homesteads, the settlers made a bit of money hauling lumber by horse or mule team to Leduc or Edmonton where they received \$5 to \$6 per load or traded them for groceries, clothing or farm equipment. Of course, in those days everyone had their own chickens, pigs and milk cows.

The government paid the settlers to "prove up" on their homesteads. It seems that in a certain number of years they had to have 30 acres plowed. Due to the wet weather and hardships of clearing and breaking land in those days, Rollie Ramsey was unable to get his 30 acres under cultivation. So when the government man was coming out, he plowed a furrow around a 30-acre piece of land so that when he was asked how much land was broken he could truthfully say he had plowed around 30 acres of land.

Then the requirements of "proving up" on their land was changed so that each homesteader was to have at least 10 head of cattle. Well most farmers had only one milk cow, so when the government man was coming out, several farmers would get together and put all their cattle on one farm so they would have 10 head of cattle to qualify. The inspector soon caught on and told them to start marking their cows as he was tired of coming out to look at the same 10 head of cattle every time a settler wished to qualify for "proving up".

My wife and I raised four children. Gwen (Mrs. Mark Hooks) was born on the farm N.W. 1-48-4-W5th now owned by Mr. and Mrs. Gene Webster, just on the outskirts of Breton. We adopted two boys, Gerald and Keith and a daughter, Doreen. Gerald and his wife have a son born on my birthday, July 29, so have named him after me. I have twelve grandchildren and three great grandchildren.

During the pioneer days, I can remember my wife improvising to be able to spin yarn, using part of the cream separator. When we were going to make a long journey in the winter, we would heat a



Gerald, Keith and Doreen Day holding Wayne Hooks.

large rock in the oven, then pour warm water over the hot rock making it stay warm longer; it was then wrapped in a blanket and used as a foot-warmer.

Because of the early pioneers who opened up this area, Funnell has become the thriving farm community it is today.

— WILLIS DAY

THE DEISTING FAMILY

Gus Deisting left Minnesota, U.S.A. in 1912 and came to Bittern Lake, Alberta. He and his brother, Ed, operated the livery barn and also worked on the railway.

Mr. Deisting married Minnie Middlestad of Camrose in 1915. Mrs. Deisting came from a large family of six brothers and two sisters. Two of Mrs. Deisting's brothers, Henry and Adolph, were wrestlers

In 1923 Gus Deisting moved to the Wenham Valley district and homesteaded S.E. 26-48-4-W5. He worked for Snell's sawmill at Battle Lake and did some relief road work.

By 1934, things started to get worse — the depression had started. To make ends meet, Mr.

Deisting left the homestead and moved onto N.W. 14-47-4-W5, one mile south of the Antross School. This was a logging camp that Anthony Lumber Company had quit using; however, the buildings were in good condition. Several years later, these buildings burnt in a forest fire.

From here, Mr. Deisting and his oldest son, Bill, seventeen at the time, went to cut logs for the William Anthony Lumber Company. About one year later, Deistings moved again to the Antross siding. The siding by this time had many homes as the Ross Lumber Co. camp and planing mill were also there.

In 1939 Mr. Deisting decided to buy a homestead again, the S.W. 26-47-4-W5, a half mile north of the Antross School or two and a half miles southwest of Breton. Here he built a sturdy log house that was in use till 1951 when it was replaced by a frame house which is still being used today by his son, Bill, and daughter-in-law, Minnie.

Mr. Deisting, Bill, Ed and August continued to work in the lumber industry until 1946 when timber ran out and the industry ceased. Mr. Deisting did not work out after this time. He soon got his old age pension.

By now, the children started to leave home; however, Bill being close to his father, stayed home. He went to work for the Pearson Lumber Company in Breton. This lasted only a short time as the company moved to British Columbia.

Bill, being a good worker like his father, soon went to work on a farm for Ordie Mockerman. He worked there for about two years.

In 1960 Bill got what was to be his last job working out. This was for Ted Grzyb's dairy farm a half mile west of Breton. Bill worked here for thirteen years until 1973 when he semi-retired, as he was soon to get his pension.



Gus and Minnie Deisting.

Mr. and Mrs. Deisting raised ten children — Bill, Milly, Lillian, Edward, Mina, August, Herman, Doris, Gorman and Hilda. Bill, Milly, Lillian and Edward attended school at Wenham Valley. Lillian and Edward went to Antross School. Mina, August, Herman, Doris, Gorman and Hilda also attended school in Antross.

Herman passed away in 1952 in an accident while at work. Mrs. Deisting passed away in 1953. Mr. Gus Deisting passed away in 1973 at the age of 92 years.

As told to me by Bill Deisting —

— ED GRZYB

EARLY SETTLERS WHO LIVED WEST of BRETON DURING the FIRST HOMESTEAD DAYS

as told by Thelma Williams and written by John Hough

John Bowes

The first settlers to come to mind were the Bowes family.

Mr. John Bowes helped to move the Walter Williams family here in 1925 and then decided to take a homestead for himself and his son, Milo. Nearly two years later, he brought his wife and daughter to live here also. The members of the family were Mr. and Mrs. John Bowes, their children, Everett, Wilbur, Esther and Milo.



Mrs. Tada Bowes and Edith Craig, on Mrs. Bowes' birthday.

John Bowes homesteaded the S.W. 3-48-4-W5 and Milo Bowes the N.E. 33-47-4-W5.

As near as we can remember, John Bowes passed away in 1929 and his son, Everett Bowes, came home at this time to live with his mother; he lived there till his death on September 28, 1973. Mrs. Tada Bowes passed away sometime earlier in B.C., in her early nineties.

Milo Bowes married Helen Stewart. Wilbur Bowes married Sarah Jones. Esther Bowes married Ronald Bland.

Julius Jensen

Julius Jensen arrived in 1929 and homesteaded S.W. 5-48-4-W5.

The Jensens arrived sometime earlier from Denmark and lived for a short time near High River before coming to Breton. They could not live on their homestead because there were no roads or buildings. He built their first small house on Walter Williams' place so when he was away at work his wife and two small children, Arno and Alicia, would not be alone. Later, he moved onto his own homestead. Twin girls were born to them sometime later, at Breton.

They left this area in 1932 to make their home in B.C. — Vancouver. Julius Jenson was a sailor many years prior to coming to Canada and it is believed that with the help of captain's papers, he returned to this profession.

Adolph Pazzola

Adolph Pazzola homesteaded the S.E. of 6-48-4-W5 in the year of 1931.

Earlier, he was a fireman on the C.N. Railroad and lived at Entwistle. He then went to Drumheller where he worked in the coal mines for many years. After taking his homestead here, he would return to the mines for the winter months. This he did till the homestead was improved enough for him to stay home the year round.

We do not know very much about his family other than that he had four children, Leonard, Carl, Maurice and Thelma.

Adolph passed away about 1968 and is buried in the Breton Cemetery.

Ira Collins

Ira Collins homesteaded the N.E. 31-47-4-W5 in 1935. He and his wife, Hazel, had one small child, Madeline, and a son, Vernon, was born here. Ira and his wife left the area a few years later. Ira joined the Army in World War II. His wife and family live in Lacombe.

Fred Collins

Fred Collins was the father of Ira Collins and came to the Breton area in about 1935 or 1936 and lived with his wife and other son, Homer, on the S.W. 5-48-4-W5. Later, he moved to his son Ira's place. He passed away, we believe, in 1941 and is buried in the Breton Cemetery.

Lewis Leary

Lewis Leary homesteaded the S.E. 33-47-4-W5 sometime in the late 1920's or early 1930's. He and his wife had four children.

Lewis worked for the William Anthony Lumber Co; he was the setter and rode the carriage in the mill.

He left our area in the later 1930's, perhaps about 1937, and moved to B.C.

Ezra Bonham

Ezra Bonham homesteaded the N.E. 4-48-4-W5 in 1923. He moved to this area from Alix, Alberta and came from the U.S.A. originally. He sold, by auction, his personal effects and returned to the U.S.A. in 1930.

He built a big tamarack log barn which stood for close to fifty years. His homestead was a favorite stopping place for many new settlers moving into the area. His house was built from one ply of boards and two ply of cracks.

Joseph Klouter

Joseph Klouter homesteaded the N.W. 4-48-4-W5 in 1931; he worked through the years in saw-mills and Frasers' planing mill.

He came to Breton from Ryley, Alberta. He lived at Breton till his senior years and then went to live at the senior citizens' home in Leduc where he passed away in the mid 1960's.

Kenneth Symons

Kenneth Symons homesteaded the S.W. 4-48-4-W5 in 1930. He and his wife built a small house and lived here for two or three years. He worked at William Anthony's sawmill. We are not sure where they went to from here.

This land was earlier homesteaded by Henry (or Harry) Williams in 1925 who also built the first hotel in Breton.

BAILEY COOK

I was asked to write a story on the late Mr. Bailey Cook but I don't feel that I know enough about him. I know that he was a very nice fellow and quite humorous at times. On one occasion, I was working for the late Mr. Will Bogart and we were moving the Hills, Tom Sr., Tom Jr. and John, from Breton to their farm some miles west. When we had everything loaded, we tied the belongings down with whatever we could find. I was using haywire and I asked Mr. Cook if he had a pair of pliers that I could borrow to cut the wire. He replied, "Well, I have a pair of pliers that won't cut wire, but they will mark it so you can see where to break it."

- LLOYD ELLIS

MAURICE McFADEN

Maurice McFaden was born in Ontario around 1851 and moved to Deadwood, North Dakota as a young man. He truly saw the West as it was, knowing many of the people we hear about from those times.

He came to Alberta in the early nineteen hundreds or before and worked building the Grand Trunk Railroad from Edmonton west through the mountains.



Maurice McFaden holding Patsy Hough.

Mac, as he was known to everyone, homesteaded east of Edmonton. In later years, he sold his farm and worked in lumber camps at McKay, Alberta and Pouce Coupe, B.C. Mac came to work for Charles Wybert, seven miles east of Breton on S.W. 36-47-3-W5, sometime in the late 1920's.

He worked for Melvin Hough's sawmill, west of Breton, in 1931 and again in 1935. He worked for Red McQuillan, Carl Johnson and Pearson Bros. Ltd. doing sawmill work. He also worked for Walter Baynes and others.

He lived with Floyd Maine and John Hough for some time. His last years were spent with Verdan Adair and Joe Lauber. Mr. McFaden passed away at the home of Joe Lauber in 1944. He now rests in the Breton Cemetery. He had one sister at New Norway, Alberta. Maurice McFaden was respected by all who knew him.

— JOHN J. HOUGH

OLI THORN

Oli Thorn came to Breton in the early thirties. He lived 1½ miles south of Breton beside the railway tracks with his big dog as his sole companion.

He was very clever with iron and could repair machinery. He did several jobs for us and everything fitted so well. He made the fork for our hay sling and we still have it. It was much better than one we could have bought.

He left again in the late thirties as quietly as he had come. I believe he went back to Edmonton.

— NORA IMPEY

THE FLESHER FAMILY

The Flesher family came from Terre Haute, Indiana to Carmangay, a town in Southern Alberta in the spring of 1911. The father, James Flesher, his wife Clara A., daughter Charlotte, son Benjamin, and young daughter Martha E. comprised the family then. Though they did not buy land there, Mr. Flesher tried various projects such as working for a wheat farmer and rancher. Once he worked for someone who raised pigs, and another who grew potatoes on a large scale. Through these experiences, he picked up considerable knowledge in how to operate in a very different climate and environment. In Indiana, where corn was the main crop and cultivation was done using mules as power, with its long growing season, etc. it all proved a great change from prairie living. During their stay in Carmangay, Mrs. Flesher took patients into her home to nurse, sent to her by the local Doctor Bryons. Most being maternity patients, she was instrumental in bringing many babies into the world. The nursing experience also proved helpful in later years.

Charlotte, Benjamin and Martha Flesher continued with their schooling in Carmangay; on finishing Charlotte worked as a telephone operator and Ben went working for a rancher who was raising horses for the Canadian Army. This was during the First World War and horses were needed for the mounted troops and it was a very profitable business to sell horses to the government. It was while Ben was with this man and they were moving horses further north to better pasture in the Minburn district, that he met people who were going homesteading out this way. He became interested in taking up land southwest of Edmonton. The prairie was suffering from very dry years at that time, so no doubt the trees and green grass were quite appealing to people coming from there. After looking around and deciding to move, the whole family all came north to Edmonton in 1919, finally deciding to move to this location — the N.E. 25-47-4-W5th. This quarter had been used as a headquarters for a logging operation carried on by the Dave Ricker Co. during the early part of the 1900's. A large barn had been built as well as a good house, cookhouse, bunkhouses, and blacksmith shops. The house was well built of logs, as were the barn and other buildings and were quite usable for the family moving in. Another advantage was that at least fifty acres were cleared and broken. This had been used by the Rickers to grow timothy hay and oats for the logging horses and provide work for the men and horses in summer months. There was also a large log house in a partly built condition. It was a two story house and had a fir floor, shingled roof, doors and windows in, and bricks to build a fireplace and chimney. This was to have been a house for the Ricker family but misfortune came in the form of rains and floods one summer. The logs decked on

the creeks, ready for the drive to the river and eventually to the mill on the Walterdale flats in Edmonton, were swept away and lost. This and other factors caused the Ricker Company to go bankrupt and after Mr. Ricker died the place was put up for sale. This was a lucky break for the Flesher family to have a quarter with so many improvements already done. The usual way to homestead was by paying \$10.00 to file on a quarter section and then having to do the "homestead duties", by building a house and barn, fencing and clearing and breaking a certain number of acres before acquiring the title. The land had to be resided on a certain number of months each year also. It was luck the family really needed as this was the worst winter known in this country with snow coming in mid October and not leaving until well into May. They had to struggle to keep the team and saddle horse through the winter — there being no feed in the country to buy and having to haul oats etc. from Leduc, when they could get them. Many people ran out of the little feed they had and lost their horses and cattle before spring; so it was a rather discouraging start made in a new home.

By working out at sawmills and logging camps during the winter, going out to harvest in the fall, and putting in some crop for themselves, the Fleshers managed to accumulate a small herd of cattle and some good work horses. They probably were as well off as the majority of the settlers at that time. They managed to carry on and liked the district and the people living there. The girls had both gone to work in the telephone office but came to spend holidays at the "Ranch", as it was called, and always enjoyed it there. At that time, the main trail between Keystone P.O. and Yeoford P.O. went right through our place, so it was a regular stopping place for the travellers and mail carriers to and from these points. This must have broken the monotony and helped keep one from feeling lonesome and isolated. Many women coming from towns and more settled places found life lacking in any special contacts. They could not get used to the months of being shut in and never seeing any women visitors.

By the summer of 1929, J.E. Flesher and his wife moved to their homestead eight miles N.W. of Breton in the Carnwood district. (Story in the



James and Clara Flesher, 1940.

history book "Forest to Grainfields"). He had built a small house, a barn and some other sheds etc. and had some land cultivated there. They raised a few cattle and Ben took part of his herd to pasture there each year. In 1946, Mr. Flesher passed away in November and Mrs. Flesher moved to Breton soon after. She lived part time with Ben and family and the daughters Charlotte and Martha who were married and living in High River and Ashmont at that time. She had many hobbies and made quilts and rugs to be given to everyone in the family. While living with Martha in Ashmont, she became ill and passed away in April, 1956 at the age of 85.

In July 1929, Ben Flesher and Elsie Jones, of Wenham Valley — (Story of Jones Family in "Trail Blazers") — history of Wenham Valley — Yeoford-Winfield districts, were married and we made our home on the "Ranch", living in the still usable log house. We lived there until 1952 and then built the house where I still live. By this time, the power had been put in throughout much of this country, so we were able to have all the conveniences that go with it. Whether there was an unknown connection between our moves or change in life's status, that was the beginning of "The Great Depression" in 1929 that took over the country for years to come. Probably to people who had never known any great affluence before, it just meant tightening our belts a little more and carrying on the best one could.

In April, 1931 our son Ben Jr. was born. When he began school in Breton, it was to the little one room school. By grade XII, there were more school rooms and a high school room was added. After graduation, he went to university for teacher training and began teaching in the one room school at Buck Creek, then called Meadowdale School. In September of 1953 he started a term in Alder Flats school but early in November became ill and was rushed to hospital where his illness was diagnosed as polio. After many months in isolation in an iron lung, and later to other hospitals with operations and therapy, he was able to be in a wheelchair and continue with correspondence courses, summer school courses and university to gain his B.Ed. He began teaching at the Glenrose School for handicapped children where he teaches several subjects to Grades 9-12. He is now married, has two boys, Brent, eight years and Kevin, six years, and lives in Edmonton.

Our second son, William James, was born in December, 1932. By this time, we were really feeling the affects of the depression. It took \$75.00 to pay the doctor and hospital bill that year. This meant butchering, dressing, and delivering three steers of around a 1000 pounds each to the sawmill to be sold for five cents per lb. Bill went to Breton High School but decided to go to work before taking grade XII. He worked for Steele Robinson Seed Co. for several years. In 1956 he got his first job with Mobil Oil at Drayton Valley and worked many years for them

there. He also worked in Fort McMurray, Swan Hills, Rainbow, Whitecourt, and Colorado. He is now married and lives here on the farm in his own home. They have three children, Jennie fifteen, Dean thirteen, and Gale eleven years. They all go to the Breton schools at present.

In September 1935, Kenneth Manly was born. After grade XII in Breton School he got a job with Mobil Oil Co. in Drayton Valley in 1955. He married in 1960 and has one son James, 13 years old. They lived in Drayton Valley for several years before going to Olds, where he continued to work for the Oil Company. In 1977 they moved back to Drayton Valley where he still works for Mobil Oil.

Barbara Mae was born in December, 1939 and all were happy to have a girl in the family of boys. Barbara took all her schooling in Breton, later going to university for teacher training. She taught two terms in Warburg School and then married Harvey Gardner of High River in 1962. They now live on a ranch west of Nanton and have two sons, Cameron, thirteen years and Ronald, eleven years.

The youngest of our family, Linda Margaret, was born in May 1948. This happened to be a spring of much snow and floods all over after break-up. The roads were almost impassable to Wetaskiwin but we made it after much detouring with the trusty old "Jeep", only to find Wetaskiwin in a state of



The Flesher Family, Nov. 1951. Kenneth, Ben Jr., Mr. Flesher holding Linda, Mrs. Elsie Flesher, Barbara, Bill.

flood. The water had been up on the lawn around the hospital and deep enough to row a boat in what had been the skating rink! Linda attended Breton School and after graduation from grade XII, went to N.A.I.T. for a course in lab technology. After a year there, she was at the University Hospital to finish training and then worked a couple of years in the hospital. After marrying Ernest Sheperd of St. Paul, they soon moved to Camrose where they live now. They have one daughter, Heather Lynn, three years old. Linda works in the lab at St. Mary's Hospital and Ernie owns and runs the A. & W. in Camrose.

During the course of raising the family, Ben had taken on several other jobs besides the farming and the raising of Angus cattle. He was a trustee on



Stacking hay on Flesher farm, 1945.

the local school board for many years and later a trustee on the Strawberry School Division when it was formed. When the University of Alberta Soils Dept., started plots on our land to test fertilizers and crop rotations, he did much of that work also. They now have 20 acres in experimental plots on the N.E. corner of our land and have kept records since it started in 1930. Seeing the benefit of using fertilizers on this grey wooded soil, Ben decided to be an agent for Elephant Brand Fertilizers and sold fertilizer until around 1968. He often said that without the knowledge gained from the U. of A. plots and the use of fertilizers and clovers, we could not have stayed to farm in this district. This soil requires a very different treatment to the better black soils in other districts. Ben was also active in the R.E.A. and when power was brought in he served on the Strawberry R.E.A. for many years.

It is now 1978 and I look back and wonder how almost 50 years have flown by since my coming to the Breton district. We went through many hard years of work and doing without the comforts, which now people take for granted. There are no regrets about staying on; but there is a great satisfaction in seeing how this country has progressed through those homesteading days and through the years of logging and sawmill enterprises into an era where the oil industry has surely brought great changes such as better roads, more people and employment throughout the

district.

Since Ben passed away in July 1974, I have continued to live on the farm. My son Bill and family have a home here too and continue to carry on the farming. With proper management, we believe this district could become a much better farming area than some of the "so called" better soils. We are happy to live here where we have so many good friends and neighbors. Many of those of the early years are now gone, but we sincerely hope the memories of them will reappear in the history book being written for this district.

– E. M. Flesher

THE A. C. GILLIES STORY

Archie Gillies came to the Wetaskiwin district in 1909 with a brother-in-law, Malcolm MacIntyre, who had already started farming in the New Norway district, and an old school chum from Ontario, Jack McRae, who was already operating a general store at Westerose. All three went on horseback to Buck Lake to look at the homestead land in that

He did not settle on anything at that time, but went back east to Michigan only to return in 1911 with his wife, Bessie, and his family of three — two



The Gillies home about 1913. (left to right) Archie Gillies, Margaret, Leona, Dugald, Bessie Gillies.

girls and one boy. They came to the homestead, S.W. of 14-47-3 West of the 5th, in the then very new district of Wenham Valley.

The country was very sparsely settled at that time and the closest town was Westaskiwin, fifty miles by bush trails. The closest store was Yeoford which, at that time, was six miles from their home. For the first year or two they didn't have any horses of their own and Mr. Gillies had to carry their groceries home from Yeoford. The neighbors later told of the time that he went to Yeoford for a one hundred pound sack of flour. It had rained and the ground was damp. He didn't want to spoil the flour so he carried it the six miles without ever setting it down.

Clearing land in those years was very hard work as everything had to be done by hand. Mr. Gillies, however, was a very good axman as he had spent some of his younger years hewing ship timbers in the eastern states. He had also spent some time as a sailor on the Great Lakes.

Getting a farm into operation was slow and tedious work, but as the years went by the fields got a little bigger and feed could be raised for a few more cattle, horses and pigs.



(left to right) Bill and Leona McAllister (Gillies), Archie Gillies, Bessie Gillies holding Brian.

The family also grew by three more sons.

There was a school built and school started, though rather haltingly at first owing to very little

money and difficulty in getting teachers.

In the late 1920's, Mr. Gillies was appointed to operate a sub land office at his home where people could file on a homestead, cancel an abandoned homestead or apply for a patent on their homestead — that is, to apply for the title to their land if they had completed their homestead rights such as residing on the land and making improvements. He held



(left to right) Colin, Margaret, Donald and Dugald Gillies.

this position for several years and it was a great help to many people as it saved many a long trip over bad roads to Edmonton.

All in all, life was hard but the people were very resourceful and neighborliness was a way of life, so people lived through those years fairly healthy and happy.

Archie Gillies passed away in 1951 and was buried in the Bunker Hill Cemetery on what would

have been his 85th birthday. Bessie Gillies passed away in 1956 and was also buried in the Bunker Hill Cemetery.

Don Gillies

THE ALONZO GOODHAND FAMILY

The Goodhands. Alonzo and Charlotte and their family, came to the Wenham Valley District in 1910. They were originally from eastern Ontario but had relations living west of Wetaskiwin at Brightview in the early 1900's. This likely prompted them to come to Alberta and go on west to find land of their own. Their family at that time included Emma, Edward, Augusta and Jeannette. Emma married Isaac Shields and went to live near Brightview soon after coming to Wenham Valley. Edward filed on a quarter section adjoining his father's but was unable to keep it as there was too much timber on it. Augusta finished her schooling with her Brightview cousins and went on to get her teaching certificate at Normal School. When Modeste Valley School was finished in 1913, she was able to teach her first term there in 1915. A Miss Fraser, who came West with the Goodhands, was the first teacher to take the school when it opened; she also boarded at Goodhand's. After Jeannette finished school at Modeste Valley, she had to go to Brightview and Wetaskiwin for high school and a business course. She later married W.J. Anderson (Jim), a veteran of



Back row (left to right), Edward Goodhand holding Mary Reid, Charlotte Goodhand, Jeanette Goodhand, a family friend. Front row, Walter Reid, Augusta Goodhand holding Alma Reid.

World War One, around 1926 and came to live on their farm northwest of Breton. They raised a large family and lived for many years in Vancouver where Jim passed away. Jeannette now lives in Richmond, B.C.

Mr. Goodhand was a very good woodsman and adept in the use of an axe and saw. Their hewn log house was a very warm and comfortable home and all marvelled at the way he fashioned the frames for the door and windows out of logs — using just the axe. He used scarcely any nails in the building and made wooden pegs to hold the hinges and other parts together. He usually worked in the logging camps each winter as he had good horses for the work and so was always assured of a job. His ability as a hunter was well-known in the district and he was usually able to keep the family in meat for the table. Many neighbors were thankful to receive a nice roast or steaks to help out the meagre meat ration fresh meat being very hard to get in those days. He passed away in the early 1920's. Mrs. Goodhand stayed on the farm with Edward.

Mrs. Goodhand was well-known around the country for her ability to help out in times of sickness or accident. There were no doctors nearer than Wetaskiwin and she was often called upon as a midwife and ushered many young ones into the world.

Augusta taught school all over the province. She taught at Funnell School for several terms and then went back to Wenham Valley School before it



Charlotte Goodhand.

finally closed. As her mother was failing in health, she lived at home and then married Jack Carmichael. They had one daughter, Charlotte, born after her mother passed away. Jack passed away some time later. She went back to Brightview and taught school in the district around there, until her retirement. She passed away soon after. Edward also died in B.C. around this time which leaves only Jeannette from this pioneer family.

Elsie Flesher

FLOYD HAYES

Dad was born in Mississippi on November 8, 1889. In 1905 his parents decided to leave Mississippi and move to Oklahoma which was a part Cree nation and an Indian territory that hadn't received statehood. Once Oklahoma went into statehood, it was required that a person fence all the land he leased. In those days it was a costly procedure. The way conditions were in Oklahoma you had to sell and move out or they would burn your house down.

After living in Oklahoma for a few years and finding the same trouble as in Mississippi, they decided to move to Canada. To come to Canada, Dad's



Floyd Hayes family. Back row, Mrs. and Mr. Hayes, Adrain, Orval, Vant, Lloyd.

parents and the rest of the family came by special train as there were quite a number of Negroes moving. They spent one day in St. Paul, Minnesota and left that night on the Red Northern Special that took them to Emerson, Manitoba (the border).

These special trains had eight to ten cars, carrying only Negroes. If they had traveled by regular train they would have been segregated until they

arrived in Kansas City; from there on there was no segregation. Their train came through without any trouble. At the immigration centre at Emerson, everyone had medical tests for TB and other diseases; this took three days. At the immigration centre, Dad's parents had to leave a certain amount of money.

They arrived in Edmonton on March 25, 1911 and the household goods were shipped out later.

Once in Canada, they moved to Leduc where they lived until 1912; they later moved on to Keystone (Breton). Once at Keystone, the government gave them 160 acres to homestead. The immigrants included all the Hayes, Dad's parents, William and Molly, the Ramseys, Bill Bailey, the King family, Strickland, Fords and others. Many of the immigrants returned to the U.S.A. — mostly to California. It was the cold winters that discouraged them. The people really went through a lot of hardships, especially living in wooden houses which were just thrown together.

In 1922, Dad married Elizabeth Murphy, and farmed four quarters. Each winter he went to work in the sawmill for Bensons and farmed in the summer. Dad, his parents, his sisters, their husbands and his brothers, Rueben, Dureal, Jasper and Sammy all owned land at Keystone.

Oh yes, when they moved up from the U.S., his parents brought his sister's boy and girl — Robert and Lottie McClenan, with them as their parents had passed away.

In 1938 Dad moved the family to B.C. where he passed away in 1940—a few months before we were to return to Alberta. The only living members of Dad's family are Dureal who lives in Council Grove, Kansas, and Rueben in Edmonton.

We still own the homeplace which was homesteaded in 1918.

- NELLIE WHALEN

SAM HOOKS AND FAMILY

During the year of 1912 Sam Hooks, his wife, Neoma, and four children Virginia, Ellis, Elmer and Victoria left Sharps, Oklahoma and came to Edmonton. Mr. Hooks wanted to obtain some of the land that was being offered in Alberta. Mrs. Atkins, Neoma's mother, came to Canada with her daughter and family, but after one year of hardships, she returned to Oklahoma.

The Hooks family had to stay in Edmonton until 1915, during which Mr. Hooks worked on the High Level Bridge. Rosella was the first child born in the new land.

At last came the time to move to their new home. With wagons packed high, they began the trip behind the team of horses. There were no roads, just trails, but Mrs. Hooks and the girls couldn't help admiring the tall stately trees that stretched toward the sky. There were quite a few Negro families, but only three white families in the community. They were the Funnels, Sullivans and another family.

Sam Hooks had built a one room cabin about twelve by sixteen feet. Later, an addition was added to the house and also to the family; Kathryn was born. Mrs. Flesher was the mid-wife. Mrs. Flesher was later mid-wife for Richard, Mark and Beatrice. The youngest boy, Edward, was born in Edmonton. There were no doctors when Virginia had an



Mrs. Sam Hooks, 1930's

appendix attack. Ellis and Elmer walked to Stone's Corner to get a car to take her to the hospital. The car broke down and they had to spend the night on the road. The next morning, they rushed to Leduc to catch a train to Edmonton.

Mr. Hooks brought from Oklahoma 2 mules, a couple of horses and cows, some pigs and other machinery. We settled on raw land and it took approximately two years to clear five acres. As time progressed, Sam Hooks and family had cleared fifty acres. In 1927 the railroad was brought to Breton. That was the beginning of the town of Breton.

There was usually plenty of food. Most of the household articles had been brought from Oklahoma.

The men went to Leduc for flour. They often stopped at Stone's Corner or Buford to rest. Later the families of Keystone went to Yeoford to purchase mail and groceries as Yeoford was only fifteen miles away.

The women had large gardens. Some vegetables were canned and some were kept in root cellars. Berries and wild game were plentiful. People weren't afraid of wild animals because they were a common sight. One day in 1920, we looked out of the window and saw a pack of nine wolves approaching the house. The winter of 1919, 1920 had heavy snowfalls. The snow was so deep you could haul hay right over the fences. Many people lost their cattle.

About 1923, conditions began to improve. Some roads were built and a couple of residents had

cars. By the time the railroad came in 1927, the village of Breton had begun on the homestead of



Hooks' 8 room house, built about 1930.

Sam Hooks. The blacksmith shop was right behind the garden. Conditions improved for the Hooks too. In the late twenties, the family built a new eight room house overlooking the valley. Unfortunately, this land mark was destroyed by fire October 23, 1974.

Since education was essential, the older children went to Funnell School, while the younger ones attended Breton School.

What a change time has made! The homestead now comprises a large portion of the modern village of Breton. Sam and Neoma have passed away, Father in 1942 and Mother in 1965. The children live in various places — Virginia, Richard and Ellis are in Edmonton; Kathyrn, Victoria and Rosella are in Calgary. Beatrice resides in Prince Rupert and Edward is in Winnipeg. Mark is the only one who still lives in Breton. Elmer Hooks lives in San Bernardino, California.

— Members of the Family

IMPEY FAMILY

In 1922 the Impey family came from Kenya, East Africa, to Canada. Mother, Dad, two sisters and three boys. Dad and Hugh homesteaded in Wenham Valley. I, George Impey homesteaded in the spring of 1923, the southwest quarter of section 2-48-4-W5th in the Keystone district. I started to farm; while batching I shipped cream. I took about 50 bushels of wheat to Leduc and got 50¢ a bushel. I was married on July 21, 1924. In those days a man working in the sawmills got \$1.00 a day. Lots of men went east harvesting in the fall to get a

grubsteak. The winter of 1923 I looked after Dave Matthew's place for him. I milked his cows, made butter and took it to Keystone store and cut fence posts to fence his farm for \$1.00 a day while he worked at Chisholm, way north of Edmonton.

In 1925 I started a small store and hauled groceries from Leduc with the team, a four day round trip, for about two years. Then the railroad



George Impey's home, first store in the background, 1925

came and the town of Breton started. Mr. Webb who lived on the northwest quarter of 2-48-4-W5th, told the first settlers that the town was going on his place, so they started to build there. Mr. Breton had the framework of his building up; there was a big wind and it was blown down. I told people where the town was laid out but no, Mr. Webb said it was not. There were three buildings put up on his place that were moved before they were finished. The blue prints were drawn up on my dining room table by Mr. Morris Polick, who was working with the surveyors and had done all the paper work; so I knew where the town would be. Dan Jamieson and Harry Williams asked me where the station and town were to start, so they started to build in town. Then the others moved. The present Marshall Wells store was Jamieson Hardware. Grzyb's store was where Mr. Breton's store was, which changed after to Joe Walter's, then Tim Sexton's. Joe Walters had the cafe where the cafe still is just north of the store originally built by Mr. Woodcock. There was the drugstore across the street from Mr. Breton's store, first built for a butcher shop but changed to a drugstore; Mr. & Mrs. Rayner ran it for a long time. A French man started the livery barn. Then Rollie Ramsey moved his post office from Keystone to Breton where he was post master for many years a very nice family of Negroes. Later he had the post office broken into and a C.O.D. parcel was taken which was recovered a couple of days later.

After the town started old Mr. Williams came to me for some milk; that started me in the milk business, so I quit the little store and went into the milk business which I operated until I joined the Army. Everybody in town who had a cow sold milk. One day in the thirties the town minister of the church started selling milk. While passing him one day I noticed he had a bottle of milk and an empty bottle; as I passed him I said, "Have you a permit to sell milk?" I never stopped, just went on my rounds.

About two weeks after the dairy inspector came to the house, I was in the field working, but Alice, my dear loving wife, was home and answered his knock at the door. When he said he was the dairy inspector, she said, that before he inspected anything here on the farm he had better go and inspect all the town milkmen with cows, pigs, outside toilets and wells, also all businesses on town lots.

In the twenties and thirties everybody worked hard for very small pay, but everyone was happy and friendly all the time. We used to go to the dances at old Yeoford and Knob Hill hall all winter with a team of horses and sledges. Everyone had a good time.

I remember one Christmas, Alice and I went to spend the day with Mother and Dad, and late in the afternoon a blizzard came up. We spent the night there. It took four hours to go home the next day a distance of about eight miles. The snow was so deep and there were lots of drifts.

I also remember the time the train had the accident and the passenger coach went off the trestle on the Poplar Creek by Hugh Impey's place. I was nearly in that one. I had caught a ride with a truck to Antross and was going to take the train back to Breton but just missed it at the siding. I started to walk back to town and then I saw the smoke at the trestle. When I got closer, I saw the coach down in the creek and burning. I thought how lucky I was to have missed it.

After our good friend Peter Hopkins passed away I farmed his place also. Then I took it over from the farm loan board, in other words, I took over the



George Impey beside his overturned Fordson tractor.

payment to the government. I was doing a little breaking on the place when I turned the old Fordson tractor over. I was pinned down with the gas tank on my left arm on the plow. The Buck Creek mailman had just passed when it happened. Joe Hopkins was with me and he hollered and the men on the mail wagon heard him. They tied the team to the fence and came across the field and managed to raise the tractor enough for me to get my arm out.



Ken Levers, Peter Hopkins, late 1930's.

These are all very dear memories and the old times I will never forget, also the nice neighbours we had in the good old days. Peter Hopkins came to this part of the country in 1910. After Peter Hopkins died, the oldest boy lived with Alice and I until I joined the Army. After the war I went to B.C. to live.



Left to right, Violet Breton, Mr. Laurence Breton, Laurence Breton Jr., Mrs. Alice Impey and George Impey, 1940's.

Mrs. Hopkins and the boys also moved to where we were. Clara Hopkins died in Alberni in 1956. The boys are still on Vancouver Island. Peter, John, Bernard and Pat are working in the lumber mills. Joe is in the Air Force stationed at Comox Base on the Island.

Henry Pearson had his planer mill on my place and also piled the lumber on the farm by the gate at the stock yards, handy for loading on the train. He also built a house on the farm where he and Mary used to live. I often think of them, Mary, Clara Hopkins and Alice who used to have afternoon tea at one or the other of the three houses. You could always find them together, some wives!

How the town of Breton got it's name? It was named after Mr. Breton the member for Leduc in the Provincial Government.

My mother and dad, Mr. and Mrs. G.G. Impey, lived in the district and in Breton from 1922 until they passed away; Dad in 1956 and Mother in 1959.

- GEORGE IMPEY

THE CHARLIE KING SR. FAMILY

Mr. and Mrs. Charlie King (Sr.) and family came to the Keystone area from Okmulgee, Oklahoma in 1911. The family consisted of Charlie Jr. and I, Emma, Ernest or Sam, who later married Mattie Phillips, John, Nellie, Willy Mae, Odessa and husband Henry Brooks, Lucy and husband, Dave Gist, and Iola who was the youngest.

There were about thirty-five colored families on the train bound for Alberta. The group, with their possessions, filled approximately three coaches. Conditions on the train were cramped and crowded. The women and the children rode in the coaches. The men took turns riding with the livestock and other possessions. We brought four mules and bedding with us, but none or very little other furniture except for personal belongings.

A friend, William Allen, who had settled in Keystone previously, contacted Mr. King Sr. in Okmulgee and told him of the Keystone area. He told him about land available to all males over twenty-one for ten dollars a quarter. This gave many



Nellie Thomas and family, 1944.

large families, that had many boys, the desire to move to the new land. There were brochures and posters of Canada posted in many places in the States. Families were leaving Oklahoma in search of the new land and we were included in the move. So one of the first things the men did when they arrived in Edmonton, was to file on homesteads in Keystone. Mr. Charlie King Sr. filed on S.E. 17-48-4-W5 and the rest of the family filed on the following — Charlie King Jr. - S.W. 16, Sam - N.W. 16, John - N.E. 17, Dave Gist - N.W. 9 and Henry Brooks - S.W. 16; all were in township 48-4-W5.

However, we did not settle on the land right away. The men left their families in Edmonton and went to their homesteads to build homes and clear some land. As there were no roads, no railroad and no Breton, the men had to cut trails to get to their homesteads.

During the summer months, the men would work at clearing and building. A certain amount had to be cleared before a homesteader could get his deed. Often the women came out to help the men in the summer, but everyone went back to the city for the winter. The men worked at different jobs, such as hauling coal or working in coal mines to make some money during the winter. When the houses on the homesteads were finished, the families moved out in covered wagons. The houses were small log buildings with tar paper roofs; slabs were nailed at intervals to hold the tar paper on. After every strong windstorm or heavy rain, the roof had to be patched. Floors in these log cabins were made of hewn logs.

Wild game, wild berries and large vegetable gardens were the main sources of food. Other commodities had to be purchased at Leduc or from a small store located near, what is now, Sunnybrook. Even a trip to Sunnybrook took almost a whole day. Later, groceries could be purchased at Yeoford.

My husband's father, Charlie King Sr., and his family played a major role in organizing, building and maintaining the Good Hope Baptist Church. Henry Brooks, son-in-law of Charlie King Sr., was the first preacher. His daughters were secretary of the Sunday School, and the rest of the family were active members. The Kings were also instrumental in establishing the Keystone Cemetery. They also helped organize, build and operate the Funnell School. Odessa Brooks, daughter of Charlie King Sr., was the second teacher at Funnell School.

Mr. Charles King Sr. passed away in an Edmonton hospital, and due to the extremely cold weather, was buried in Edmonton instead of in the cemetery he had helped to establish. His wife, Matilda Elizabeth, was buried in the Keystone Cemetery in 1933. Gradually, the rest of the family moved away to seek their fortunes elsewhere. Nellie and family were the last to move. Charlie and I remained in the Keystone area.

- EMMA KING

CHARLIE AND EMMA KING

Charlie and I came to Keystone with Charlie's family in 1911. We filed on S.E. 16-48-4-W5 and lived in a small log house with a tar paper roof like our neighbors.

My husband was a very ambitious man and was active in all community organizations in the Keystone area. He aided in the construction of the Good Hope Baptist Church and the Funnell School, as did

many of our neighbors who donated both labour and lumber to these projects which the community needed so badly. He also helped in establishing the Keystone Cemetery. Charlie was secretary of the Good Hope Baptist Church for many years. In 1918 he became secretary treasurer of the Funnell School District. He held that position for a long time and later became trustee; I believe he held that position until the school was closed in 1954.



Charlie King cutting the ribbon for the opening of the Breton elevator.

Charlie was a firm believer, worker and leader of the United Farmers of Alberta (U.F.A.). We attended many of the rallies and conventions. He was president of the U.F.A. in the Breton area for many, many years. He was president when it became the Farmers' Union of Alberta (F.U.A.). Charlie believed that cooperation among farmers would improve conditions for all farmers. He worked hard towards the granting of a holiday for farmers — "Farmers' Day". Large picnics were held in Breton, under the auspices of the F.U.A., to honour the occasion. My husband was also active in the C.C.F. and later the N.D.P. He was a staunch believer and worker of the party — and knew Tommy Douglas, leader of the Party, personally. My husband was also chairman of the Community Club for a number of vears. He was Commissioner of Oaths, also.

Charlie was a man of zest and zeal. He was active in community work, but he still had time for farming. In the early forties, he had acquired a fairly large amount of land. As roads had improved in the area, Mr. King purchased a 1929 Chev; he was one of the first to own a car in the vicinity.

I encouraged and aided Charlie in all his endeavours as a good wife should. I raised a large garden and canned vegetables, wild fruit and wild meat. I also tried to make our home as comfortable as possible. Teachers for Funnell School were often hard to find. Many teachers boarded at my place.

When we first arrived in Keystone, times were very hard. During the cold, cold winter months the men wrapped their feet in gunny sacks when they went outside to work because they didn't have the proper footwear for the Alberta winters.

Charlie often worked away from home, and on such occasions I would spend the nights with my mother-in-law, Mrs. King, better known as Mamma Ding to all her friends. After doing the chores one evening in the spring, my dog and I started up the trail to Mom's place. Suddenly, a bear and two cubs wandered out onto the trail; naturally the bear, trying to protect her young, began chasing the dog, and the dog, knowing his master was near, would bark at the bear and then run back to me. I stood frozen in my tracks as the bear and dog went in circles around me and I silently prayed to my Maker. My prayers were answered because the cubs finally dashed off into the bush and the mother bear followed them. "What a relief!" I returned home and stayed there until my brother-in-law, Henry Brooks, came after me.



Emma and Charlie King.

In the early years the R.C.M.P. often stopped at our place when on their way to Berrymoor or Lindale. Often they would stay overnight, and the next day Charlie would use his team to take them to their destination, while their horses rested in our barn. At that time, the police were stationed at Yeoford and it was quite a trip over almost impassable roads. The only name I can recall at present is Constable Kingsett.

Charlie and I had no children, but when we first came to Keystone the Alexander boys stayed with us. Later, we kept Charlie's sister, Nellie's children for quite awhile.

My husband and I went back to Oklahoma once in the early forties to visit, but things had changed and most of our friends and relatives were not there so Charlie did not care to go back again. I have been back many times to visit relatives and friends.

For many years, we lived on the farm we purchased in 1911. However, in the late sixties we bought Bob Samardzic's home in Breton. In 1970 Charlie, my beloved husband, passed away and was buried in the Keystone Cemetery. I still live in our home in Breton. All of Charlie's sisters and brothers have passed away except his sister, Lucy or Pic Gist. Pic lives in Vancouver.

— EMMA KING



Mrs. William Knull, with her sons Ted at the left and Fred to the right.

FRED KNULL AND FAMILY

Fred Knull's father came from Germany to a farm four and a half miles west of Leduc in 1900. Here Fred was born and grew up. He attended the Dallgren School. His father and older brother homesteaded the land he later bought which was situated between Breton and Warburg. As a boy, he spent time with them in their log shack. As the graded road went only one mile west of Calmar, there were long hours spent going through mud and mire followed by clouds of mosquitoes and horseflies.

Fred tells that Charlie King, his wife, father, mother, and sister used to stop at their place when they were on their way to Edmonton to haul coal for the winter, and again on their way back to their farm in the spring.

When his father's estate was settled, Fred bought both his father's and brother's quarters. The original log shack had burned down so he built another. There were fifteen acres cleared on each quarter but this had grown back into bush again---Fred cleared all of both quarters by hand.

Besides this, he worked out in logging camps for \$11.00 a month. When the War started, he contracted for Pearson's. He also rode the freight trains to Gleichen to help with the harvesting.

In 1933, he married Annie Oelkers. They have two children, Donald and Gladys.

Although money was scarce, they both worked hard. Annie grew a good garden and picked and

canned quantities of wild fruit. Fred got enough wild game to provide the family with meat. Flour and sugar had to be bought. All the bags were dyed and used for clothes for the family or left white and used for towels and sheets.

Fred was a trustee for the Brownlee S.D. for fifteen years, chairman for twelve and secretary for two. He chose the latter job because there was a \$2.00 a month salary and that would more than buy a sack of flour.



L. to R. Don, Fred Knull and Gladys.

His two children attended the Brownlee School until it was closed and then the children were bused to Warburg by Sam Ruff. Later, an attempt was made to move the school but it didn't go far. The movers dumped it into the Strawberry Creek near Oelkers.

Fred says they used to have fine times in the old school playing cards. Nels Koppang brought his violin and Halvor Halvorson brought his accordion, and they would play and dance until morning.

In 1948 he built a new house and is retired there. His son is married and owns his other quarter. His daughter married Tyrone Colleton and lives near him. He has three grandsons, one of whom is married and lives in the community.

GLADYS AND TYRONE COLLETON

I was born in 1940 in Thorsby at the Burgess Hospital, the daughter of Fred and Annie Knull. I went to school at Brownlee in 1947-48. In the fall of 1948, Brownlee was closed and we were bused to Warburg where I completed my schooling.

In 1956, I met Tyrone Colleton who was employed by Carroll Brothers' sawmill near Alder Flats. Tyrone was raised near Falun. He attended the Lakedale and Falun schools.

In 1957 we were married at Warburg. Tyrone and I own the Ellis Fulop farm, northeast of Breton. We have lived here for twenty-two years. Tyrone is also a tool push for Simmons Drilling and works in various locations in Alberta and British Columbia.

We have two sons — Dwain Colleton, who is married to Linda Snell and lives in the Breton district and Darcy Colleton, our second son, who is home and attending school at Warburg.



The Colleton family. Left to right, Dwain, Gladys, Tyrone and Darcy standing in front.

The highlight of my younger days was July 1st, the Breton Sports Day. We went by horse and buggy many times. The spruce trees in the Breton park were used as our hitching post.

We have enjoyed our years living in the Breton area. In our time, the most prosperous event was the oil boom.

GLADYS COLLETON

MR. & MRS. HENRY PERRY MADDUX FAMILY

My father came from North Dakota as a young man in approximately 1910 to the small town of Brooks, Alta., where his sister resided. From there, he took up a homestead at Stavely, Alta., where he farmed for several years. This portion of history is vague to me but I had my half brother, Cecil Bible, clue me in.



Mr. and Mrs. Henry Maddux.

Father went to war in South Africa (Boar War), and upon his return was granted a piece of land at Steveville, Alta., by the government. Mother came out from Fort William, Ontario with two boys, Cecil and Bill Bible. She and my father were married in Brooks in the fall of 1913. The country was so barren, windy and dry that they were forced to move to Nanton, where they rented land. My sister, Hattie, was born there. From there, they moved to the Three Hills district renting land east of town on the Ghost Pine Creek where I, James, was born. Shortly after, Father purchased land west of Three Hills. They farmed for several years; then came the depression and we had to move again, this time to east of Olds where we rented the house and buildings for the stock.

Father and Cecil went to Breton to work in the sawmills that winter. Saving as much as they could, they put a down payment on two quarters of land side by side (CPR land) which were located at the opposite corner of James Nelson's Sr. N.E. quarter. While Father and Cecil were in Breton that winter. they made many new friends and discovered their old friends, the Ettingers, from Three Hills. Father came home to Olds in the spring and we had a sale and shipped our furniture to Breton and Mother, Father, Hattie and I came up on the "Muskeg Special" train. Father walked from Breton out to Charlie Kunsmans and borrowed a team and bob sleigh and came back for us. We stayed with the Kunsmans until our furniture arrived. We went to live on Charlie's north quarter. Bus Jones kindly helped us move over there. The log house was nice and warm and the buildings in good shape. Our neighbors were the James Nelsons and Buffalos on the south. There were no roads in there at that time so we had to go through the pasture and across Buffalo's field to get out to a road that started at Buffalos and went south four miles to Breton. Mr. Kunsman was very good to us and gave us some land for a garden; we had a beautiful garden and we all worked hard in it. Boy, it was a "beautiful" garden

too! Everybody expected a hard winter.

A barn dance was held at Charlie Kunsman's place and people from all over the country came and had a splendid time. Mother, Father, Hattie and I attended; Father didn't dance at all, but Mother enjoyed it and met a lot of people. My sister was popular as she was a good dancer. During the evening she met Johnny Mills and struck it off real good. About six months later, they were married and went to live on Johnny's homestead in the Alsike district.

Sometime later, Father got bronchitis and was very ill, but Mrs. Kunsman and Mother nursed him back to health; consequently, he was never very strong after. Later we moved to J.J. Mill's place to take care of his cattle. We just about froze to death as it was a very severe winter. If it hadn't been for an old barrel heater we had, we would have frozen. Things were really rough that year. The Ettingers had a big garden and gave us some of their vegetables. There was no work to be had and everybody was having a tough time.

While we lived at Kunsman's place, I attended Funnell School, but after we moved, I went to Strawberry Ridge. I eventually joined the R.C.A.F. and after the War, worked in the Leduc oil fields.

Father died of a heart attack in September, 1947 and Mother passed away in the spring of 1948; both are buried in the Breton Cemetery. Hattie and John raised six children, two boys and four girls. Hattie resides in Camrose, and I have been in Calgary for over 20 years.

— JAMES MADDUX

JAMES McALLISTER

My former husband, James McAllister, grew up on a number of different farms near Grande Valley, Ontario. He was the second boy in a family of seven children, four boys and three girls.

When he was a teenager, his father bought land in Cuba. He expected to be able to live there by eating the fruit of the land. He wanted all the family to move at once. They persuaded him to go alone and look over the situation first. If he liked it, they'd all follow. Their father soon returned enlightened.

Not long after, he moved to Michigan and all the family followed him there. After working there for a few years, his dad and brother, Charlie, came to Canada to work in the woods, first in northern Manitoba and later in Alberta near Pigeon Lake.

In about 1913 when he was able to rent a house in Millet, Jim helped his mother and the younger ones of the family move West. Soon they moved to another rented house in the Fisherton area, where the younger members attended the Fisherton School. Later, his father homesteaded on land straight east of Breton and south of Sunnybrook, where the main road turns south to Pigeon Lake.

Jim and Charlie tramped for miles through muskeg, meadow and swamp trying to find the ideal place on which to file, then settle down and live happily ever after. Wet to their knees, their feet sloshing in the water in their boots, they came to a hill on which they sat down, removed and drained their boots, rung their socks and rested. Jim decided that this was the place for him; Charlie chose his southeast about a mile from there. Neil, his son, now lives on the land.

The early years were busy ones, working in logging camps in the winter and sawmills in the spring. Putting up log shacks, clearing, fencing, and breaking were all necessary. Jim had a team which I think he brought from Michigan. More than one summer, he lived in Edmonton and hauled sand and gravel from Clover Bar. He also did land breaking for other homesteaders.

The first time Jim went north to what is now the highway, it took him a day to chop his trail through. He and his neighbor to the west, each started chopping and met at their line fence. This was the beginning of a trail that lasted many years, till the roads were better.

Mr. Booth, his neighbor, was English but he had lived and worked for many years in the oil fields in the eastern states. He always said that if he would send stones from the creek which flowed through the southwest corner of his homestead all the big oil men would be up to drill. For many years, this seemed like a dream but now there are at least two oil wells very near to the creek — one on Lionel Hyland's place and one on mine.

When Mr. Booth moved away, Jim bought the land. It was here we built our house and lived most

of our married years.

More land was cleared and fenced. Pigs and cattle were raised. These were all taken to Edmonton which was a three day trip at least. One year when he was short of hay, he bought hay in the Calmar area, rented a farmhouse and yard and took his cattle there for the winter to feed and water them.

After being laid up for a summer with inflamatory rheumatism, he decided he would have a little easier way of making a living. He bought a Percheron stud which he travelled about and did castrating and fixing horses' teeth as he went. The Breton area was part of the territory he travelled through.

I was a baby when my parents brought me from New Brunswick to Alberta in 1905. We lived in or near Okotoks for the first year. In the late summer of 1906, my father made a little house on his hayrack, loaded all their belongings on it and started for an area sixteen miles south of Stettler.

I think driving a four horse team up there was an adventure for my father but an ordeal for my mother. They moved into a house that he, my grandfather, and two uncles had made that

summer.

The uncles left for the east and my father went to Revelstoke to work in the woods. My mother, sister and I spent the long hard winter of 1906-07 with my grandfather. I remember nothing of it but to the adults it must have been a dreary time. They were used to the milder winters in N.B. and the previous very mild winter in Alberta. For years, people always spoke of it as the "hard winter".

Spring came late that year but with it came the relatives from the east, my father from the west and a brand new baby brother. My father built a one room house and the little house from Okotoks was

added to it.

I grew up there first attending Spring Lake School, near Grandma's, then Fritz Hill till I finished my elementary school. High School was taken in Big Valley, five and a half miles away; most

of the two years I rode in on horseback.

Normal School was taken in Camrose and then I was off to Beaverlodge School, forty-five miles west of Grande Prairie, to teach. It was a six month school term. I taught two more short term schools before coming home and teaching at Fritz Hill which operated the full ten months.

My next move was to go to Toronto to Bible College. I spent the most of four years in the East, attending College and working to earn my way. After completing school, I went to New Brunswick

and visited many of my relatives.

The spring of '32 found me in the Fern Creek, Capbillion, Fisherton area. I had two Sunday Schools, three speaking appointments and one vacation Bible School. Neighbors helped with the Sunday Schools and gave me my room and board.

Miss Siren, the Fern Creek teacher, left and come Sept. I was back teaching school, boarding at the Charles Wyberts. Jim and I started going together that fall. At Christmas time he went home with me. We were married in Big Valley before returning

Those were the hungry thirties and there were few luxuries. I finished the year of teaching; we went to visit Jim's sister in Tacoma and then I settled down to being a farmer's wife with lots of interesting

work both inside and out.

During the first six years of our marriage, three children were born to gladden our lives—Malcolm, now a pilot and engineer in Inuvik; Ross, first an orderly and now farming his father's land and Roselyn, a nurse and presently married to an administrator; they live in Pittsburgh, Pa.

In the early years of the Second World War, I went back to school teaching, first at Fern Creek and then at Capbillion, Centre Lodge, Avon Moore and Sunnybrook. The last ten years of my teaching were in the north room of the primary school in Breton.

My former husband's poor health finally culminated in his death in November, 1959. My family



The McAllister family. Jim, Mildred, Ross, Malcolm and Roselyn.

had all scattered out to their work and I was left alone. While finishing my last year in Sunnybrook, I requested a job on the teaching staff in Breton. As a number of teachers were leaving that year, I had the request granted and spent the next ten years

teaching here.

When I came to Breton, there were six rooms in the elementary school. Mr. Stauffer taught grade six, Miss Zeiner grade five, Miss Gruninger grade four, Mrs. Nelson grade three, I taught grade two and Miss Malloy taught grade one. Mr. Wynnyk was principal for both schools. The old Breton two room school and the Antross School were sitting in the yard. One was used as a shop, the other as a storeroom.

Changes came in the staff every year — Mrs. Astle taught grade one and Mrs. McMechan came as vice-principal. These teachers left along with others, and new teachers came and took their places. Mr. and Mrs. Davidson came as principal and grade one teacher. Later, Mrs. Musson taught grade one for a year or two before going back to Alaska.

I enjoyed teaching so was happy in the classroom. We had many good times. There were musical festivals, track meets, carol singing, Christmas parties, Valentine parties and the closing picnics.

Retirement came, my teaching years were over. I had many backward looks but I had many forward looks, too. There had always been so many things I wanted to do that I had no time for, so retiring was an opening door to other opportunities. What with my hobbies, helping in the Covenant Church, the Hospital Auxiliary and the Golden Age Club, along with housekeeping and gardening, there was no time to get bored.

Years passed swiftly and in January of '77 I married Les Raines whom I met in the Golden Age Club. For two and a half years I lived with him on his farm. In August of '79, he sold his farm and we

moved into Breton.

— MILDRED RAINES

TOM McKITTRICK

I, Tom McKittrick, came to Canada in May, 1922 to my uncle's, Mr. Dave Dunbar, of Calmar. He was the one who sent me my ticket to come to Canada.



Mr. and Mrs. Dunbar, of Calmar.

Dick Funnell came to my uncle's place and stayed overnight. He told me I could get a homestead, 160 acres, for ten dollars. I filed on it on July 12th, 1922 as I wanted to farm.

In the winter of 1922-23, I went to work on a dairy farm at Hardisty for \$25 a month with board. In the spring of 1923, my employer could not pay me for my winter's work so I took a little team of horses as pay. I worked for another farmer, Mr. Quillen, for a wagon and harness. I came back to Calmar and helped my uncle finish putting in his crop. In the fall of 1923, I went back to Lougheed for the harvest. I made enough money to get a big team of horses, a harness and a wagon. Then I came back to Calmar and rented a small farm from the C.P.R., north of my uncle's. I bought a set of sleighs from Reuben Hayes. I then hauled lumber for two winters from Archie Gilbert and Sam Morrow from Fern Creek to Leduc. I took lumber for payment from Sam Morrow. From Archie Gilbert, I received cash for so much a thousand when I hauled the lumber into Style's lumber yard in Leduc. In between times, I built a log house on the homestead. I got the shingles for the roof, from Martin Oelkers, as he made shingles at that time. I rented other land until I could get some money ahead and do some breaking on my own place. We got a little road work in the summer time which helped.

The railroad came into Breton in 1927 and this brought in more people. They started to make the roads from Breton to the Saskatchewan River. Dan McKenzie was our boss and Jack McDonald was our grader man. We started from Breton at Joe Hoath's blacksmith shop with eight head of horses. These horses belonged to Mr. McDonald, Charlie King, Dick Funnell and myself. I stayed with the outfit until we got to the Buck Creek Hall. We had more teams from other settlers as we went along.

In the summer of 1928, Dick Mills started a coal mine. I hauled coal to Breton to sell in the winter of 1928-29. I had a nice lot of furniture in my log house and lost all of it by fire on January 7, 1930.

I met my future wife, Lila McGhie, in the spring

of 1930, and we were married in April. We were the first ones to be married in Breton. We were married in the back part of Mr. and Mrs. Dan Jamieson's store.

- Tom Mckittrick

LILA McKITTRICK

I, Lila McKittrick, came to Breton in November, 1929 with my mother, Mrs. Henrietta McGhie, my brother, Ray, and my sister, Eileen. We operated the Breton Hotel which is still in use. In those days there was a lot of work as the roads were



Breton Cafe, 1930.

not paved. We stayed there until the spring of 1930, when I met Tom and we were married in April. We moved out to his homestead and had to start from scratch, as his log home had been destroyed by fire in January; there were no big showers of gifts in those days.

Tom and Rudolph Zotsman hauled rails to Kavanagh with horses and a sleigh and traded these for grain or cattle. Rudolph and Olga Zotsman were our neighbors and lived on the Alfred Jackson farm, now owned by Wally Albers. The men would be gone from 4 to 5 days and most of the time it would drop down to 60 degrees below and stay for a few days. I only had a cook stove to keep me warm in the house for a time. I also had chores to do, like pulling up water from a well, 45 feet deep, and carrying it into the house to heat. There were very few neighbors and no telephones or power.

In July, 1931, our first girl, Rosalee May, was born. Tom wasn't home, as he had to grade the roads with four horses and was away out west. Mrs. Kassai, my neighbor, was staying with me at that time and she stopped someone going by and they went to Breton and phoned for the doctor in Leduc. They also sent word to my mother so she could come and stay with me, and my brother, Norville, went for Tom.

One day, our cow barn caught fire from over heated bundles and it was quite a job to keep the granary, which was half full of grain, from burning. We had to pull the water up from a well forty-five feet deep, by hand, to keep it from spreading. By now, we had moved to the south side of the road as it

was more private.

May started school at Strawberry Ridge as it was too far to go to Saskatoon Valley through the bush by herself. She stayed with Mr. and Mrs. Jim Innes. Later, when she was a little older, she went to Saskatoon Valley on horseback.

In December of 1937, our second girl, Thelma Grace, was born. Tom now worked for the government and so we were able to have a hired man, Chester Fenneman; he was a very good

worker.

We sold our homestead and bought another quarter across from Mr. Arnold's, now owned by Mr. L. Heinrich. We started to build a log house, 30' x 40'. Tom hauled the logs, five to a load, with horses and a sleigh to the building site. He also hauled all the logs from the other log buildings on the homestead down to our new place. The house is still standing and is in good shape.



Log building on farm, Tom on roof, May and Thelma in window.

I always had a good garden and picked lots of fruit and canned it as we had no deep freeze then. When we were first married, we had an old water tank, 4 feet wide, 3 feet deep and 12 feet long, where I put things to keep cool as we didn't have a base-

In February, 1947 our son, Thomas David, was born in the city. It was 60 degrees below zero at that time. We had our log house built by then but it wasn't finished and there was only a cook stove and a small heater to keep it warm. At this time, both the girls were going to school at Funnell — two miles on horseback.

Tom worked for a construction company in Buck Creek so he came home Saturday night and went back to work on Monday morning. I had chores to do with the girls' help. One time when he



The McKittrick family, 1956. Left to right, Thelma, Mr. McKittrick, David, Mrs. McKittrick, May.

was away working, a big snowstorm came and I had no wood. I had to dig some slabs out of the snow bank and the girls, when they came from school, helped me saw (by hand) enough wood to keep us warm through the night.



Wilfred Bevan, Tom McKittrick, Tom Bevan, our first brush cutting job. Bevan's cat.

We had some real good times at dances, picnics and other get-togethers; everyone brought some food. We also had our share of losing stock, such as cattle and pigs. We had a sow come in with 12 little pigs. When Tom went to feed her at noon, she was dead and the little pigs, only two weeks old, were cold and hungry. We got the tub and heat lamp and managed to get them warm. We then poured some warm cow's milk into a trough; I put a rag on a small stick and held it under the milk and let them grab it. Soon they were drinking and quite happy. We saved all of them but it was quite a job. We had to feed them every three hours.

Now we are living in Warburg and have many nice friends. May is married to Ron Knight and they live in Drayton Valley. Thelma was married to Jim



Threshing crew, left to right, Stan Jackson, Elmer Durstling, Tom McKittrick, Alfred Jackson and Mr. Fred Fenneman.

Meaney of St. Paul and she has three children, Brian, Debra and Sandra. David is married to Pat Weiting and they live in Drayton Valley and have one son, Bruce.

— LILA McKITTRICK

THE MITCHELL STORY

To begin this story, I will start back in 1875 in Michigan, U.S.A. where my father, John Campbell Mitchell, was born. He migrated to Marcola, Oregon where he met and, in 1906, married Donna Ursa Lydy who was born in Tipton County, Indiana in 1886. These were my parents.

John Mitchell was a lumberjack and worked in the woods of Oregon for many years. During that time, four children were born — Bessie in 1907, Alex in 1911, Molly in 1913 and Katie in 1917. In



Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell, 1930.

1920, the family was advised to move to a drier climate because of Ma's health. Dad had a sister in Alberta so decided to go there. We came to Alberta by train, reaching the border on August 2nd and then went on to Stettler arriving on the 7th of August, 1920. Ma's health immediately began to improve.

Dad farmed in the Stettler district for five years. I attended the Liberal School and the Vimy Ridge School during this time. One fall, a fellow by the name of Joe Boniface, came to the Stettler area to harvest. He stayed at our place for awhile. Through him, Dad learned of the land around Warburg that was to be had for homesteading. He decided to take up land in the Warburg district. For two consecutive summers, he came to Warburg to put up hay in preparation for our move up with the stock, as well as to build a small home.

On June 1st, 1925 the family headed northwest with all our worldly possessions loaded on two hayracks. We were on our way to Warburg! Alex rode horseback and drove the cattle. The chickens were loaded in a Bennett buggy, with a wire frame, which was hitched to the back of the hayrack. Going up hills, the children's job was to put blocks behind the wheels to keep the wagons from rolling back down. Some of those hills were steep; among them were the Sunnybrook hill and the Benson hill. For the first part of the trip, the weather was good. When we reached Kavanagh, it began to rain and it rained cats and dogs! The road became a quagmire so we obtained permission from a Russian family to take shelter in a granary until the storm passed.

On June 12th, 1925, after leaving the rolling hills of Stettler, we arrived in the heavily wooded district of Warburg. In 1925, there were many bachelors in our district but very few families. So when we pulled into Warburg, one of those bachelors, George Saubak, followed along to the C.P.R. quarter with us.

Finally we arrived at the home which Dad had built, only to be met by disappointments. The winter of 1924 was called the winter of the "Blue Snow". It was bitterly cold with heavy snow. The people in the Warburg district ran short of feed for their livestock. Dad's fences were taken down and the hay he had worked so hard to put up was gone! Consequently, the next spring, all our cows died while calving. The calves lived and Ma raised them on oatmeal gruel with raw eggs added. Those calves were acclimatized and we lost no more as far as I can remember. One of the lessons to be learned in those days, was that cattle which were accustomed to Prairie wool, could not survive on the poor quality wild hav in this district. At Stettler, cattle survived if they had access to a straw stack and had lots of salt and water. The house was smaller than we had pictured, being only 16' x 20'. Not only that, it rained so much and the mosquitoes were ravenous. I remember telling myself, "I will like this country,"

but I missed school and my friends so much. Our place, which was later known as the Opata quarter, was on the main road into town, so it became a stopping-off place for all the bachelors. It wasn't long until Mother, who was a very good cook, became known as "Ma" to the district. Many a meal was enjoyed at our table by these bachelors, sometimes leaving us a bit short!

The nearest post office was at Warburg on Holvar Halvarson's farm near the old Koppang Store. Later, we got our own post office, named "Alsike", because of the prolific corps of Alsike clover grown in that district. It was run by Jim and Cis Innes. They were very kind neighbors. Other kind neighbors were Oscar and Mary Johnson. Many a crock of butter and dairy products, along with vegetables grown by Mary's dad, Mr. Mattson, and later by Oscar, came to our house to help stave off the hungry wolf. Dick Tatro was one whom I remember. He was called "Old Dick" and had a gold tooth he called his Lady Catcher! He was also known for his many kindnesses to our family.

We lived on that quarter for three years; then we moved to our homestead which was off the main road. There were no longer as many visitors stopping and for Bessie, who is handicapped, life became very lonesome. There were no schools in our district so we were unable to complete our schooling. Around the year 1928, many immigrants from Hungary and Czechoslovakia came to our district to settle on C.P.R. and Hudson Bay land. Dad farmed and put his lumberjack experience to use at Anthony's camp for many winters.

Alex, like many other young men of that time, rode the rails from Coast to Coast. Then in 1934-35, he returned to the land of his birth place, Eugene, Oregon, to work in the mill. There he met and married Evelyn Turner. They have three children, Judy, Jerry and Janet.

Katie worked out for a short time and then married George Saubak. They farmed near our old homestead and have now retired in Warburg.

Dad's health failed due to high blood pressure, and in 1951 he passed away. Ma remained on the farm for another year and then sold it to Fred Neiman, who later sold it to Steve Nemeth. She bought a house from Mr. Loomis in the town of Breton in 1952. Bessie remained unmarried and resided with Ma in Breton until May of 1967, when she broke her hip. She was in the Royal Alexandra Hospital for a month, then entered the Glenrose Hospital for therapy. On March 5th, 1968 she took up residence in Blunt's Nursing Home. Then on September 25, 1978, Grandma joined her. Ma reached her 92nd year in 1978 and, for her age, she is in fairly good health. They still reside there.

GODFREY MALMAS

I was born in a Swedish village in Russia in the year of 1901 and came to Canada with my father on June 9, 1910. I was raised at Bears Hill, six miles south of Wetaskiwin.

I came to the Breton area in 1926 and worked in a logging camp for William Anthony. I first worked in Anthony logging — Camp 4, near Big Moose Creek, run by Fred Thrasher. I next worked in Camp 3 which was run by Clarence Ferrell. In 1927 I worked for Dave Ringborg who also ran a logging camp for William Anthony. All the logging was done with horses — most of them belonging to Rubin Hendrickson, the Heath Brothers of Keep Hills and Bob Hellet.

In later years, I hauled logs with a truck for Anthony Lumber Company. The last year I hauled was 1940. Liking this west country, I bought land, N.W. 34-46-3-W5, southeast of Breton and am still the owner.

As a boy I learned to fire a steam engine at Loon Lake, south of Battle Lake; this came in handy as I fired boilers on oil rigs in later years around Pigeon Lake, Alder Flats, Buck Creek and other places.

I am now retired and make my home in this district.

— GODFREY MALMAS

CHRIS MYRBY STORY

Chris Myrby came from Urvik, Norway to Ryley, Alberta at the age of eighteen and a half years, on May 24, 1912. Four of his sisters also came to this continent, two to the States, one to Winnipeg and one to Sedgewick.

The first year in Alberta he worked for a farmer named Amaboo. Following this, he worked for Chris Moose near Tofield. He owned a big steam tractor and Chris worked with this. Soon he was able to buy his own steam tractor and moved back to Ryley.

With this big tractor, he did land clearing, breaking, house moving and threshing. His first fall out threshing, the farmers supplied their own bundle teams. But later Chris had twelve teams and wagons and hired the men to do the bundle hauling. He had sixteen regular customers and as many more as he could get. Most farmers around preferred him because of the efficient way the work was done. He threshed from Ryley to Mundare and around for eleven years, threshing about seventy days a season. Some of it was stack threshing in the spring. In Ryley he moved many buildings including the bank which he moved down the street and across onto the other corner. When the mine closed, he moved the houses into town. He would go out in the morning and come back at night with another house.

In 1923 he married Bertha Jane Mason from Ontario whom he met in Edmonton. They spent

forty-three years together.

In August of 1925 Chris, his wife and Simon Sogard came to his homestead which he had filed on the preceding April. The land location is S.W. 18-48-4-W5. They travelled by way of Camrose, Wetaskiwin and Yeoford. They just brought a few camping things as they were days on the way. His purpose at first was not to make a farm but to have a good hunting place.

The first thing they did was to build a log shack, first for Chris and his wife and then for Simon Sogard. Since the building was built into the creek bank, only three sides had to be built. This was not hard for Chris because he had helped make log

barns in Norway.



Myrby's first log cabin, 1926. Chris and Bertha in doorway.

When Chris' log house was built, they felled a big tree across the Poplar or Modeste Creek and went over on Simon's land to make a shack for him. Before they were through, the rain came down in torrents; dirt, sticks, brush, and great trees came rushing down the creek. As it rose higher and higher, their tree was carried out with the others.

As their supplies were on the other side of the creek, they could not wait days for the creek to lower again. They took off their clothes, tied them into a bundle on their backs and jumped in. Even though they were both good swimmers, the force of the current carried them over a half mile downstream. Finally Chris managed to grasp and hold onto a willow clump growing by the bank. He stuck out his feet for Simon, who was coming close behind but further out. Simon grabbed and they managed to get themselves onto the bank. How good it felt to get their feet on land! They reached home exhausted.

That fall they went back to Ryley again and once more Chris went threshing all over his territory. Then he sold most of his equipment and prepared to move out again in the spring.

When the trails dried a little next spring, they made seven or eight trips out with loads of household and farm equipment. He cut off the back of his car, converting it into a truck. When the roads were fairly dry, he made the trip from Ryley in a day or two, but sometimes it took them seven or eight.

Sometimes they had to unload their car and lift it out of the mud holes.

On one trip they made, they went by way of Edmonton, Leduc and Calmar. The trails were so bad and it was raining; they were cold and wet. When they came to Funnell School, they put in for the night. The teacher came along and objected. They told him of their apparent need and assured him that they would clean it up before leaving so he gave his consent. Next morning the school was well cleaned and they were on their way.

Wild life was plentiful in the area. Bertha sometimes shot as many as eighty rabbits a day while sitting in her doorway. Once she sold about three hundred of their skins.

Great quantities of suckers came up the creek. She brined and filled three or four six gallon crocks. Just a little later, along came great numbers of jackfish which they liked better, so out went the suckers and in went the jackfish. Another big rain came and along came the trout — great big ones, some weighing as much as seven pounds. So out went the jackfish and in went the trout. Who wouldn't? This time they were fooled, the trout were tough and tasteless. Chris never knew of trout coming up the creek again.



Trout caught by Mrs. Myrby 1927, in Poplar Creek, weighed 7 lbs.

Near the base of a big hill there was an open spot. Moose often came and stood there. Once there was a moose and an antlered deer standing there together. When he needed meat, he would shoot one. Over the years he got a number. He called the hill, Moose Hill.

To make the crossing between his place and Sogard's possible at any time, they built a foot bridge. They used two tall spruce for beams and built a walk on it. It was 63 feet long and 16½ feet up from the water. The night after its completion, another cloud burst came up. The creek rose with its load of debris and away downstream went the bridge. So they built another which stayed for some time.

Chris tells that he carried Sogard's small stove across the creek on his shoulder and got a blister on his shoulder for so doing.

Chris wanted a big bridge over the creek. He made a number of trips to Edmonton demanding a

bridge. Finally he and Simon cut the logs and the government built the bridge, all but the floor;



Chris and Bertha Myrby, 1925.

Pearsons supplied the lumber and he put it on. Another flood on the Poplar washed it down to Carnwood. So still another bridge was built.



63 foot span bridge built by Chris Myrby, 1925.

Getting only as far as Breton was difficult in those days. Sometimes he would go out a day ahead and put culverts in the worst places to drain them. Then if it didn't rain too hard the following night, it was easier to get through. It took all day with a team as they had to go around nine miles. When they rode horseback, they had to get off the horse in the deepest muskegs or the horse would sink down too far.

Land clearing began right away and over the years he cleared seventy-five acres on his land and sixteen on Bertha's. Breaking and clearing require power so back he went to Ryley where he bought four horses. Many days were spent working in the heat with plenty of flies and mosquitoes.

One day, when with the help of his horses, he pulled out a big tree; he found a meteor that had

been buried about three feet deep. It was over six inches in diameter, about 2½ inches thick in the centre and weighed about eight pounds. It had a marking similar to the map of South America on one side

After the breaking comes the raising of crops and the fencing, also the construction of more buildings of which Chris made a number. A bigger and better house made on the hill was the first. The biggest is the barn which is 44' x 28'. The floor of the loft had from 1800 to 2000 board feet of lumber and in the loft he could store twenty-one tons of hay. The barn still stands.



Chris Myrby and Sogard's homestead shack, 1925.

Chris purchased his first cow from Mr. Jamieson. She was a Holstein and had taken first prize at a Saskatoon fair. He paid \$75.00 for her and Mr. Jamieson brought her out halfway. Chris took her the rest of the way. She gave a 16 quart pail and a five pound lard pail at each milking. From her, he raised a number of fine Holstein and Jersey heifers.

Later, Chris paid stumpage on trees on the school section. He bought a sawmill and started in the lumbering business. This gave employment to many homesteaders trying to eke out a living and get started on their homesteads in the Hungry Thirties. He tried to give everyone a job.

With more homesteaders, came the need for a school. Again Chris went in to the government. They remembered him from the bridge days. A district was formed; they wanted it named Moose Hill but because there was already one Moose Hill in the province, they had to settle for New Moose Hill.

Gilbert Hiam, Simon Sogard and Chris hauled all the logs for the new school. Hiam built the northeast corner, Sogard the northwest corner and Chris the two south corners.

The first school board consisted of Walter Williams, Tom Hill and Foster Sutherland. After this, for years, the board consisted of Hill, Myrby and Sogard, with Myrby as chairman. He was in this office when it was closed and the children were taken to Breton.

The Pearson Lumber Co. had their boiler so filled with dirt that it would not operate so Chris

cleaned it out and became their engineer. He said that they planed and sawed at different times. He persuaded them to do the two together. At first they did not think it possible. He assured them that he could manage to get enough power, which he did. Sometimes they sawed over 500 logs a day and planed while they sawed.



Chris Myrby's barn built 1937.

Later Moseson and Wilson were planing where the town of Breton stands, across from where the Esso station is now. Chris operated their steam engine.

In the late forties, Chris sold his land to John Hill who lived there till the time of his death. Chris built a house in Breton and he and his wife retired there. His wife passed away in April of 1966. Chris is still living there.

His only son, Harold, worked out at many jobs. He bought 80 acres belonging to Alex Stott, three miles east of Breton. After his marriage to Linda Radford, they moved to Drumheller. Now they are on their land east of Breton. Harold is apprenticing for a mechanic in Leduc.

Simon Sogard, who came with Chris, was a very quiet man and went out very little. He never married but lived on his land for many years. He moved to Vancouver to retire.

WRITTEN BY MILDRED RAINES
AS TOLD BY CHRIS MYRBY

JAMES AND MINNIE NELSON HISTORY

James Guy Nelson was born on May 24, 1901 and raised in Liverpool, England. He had two brothers, Titus and Edward. The boys were very young when their mother passed away and later their father remarried. James' father was an overseer of the shoemakers in a workhouse in Liverpool. The Nelsons have been in the leather trade in England since James' grandfather established it and is still in operation with a cousin having a shoestore in Settle, Yorkshire.

After completing his schooling in 1915, James joined his uncle on his farm in Yorkshire and learned to farm. Here he remained and labored



Minnie Nelson, Oct. 14, 1925.



James Guy Nelson, born 1901, died 1961.

until 1917 when he left to live and farm with a neighbor. He lived there until he came to Canada.

I, Minnie Lawson, was born in the year 1900 and raised in Yorkshire, England. Here I lived with my father and stepmother after my own mother passed away when I was only two years old. My father remarried and I have five brothers, one sister and one step-sister. My father was a farmer and I lived and worked at home till 1926 when I sailed to Canada.

Since James' stepmother was my aunt, we became acquainted and courted about six years. James, being only a hired helper on a farm and with wages so low, he decided to leave England for Canada as information had it that homesteads could be procured cheaply, at \$10 a quarter. He said he would emigrate with a promise that I would follow when he was settled.

James immigrated to Canada in April, 1925. After obtaining work on farms near Leduc and Morrow's lumber camp, he procured a homestead — S.E. 36-48-4-W5 and C.P.R. land, N.E. 25-48-4-W5 where he batched for 18 months.

I left England on the Montclare in August, 1926 and was fortunate in having a travelling companion as far as Montreal and when she left me, I felt very much alone on the train ride across Canada. I reached Leduc on September 1st where James met me with two horses; one to ride with a suitcase and the other was to carry the harness for the two horses. He boarded his horses in Leduc and we caught the train to Edmonton where we were married by a special license the same evening at McDougall Church by Dr. McQueen. We stayed at the Springer Hotel which is now demolished. Two days later we travelled by train, back to Leduc where we purchased a wagon and other necessities and started for my new home.

We travelled all night having breakfast at Buford, then next day stayed overnight with Mr. Win Scott of Warburg as my husband didn't think we could make Benson's hill. It was terribly wet and rainy at this time and the hill was very slippery and



Minnie Nelson and son Jim (1928), in front of wagon bought for honeymoon trip home.

muddy. We arrived "home" on the Sunday afternoon, after having to ford a creek. The first thing James did was travel horseback to pick up the mail and I remember there was a letter from a

school pal in England.

My husband just had a shack, 12' by 16' and only a small cookstove for heat. He said he used to get the stove very hot and then remove the stove lids to warm up the room. He had four horses and a few head of cattle when I came, the cattle being bought from a neighbor. The land had never been cultivated but there were small meadows along the creek (Beaver Creek). The farm was in the district called Keystone which is now Breton. There were no roads, the nearest being the town line which, of course, was only a dirt road. There were very few buildings in Breton at this time. The railroad came to town in 1926 and I remember dancing a jig when we heard the first train whistle for it meant civilization.

James' brother, Edward, came over from England on July 29, in 1927 to live with us. He helped James on the farm and worked out in the fall. He also worked at Ross and Beard's lumber mill at Antross one winter. In 1930 he went to work in the Great West Saddlery in Edmonton where in less

than a year, he passed away with T.B.

On August 27, 1927 our first son, James, was born in a Leduc nursing home which was really a farm home. Mr. Buffalo, our neighbor to the south, took me there in his Model T Ford. A Mrs. Dearduff and a local doctor were in attendance. It seemed I had poor treatment here as I was fed nothing but tea and toast for three days on doctor's orders and there were "no" bed baths. In those days one had to remain in bed for ten days after delivery and at three dollars a day it proved very expensive. My trip home by bus and train via Lacombe, took all day. James wasn't there to meet me so Mrs. Breton took us (the baby and I) into her home behind the store. Her husband's name was Lawrence, brother of M.P. Douglas Breton, for whom Breton was named. After serving me a hot cup of cocoa, James finally arrived with his team and wagon. To my knowledge, our son Jim, is the first baby born in this area who is still residing on the original farm in the Breton

Before our land was fenced, which would be in the late 20's, our cows would pasture on what we called 'the range'; therefore it was quite an effort every evening locating and bringing the cows home to be milked. If the wind was in the wrong direction one couldn't hear the cow bell and finding the cows would be a real problem.

Clearing the land was another hard task every year until a brush cutting outfit came on the scene in the middle forties. With perseverance and hard work, James managed to clear and break around five acres a year. He had a wooden beam breaking plow he pulled with four horses and by 1939, when he purchased his first tractor, he had around 80

acres under cultivation.

In those early days we had plenty of milk, cream and butter and never ever bought these products. A well was dug and a platform was placed inside, above water level, where we kept the dairy products from spoiling. In winter, some parts of the house were cold enough to keep the milk, butter etc., "fresh". When we couldn't afford to buy Sunny Boy, I boiled wheat, which was a substitute for cereal. After I would make out a grocery list, I would start crossing out things I needed but could do without. A lot depended on how much butter I could make and sell. Our first dozen chickens were those which Kunsmans had given us. We never bought chickens as I remember, for years, as I kept setting hens and hatched our own chicks. Finally we had 70 chickens which we butchered and froze outside and ate before spring (no deepfreeze); eggs were worth only 5¢ a dozen.

During the hard times, the dirty thirties, cattle were very cheap, yet we couldn't afford to use them for meat, only rarely. They would have to be sold to bring whatever was offered. We kept only the heifer calves and the bull calves were destroyed. One year we gave a cow as payment for school taxes, valued at \$20 then.

Bread making was my worst ordeal — the dough would not rise as the house was never warm enough. Finally, Mrs. Kunsman, our neighbour, invited me over to her place to stay overnight and she showed me how she made bread. The bread was lovely and light and I was delighted to take the batch home.

On September 25, 1931 our second son, William, was born at home as he arrived sooner than expected. The threshers came on the 24th and when they arrived next morning to complete the operation, the baby was "just born". Fortunately, Mrs. Kunsman was a handy English mid-wife and attended me without any problems. I had a 16 year old girl, Birdie Hoath, stay with me for a few days until I was strong enough to resume daily chores.

This also was the year, 1931, that the railroad from Breton to Leduc was completed. James and I danced with joy when we heard the train whistle for

the first time at the Keystone station which was located approximately 2 miles north, 1 mile east and 1 mile north of Breton.



Nelson Family, 1939. Back row left to right, Mr. Nelson, Mrs. Nelson, Jim. Front row, Bill, Eddie.

In June, 1932 my brother, Walter Lawson, came from England to Breton. He lived with us for a year during which time he bought some land adjoining us. He built a small house and lived and farmed there till he died in 1956. Our son, Jim, bought his farm before Walter passed away.

Our tiny shack was enlarged by installments to four rooms and we lived there for 23 years. Times were very hard in the thirties. James was handy with a scythe and cut a lot of our hay along the creek and in the swamps in this fashion before he purchased a mower and rake from Charlie Kunsman. The hay was raked up by hand and put into 'shocks' and there it remained until fall. At this time we hauled the shocks home in a hayrack and stacked them in the barnyard.

With money being so scarce we had to live off the land as much as possible. Blueberries and raspberries were plentiful and also bush partridges and prairie chickens (sharp-tailed grouse). We always grew a large garden so we had plenty of vegetables for the winter. We had a grain grinder which was powered by 2 horses. They made the grinder operate by going around it in a circle. The capacity of the machine was very slow but it ground the wheat up for our porridge and some chop for the livestock. Relief assistance was available in those days but James was too independent to apply for it. In those early years, although times were tough, we really enjoyed the comfort and presence of our friends and neighbors. To the east of us were the Oelkers, Reis and Ettinger families, also the Maddux family and Cecil Bible. To the north lived the Waslow, Innes and Meinczinger families. The Kunsmans, Engerts, McKittricks and Arnolds lived to the west. South of us were the Buffalo and Webster families. Also to the south lived a man by



Jim Nelson Jr. raking hay with one horse, 1940.

the name of Beaumont, who was instrumental in bringing some of the early settlers to the district. Mr. and Mrs. Buffalo owned and operated Alsike store in later years.

We shared many happy hours with other neighbors and friends too, especially the Ettinger boys, Harry and Louis and their families. The last remaining Ettinger brother, Noble, passed away two years ago. Country picnics were a pleasure to attend in those days, especially the Funnell Christmas concert which was and still is an annual event.

The first postmaster I recollect was a Mr. Rollie Ramsey. Later the postmaster was a Mr. Spindler. We had about 4 different routes to go to town via bush trails and it was usually a day's effort there and back with horses and democrat and sleigh in the winter.

One event I remember very well was a day in the spring of 1935 when Russell Webster and Clarence Johnson met Jim at the Kunsman place and they took him to Funnell School for his first day of learning. Mr. Jim Miles was his teacher. That fall a Mrs. George Clinansmith was his next teacher. Jim completed all his schooling at Funnell. We were situated in the center of three school houses all approximately $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles distance. Bill attended Funnell, Brownlee and Strawberry Ridge schools while Eddie attended Funnell, Strawberry Ridge, Warburg and Thorsby High School.

The next big event was when our third son, Edward, was born on the tenth of May, 1937. Martin Oelkers took me to Thorsby by car to a Mrs. Burgess' farm home. Dr. Hankin was the attending physician.

After this event, things started to pick up a little. My son, Jim, was able to help us with the chores and help with getting up the firewood to

keep the 'shack' warm during the long winter months.

In the fall of 1937, we purchased a Viking radio which helped shorten those cold evenings during winter and open up a new field of entertainment. The radio operated on 1-2 volt A battery, 2B and 2C batteries.

James purchased his first tractor, a 1927 Fordson in 1939 from Bill Arnold, a neighbor farmer who lived about 1½ miles west of us. It pulled a 2 furrow plow quite easily in average conditions, broke land for us and ground our grain for the pigs. It didn't have a magneto, just a flywheel, 4 wooden coils and a timer. During the winter when we had to grind grain we'd make a fire under the pan of the tractor and when we heard the oil start to boil, it was time to start cranking. That was the beginning of the tractor era on the Nelson farm. The car era started the next year when James purchased a Model A Ford from Ray Gerwien of the Funnell district. This car had an Essex body on it and served us very well for many years.

During 1942, James acquired the N.W. 25-48-4-W5 from Mrs. Kunsman who, shortly afterwards, moved with her husband, Charlie, to Grand Forks, B.C. This was during the war years and the prices for our produce had risen sharply. The clover seed period had also started and towards the end of the war, farmers were realizing up to 40¢ a pound for clover seed. We purchased a John Deere 12A combine from Dan Jamieson in 1945 to harvest our clover crop. Then we bought a Hart Parr tractor from Mr. Munden of Sunnybrook. This two-cylinder engine machine was excellent for belt work and we broke many acres of land with it.

In 1947, James obtained the S¼ 31-48-3-W5 for our oldest son who seemed to like farming. This same year, James' brother, Titus Nelson, of Liverpool, England arrived to visit us. Titus owned a garage and ran a transport business in Britain. He and his wife, Nell, made several trips to the farm until their passing in the 1970's.

I think one of my husband's happiest moments on the farm was when he acquired a small rubber tired tractor from Dan Jamieson, the Massey Harris

dealer in Breton, in the spring of '47.

In the winter of '47-'48, James and the boys built a garage on what used to be the Kunsman place. That summer we left the "old homestead" with a lot of memories and moved into this garage. There we lived for nearly 2 years while our new home was being built on the same premises.

My eldest son, Jim, who now runs the farm along with his youngest brother, Edward, married Gladys Stanley of Liverpool, England in 1953. They have five children namely June, born in 1954, Gary 1962, Rhonda 1964, Wendy 1966, and Todd 1967. June married Larry Landsell of Breton in 1974 and they have 2 sons, Curtis born in 1975 and Corey in 1977. They are my first great grandchildren.

My second son, Bill, left home in 1952 to work

for the C.C.I.L. in Wetaskiwin. He married Anne Hennick of Edmonton and they have two children, Ricky born in 1958 and Lee-Anne in 1962. They divorced and in March 1977 he married Mary Enns of Edmonton, who passed away Oct. 13, 1978 of cancer. Bill resides in Edmonton and works for the Edmonton Exhibition Association.



Bill and Anne Nelson, Lee-Anne and Ricky in front, 1967.

My youngest son, Edward, married Mary Horvath of the Breton district in 1958. They have two children, Glenn born in 1964 and Debra-Jayne in 1968.



Eddie Nelson, in front of homestead "shack". 1946.

Just before my husband, James, passed away in September, 1961, we both enjoyed our first trip back to England. Since then I have enjoyed several more trips to England, Wyoming, Prince Edward Island, B.C., and Sexsmith. I also took a lovely boat trip from Vancouver to Alaska along the Pacific Coast.

In July of 1962, Jim and Edward formed a company namely J. and E. Nelson Farming Ltd. They own six quarters of land and run a mixed farming operation along with a herd of

approximately 300 head of Hereford cattle.

The boys built a house for me in the same yard where they live so I am enjoying the presence and company of their families around me.

— MINNIE NELSON

OLD-TIMERS OF FUNNELL (KEYSTONE) DISTRICT

Mr. and Mrs. John Strickland were among the first of the colored families that came to Keystone. The Stricklands had four children, two girls and two boys. They homesteaded N.W. 23-48-4-W5.

Mr. and Mrs. James Shaw homesteaded S.E. 34-48-4-W5 around 1914. The Shaw family later moved to Edmonton and resided there until the time of their passing.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon and family lived in Keystone a number of years before they moved away.

Mr. and Mrs. Jeffries homesteaded S.E. 13-48-4-W5 before 1914. Mr. Jeffries was a trustee of the Funnell School in 1914. He was also one of the founders of the Good Hope Baptist Church. Mr. Jeffries passed away and was buried in the Keystone Cemetery. Mrs. Jeffries moved away and finally settled in Wildwood where she married Mr. Acres. She is now deceased.

Mr. and Mrs. John Bell filed on S.E. 36-48-4-W5, but after many hardships they too moved away.

Abe and Jenny Banner did not file on a homestead. At one time they lived where Millers live now. Later, they moved onto one of Charlie King's quarters. Mrs. Banner was a very good cook and Mr. Banner loved animals, especially horses. The Banners came from Buford to Keystone. Mr. and Mrs. Banner both passed away here and are buried in the Keystone Cemetery.

Mr. and Mrs. Prince Ford Senior

Prince and his wife, Zonnie, came to the Keystone area and filed on the N.E. 2-49-4-W5 around 1920. They had three boys, Larkey, Prince Jr. and one who passed away at an earlier age (buried in the Keystone Cemetery). Prince attended Funnell School. Mr. and Mrs. Ford Sr. passed away and are buried in the Keystone Cemetery.

Larkey and Prince Jr. married two sisters, Beanna and Kay Mayes from Saskatchewan. Both families moved to Edmonton in the late fifties or early sixties.

Larkey's son, Al Ford, is a well-known Canadian boxer. Larkey and Beanna passed away in Edmonton, but most of their children are still living there. Kay Ford also passed away but Prince and family still live in Edmonton.

Some of the ratepayers of the Funnell District No. 2638 in 1914 that were in Township 48, Range 4, W of 5M, were: Wm. Allen — S.E. 22 Lee Allen N.W. 14 Cliff Alexander — N.W. 20 Harry Allen — S.W. 14 Elmer Alexander — N.E. 20 Baptist Church — S.W. 15 (N.E. corner) John Burton — N.W. 17 J. W. Briscoe — S.E. 14 Charles Briscoe — N.E. 24 Wm. Bailey — S.W. 23 Ben Bailey — S.W. 10 Robert Bailey — N.E. 10 John Bell — S.W. 36 C.S. Beaumont — N.E. 23 Percy Beaumont - N.E. 13 G.W. Briscoe — S.E. 24 Ben Briscoe — S.W. 3 Rudolf Dohl — N.E. 1 Jacob Dohl — S.E. 12 Richard Funnell — N.E. 22 David Gist - N.W. 9 Hudson Bay Co. — All of 8 and S.E. 1/4, W 1/2 of 26 T. H. Harding — S.W. 24 C.H. Jeffries — S.E. 13 C.J. Jones — S.W. 12 C.H. King — S.E. 17 C.H. King Jr. — S.E. 16 Sam King — N.W. 16 John King — N.E. 17 A. Otto — N.E. 12 G.N. Ramsey — N.W. 1 R.C. Ramsey — N.E. 14 Alvin Ramsey — N.W. 12 Harry Ramsey - N.E. 2 Fred Shotz — N.W. 24 John Strickland — N.W. 23 James Shaw — S.E. 34

OLD-TIMERS OF NORBUCK

Ben and Jorand Hennestad

The Hennestads and their daughter, Gladys, lived at Norbuck in the thirties. They returned to Norway and Gladys married there. Ben and Jorand died some years later.

Frank Holmberg Family

Frank married a girl from Rocky Mountain House and had two children (I believe both boys) while there. They first lived across the road from us in the Bob McNabb house; they then built themselves a home on the Norbuck corner (Dohlmans later lived in this house).

The Haagmarks

The Haagmark's daughter, Hulda, attended Norbuck School.

Art Burrows

Art Burrows and his sister, Eva Siegel, owned the Burrows Lumber Company. Later they moved to Grande Prairie.

Lyster — William and Maude

The Lysters arrived in Norbuck in the late 30's. They had three children — Maxine, Bud and James Clovis; later another child, Darlene, was born. Bill worked in lumber camps and Maude washed for the lumberjacks. They came from the Stettler area and returned there after the camps moved. They have farmed there since.

Harvey Miller Family

Harvey had a garage on the Fraspur corner and later worked in a garage in Breton. I remember two children, Lee and Elaine.

Mrs. Thorkelson

Mrs. Thorkelson had a cafe at Norbuck. There were two children, Sylvan and Marion. Ole Winberg (I believe) lived with them.

McNabbs

Fin McNabb married Marguerite Mockerman. Bob married Dorothy Nelson (Sanford Nelson's daughter). Grace married Albert Low and lived on W. 3-46-4-W5, as did Minnie McNabb. McNabbs lived on S.W. 2-47-4-W5. I believe they all live in B.C. now.

Satchwells

Sidney and Mrs. Satchwell lived on N.E. 26-46-4-W5. They had three children, Walter, Irene and Edward. Sid was very good on the bones.

Barton Crown

Barton Crown and his wife, Rea, had four children — Robert, Ina, Jean and Everett. Robert married Ilanna Sherwood.

Les Moore

Les Moore was a blacksmith. His children are George, Robert and June.

Tom and Emma Flint

Tom and Emma Flint came from B.C. They traded their property in B.C. for land at Norbuck, N.W. 31-46-3-W5, from Chancey and Mrs. O'Brien. Emma was a school teacher; she taught for a short

time at Antross and was also postmistress at Norbuck. They had two children, Dick and Leslie (Bunny).

Nick Grgich

Nick and Mrs. Grgich, along with a son, Steve, came from Yugoslavia; they lived on S.E. 34-46-4-W5. Both Nick and Steve worked in the lumber camp. A daughter, Maggie, was brought over later by Bill Fraser. She worked in their home. Later, the family moved to Calgary. Maggie married Bill Nicholson and had two children, Wayne and Sylvia. Steve married a girl, Alice, from Calgary; they had two children, Ronald and Marlene. I believe they still reside in Calgary.

Mr. Parsons

Mr. Parsons lived east of Norbuck, S.E. 5-47-3-W5, and came by horse and buggy to teach Sunday School in the Norbuck Station.

Mrs. Ashton and Clayton

Mrs. Ashton and Clayton lived west of Norbuck by Kanda's when they first came, later moving to Norbuck where she was postmistress for awhile.

They often had two small granddaughters visit them. One got hold of poison and ate it. The roads were quite muddy, making it quite difficult to get to the nurse at Winfield. Ralph Burris took her partway and was later met by Pete Paley (RCMP) on horseback who took her the rest of the way. They made it in time to save her life.

A man by the name of Pearce lived with them.

- NINA GRZYB

OLD-TIMERS

Compiling a history book is a tremendous undertaking for a group of people with no experience in that field. There are several former residents of the area now deceased, of which little is known. A history would not be complete without mentioning these people, at least briefly, as this is likely to be the last compilation for this area for some time to come. We certainly would not like to miss anyone but in spite of our efforts, we expect to be informed at some future date that someone was, in fact, missed. This is entirely unavoidable and we are sorry that it had to be. Following are some of the former residents.

Joe Archambald — S.E. 18-48-4-W5. He lived in a small log cabin in a grove of swamp spruce trees. He and Bailey Cook dug a pit in a bank, put a few logs across the top and they intended to saw lumber by hand on this.

Harry Atkins — N.E. 9-49-4-W5. His home was with his mother. He liked the country dances.

Ray Arnold — S.W. 35-48-4-W5. He lived with his parents on one of the first quarters in the area to be almost completely cleared.

Abe Banner — N.W. 1-48-4-W5. Early settler. Worked for some time for Dave Dunbar at Calmar. Once told the writer that he was afraid to have his wife's watch repaired as the watchmaker may remove the diamonds and replace them with glass.

Ian Benner—P.t S.W. 14-48-4-W5. Bee keeper in the 1960's. Had a lot of bear trouble. Said he was

going to Victoria.

Mr. Beaumont — S.E. 23-48-4-W5. Early settler. Lived alone after his housekeeper left. Once he had a bear look him in the eye through the window at dusk. He stepped out the door and let him have it with the shotgun, at point blank range. He was later asked by Bill Spindler, the postmaster, why he didn't shoot through the window. He replied, "And break my window?

Ira Bonham — N.W. 4-48-4-W5. Blacksmith in the early days. His house was small so he hung a bed, by wires, from the ceiling. Forerunner of the bunk beds. Had the first Big Ben alarm clock that the writer ever saw. He had a son, Art, who came to George Ellis' one cold winter night. Alvin, who wasn't very old at the time, went to the door but didn't ask him in. Next morning his message was found written in the snow — "George, bring your team and sleigh in the morning." Art.

Ben Brisco — S.E. 24-48-4-W5. Bachelor.

Loved fresh home-made bread.

Mr. Brier — S.E. 22-48-4-W5. Had two daughters, Bertha and Lila, who attended school at Funnell.

Bill Case — S.E. 10-48-4-W5. Did custom lumber sawing.

Dick Clark — wasn't well. Did light duties for Charlie Orleans.

Mr. Connly — Percy Neutzling took his steam engine there to saw lumber on S.E. 3-49-4-W5.

Richard Funnell — N.E. 22-48-4-W5. Early settler. Lived in a small log house with a sod roof. Had one son, John, who was killed in action during W.W. II. Wife returned to England and lived to a ripe old age.

Mr. Garnner — S.E. 30-48-4-W5. Died of TB in

the 1930's. Unknown where his wife went.

Bud Gilbert — N.W. 31-48-4-W5. Worked on a gyppo gang for D.R. Fraser.

Mr. Gist — N.E. 9-48-4-W5. His wife was a sister to Charlie King; probably left in the 1920's.

Albert Hansen — S.E. 9-49-4-W5. He and his wife worked for Fortier & Associates.

Pasco Heckford — S.E. 32-48-4-W5. Single. Cut brush on the Carnwood to Alsike road in 1939. Later moved to the Village of Breton. Night watchman for Pearson Bros. Ltd.

Mr. Ipsen — S.W. 16-48-4-W5. Brought in a lot of horses with the intention of breaking a lot of land but soon became discouraged and left.

Bus Jones — S.W. 12-48-4-W5. Writer remembers his heating stove lined up with the door to accommodate firewood in tree lengths.

Jack Johnson — Cattle buyer in the early days. Was afraid of nothing large or small. Worked for Paul Theriault both at Breton and Thorsby.

Mr. Kirkwood — S.W. 7-48-4-W5. Not well-known.

Bert Knight — N.W. 3-48-4-W5. Foreman on the road from Alsike to Carnwood in 1939. While blasting stumps on right-of-way, he crawled like a snake to see if any fuses were still smoking. The charges hadn't all gone off.

Lorne Dodderidge — drove team for D.R. Fraser at planer mill. Wagon pole came out of neck yoke and the team ran away. He was an expert horseman and managed to keep the horses astrad-

dle the pole and no damage was done.

McKenzie Bros. — Dan was road foreman in the early days. Brother John had a stiff knee and cooked for the crew in the tent.

Hugh McNeil — hauled lumber from Greenwood's mill at S.E. 16-48-5-W5, to Breton. Participated in the Yukon gold rush. Had a scar on his leg from a raft accident.

Ed Millward Worked for D.R. Fraser. Was a very experienced cant hook man. Cared for the camp and horses, and was fire watchman during the summer months.

Charlie Orleans — N.W. 26-47-4-W5. Later moved into Breton where he operated a butcher shop, then a pool hall with a grocery outlet.

Oswald Sather — N.E. 3-48-4-W5. Lived on this land after Bert Knight. Wasn't here very long.

Robert Seathe — S.E. 13-48-4-W5. First World War veteran. Children attended school at Funnell. Later moved to Edmonton where he joined the Veterans' Guard of Canada.

Clyde Shifflet — S.E. 32-48-4-W5. Later moved to Breton. Conversationalist.

Ben Stalsberg — S.W. 34-48-4-W5. His children, Guvnor and Leif, attended school at Funnell and later moved to B.C. Ben worked as a machinist for the Department of Public Works in Edmonton.

Alex Stott — N.E. 35-47-4-W5. Single. Loved auction sales and had a lot of such merchandise to prove it. He was very particular about understanding a story exactly as it was told to him.

Paul Theriault — N.E. 26-48-4-W5. Paul lived at Thorsby most of the time but farmed this land. He later moved into Breton where he operated the livery stable at which time his two boys, Frank and Lawrence, attended school there.

Mr. Wark — N.W. 12-48-4-W5. Came from Wetaskiwin. Widower with two daughters. Married a woman named Cambridge. Some wondered why he wore a white shirt when he chewed tobacco.

WILLIAM PAYNE

William Benjamin Payne was the son of Lemuel Payne who came to Canada in 1898. William Payne came to Edmonton with Dan Hayes and Louie and

Tony Payne.

The Paynes drove an ox team to Athabasca, Wildwood, Pigeon Lake, Wabamun Lake and Keystone, Alberta. They hauled freight to these areas until 1906. William Payne worked in the mines and also on his homestead, north of Edmonton. He became a Canadian citizen in 1912, and in 1913 and 1914 he helped organize the miners in Calgary and Edmonton.

In 1920 William married Nellie Hamilton (nee Ramsey) who lost her husband during the flu epidemic. Mr. and Mrs. Payne moved to B.C. They had one son, Gilbert Lee Payne, who married Vera Frances Ross, daughter of Bob and Virgie Ross of Breton, in 1951.

Frances spent her childhood in Breton and attended school in Breton. Gilbert and Frances have four children — Vivian Loleata Blazosesk (nee Payne) who lives in Calgary; Gilbert Rodney, who is married and lives in Burnaby, B.C. Steven Reginald resides at home and Anthony Robert is also at home with his parents. Gilbert and Frances live in Surrey, B.C.

ALVIN JAMES PLATZ STORY

Our grandfather, Lawrence A. Platz, was born in Ohio, U.S.A. in 1857. He married Elvira (nee Fischer) Hillagas in 1890 at Chetopa, Kansas, U.S.A. She was born in 1852 at Chetopa, Kansas. They had two children (twins) born here in 1892,

Alvin James and Grace Gertrude.

Our father, Alvin, married Elva Barber, daughter of William and Amy Barber of Pawnee, Oklahoma. In 1895 Elva was born at Filson, Oklahoma, a small community near Pawnee. Our father and mother were married in the courthouse in Pawnee in 1912. Their first child, William Lawrence, was born in a small community called Valley, Oklahoma. They moved to Donalda, Alberta in 1914, along with our grandparents and family (the Barbers) plus several cousins from Oklahoma.

Our father worked for farmers and ranchers for awhile before buying a quarter of land at Willow Creek - 10 miles southeast of Donalda. While living here, Clifford, Cecil and Virgil were born at home. There was a midwife in the area; her name was Mrs.

Tom Loney.

Our parents moved back to Oklahoma in 1920. Some of the Barbers who lived almost a year where our father worked in the oil fields, moved back, too. Our grandfather Barber ran in the stake race, horseback, in the Cherokee Strip. In this stake race you chose the land you liked and whoever got there first, got the quarter of land. They also had the oil

rights on this land until the time of their passing. Our parents only lived in Oklahoma for about a year (1921) when they returned to Donalda.

Our father farmed his own land in Donalda as well as farming rented land. My brother, Gordon, and I were born in the same house on Willow Creek where the older boys were born.

In 1924 our father went on a hunting trip in the Winfield area and found a quarter of land four miles east of Winfield - N.E. 10-46-3-W5th, where he decided to homestead. In 1925 we moved there. We lost a lot of stock due to swamp fever.

We spent the first summer in a big one-roomed house near Twin Lakes, with a family - Wesley Udell. In all, there were six Platz and six Udell children. Our brother, Cecil, homesteaded this

quarter of land and still owns it.

As we only had a small house on our homestead, we spent one winter near Arthur Ellingson where our father skidded logs. The next winter we lived south of Seattle School which was later owned

by Oscar Ostrum.

Our father hauled rails to Falun and Brightview where he traded them for grain and flour. By the winter of 1927, our brother, John or Jack, was born in a Wetaskiwin hospital where the Wales Hotel is now. I also had my appendix removed there in 1927. This same winter, our father built our big log house. It took him quite awhile as he hauled all the logs by himself. Virgil and I stayed the winter with Larsons, our nearest neighbors, and Virgil, along with his older brothers, attended Seattle School.

In 1928 our grandparents in California asked Mother to come for a visit; Mother's health was not good at this time. She took us six kids by train to Blaine, Washington, where her father met us. He drove a big Studebaker with curtains on the windows.

Father and our brother, Lawrence, did stucco work with a man named Martin. They also worked on the Grande Prairie courthouse. One Sunday they worked and later had to pay a fine. A year after we left for California, Father came to join us. Mother's health was much better and she was working in a cannery. I started school in Los Molinos, California



Platz family. Lawrence, Goldie, Jack, Fay, Frank, Gordon and Clifford, 1972.

and later went to Seattle School. The work was scarce for men so we returned to our homestead in 1929.

Our family, our Uncle Harold Barber and his wife plus two stepsons, Earl and Ernest McLellan, also Uncle Dell Barber, returned by cars. Uncle Harold bought a homestead one half mile south of Seattle School. Earl and Ernest also attended Seattle School. My Uncle Dell didn't like our cold winter so he left to go back to California. He travelled as far as Bonners Ferry, Idaho where he worked and married and consequently settled there.

Our brother, Frank, was born at home in 1931. In attendance was a nurse by the last name of Phillips who came from Pendryl, west of Winfield.

We had timber on our homestead so around 1932, Clarence Tompkins and his family, plus Charlie Plester, came from Chesterwold, near Ponoka, Alberta, with a sawmill. They cut lumber for about two years. The older boys, as well as Roy and Clarence Jr. Tompkins, all worked in the mill.

One night the mill caught fire. By the time someone awakened us, Mrs. Tompkins was pulling water from a well. They extinguished the fire finally but Mrs. Tompkins took an asthma attack which

scared everyone.

Our father hauled lumber to Brightview with a team of four horses. He traded lumber for a new sewing machine which our mother used a lot. She made the boys' shirts from dyed flour sacks.

Once again in 1934, our mother's health was poor. Our father had an auction sale and sold everything but a few pieces of machinery and some stock. The four eldest boys stayed on the homestead putting in the few acres of crop and also worked skidding logs.

Lawrence, who was married by now, lived in a small house by the mill site on our homestead.

The family travelled to Vancouver by train but remained less than a year. I don't recall attending school here but Gordon and Jack attended while Frank was still too young to go.

Our father stood in a line-up for work at the docks, shovelling rice or wheat. While he worked on the Second Narrows Bridge, we lived in North Burnaby. We, again, returned to the homestead as the depression seemed much worse in the big cities in those days. Our father and the boys returned to working for Clarence Tompkins in the sawmill eight miles southeast of Winfield in the Blind Man Valley.

Our sister, Fay, was born New Year's day in 1935 at the Wetaskiwin hospital. Later another sister, Shirley, was born in Edmonton but she never left the hospital and passed away at the age of three months. She is buried at Knob Hill in the Bunker

Hill Cemetery.

We had a big barn where we held dances for ten years in the summer months. People came from as far away as Wetaskiwin, Rimbey, Buck Lake and Hoadley. In those days, the roads were very muddy. Three members of the family held wedding dances in this barn — Lawrence and Eunice, Cecil and Bertha and Goldie and Oliver Christopherson.

When there was an oil boom in Calmar, our families all moved there except Clifford and his family who, in 1946, went back to Winfield from Suffield, Alberta where he had been in the Army. They eventually moved to Vancouver Island, B.C. where he worked at logging for 25 years. He later moved to the interior, west of Williams Lake, and then, later again, to Merritt.

Our mother lived in Calmar at the time of her passing. She had only lived there a few months when she passed away suddenly in the Edmonton

General Hospital.

Father worked for Home Oil Co. all over the oil fields — Calmar, Drayton Valley and Cynthia, until his retirement. He spent some time on the homestead and also had an acreage at the crossroads of Winfield and Buck Lake, next to the Montclare Cemetery. He sold the homestead earlier and the acreage to the Dept. of Highways. He bought two lots in Winfield where he lived until his passing.

Lawrence married Eunice Welch of Winfield. They have three boys — Clayton, Marvin and Clarence. Also one child passed away at Rimbey. Marvin, at 26 years of age, was killed in a truck accident near Cynthia on July 18, 1962. He left a wife, Elizabeth or Lucy, and two girls — Marlys and Brenda. Lawrence and Eunice are retired and live in Sedgewick, Alberta.

Clifford married Daisy Welch of Winfield. They have fourteen children — Ray, Jerry, Evelyn, Allen, Elva, Gene, William, Ralph, Edward, Rosemary, Barbara, Teddy, Susan and Christopher. They all live in B.C. except Susan Hendrix - she's in southern Alberta. Cliff and Daisy moved back to Cumberland, Vancouver Island where they are retired and enjoying fishing.

Cecil married Bertha (Swea) Larsson of Buck Lake. They have five children — Florence, Grace, Maria, Melvin and Richard. They are all married. Cecil and Bertha retired and live in Kelowna, B.C.

Virgil married Olive Ronnie of Holden, Alberta. They had two daughters — Beverly and Joan besides two stepdaughters, Shirley and Mary. Virgil retired in Breton, after working the last 18 years for Cities Service.

I, Goldie, married Oliver Christopherson of Thorsby, Alberta. We have two children—Caroline and Wayne. We also have one grandson, Mark Ewart. I still live at Mission Beach, Pigeon Lake, Alberta.

Gordon married Alice Cram of Edgerton, Alberta. They have two boys — Alvin and Larry of Buck Creek. Gordon and Alice live at Clearwater, B.C. He works at part-time logging for Wayhauser where a sawmill operates and employs 500 people.

John (or Jack) married Sera Dahl of Mission Beach, Pigeon Lake. They have six children—Sharon, Dale, Linda, Fern, Darren and Rena. Jack has owned and operated graders for the past 20 years at Drayton Valley for oil companies. They had, at one time, moved to Clearwater, B.C. and owned property for a couple of years but returned to Drayton

Valley.

Frank married Jean Cunningham of St. Albert, Alberta. They have three children, Donald, Lyle and Cindy who are still all at home. Frank has operated graders for the past 20 years in the Drayton Valley oil field. He worked for his brother, John (Jack), for several years. He is now employed by Parkland Construction and lives in Drayton Valley, Alta.

Fay married George Chudek of Calmar, Alberta. They have four children — Larry, Wayne, Gail and Leslie. One baby died and was buried in the Winfield cemetery. Since George was a driller, they moved around in the oil fields. They also farmed at Knob Hill a few years before moving to Chilliwack, B.C. Fay now lives in Drayton Valley with her son, Leslie.

Our mother passed away March 30, 1949 at the age of 53. She is the second person buried in the Montclare Cemetery. Our father passed away Oct. 3, 1973 at the age of 81. He spent the last year and a half at the Jasper Place Central Park Lodge in Edmonton. He is also buried at Winfield.

At the time of Father's passing, there were 41 grandchildren and 39 great grandchildren.

- GOLDIE CHRISTOPHERSON AND VIRGIL PLATZ

THE RAMSEY FAMILY

My grandmother (on my mother's side) was Mrs. Drusilla Brisco. She came to Canada with my brother, Rolla Ramsey, in the year 1909, from Johnson County K.C., Mo., U.S.A. They settled at a place called Keystone (which is now Breton).

Drusilla Brisco was the first settler to be buried

in Keystone; she passed away in 1912.

Mr. George Nicholas Ramsey and wife, Leutisha Ramsey, arrived in Keystone in 1910 from K.C., Mo., U.S.A.

From 1910 - 1919, my father had the local post office. He was the first postmaster and once a week, weather permitting, he would ride nine miles on horseback to a district and store called Yeoford. This was an overnight journey.

When we left in the early part of 1919, by permission from the Government, my father left the running of the post office to his son, Rolla, who became the second postmaster of Keystone.

- RUTH (RAMSEY) HOLMES

THE ROLLA C. RAMSEY JR. FAMILY

My grandmother on my mother's side was Mrs. Molly Hayes and my grandfather was Mr. Crawford Hayes. They had nine children born in Mississippi. The six boys were Durell, Rueben, Arthur, Jasper, Samuel and Floyd and the three girls were Lottie, Zona and Ophelia who was my mother.







Mr. Rolla Ramsey Jr. was postmaster of the Keystone Post Office after his father, Mr. Rolla Ramsey Sr.

Rolla Clark Ramsey and Ophelia Mary Hayes were married in 1915 at Keystone, Alberta. They have ten living children, two boys and eight girls — Ella Jenkins - Hawaii, Mildred Gerrard - Stony Plain, Alberta, Roy Ramsey - Rutland, B.C., Viola Barnes - Winnipeg, Manitoba, Stella Brockenborough - Vancouver, B.C., Margaret Lax - Stony Plain, Alberta, Ethel Drake - Polo Alto, California, Martha Williams - Winnipeg, Manitoba, Walter Ramsey - Little Rock, B.C. and Phyllis Kozak - Williams Lake, B.C.

Mr. and Mrs. Ramsey homesteaded a quarter of land in Keystone, Alberta and lived there until June of 1936. They moved to Rutland, B.C. and lived there the rest of their lives. Mrs. Ramsey passed away in May of 1944 and Mr. Ramsey passed away in December of 1968.

The ten children held a family reunion in July

of 1977; this was the first and only one.

— MILDRED GERRARD

JIM RATCLIFFE

Jim originated from England where he had served in the Armed Forces.

He came to Norbuck in 1925, along with Ralph Burris. They worked on the railroad at Hoadley, working north. He filed on N.E. 34-46-4-W5.

We all remember Jim's love for dancing; he never missed a dance.

Jim had many professions; he was our local bee keeper for many years. He often gave us honey and we would bake him cookies in exchange. He also had the post office for a few years and worked as bookkeeper for the local lumber companies. In one of his earlier years at Norbuck, he broke his leg. Having been a first aid man, he instructed my dad as to how to set it. Willows were cut to hold it in place, binding it with haywire and packing it with moss. A few days later, when he was able to get to a doctor to have it properly looked after, he was told it was healing and was well set.



When D.R. Fraser & Co. Limited moved to Breton, he went with them — later retiring to Edmonton where he stayed till his death.

- NINA GRZYB

FRANK RATH

Frank Rath came from Truro, Nova Scotia, following the railroad West. He first lived at Hoadley — there he met the Dan Jamieson family; he often spoke of them. He came to Norbuck in the late 1920's where he had the store and post office. When he built on the room which was to be used for the general store, he let it be used for the school while the school was being built.

Frank played a mean violin and in the early

days played for the local dances.

Many nieces and a nephew often visited Frank. His nephew, Arthur, stayed on and worked in the district. He developed a bone disease and died in an

Edmonton hospital.

In the later years, as Frank grew older, he encouraged many to take the store or post office — sometimes both, but as each gave up, it returned to him. He made sure we always had this service. In 1952 Marvin and Fay Burris took over and Frank soon retired to the home in Wetaskiwin where he passed away.

- NINA GRZYB

THE RINGBORG BROTHERS

Charles and David Ringborg came to the Breton district in 1919. Originally from Sweden, they

came first to the U.S.A. and then to Alberta to take up homesteading. Charles, the elder, born in 1876, and David born in 1881, settled on N.W. 30-47-3-W5. This quarter section had considerable improvements — land cleared and broken, a decent log house and a good barn. It had formerly been owned by Louis Hayden in the early 1900's; Hayden had worked for the Ricker Logging Company as a bookkeeper. Their headquarters being directly to the west, he had been able to have considerable work done during the summer months. They kept men and horses busy at work to clear and break land and prepare pasture. It was necessary to have hay and oats for the work horses used in logging operations. Charlie later filed on the S.W. 30-47-3-W5 as his homestead, where they eventually built a large frame house. They kept some livestock and several teams of good horses; they were used each winter as they took them to the logging camps to work.

The Ringborgs were both bachelors and much in need of a housekeeper. About this time, Hanna Hendrickson arrived in the Breton district. She sailed to Canada on the same boat as Victor Hanson in June, 1928, stayed with Carlson's at Falun (some relation) — thus giving an opportunity for her to meet the Ringborg brothers. David and Hanna were married in June, 1929 and the three lived in the new house on Charlie's farm. Their daughter, Anna Christina, was born in December, 1930. By this time, they were doing well on the farm and gave up working in the camps each winter so as to concentrate on their farming operations. They also bought another quarter section, N.E. 30-47-3-W5, thus giving them three quarters where they proceeded to clear and break most of the workable parts. At that time, labor was very cheap and many men were available who wanted to earn wages and have a place to live. During the 1940's, the Ringborgs purchased a new truck and an International 22-36 tractor, a threshing machine and considerable new cultivating equipment. This was a big improvement over the horses and small machinery formerly used by farmers in the area. They soon had most of their aerable land under cultivation and planted to wheat. During the fall, their threshing machine made the rounds of the district and threshed for most of the farmers with grain crops.

Around 1948, Dave became badly crippled by arthritis and passed away in a short while. Charlie, Hanna and Anna continued to live on the farm. Anna, who had gone to school in Breton, was in high school by now and was able to take over much of the field work, being perfectly at home on tractors or

any farm machinery.

They were managing very well but unfortunately Mrs. Ringborg became ill and was hospitalized most of the time. In 1956, when Charlie died on December 25th, Anna decided to join the Canadian Air Force and left the farm. There, she met her husband, Areden Flotre, and came back to live on the farm. Their three children were born while there—

Ian, Roger and Beverly. The three children attended school in Breton until Beverly was seven or eight years old; then they moved to Drayton Valley



L. to R. Anna Ringborg, Mr. and Mrs. Dave Ringborg around 1949-50.

for a time. Later, they went to Prince George and from there to Campbell River where they are at this time as far as anyone has heard.

If Mrs. Hanna Ringborg is still living, she is in one of the Camrose Auxiliary Hospitals and would be 84 years old this March, 1980.

- Elsie Flesher

THE ROSS FAMILY

Alex Ross, his wife, six sons and one daughter arrived in Edmonton, Alberta in 1910, from Okla-



The Ross family 1916. Standing, L. to R. Robert, Gene, William. Front row, Jessie, Charlie, Ernest, Mrs. Adeline Ross.

homa, U.S.A. Their seven children were named Eugene, Jessie, William, Robert, Alex, Ernest and Charles. The family moved to what is now the Breton district in 1913 and homesteaded six miles north of where the town of Breton is now located. Alex and his wife both passed away in the early 1920's. Two of their sons died during the flu epidemic after the First World War. Eugene moved to Edmonton, Alberta; Jessie and Charles remained in the Breton area; William and Robert moved to the State of Washington, U.S.A. in 1920 where William remained until his death in 1965. Robert returned to the Breton area in 1927 and married Virgie Hooks. They had seven children — Robert, Helen, Frances, Steve, Joan, Vivian and Bernice. They raised their family on a homestead one mile east of Breton, N.E. 36-47-4-W5. They moved to Edmonton in 1960 where Robert passed away in 1966; Virgie is still living in Edmonton.

I, Steve Ross, attended school at Breton until 1948 and then worked in the local area for one year. I left in 1949 and moved to Edmonton; there I was employed by the railroad for five years. I then worked at other jobs until I established my own business in 1970, Steve's Furniture Moving Ltd. In 1970 I married Elsa McEvoy. I sold my business in 1978 due to ill health. However, we are still involved in the furniture moving business, Apex Moving and Storage Ltd. in Edmonton, Alberta.

- STEVE ROSS

HISTORY OF THE ROSS AND PROCTOR CLANS

The Ross family can trace its lineage back to Chief John Ross. He was a leader and fought for



The Ross family, homesteaded in Breton area 1912. Back row, L. to R. Robert, William, Gene, Jessie, Alexander Jr. Front row, Mr. Alexander Sr., Charlie, Mrs. Adeline Ross holding Ernest.

what he thought was right. Grandpa Ross, commonly known as "Daddy Bear", must have inherited some of this fighting spirit from Chief John Ross. In 1910 or 1911, he loaded an entire boxcar, some say

it was an entire train, and led a pilgrimage to western Canada. In the boxcars, it is stated, there were oxen and many valuable possessions of the Ross families. Thus, they left their homes in Oklahoma and headed for a better land.



The Alexander Ross family, Deyton, Texas, 1900. L. to R. Gene seated on Father's knee, Mr. Alexander Ross Sr., Mrs. Adeline Ross holding Jessie.

A large group stayed around Edmonton and then dispersed to Wildwood, Athabasca and Keystone.



Some of the Proctor children.

The only living descendant of Grandpa Ross or "Daddy Bear" is Mother — Jesse (Ross) Proctor.

Dad, Charlie Proctor, was born in Wapakoneta, Ohio. He came to Canada around 1910. For many vears he worked on the railroad in British Columbia until he was injured in an accident. He married Jesse Ross in Kamloops, B.C. in 1922. They came to the Keystone district in 1924 and settled on a homestead. There, they raised five children. The eldest. Norman, attended Funnell School and continued to live in the area until he passed away in 1948. Lemuel (Leonard) also attended Funnell School. He passed away in 1949. The surviving children were Frank, Ida (Addie) and Violet.

Frank is married. They have two children and reside in Detroit, Michigan. He attended Funnell School in his junior years but later continued his education in Calgary, Houston, Texas, New Jersey and Detroit. Frank is a minister. Addie attended school at Funnell and Breton. Addie resides in Edmonton and has one child. Addie has worked for the Edmonton City Telephones for a number of years. Violet, Mrs. Albert Briscoe, has five children. She also attended school at Funnell and Breton. She is presently living in Jarvie, Alberta. Dad passed away in 1953. Mother is presently living in Edmonton, Alberta. She is seventy-nine but still lives alone

and enjoys reasonably good health.

Dad often spoke of his flight of foot or fast running. He sometimes told a story of how he outran a pack of wolves one night while in B.C. I also recall how I, his son, fooled him one day. I was on my way home from school when I heard Daddy working in the pasture, building a fence. I decided to deviate from the path and go over to meet him. Upon my approach, I disturbed the dogs and they began to raise quite a ruckus. Poor Daddy thought I was a bear so he commenced shouting to frighten the bear away. When I realized that Dad thought I was a bear, I whistled to the dogs. They came running and were very glad to see me. While they were running, playing and jumping upon me, I stepped on one accidentally, thus causing him to yelp and whine. This made Dad think the bear had slapped the dog. It was then I decided my wisest move would be to go straight home and not bother Dad. When he finally arrived home, I had been home for some time. Dad told Mother about the bear and how he had slapped the dogs. Sometime later, he told the story to the neighbors. But, when Dad found out who the bear was and what had really happened, I had to leave right away.

ADDIE AND FRANK PROCTOR

ERNEST GORDON RUSSELL

Ernest Gordon Russell was born October 5th, 1888 in Canterbury, England. As his father was a warden in the cathedral, Ernest was educated in the cathedral school for staff children.

From an early age, he was interested in a military life. He apprenticed first as a printer and then joined the British Army. He served in various places including South Africa, Bermuda and Gibraltar. During the First World War, he served in the infantry in Europe where he was wounded. After considerable hospitalization, he received a medical discharge and decided to emigrate to Canada.

He worked for awhile in the Winnipeg area and then moved further west. In Wetaskiwin he met Ralph Burris and his family. They decided to take out homesteads, so in 1925 they filed claims for adjoining quarters at Norbuck. There they built their log cabins and lived as neighbors for many years.

Ernie broke his land and grain farmed, but most winters he worked in the lumber mills.

He was an avid reader and kept up with world affairs. He was also an enthusiastic sports fan, and in later years enjoyed watching sports, especially hockey, on T.V. He could converse well on almost any topic and had a good sense of humor. He was well liked and respected by young and old alike.

In 1961 he gave up the rural life and boarded with Marvin and Fay Burris and family in Edmonton. When the Peace Hills Home opened in Wetaskiwin, he took a room there, and then divided his time between there and Edmonton until his death in January, 1973.



Ernie Russell, Ralph Burris, 1971.

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THE WHEALE STORY

John Wheale was born in England in 1885. He became employed as a coal miner alongside his father at the age of thirteen while continuing his education by going to night school. He attended a Science and Art Institute at Walsall in 1906-07 and then came to Canada to serve as a Methodist minister. He was serving as the new minister in an Ontario community where he first met my mother, Mary Adelaide Marwood. So different was his dialect from hers, they could not communicate at all, nor could he succeed at getting his message across to his congregation. He gave up the ministry and became employed as a farm worker for my

grandfather, William Marwood. His interest in church work continued, however; he played the organ and sang in the choir, collecting a variety of hymn books. After their marriage, my parents moved away to their own new home. Dad trained as a locomotive engineer and became employed at Sutherland, Saskatchewan. Tragedy came when a railway accident claimed the life of their first child, Thelma. The Marwoods moved to Red Deer, Alberta. Being married to a railroad engineer, who was seldom home, was a very unhappy way of life for Mother, so they decided to take up homesteading in Alberta. Both Dad and Grandpa decided that the land they would seek must be free from hills that would hinder farming operations; this they found near Breton, in the valley once called Modeste Valley and also called Wenham Valley.

In the early 1920's John and Mary Adelaide Wheale began homesteading on the N.E. ¼, Sec. 17, Twp. 47, Rge. 3, W5. To help them cut and pile brush, make huge root piles and burn them, feed chickens, cows, horses, bake bread, sweep floors, etc., was a family of five children — Catherine, Johnny, Bill, Richard and Alice. Near tragedy came when my mother fell unconscious due to a tumor. The local nurse had ordered her not to be moved; but, when Grandma Marwood heard the bad news, she hired a car, came from Red Deer and took my mother to a Red Deer hospital where she underwent successful surgery.

In 1924, Mother went back to Red Deer to give birth to Sam. They braved it all the way back home to Wenham Valley in a sleigh drawn by a team of

horses.

Through a conspiracy between Santa Claus and the stork, I, Irene, arrived on December 25, 1925 at

the home of my parents.

When, in 1928, a new house was being built in our yard, there were huge piles of sawdust which provided excellent playground material for Sam and I and also made insulating material for storing the ice that was garnered from Poplar Creek during the winter. Come July, then, there was ice for making ice-cream and for cooling whatever needed to be kept cool.

In winter, the men went to Buck Lake with a sleigh and horses and netted whitefish and another kind of yard-long fish which my mother used to stuff with sage and onions and bake in the oven. My chore after school was to help brother Bill to

untangle and repair the nets.

Much of the bounties of nature have been lost to the growth of bush during the past fifty years. Where tall trees are now growing, there was a glorious crop of wild vetch, also called pea vines. We stuffed gunny sacks full of the vines and carried them to the barn to feed the horses. There were unbelievable quantities of wild strawberries, raspberries, blueberries, saskatoons, gooseberries, black currants, red currants, pincherries, chokecherries, three different kinds of cranberries, edible greens and mushrooms. In the ditches, we found black-skinned tubers with white flesh resembling the flesh of a coconut; a couple of handfuls of these tubers made a good afternoon snack. There was a crock of dandelion wine in the cellar from which second helpings could be had as long as we kept them small enough to not be missed!

We made our own wading pools by damming up the ditches along the road; we played with the snakes that slithered out onto the road, holding them on the ends of sticks to watch them twist and turn. A swim in Poplar Creek in the forenoon would keep us cool enough all day to weed the garden in the afternoon and not complain about the heat.

My mother raised muskrats along the shores of Poplar Creek. With a leather mitt and a can opener, she opened tin cans, hammered them flat and nailed them to the inside of wooden rat pens to keep the animals from chewing their way out. The pens were placed with one end out of the water and the other end in the creek, providing the muskrats with a constant supply of fresh, running water. In the fall, the young rats were skinned, their pelts sold and the old pairs were brought home to spend the winter in the cow barn, eating grain chop and carrots

My father continued his organ playing and hymn singing, now sharing his hobby with several of his children. He made clean, dust-free punching bags for the boys by washing pig's bladders with soap and water and filling them with air. He played games of marbles with the children, told stories and read aloud from books. Mother played checkers occasionally, but usually devoted most of her time to carding wool, spinning yarn and knitting socks and mitts for all the family. She made wool-filled comforters for all and continued making them for the grandchildren for the rest of her life.

In the late 1920's or early 30's, Dad returned to railroad work once more, spending some of his time at Thorsby. He was also several times a census-taker which involved many weeks of travelling with horses and a wagon. He was crop correspondent for the Dominion Bureau of Statistics and returning officer whenever one was needed. After discontinuing railroad work, he built up his herd of cattle by

purchasing pure-bred sires.

The Marwoods came from southern Alberta to stay with us and were given a house of their own near ours. Grandfather died and became the second person to be buried at the site now called the Breton Cemetery. Grandmother and her maiden sister, Jane Donald, lived together in their own house beside our garden for the rest of their lives.

When, in the late thirties, my grandmother and her sister were reaching their last days on earth, my mother cared for them, preparing their meals in our house and carrying them to the house of Grandma and Aunt Jane. Aunt Jane died and was buried in the Breton Cemetery. Grandma, in her eighties, lived on alone in her house by our garden, coming over to visit us occasionally. As my grandmother was nearing her last days, I helped my mother to care for her, giving her my arm to hold onto while raising herself from her bed. Whenever she said "Play me a tune", I would start the phonograph playing. Too bored to listen to the entire recording, she would say, "That'll do", to which I would promptly stop the music.

World War II brought about a scattering of our entire family, with only Richard remaining at home on the farm. Dad joined the Army, Bill the Air Force, Alice went to work in Edmonton and Sam, Johnny and Mother ran their own lumber camp west of Breton. I moved to Breton, rented a room at the

Hoath's house and went to high school. Mrs. Hoath boarded the preacher, Claire McLehearne, the school principal, Leonard Swigart, a student, Marie Larson and the egg-grader whose name I have forgotten. Mr. McLehearne was a very talented singer; whenever he heard our Young Peoples' gathering in my room singing incorrectly, he would leave whatever he was doing and come in to get us back in key. He taught us many new hymns at the Mission Covenant Church in Breton.

When my father joined the Army, the enlisting officer did not ask him his age; instead, he told him his age, making him many years younger. Once on leave, Dad walked all the way from Battle Lake home to Wenham Valley, for the bus came only as far west as Battle Lake. With all problems of dialect overcome, he became a sergeant at Camp Borden, Ontario. After the war, he returned again to farming, continuing to improve his herd of cattle until his retirement in 1963.

After my older brothers and sisters had left home, I continued on for several years, receiving my diploma from the Canadian Investigator's Institute in 1952. In the absence of teachers who had joined the Army, I became employed as a correspondence school supervisor which took me to various parts of the province.

In 1962, I married Jack Hardy who was employed by McGregor Telephone and Power Co. We moved for short stays at various locations in Alberta before starting to farm at Wenham Valley, on the farm from which my parents had retired. Our children, Margaret and Elsie, were born in the Breton Hospital.

Mother and Dad moved to Enderby, B.C. to spend some time near Alice before moving to Warburg, Alta. Three years after the girls were born, my father died in the Wetaskiwin hospital and was buried in the Breton Cemetery. My mother continued to live at Warburg for awhile before moving to Breton. She died in 1971 and was also buried in the Breton Cemetery.

Winter Adventure

While walking through the woods one day And seeing tracks along the way Of ordinary forest-folk Quite suddenly, my mind awoke From dreaming through the dreary day And seeing tracks along the way.

I scarcely could believe my eyes And stood astonished in surprise At flowery footprints in the snow, Which right across my path did go.

I followed fast the flowery spoor From Breton out to Berrymoor And found, within a sheltered spot, A sleek and sleeping ocelot. But the books all tell me that This land is not their habitat; This one was likely passing through, Hurrying homeward from the Zoo.

IRENE HARDY (WHEALE)

THE WILLIAMS STORY

Walter Williams came from Northamptonshire, England to Canada in 1912. He came because government agents from Canada were holding meetings in the small village to encourage young men to emigrate to Canada, "the land of opportunity". Pictures were shown of fine farm homes and large fields of cattle and this was for all who would come.

Upon his arrival in New Brunswick, Walter went to work on the Van Horne Farms. His employer, Sir William Van Horne, was president of the C.P. Railroad and, of course, the farm was like the pictures Walter had seen in England. After working on the farm for three years, Walter went to enlist in the Army but it was found that he had a heart condition which was to trouble him all his life. In 1918 he decided to go West and came to Calgary, Alberta where he worked for Charlie Yule, a ran-



Thelma Berry (Mrs. Williams) before Alberta became a province in 1905.

cher in the south. In 1919 he came to Edmonton with a load of show cattle for the Edmonton Exhibition; while there, he got a chance to work for the Heather Brea Farms at Clover Bar. He was in

charge of their herd of Ayrshire cattle. There were twenty-two milk cows and lots of butter was made and packed for use on the farm. I, Thelma, had been working on the farm for a time and got to know the 'Englishman' in the dairy barns who made the butter and brought in the milk and cream each

day.

My parents had come to Wetaskiwin in 1902 from Iowa, U.S.A. Dad's brother had come in 1900 and settled on land about two miles south of Wetaskiwin. I was one year old when we came to Wetaskiwin where I went to school and lived until I was married. I am looking forward to helping Wetaskiwin celebrate seventy-five years as a city in 1981. They are planning a celebration at that time for those who were there up to 1906.

Walter and I got married in Wetaskiwin on December 24, 1919, and we continued to live there until 1922 when we decided to try farming. We got a quarter of land in the Chesterwold district about twenty-three miles west of Ponoka. This district had been settled for some time, but for me, coming from electric lights and running water, it seemed very

primitive.

We had bought cattle, horses, chickens and some machinery and we found we had lots to learn about farming. We were asked to take over the post office at Chesterwold and also boarded the school teacher, so we never felt lonely. My parents and family came to visit often; they motored from Wetaskiwin. Our closest neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Bowes, were very kind and helpful. They had come from the state of Kansas, and I think they felt that an Englishman needed lots of help and advice and maybe that was true. After several years we found we needed more pasture and none was available near us. Then we heard of homestead land way out west where we could get lots of open land, pasture and water. Also, a railroad was being built that would go up that way. This sounded good to us because we hauled all our grain and cream by team and sleigh to Ponoka in the winter; this was a very long and cold trip.

My father and some friends took a trip out to this country in 1924. Mr. Bogart, whom my father knew in Wetaskiwin, was out on his homestead then and he told of a quarter that was open not far from his place; he took them to see it. It looked nice and green and had lots of open pasture; the Poplar Creek ran through the land which meant plenty of

water for the stock.

In October, 1924 Walter went to the Wenham Valley land office and filed on N.W. 5-48-5-W5. He paid down the sum of ten dollars and became a homesteader, never having seen the land and having no idea of what homesteading would be like. In the spring we decided to move. Walter came out first, got some lumber to put up a shack, and we then moved with all our stock, some machinery, 'my organ' and our two year old daughter, Margaret. We had about thirty head of cattle and ten head of

horses. We came here on the 17th, of May, 1925; next day was my birthday. The birthday dinner that year was bread and stewed prunes and an aching back and sore muscles. I had ridden horseback all the way, chasing the cattle.



Mrs. Thelma Williams 1927, sawing wood with Margaret in background.

Mr. Bowes drove a team and loaded wagon. My dad drove his car, taking our daughter and the breakables as far as he could. He had to leave the car several miles away —later we went back to get our possessions. Dad and the baby had to finish the trip with Walter in a big hayrack loaded with furniture and feed for the horses.

The first man we talked to as we got close to our homestead was Ben Briscoe. When we asked about the way, Ben laughed and said, "You're nearly there, just follow the telephone poles." Almost in the same breath he added, "Do you have any chewing tobacco?"

After one look at the shack and all the burnt stumps, I can't describe the sinking feeling it gave me after the long trip. It looked so desolate; I had never seen anything like it before. Mr. Bowes took a good look all over and then said to my husband, "Walter, anyone who comes out to this place is crazy," and I think I felt about the same.

A few months later, he and his son each took up a homestead and lived here for a number of years. The Bowes still have the land here at Breton.

The cattle really went for all the nice green grass and 'poison weeds' as well. We had never heard of poison weeds but soon knew all about it when, in the first two weeks, we lost a very good milk cow — one we had refused to sell just before we moved because she was such a fine cow. Then we lost a good beef cow; the flies and mosquitoes tried to eat the others. We made smudges so the stock could get some relief and get out to eat at night. We, too, had a battle with the mosquitoes but we had brought a screen door and screens for the windows. With the aid of smudges at the door, we managed to keep from being eaten by the hungry pests.

Mr. Bogart's wife and family came out from Wetaskiwin during the school holidays. How nice it was to have neighbors so close! We visited almost daily. Our two year old daughter, Margaret, en-

joyed seeing other children.

We decided to go back to Wetaskiwin for the winter. We hadn't any barn for our cattle and horses or sufficient feed for so much stock, to say nothing of freezing to death ourselves in the shack we were living in.

We arranged with Mr. Bogart to take our cattle to Wetaskiwin along with his own that fall. We sold the greater part of our herd, keeping back five head

to return with in the spring.

In May, 1926 we moved back to the homestead bringing with us our new son, Ross, who was born at Christmastime. We moved our shack further back from the creek and enlarged it. We put in a large garden, raised chickens and that was the beginning of a permanent life on the homestead.

Along with many friends, we also had an unexpected visit from a bear who came up to the house and drank the pail of milk nearby. That was a hair-

raising experience for us.

To see deer coming close to our shack was a new and thrilling experience, not ever having seen a wild deer before. They seemed to look at us as curiously

as we were looking at them.

More people started to move in with the coming of the railroad. Lawrence Breton built a store, Dan Jamieson started a hardware and Joe Hoath built a blacksmith shop; the town of Breton was well on its way. The farmers found a market for their grain, meat and vegetables. With the coming of the lumber camps, there was another source of work for the men

Our son, Ross, and wife, Betty (Impey), still live on the old homestead. Their daughter, Mrs. John Broks (Ann), lives in Edmonton. Their son, Gary, and wife, Cara (Maciborski), live near Winfield. Robert and his wife, Elsie (Neutzling), and family live on their farm west of Breton. Margaret (Mrs. Fisher) and her family live in Calgary. Ruth (Mrs. Wally Signer) lives in Barrhead, and Beatrice (Mrs. Alfred Snell) and her family live south of Breton.

Looking back over the fifty-five years since we came to the homestead, I feel that they were good years. We tend to forget the trouble and sorrows and remember only the good and happy times. Many friendly and interesting people came to our home. We always had plenty of music and singing.

My parents lived with us when my father, who had been manager of Imperial Lumber at Wetaskiwin, retired and enjoyed the country life. I'm afraid my mother missed the more comfortable life of town.



Ross, Ruth and Margaret Williams, 1933.

In 1933, eggs sold for five cents a dozen and butter for ten cents a pound. In 1930, we took a load of wheat to the flour mill in Wetaskiwin and returned with a year's supply of flour and cream of wheat. When going to Wetaskiwin, we always had a



Beatrice and Bob Williams off to school, June 1949.

place to stay in the homes of my relations. It took two days to make that trip, driving mostly at night as it was cool for the horses. We'd come home with the feeling of a having had a good holiday at the cost of ten dollars. Coming home from Wetaskiwin a short while ago, on a paved road to Breton and in a comfortable car, I thought of the long trip in a wagon and the poor roads; what a difference from those days.

In the early days, neighbors were very close to one another, not by miles, but our dependence on each other in sickness and sometimes death was essential.

Walter, having had some experience with cattle, was often called out to help with a sick cow. Many times he was able to deliver calves and to save cows. He was always willing to go at any time and was happy when all turned out well. Walter enjoyed working in his garden—it was his relaxation after a hard day's work. Walter passed away in 1970 and I continue to live in Breton. I like Breton; to me it is a



The Walter Williams' 50th Wedding Anniversary, Dec. 24th, 1970.

friendly village. I enjoy visiting with many of our old neighbors who have also moved into Breton, and reminiscing about the joys and sorrows of the good old homestead days.

— THELMA WILLIAMS

THE PIONEER

The aged pioneer raised his head And gazed unto the skies. He was in his sunset years And soon would be in Paradise.

He had earned it well, this snow haired man,

Who grubbed the stumps by sweat and toil,

And helped to clear, as thousands did This rich Alberta soil.

He slowly walked to the Weeping Birch,

And stood beneath its branches low, Where sunlight filtered through the shadows,

Sad memories began to flow.

He thought of hardships he endured When first he filed the Homestead claim . . .

He had to break the Virgin Sod To keep it in his name.

His thoughts went back to sweet Leanne;

In memories page he saw her now, Standing, smiling at the gate As he came home with the plow.

Her gentle kindness was his staff, That helped him through the years, But he could see her only now In his Book of Souvenirs.

With axe he hewed the native spruce, And built a cabin worth To shelter them from the stormy blast That blew from the Frigid North.

And when he dies, and those like him, May God be ever near To bless the strong courageous soul, Of The Pioneer.

A SCRAPBOOK OF OUR PIONEERS



Charlie Hauck, cook in the Breton Hotel.



Pete Nikiforuk, owner of Pete's Trading, Breton.



Threshing crew, Jim Innes, John Jesko, Ellis Hooks, Bill Arnold, Joe Engert, Robert Belico. Sitting, Johnny Rieck, Ron Innes, Tom McKittrick, Matt Waslow.



Bailey Cook.



Arthur Jones residence on the farm where Melvin Jones now resides.



A few of the Breton residents 1946. L. to R. Lloyd Polischuk, Stan Lindberg, Jas. Ratcliffe, Henry Pearson (back), Alfred Pearson (front), Albert Wiley (back), Alvin Pearson (front), Don Fraser, Fred Scott, Wm. Fraser, Kelly Hauptman (hotel man), Wally Wallace, R.C.M.P., Tim Sexton.

Mads Jacobson and George Ellis, 1930's.



Ed Collins at Breton in 1938.



Roy Neil at Yeoford, 1912.



Ray Smith.



(left to right) Gene Webster, Walter Williams, Adolph Pazzola.

THE MEN



Walter Williams left, Pozzolo standing in doorway, John Kubejko right.

One mode of travel, Norbuck, 1933. Left, Ernest Flannagan. Right, Hugh Bakerman.



Breton Ladies' Aid — mid 1930's. Back row (L. to R.) Mrs. Les Anthony, Mrs. Charlie Evans, Mrs. Wm. Anthony, Mrs. Fred Thrasher, Mrs. Jamieson, Mrs. Wilde, Mrs. Herb Smith, Doris Conradson, Mrs. Gaetz, Mrs. Breton. Front row, Mrs. Eyre, Mrs. Bill Jones, Mrs. Kershaw, Mrs. Levers, Mrs. Mark Anthony, Mrs. Grey.



Kate and Molly Mitchell, 1929.



Mrs. John Oelkers of Warburg, 1943.



Mary Hauck, cook at the Breton Hotel.



Margaret Oslund.



Group of ladies at shower held for Molly Ott (Wheale) in 1949 at the home of Mrs. Alvin Pearson.



Mrs. Richard Funnell.



Gwen McLeod and Dorothy Thrasher, about 1939.





Transportation, 1934. Annie, Theo, Daphne Westling.



L. to R. Florence Hallgren, Norma Hallgren, Helen Spindler, Billy Bathgate, ? . . Dorothy Spindler.



A group of Breton ladies - 1930's. (left to right) Lillian Baynes, Mrs. Jackson Sr., Mrs. Maddux, Wreatha Jones, Mrs. Lapointe, Mrs. Mindy Anderson, ? , Edith Gilchrist, Mrs. Spindler, Grace Collins, Mrs. Weymouth.



A birthday party at Edith Craig's, 1953.

Rudolf Forsberg holding Gail, and his wife Hjurdis.



The Smith family - George holding Lois, Ellen and Billy.



Mr. and Mrs. Newman at Onion Creek.

Mr. and Mrs. Jim Innes who had the post office at Alsike around 1952.



Hazel and Ira Collins.



Oscar Shantz and Ann Chomyszyn (Grzyb).





United Church picnic at Westling's in 1937. Hazel and Arthur Jones (1943) on the present Mel Jones farm.



Mrs. Udell, the three Lauber children and Ken and Vivian Nystrom.



(left to right) Edith Craig, Charlie King, Mr. Berry, Mrs. Emma King, Mrs. Berry, Thelma Williams, Walter Williams.

Back row (left to right), Mrs. Babcock, Jack Babcock, Mrs. Lauber, Charle Good, Joe Lauber. Front row, Joyce Delitzoy, Mrs. Delitzoy, Mrs. Good, Marie Lauber.



Left to Right, Andrew, Alex, Wille, Ella and Adolf Norman, 1941.



Mr. and Mrs. Good and son, Maurice.



The Burba family - Mrs. Burba, Florence and Joe.



Pearl, Alvin and Nora Pearson.



(left to right) Annie Patton, Margaret Gillies, Elsie Flesher, Nellie Baynes, Mary Baynes, late 1920's.



1928 (left to right), Carrol Berry, James Fadden Sr., Marie Fadden, Mabel Fadden, Jack Anderson, Don Fadden.



Mrs. Bowes' birthday party. Back row (left to right) Mary Mockerman, Mrs. Carl Jensen holding son, Helen Anderson, Mrs. Bowes, Edith Craig. Front row, Jensen boy, Ernie Mockerman, Jeanette Mockerman.



Ruby Hoath and husband.

AND FRIENDS



Hallgren's homestead shack in 1931. (left to right) Henning Hallgren, Mr. and Mrs. Richardson and their two children, Herman Gunnerfelt, Alfred Olson.



Dick Tatro (Pioneer).



L. to R.: Back Row, Roy Wold, Christine Nicholson, Colin Gillies, John Reid,
Don Gillies.

Seated, Marge Jones, Alma Gillies, Elsie Hudson, Margaret Nicholson,
Margaret Gillies, Anna Wold and children.



Mrs. Thelma Williams and Mrs. Jamieson in front of Jamieson's hardware.



Sanford Nelson carrying mail from Yeoford to Buck Lake, 1913.



Reunion of oldtimers at Moose Hill in 1974. (left to right) Joe Lauber, Pearl Lauber, Foster Sutherland, Mary Sutherland, Roy Prentice, Ella Prentice. Front row, Andrew Pacholka, Mike Halushka, Mrs. Mike Halushka, Thelma Williams.



(left to right) J.A. Pearson, Clara Hopkins, Mrs. Pearson and grandson, Harlen.





Mr. & Mrs. Charlie Bowen and their grandson.



LOGGING AND LUMBERING



Logging at Poplar Creek.

JOHN WALTER

John Walter was a prominent lumberman from Strathcona. He was a pioneer of the fur trade industry.

He was born in the Orkney Islands of Scotland on August 12, 1850. In 1869 he came to this country by sailing ship, via Hudson Bay. It took him four months to come to Edmonton by boat, ox cart and pony cart from York Factory on Hudson Bay. He worked for the Hudson Bay Company, building boats in Edmonton.

He had a license to operate the first ferry from Edmonton across to Strathcona; it was the first cable ferry west of Winnipeg. The cable for this ferry was brought from Winnipeg by Red River carts.

In 1893 he started in the lumber business. He and William Humberston bought the lumber interests of Moore and McDowell of Edmonton. John Walter later became sole owner.

His early sawmilling was a small effort of 300,000 board feet per year but grew to 16,000,000 board feet per year. The timber came mostly from what is now the Breton area along the Modeste Creek, Poplar Creek and Buck Lake Creek. The timber was hauled to the creeks by horses and log sleighs, decked on the banks and then floated downstream to the North Saskatchewan River to Edmonton in the spring runoff.

On June 26, 1915 word came that there was a wall of water at Rocky Mountain House, perhaps thirty feet high, and it was bearing down towards Edmonton. This great flood took both of John Walter's sawmills and all his logs and lumber. Lumber was later picked up all the way to Lake Winnipeg by whoever found it. This marked the end of the Walter Lumber Company.

The timber berths at this time were returned to the province and were later taken over by other lumber companies.

This information was obtained from Jack Walter, grandson of John Walter.

— John Hough & Don Gillies



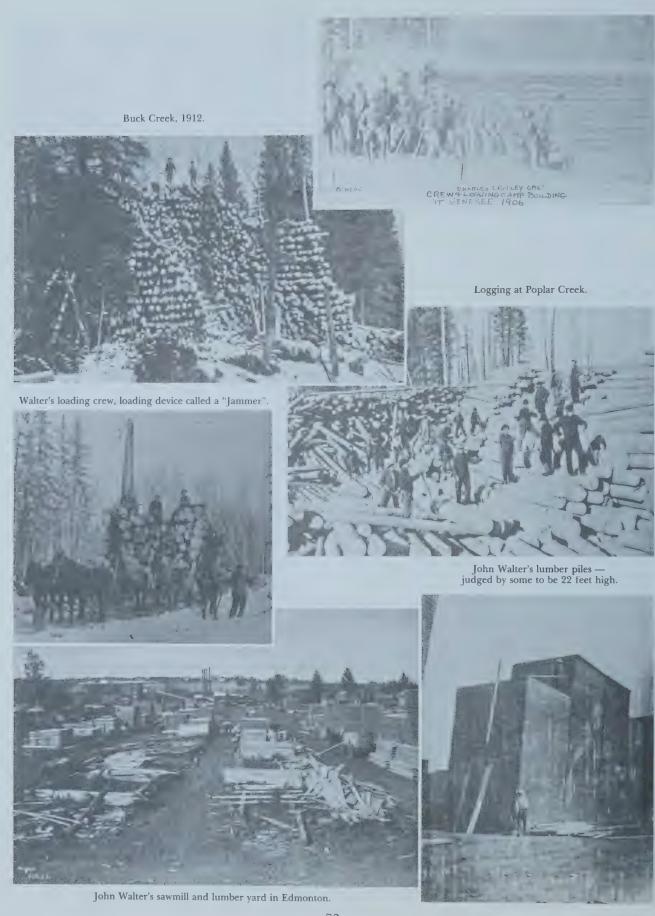
Turning sleighs around with jammer before loading.



12,000 board feet of lumber at $3\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. per board foot for green spruce equals 42,000 lbs. plus $\frac{1}{3}$ for waste (slabs and sawdust) equals 21,000 lbs. total weight 63,000 lbs. equals $31\frac{1}{2}$ tons pulled downhill by two horses.



John Walter sawmill and lumberyard at Edmonton. City of Edmonton power plant looking northeast. Transportation—steamboat. 1913.





Log decks and horses.



Cleaning up a bad break, 1913.

DAVE RICKER LOGGING STORY EARLY 1900's to 1915

Early in the nineteen hundreds a logging operation was started in the Breton district by a man named Dave Ricker. The headquarters for this was on the NW25-47-4-W5th and it is now owned by the Flesher family.

By 1910 the logging operations were in full swing, working to the southwest along the Poplar Creek during the winters. The logs were skidded and hauled to the creek banks and left in skidways awaiting the spring thaw, when they would be rolled into the water to float all the way to the Saskatchewan River, eventually ending up at the John Walter's sawmill in Edmonton. I believe that some small dams were built in Poplar Creek to be opened when extra water was needed.

At the same time, there were several other operations going on in the Genesee and Berrymoor areas, as all the logs were going to the Walter's mill by way of the river. I imagine all these loggers had a contract to deliver their logs to Walters' sawmill.

The Ricker company had a very good set-up on this quarter section and employed many of the set-tlers who were homesteading around the area. They kept a store of necessary supplies and clothing the year round, which had to be brought out from Wetaskiwin and Leduc over trails that were often impassable in the spring and summer. The building supplies, (except the logs) the hay and grain for the work horses, had to be freighted in. It was not possi-



Bridge on the Poplar Creek at Norbuck, 1913.

ble to grow enough feed at that time to feed the animals. During the summer months, the company kept many of the men on as there was building, land clearing, fencing and some farming to carry on.

A log barn, large enough to hold fifty head of horses was built. The roof over the large hay loft was of lumber and had a built-in track to pull in loads of hay. A lean-to on the east end was to hold grain for the horses. Near the store was a large cookhouse and a number of bunkhouses. There was also a blacksmith shop, root cellar and pens for a number of pigs, which were kept for meat for the camp. These pigs were fed the scraps and waste from the cooking. These buildings were all built on the west side of a spring that flowed winter and summer making it very convenient for the men and the livestock.

It seems all was going well until the war broke out in 1914 and many of the young men, then employed, left their homesteads and joined the Army. This proved a setback for the whole district and with it went hopes for the promised railroad and other improvements.

To the south, in what is now known as Norbuck, Sandford Nelson lived and he also was doing some logging and the story goes that he was to get a contract to supply logs, etc. for a power dam to be built in the west.

In the spring of 1915, heavy rains caused floods that washed out the dams and skidways on the Poplar Creek; the logs were washed away and were not



One of the dams on the Poplar Creek at Norbuck, 1912.

recovered. This broke the owners of the Ricker logging company, so they gave up the business and the quarter section which was later put up for sale. Mr. Ricker had a large log house being constructed before he left and he had planned to bring his family there to live. It was a two story log structure with fir flooring, good doors and windows, and sufficient bricks to build a fireplace and chimneys. This was never finished and is the only one of the original buildings left standing now.

Until the Flesher family came in 1919 and settled on the Ricker place, it was used by many of the people travelling the country on the old Pigeon Lake trail. It had buildings, pasture, good water and was a good place to camp until they located their own homesteads. During the summer, many of the settlers cut the timothy hay growing in abundance on the creek flats and on the many logging roads and skid trails where the logging took place in earlier years.

MRS. ELSIE M. FLESHER



Ricker's 1912. Cookhouses, crew and foreman.



The way logs were cut in 1913 and for a good many years after



Mr. George Fink, the photographer who travelled by horseback around the country in the early 1900's taking pictures of the mills, men, etc., and developed these pictures wherever he was, often towels placed on a rack. He made his living by selling these postcards to the men at logging camps, mills, etc. Mr. Fink has passed away, but his daughter, Mrs. Bolton, is living near Falun,



Edward's, logging contractor for John Walters, 1913. Crew, horses and a team of mules.



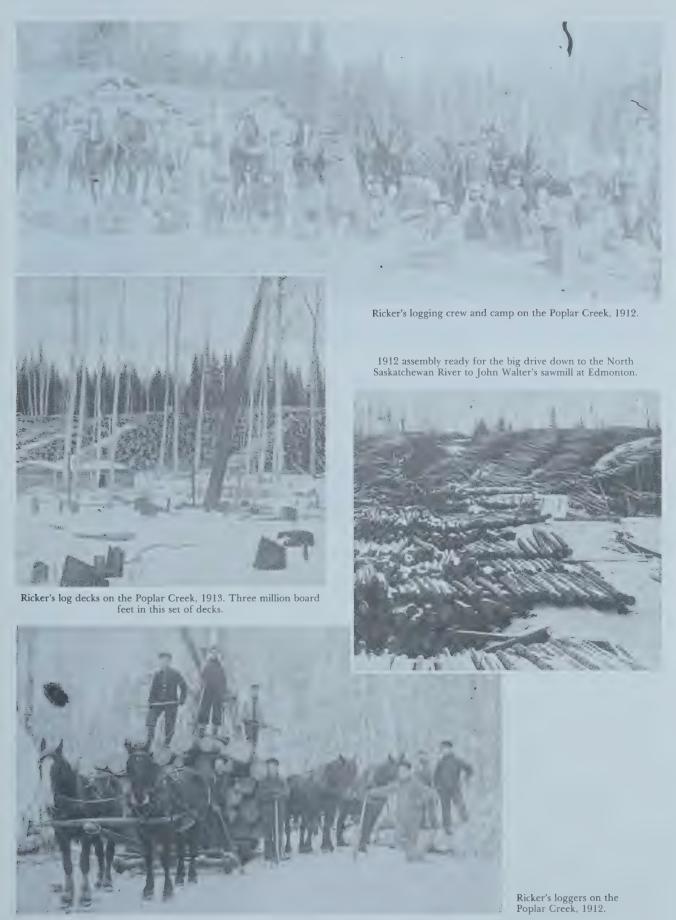
River drivers at Buck Creek, 1912.



Log drive down the Poplar Creek, 1913.



Logging on the Poplar Creek, 1912.





A painting of the Ricker Ranch buildings.



Edward's logging crew and horses, 1913.



Hayden, 1913. Modeste Creek S.W. 30-47-3-W5 (Ricker's Timekeeper).



Anthony sawmill and planer plant at Antross in 1939-40. Logs decked are for summer sawing and planing.

ANTROSS — WHERE AND WHAT WAS IT?

I have to admit that I was prompted to write these few lines because of a severe attack of nostalgia. One day last spring, while driving south with my tractor to work on some land, I happened to glance east and noticed, for the first time, that Anthony's old horse barn had studdings showing and was obviously in the process of being torn down. For many years, this one lonely building had served as a reminder of the past and was the only evidence remaining of a twenty year period in our history that some of us cannot ignore or forget. Every time I saw that old building, I was reminded of my own childhood and also reminded of the thriving community that had once existed there and influenced the life of so many people.

The history of Antross is not unique in this respect as many communities in our province have met the same fate. In fact, it was inevitable from the beginning as it was based on a single industry at a time in our history when we had not yet learned the importance of conservation and preservation of our environment. In fact, Antross was not alone even in the immediate vicinity of Breton. When the railroad first came through this area, there was a sawmill community every couple of miles all the way from Hoadley to Breton. Places like Nelspur, Norbuck, Fraspur and Town Lake are just names in our memories, but in their time they influenced the lives of thousands of people.

How and why did these communities start and what was their character? I will write mostly about

Antross as this is the one that I'm most familiar with. Can you picture a line of solid virgin white spruce on a north and south line from Warburg to Pigeon Lake and Hoadley and then west all the way to the Saskatchewan River? These were the conditions prior to the turn of the century. The early sawmills were located in Edmonton and some of the first logs to leave this area went to Edmonton by way of the Poplar and Modeste Creeks. This practice continued until the 20's. As the timber was cleaned off, the level of spring floods lessened and the floating of logs to Edmonton became more and more difficult. Some of the early logging companies sold their holdings of crown timber and it was in turn bought up by a number of smaller companies and divided into strips a few miles wide, north and south, but running from the railroad all the way west to the river. With the new railroad, it became more economical to do the logging and sawing right here on location. In 1926 William Anthony Sr. bought one of these strips located about 2½ miles south of Breton on the Poplar Creek (some new maps call it the Modeste) on the spot where the barn, mentioned at the beginning of this story, is located. This was on the N.W. of 22-47-4-W5. The timber line, at this time, was just a mile or so west of the creek. This was ideal as all logging at this time was still done with horses.

The mill they built was modern and large by the standards of that time. Steam was the source of power with the fuel being the by-products of the operation. In the mill, sawdust and slabs were burned to make steam while shavings was the fuel used in the planer.



Anthony's Log Decks.

When my father arrived on the scene in 1928, Anthony's operation at Antross was in full swing with several hundred men on the payroll in the winter months when the bush camps were operating. Breton, at this time, was barely starting. The camp, itself, had several large bunkhouses, many smaller ones, office buildings, a store and a cookhouse. On the fringes were other houses that were occupied by the families of permanent workers. Most of these were built by the workers themselves usually from materials supplied free by Mr. Anthony. Another group of buildings were located at the railroad siding just a quarter of a mile to the east. A few years later, in the mid-thirties, this area built up even more when Ross and Beard Lumber Co. built a large mill housing two planers just south of Anthony's siding. By this time, Antross also had a school, another store and post office and in every way resembled a town. The only thing that made it different was the two huge lumberyards and thousands of logs piled up all over. Of course, the complex here was only part of the overall operation. Every winter Anthony and Ross both operated bush camps to supply the logs and lumber to the mills at the railroad. At this time of the year there were many more men on the payroll. They stayed right in the bush in log bunkhouses and the only time you were aware of them was on Saturday nights when many of them caught a ride on the trucks and went to Breton to buy things, take in a dance or visit the watering hole.

I could go on and fill several pages describing the mills, camps and the way the whole operation worked but I want to devote a bit of space to the people who lived there and how it affected their lives. To put this in perspective one must remember that 'Antross' happened mostly during the depression as it was in existence from 1926 to 1946. To say that everyone was happy would be an overstatement as the work was hard, hours long and there were sprinklings of tragedy. However, on the whole I would say that it was probably one of the better places to be during the hard times. Everyone received a wage even though small and no one went hungry. Often, I'm sure, Mr. Anthony kept people employed out of the goodness of his heart as there were periods in the worst of the thirties when lumber was hard to sell and worth very little. It was a very close-knit community with entertainment plentiful even though it was of the self-made variety. Everyone skated on the creek, tobogganed, rode sleighs, played hockey or ball in summer or danced in the school. Everything was participated in by young and old alike and there was no line drawn between employers and employees. Mark and Les Anthony and their families took part in everything. On Saturday nights a lot of people went to Breton, often on foot up the railroad track, or in the back of a log truck. There were only a few cars around in the real early years. As in all camps of this kind, there were always a few 'characters' around. Usually they had nicknames because of some particular prowess



Antross.



Anthony Lumber Co. layout at Antross 1934

or habit that they had. Some had no last names and were simply known as 'Lars the blacksmith' or 'Johnny the cook' or whatever. Some were known because of the number of logs they could cut in a day while others, perhaps, because of the amount of beer they could consume at one time. For all of us young people, it was a great place to live. We skated, fished, played ball and sometimes listened to tall tales in the bunkhouses, but there certainly was no time for vandalism.

However, all this had a predictable ending as I mentioned at the beginning. Conservation wasn't a priority yet and the great bush fires of 1937 and 1938 helped the process along. By the early 1940's, even though the war brought on better wages and better lumber prices, the whole operation had to start winding down as the timber was running out and getting too far away. The company was divided between the two sons and Mark Anthony moved to Lake Cormorant in Manitoba to start a new operation there, while Les stayed behind to finish out the cut here. By 1946 this was done and all the property was disposed of. Many of the houses were bought by the workers and some were even moved to Breton where they are still in use. The office was also moved to Breton and served as a store for a while. The school also was moved to Breton where it served a few more useful years. Les Anthony, I think, moved with his family to near Golden, B.C. to continue in the lumber business there for a while. The once booming mill site gradually grew back into grass and trees with only the old horse barn left standing to attest to its once proud existence. The land now forms part of Robert Samardzic's farm. The name 'Antross' showed up from time to time on voters' lists and in Department of Education literature until the school district was officially dissolved in 1963. To many of us, it still remains as a vivid memory of our whole childhood and to some as a twenty year chunk of their life, but to most now it is merely a question, "Where was it?"



Logs being loaded by Jammer onto truck. One of Anthony's bush camps about 1936.

MEMORIES OF ANTROSS

It is quite a few years since I, Jennie (Anthony) Wild, lived at Antross but I often think of the good times we had.

Dad was busy and on the go most of the time; he was well liked and respected. He liked children and was concerned about all who lived at Antross. He built the Antross School and saw to it that there was a Christmas concert and gifts. He did not like drinking or playing cards, although he did not mind the men playing cards in the bunkhouse. Mother was a quiet woman and she seemed to enjoy living in the country where it was quiet. Before moving to Antross, she enjoyed going to church; she had her group of friends who belonged to the church. She did not go out an awful lot though she enjoyed playing cards. Mother did not believe in drinking.

We lived in the big house called the office, and I was always interested in everything that went on. We had whist parties once or twice a month for awhile. Mark and Les, my brothers, played baseball. In the summer we enjoyed the ball games. The teams traveled around to the various places, Breton, Warburg, Buck Lake, etc. We always took lunch and made a picnic of it. The roads in those days were not graveled and when it rained, they were mud. I remember going to Edmonton and having to go the

back way across the creek and up the hill and through Steve Grzyb's place. Then there was a road out of Breton that came down past the Antross

School and siding down to our place.

Eli and I have been through Breton several times in the past few years, looking around and talking about the changes and old times. We looked for a road to Antross but heard it is all farmland now. It would be nice to meet someone we knew there and have a chat with them.

— JENNIE (ANTHONY) WILD

ANTHONY LUMBERING

Mr. William Anthony was born in Nova Scotia and married Maggie Hamilton. They had 8 children (5 girls and 3 boys): Elsie Clare, born May 8, 1897; Margaret Louise, born August 29, 1912; Jennie Merritt, born May 6, 1914; Georgia Merle, born Sept. 3, 1899; Dorothy, born Jan. 18, 1916; Mark, born April 22, 1902; Leslie Ashley, born Feb. 16, 1907; and William Edson, born May 28, 1921. Elsie Clare is now deceased, date of death unknown; also William Edson passed away on February 9, 1922.

The two sons, Mark and Les, also followed their dad in the logging and sawmill industry.

Mr. William Anthony was one of 12 children (8 boys and 4 girls), born in the County of Lower Selma, Nova Scotia.

Mr. William Anthony was very active in his early age in the ship building industry, having built some sailing ships. At an early age, he became involved in sawmilling in Nova Scotia.

About 1912, he moved West with his family and settled in Edmonton where he sawed for Capital City Box; he also built some houses in Edmonton. During these early years, he operated sawmills at Peers, Alberta and also spent a year at Eleize Lake in B.C., logging and sawmilling. During this time Mark, his oldest son, quit school at an early age to drive horses for lumber hauling, etc. Later, he learned the art of sawing and was a head sawyer where his work and skill employed him for many years to come.

All these years, William Anthony had been looking for a permanent place to locate in the lumber and logging industry.

In 1926 an opportunity offered itself when the Lacombe North-Western Railroad was being built from Lacombe to eventually join up at Leduc. In the fall of 1926, the railroad had reached Breton.

He shipped in a portable mill and traction steamer, which he operated for the first year.



Sawmill, planer mill and log decking crew at Anthony Lumber Co. Some of the men that can be identified are Mr. Wm. Anthony far right without a cap. Top row L. to R. Mark Anthony #2, John Hough #3, Bud Hough #4, Les Levers #5. Bottom row L. to R. George Matton #3. Second row to right Joe Lauber #2, Frank Bober #3 and Steve Grzyb #4. Second person down centre with white cap Jack Bogart, third down centre George Buchanan.



Loading crew, Thrasher's camp, 1937-38.

Mr. Wm. Anthony acquired large timber births that were now controlled by the bank, having been previously leased to John Walter Limited.

This was the beginning of the Anthony Lumber Co. Ltd. at Antross, as it was named. By taking the first 3 letters in Anthony and joining it with Ross, who was also a large operator in this same area, the name, Antross, originated.

The operations consisted of a steam powered sawmill, stationary boiler with dutch oven, steam feed on the sawmill carriage and a planer mill which was also steam powered. The mill would produce about 40,000 board feet per shift which was considered a good cut in those days. The rough lumber was air dried as dry kilns were not common in those days. The sawmill and planer mill operated the year round. The logging was done in the winter months and cold decked on the banks of Poplar Creek adjoining the mill.



Loading Jammer crew at Gibson's camp. John Banas third from left.

Two of the larger logging camps were operated by Mr. Thrasher, (Camp 2), and Jack Gibson (Camp 3). The logging was done mainly by horses in the early years. About 1938, Mr. Anthony changed to truck log hauling, which proved very successful. The horses were mainly used for skidding logs to skidway landings where trucks would pick them up and haul them to the sawmills.

Fancy cars were quite a fad with the Anthony boys. Mark sported a Durant convertible coupe, also Chandlers. Les cruised around in a Stanley steamer.

Mark's position at the mill was mostly as head sawyer and Les was a handyman at welding, firing boilers, etc.

Mr. Anthony (William) passed away around 1940. Les carried on the Antross operation and Mark moved to La Pas, Manitoba to continue in the lumbering industry.

Mr. William Anthony contributed to many helpful causes in the Breton area. He donated lumber and all materials to the first United Church in Breton. Also, he built the one room school at Antross.

Mark's family consisted of 3 girls and 1 boy. He moved, with his family, to British Columbia in 1946. In a period of over 25 years, he was a millwright for W.A. Clark in Penticton and was very instrumental in the building of the Kicking Horse Sawmill in Golden. He then retired from his own tyemill in the Okanagan Valley. He now resides in Kelowna, B.C.

Les' family consisted of 3 boys and 1 girl.

MEMORIES AND REFLECTIONS OF SOME OF THE PEOPLE WHO WORKED AT ANTROSS FOR THE ANTHONY LUMBER COMPANY IN THE 1930's.

Because of the hundreds of men who came and went during this period, it's virtually impossible to remember more than just a few. However, some stand out in my mind for one reason or another—some because of the length of time they were there, others because of the job they did, and some perhaps only because of the impressions they left in a young boy's mind. Some that I remember well I will omit because their story is elsewhere in this book. Others will be left out simply because they have slipped from my memory. But here are a few that I do remember.

Jack Gibson — was the foreman of one of the two large bush camps operated by Anthony Lumber Co. The other large camp, of course, was Fred Thrasher's. Jack's brother, Abe, also worked at the mill during this same period.

Jim Prentice — sticks in my memory because he rated a private bunk shack by virtue of being the barn boss. He was in charge of the teamsters and their horses and, of course, usually drove the nicest team himself.

Frank Little — was the all-round straw boss around the lumber yard and planer through the war years. He lived in a separate house at the siding.

Lars Vicksetter — was almost an institution. He also rated his own separate shack. His official position was "blacksmith" but he also doubled on occasion as millright, shoemaker, harness repairman and he even did barbering.

Oli Hauge — was the sawyer for several years and his wife taught at Antross School at the same time.

Roy Armstrong — also was a sawyer. He and his family occupied a separate company house. Their children attended Antross School. His brother, Dave, was also in Antross at the same time and he drove one of the logging trucks.

Stan and Gordon Cheeseman — These two young farmers from Creelman, Saskatchewan came regularly every winter to work in the mill. I have a strong suspicion that they came to play hockey for the Antross team and that the job was just incidental.

Ron and Ken Delemeter — These two brothers came from the Thorsby area and worked for several years around the planer and mill. Both joined the services and I haven't heard of their whereabouts since then.

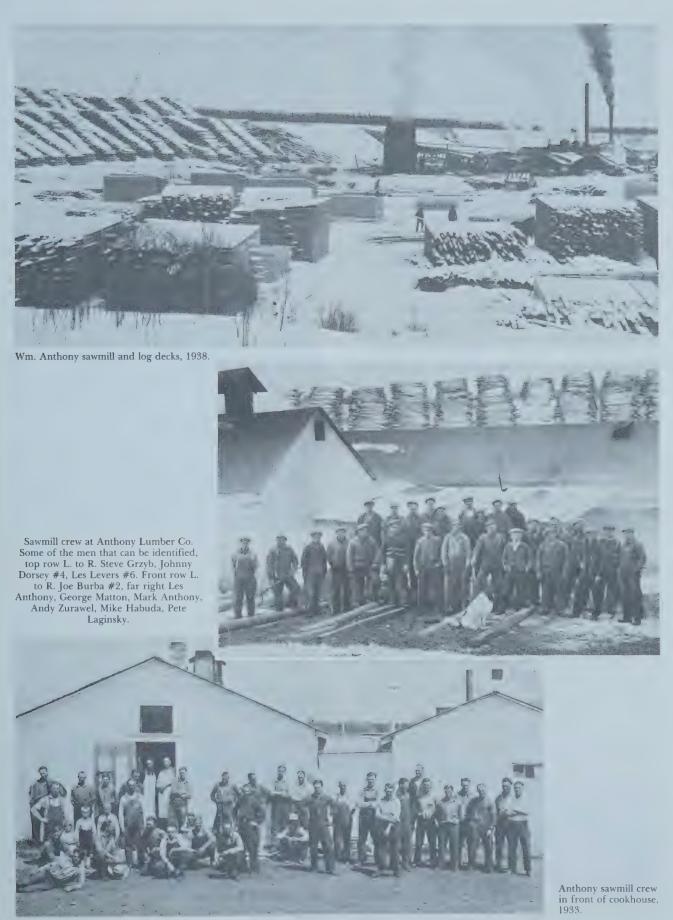
Joseph Burba — was already in Antross when I came in 1932 so I don't know when he first arrived, but I know he stayed till the operation closed down. In the early years, he was head hook man in charge of decking logs on the landing and creek hill for the summer cut. He brought his wife and daughter from Lithuania about 1935. Also about this time, he started to learn all about the planer and resaw and eventually took over the position of planer man. He remained on this job until the mill ceased operations about 1946, at which time he moved to Clearwater, B.C. and took on the same position with the Swanson Lumber Co. Later, they bought property in Kamloops where his daughter, Valerie, and her husband, Ernie Dion, and their family still reside. Joe worked for Swanson's almost until the time of his passing two or three years ago.

George Matton — I can only mention him briefly as I know nothing of his early life before 1932. However, it seems to me that he was Anthony's bookkeeper almost forever. He was a small, grey-haired, jovial fellow whom everyone loved. He had the distinction of having gone through the Antross train wreck of 1937 and having come through as one of the survivors. He must have been an expert motorcyclist in his younger days as on one occasion, when there was a motorbike handy, he gave a rather hair-raising demonstration that took everyone by surprise as he was about seventy years of age at the time.

Frank Bober — I don't know the date of his arrival to Antross as he was already there in 1932. I



Anthony bush crew, Thrasher's camp, 1937-38,



1000.

do know that he had worked previously in Cleveland, Ohio in a steel mill so he must have left Poland sometime in the 1920's. He was a great friend to all of us young people around the mill as he had time to spend with us during the day. He was night watchman for many, many years and also looked after the boilers at night. Except for a few hours sleep each morning, he spent his days doing all sorts of jobs free-gratis. He always kept up the skating rink on the creek in winter that everyone used. In summer he played horseshoes, checkers, ball or any game that anyone wanted to pass the time with. He even supplied entertainment for us kids on his accordion. Frank brought his wife and son, Henry, from Poland sometime in the late 30's. When the mill closed, the Bobers bought the farm a half mile west of Breton which Henry later sold to George Horvath. Sometime in the 50's, Frank and his wife sold their cattle and equipment and moved to Windsor, Ontario where they lived until their passing a few years ago. Henry and his wife lived on the farm for awhile, then sold and moved to Devon where they operated a poolroom. While there, he gradually got into the oil field trucking business. After a few years of this, he sold and moved onto a farm at Barrhead for a brief time. From here the Henry Bobers also moved to Windsor where they still reside. They still have property in Barrhead and Edmonton and eventually plan to move back to Alberta.

Stan Hernberg and Johnny Cherchenchum — I put these two together by job classification. They were both cook's helpers (flunkies) in the cookhouse at this time. They remain in my memory because they always made us kids welcome in the cookhouse for a piece of pie or cake on our way home from school. These two young bachelors must have been popular with the ladies of the time as they rarely missed going to the bright lights of Breton on a

Saturday night.

Henry Larson — and with him I should mention a whole group of others as I remember them all for being the truckers that hauled the logs to the mill or the lumber to the siding. Among the ones I can remember were Ray Wallis, Dan Powers, Lloyd Thrasher, Charlie Lindahl, Pete Kully, Dave Armstrong, Oscar Lind, Norman Archer, Eddy Welsh and, or course, many others. They were the

pioneers of trucking as trucks were just beginning to make their appearance in the lumbering industry.

Pete Leginsky — was already there in 1932, employed as commissary keeper and general office assistant. I can't help but remember Pete as to him goes the credit for my first lessons in the English language. He taught me to recite most of the grade one primary even though I didn't have a clue what any of it meant.

Cleve Carson — and several of his sons were Anthony employees during the war years and right afterwards.

Jim Steel and Johnny Dorsey — both sons-inlaw of Anthony Sr. who worked at the siding loading cars for shipping; and another son-in-law, **Everett Johnson**, supplied horses and teamsters in the early years.

Bob Grey — was one of the early planer men. His wife and children lived at the mill and their children attended Antross School.

Bill McCaully — was head steam engineer for as many years as I can remember.

Frank Reid — was an early edger man. He later started a grocery store in Antross and had the post office. He owned and lived on the quarter northwest of Antross that Roy Delitzoy now has. The Radford family occupied an acreage on the same land that is now owned by Eddy Larson.

Sebe Boss — did a variety of jobs around the mill and was one of the last men to leave when the operation closed. His family lived at the mill, too.

Milo Bowes — piled lumber in the yard for several years. My father was one of his early partners on this job.

Tom Wilde — worked around the planer. His wife, I believe, taught some children at her home before the opening of Antross School. Eli Wilde, who was another son-in-law to Anthony Sr., also worked around the mill about the same time.

Earl McNeil — was one of the teamsters for the company. His family lived in a private house south of the camp.

— TED GRZYB



Truck logging at Anthony Lumber Co. winter of 1939. Truck #2 driver Alvin Hendrickson, standing beside Alvin is Don Gillies. Truck #3 driver Dan Powers, truck #6 Tony Hendrickson (from Falun district) last truck decking crew.

NURSE AT THE LUMBER MILLS

Jessie Fenton was born in Medicine Hat in the year 1902. Actually, her nursing career began at the age of two years when her brother, Willie, appeared as a tiny blue bundle. Beginning with Jessie, the Fenton family increased in two-year jumps until the seventh and final tiny bundle was carried home. She may not have been able to boast an R.N. at this time, but the people of Woolchester community (ranch land 15 miles south of Medicine Hat) knew that Jessie Fenton was trained in nursing — new babies, anyway.



Mrs. Jessie Evans, sawmill nurse, Antross.

She also served as housekeeper when she was very young, under the supervision of her daddy, when Mother was in the city for a two-week "baby break." On one of those occasions, the 13-year-old Jessie had done the family wash on the old glass washboard (remember how we used to put bluing in the last rinse? Jessie didn't soon forget). She had scrubbed on the board one of those lovely, heavily woven, knobby, pure white bedspreads with the long fringe around the bottom. That kind of bluing was pretty hard for a 13-year-old girl to get just right. The blue all fell to the bottom of the tub, but the little housekeeper hadn't noticed that. She wrestled the heavy white spread through its rinse cycles and onto the clothesline, while the sunbeams shimmered over her auburn hair.

Proudly, she made up the bed in her room, thinking to herself, "Mother will be glad to see this bed all dressed up again." But, company arrived before her mother did. A favorite friend of the family, Mr. Bob Blair, who traveled the area providing the service to the district ranchers of his fine Clydesdale stallion, stopped for the night with the happy-go-lucky Fenton family. Jessie liked Mr.

Blair and smartly led him to the room they used for visitors. He looked around the room, then turned to his youthful hostess with a twinkle in his Scottish eye:

"Ah, 'tis a brau spread, lassie, wi' the blue map o' Australia right in the middle."

Jessie's mouth dropped open. She had not

noticed the uneven patches of bluing.

On another "baby break," the children's jolly Uncle Willie Fenton, who had recently immigrated from Scotland, was with them. He was bouncing around in the kitchen, making flapjacks one morning, while the dad of the family (Jack) was out milking. Little four-year-old Jackie had climbed up on a chair to see. Uncle Willie dumped in a "slug" of lard and a shovel of sugar, then a couple of eggs, all one on top of the other.

"My mommy don't do it 'dat way!" informed

the young "inspector."

Uncle Willie stirred up his batter, then picked up a pail of fresh, warm milk that Jack had placed beside the cream separator awaiting straining. Willie poured into his batter what he thought was the amount he needed.

"My mommy don't do 'dat!" the shocked voice on the chair exclaimed.

Without comment, the jolly cook continued. Next, he cleaned and oiled two medium hot burners and spooned the hot cakes right onto the stove to fry.

"My mommy don't do it 'dat way!" Jackie pro-

tested

Filling his ladle with fluffy pancake batter, Uncle Willie let the youngster have it full blast right across the mouth.

"Dis ye'r mither de it that way?"

With a quick scramble down from the chair, and into big sister's arms, the former "pancake inspector" decided to resign his position.

After completing her schooling, Jessie took nurse's training in the Medicine Hat General Hospital, followed by a post graduate course in obstet-

rics.

While serving on her first major assignment in a Lloydminster hospital, Jessie was called to the bedside of her brother Bill. He lay at death's door in the Wetaskiwin Municipal Hospital. The doctors stood shaking their heads in sympathy for the young nurse who came too late to help. It was before the days of antibiotics and peritonitis from his ruptured appendix had seemingly claimed its victim. They had worked over him for four days to no avail.

"He *shall not* die! He's my brother!" came the distressed, muffled sob, determination driving her on. All through the night the healthy, rather heavy-set, young nurse worked unceasingly. He lived.

That was a sample of the intensity of Jessie Fenton's dedication in her nursing profession.

In time, Jessie accepted a position with the Alberta Government as District Nurse in the Buck Lake-to-Breton area. Since motor cars were not ex-

actly the vogue out on those country roads, she relied on "dobbin" to transport her from here to there. In many cases, local farmers picked her up with their horse-drawn wagons or sleighs.

As the sawmills increased in that area, Miss Fenton was called on repeatedly to sew up cut fingers, legs, etc. and set dislocated and crushed limbs (until they could be reached by a doctor), and to pull teeth.

While serving at Anthony's mill on one occasion, the District Nurse met a dashing young sawmill hand — tall with snapping brown eyes, a cookie duster mustache, and long-stemmed pipe. Charlie Evans swept Miss Fenton onto "cloud nine," and before long wedding bells rang out for the happy couple.

The nurse could no longer work out of Buck Lake. The bridal couple settled in their cosy three-room honeymoon cottage at Anthony's mill, then called Antross — named for the two leading mill

owners, William Anthony and Joe Ross.

Mrs. Evans, as she then became known, was glad for her special obstetrical training. The nearest doctor was in Thorsby, nearly 30 muddy-road miles from Antross. However, there were a few cars in the area by that time.

Life was never dull for Mrs. Evans. If she couldn't get to the home of the mother-to-be, she would have the patient live in, while Charlie slept on the couch in the living room. She played the role of anesthetist, obstetrician, and attending nurse, all in one operation. In some cases where instruments were the only hope of saving life, the courageous attendant would deftly turn the baby by expertly manipulating her fingers inside with the foetus, and in so doing save the life of mother or baby, and sometimes both. Payment for the services of this dedicated sawmill nurse was "IF you have it to pay, OK," but few people had. No one received inferior care because his pocket was empty — in the 1930's most pockets were.

In 1934 Charlie transferred to Chisholm mills, 110 miles north of Edmonton. There, life for Jessie picked up right where she left off in Antross. It was then 110 miles to the nearest accessible doctor — by train only. There were no motor roads through

those swamps at that time.

One time, after a hectic two weeks, Charlie agreed that his little lady needed a rest. So she boarded the old mixed train for Edmonton where she would spend a week with her parents. As she lay her head back on the seat with a grateful sigh of "rest at last," she noticed a young woman who had grown up in Chisholm. "I haven't seen the child since she married a couple of years ago," thought Jessie, as her eyes grew heavy with contented rest. "Nora is pregnant," her thoughts continued, "she is probably going to the city to await her confinement."

A little later the experienced eye of the "old pro" was abruptly alerted by a sudden jerk, followed by a shudder in the seat up ahead. In an instant Jessie was at the girl's side:

"Nora, are you all right?"

"Oh, Mrs. Évans! Where did you come from? You must have been sent from heaven." The trembling young woman was almost in panic. "I'm so frightened I don't know what to do. I don't know if my baby will hold back for another four hours till we reach Edmonton. The pains are only three minutes apart."

"Sit still, honey, I'll find a place for you." Whereupon the knowledgeable expert went to work. She found the conductor who cleared the small smoking compartment, laid out all the towels in his cupboard and put the teakettle on to boil in the baggage room to sterilize what little she had to work with. He brought blankets and made a bed on the long bench-seat. Soon — so very soon — the cries of a new-born babe filled the coach, as goose pimples covered the arms of every lady passenger.

About a year later, back in Mr. Baird's sawmill, a messenger was sent to the Evans home with the cry for Mrs. Evans to come quickly as there had been a terrible accident. Snatching up her little satchel of instruments, she threw a coat over her shoulders on the run. A young man lay motionless on the bloodsoaked sawdust pile. His leg had been cut right through the bone above the knee by a high speed circular power saw. The "doctor-nurse" didn't waste time asking how it happened, but reached into her bag for her sterile scalpel and swiftly completed severing the leg. She dressed the stump as best she could with what clean cloths people brought from their homes, and kept the bleeding under control



Charlie and Jessie Evans with baby Colleen, Antross, 1930's.

until the helicopter arrived to carry the unfortunate victim and his nurse to the city. Another life was saved.

Such was the heart of Jessie Evans as she worked and moved among the people of Buck Lake, Antross, Breton and Chisholm.

While in Chisholm, the Evans decided to have a family of their own. But, although she had brought scores of babies safely onto planet earth, Jessie lost her only baby at birth and almost lost her own life. This was a tragic disappointment to the — not so young — couple. When she was sufficiently recovered, they adopted a baby girl. Colleen became the pride and joy of a new era in the Evans couple's lives.

When the Second World War broke out in 1939, Charlie was among the first to volunteer his service for his country, while Jessie and Colleen were left alone for the duration to hope and pray. Their prayers were answered; Daddy returned in good health.

Jessie passed away at the age of 52 and left bright memories of one who gave herself without reserve for the needs of humanity.

Charlie Evans lives in Calgary, having remarried after many long and lonely years. Colleen is married, living in Denver, Colorado.

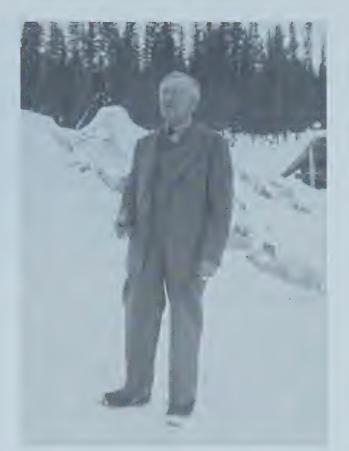
KATHLEEN HOATH FENTON

GEORGE MATTON

Bookkeeper - Anthony Lumber Co.

George Matton was born in Belgium. As a young man, he was sent to the Belgian Congo as a representative of the King of Belgium. The arrangement he had with the Belgian Government was that after spending 10 years in the Congo, he could choose a number of things in repayment. His wish was to see the world so he presented his ambition of an expense paid trip around the world to the Belgian Government. George never dreamed the government would consent; but they did. This was in the year of 1913. In 1914 George arrived in Edmonton. Here, his journey ended because the First World War had erupted and the Belgian Government cancelled his trip. Still wanting adventure, he went to the Yukon and spent many years up in the Arctic hauling mail for the Federal Government. In the winter months he used dog teams.

On one of his trips crossing the frozen MacKenzie in 50 below weather, he had a passenger. When the cold got unbearable, the passenger insisted on taking a drink of whisky. Although the passenger was not too sober, George Matton felt another drink would put his passenger to sleep and that would have been fatal. George, being a very stern man, drew his revolver and threatened the man, "If you put that whisky bottle to your lips, I will shoot." The passenger took heed and everything turned out safely.



George Matton, 1949, Anthony Lumber Co. bookkeeper.

Having studied over a period of time the transportation down the MacKenzie River, George decided that there was money to be made if he could be the first to deliver such perishables as fresh fruits and vegetables and short supplies that would be in great demand after the long Arctic winter. George's plan was to have the supplies of fruits, etc. ready at Fort McMurray in somewhat smaller scows and tugs to follow the ice break-up down the MacKenzie. In so doing, he would have a head start on the large transportation outfits. While in Edmonton, making the last minute arrangements for his new venture, he received word that his outfit and supplies had burned mysteriously. It was never proven how the fire had started. George had lost his life savings in this venture so he never went back to the MacKenzie.

Instead, George hired out as a bookkeeper to Mr. Anthony when he started his lumber and logging operation at Antross. George remained with Anthony Lumber Co. until the end of the 1940's.

George Matton worked for Pearson Bros. as a bookkeeper until 1953 when that company was dissolved, then spent a short time with H. Pearson Lumber Co. at Burns Lake, B.C.

Later, George Matton moved back to Breton where he passed away in the 1950's.

— HENRY PEARSON



The Ross sawmill northwest of Buck Mountain, Buck Creek Mill. SW 23-47-6-W5.

ROSS-BEARD LUMBER CO.

My father, J. W. Ross, and Charles Beard, his partner, moved into the Antross area in 1925; they began operations in the area in the winter of 1925-26. The original Ross-Beard mill was owned and run by my dad, Joe Ross, and his partner, Charlie Beard. William Anthony had his mill on the Poplar Creek about a half a mile from the railroad siding. His sons, Mark and Les, were with him. Antross got its name from the two names, Ross and Anthony.

I was in on most of the operation as I worked at the sawmill and planer mill from 1928 until 1936.

It was necessary to build 14 miles of road from the railroad at Antross to our mill location which was at Buck Creek. The U.F.A. government, in power at that time, would not supply any money for the building of this road so we had to build it on our own.

The first few years we green-planed our lumber at the mill in the bush. Our timber was bought

mostly from the Alberta government and some from the Hudson Bay Co. which was looked after by Mr. Bird. However, as the 'dirty thirties' descended upon us, we were forced to build the planer at the siding at Antross, dry pile our lumber and plane it during the summer months. This was the only way we could sell our lumber then, as the line yards usually had the lumber sold before they ordered it from the mill. We produced up to 60-65 thousand board feet per shift, and we had a 70 hour week. The lumber was sold mostly through the Ross-Smith Wholesale Lumber who were R. H. Ross and Norman M. Smith. We usually cut about 3 million feet of box lumber a year which went to Oliver McIntyre at the Capital Box Factory in Edmonton.

In our logging operation all the skidding was done by horses. For a number of years the logs were hauled by horses, then later with old gas cats '20's'. Then at the end we used the Lynn Tractor and sleigh. Practically all the logging took place during the winter months due to muskeg and soft ground.





Planing mill under construction at Antross. Ross and Beard planer at railroad siding 1930's.

the banks of Poplar Creek and sawed them during the winter months.

Lumber was, at first, hauled the 14 miles from the sawmill to the railroad siding with four teams of horses, then cats — '20's' and '30' cats. Next we tried old hard-tired Republic trucks known as Yellow Bellies, and finally we used the Lynn Tractor and sleighs. With the Lynn Tractor we hauled up to 50

lies, and finally we used the Lynn Tractor and sleighs. With the Lynn Tractor we hauled up to 50 thousand board feet per train, using hay to brake on the little hills and roughlocks on the steeper grades.

William Anthony decked a summer cut of logs along

We had 48 sets of sleighs which were all built by hand at the mill to haul behind the Lynn Tractors. The runners were all made of birch, as well as the tongues and benches. There were 7 foot runners on the sleighs with 10 foot bunks. Andy Olsen was the blacksmith who did all the iron work for the sleighs and Archie Collins was the wood butcher who did all the woodwork. The sleighs were very well built — built to stand up to real loads.

Andy Olsen was called "Yes, Yes", a nickname. When Andy came to work for us he could not speak English and would answer almost any question with "yes, yes". He was a wonderful blacksmith and spent many years with us. On Saturday evenings, we would go to the Breton Hotel and sit and have a few beers while Andy would always lift his glass and say, "Skol"



Ross logging operation. The derrick structure is called a 'Jammer' which loads logs onto the trucks.



Tiny Gilchrist with the Lynn and a load of logs for Ross and Beard sawmill.



The Lynn crossing the Poplar Creek at Antross. The first year the Lynn was in operation 1928-29. The four sleigh loads amount to 45,000 feet of lumber which was hauled from the Buck Creek mill site to Ross' planer mill where it would be planed and then shipped by railroad to the wholesaler at Edmonton. In the background are Anthony's log decks.

At that time, Charlie King (a very wonderful person from the Funnell district' was president of the U.F.A. (later the F.U.A.) for the Breton area; we bought a lot of pork from him for the cookhouse. Charlie Kunsman also supplied most of our vegetables. Hay and grain for the horses were brought in by the old-timers from the Lindale district. Most of the horses we used in the bush were hired from the settlers in the area. We paid \$10.50 per month for a team of horses. We supplied the hay, grain, etc. Most of the homesteaders were pleased to get this as the horses were in good shape to go on the land in the spring. Joe and Fred Becker from Winfield had a number of their horses there year after year. We bought the team we had around the planer from Fred Becker.

Our chief engineer at the sawmill was Frank Martin from Wetaskiwin. The engineer and night watchman was Bill Ellis, who, incidentally, ran a short trap line by lantern and looked after the pigs' comfort at night. All sawmills kept some pigs to take care of the swill from the cookhouse. We had compulsory laundry at the mill in order to keep things clean. For several years the laundry was looked after by Mrs. Victor Hanson and her daughter, Anna. Mr. Victor Hanson and his sons, Hans, Nels, Gunnar and Carl were falling trees in the bush. The Hansons were a wonderful family.

Dave Matthews was a real character and a wonderful guy. He had a homestead on the Poplar Creek, quite close to our planer and lived there and cooked at the planer during the summer. He fought a running battle with the railroad over a settlement of the railroad going through his property. Every once in awhile, when he got steamed up on some of his home brew, he would lie down in the middle of the track and stop the train. He would tell them to go back to Lacombe until they paid him. The railroad finally got tired of this game and Dave wound up being fined \$50.00, at Breton, for attempted suicide. This ended the incidents as \$50.00 was hard to come by in the 30's.

One summer Dad decided to take a three week holiday and went to the Coast with Mother, leaving me to look after things while he was away. I woke up one Sunday morning and the breakfast gong hadn't gone and it was past Sunday breakfast time. I went over to the cookhouse to investigate. Dave was standing in front of the stove, well lit up. I asked him when breakfast would be ready and he said, "She'll be ready pretty soon as it's all on the stove." This was true — the coffee pots were on the stove, bread spread on the stove to toast, eggs broken into the frying pans to be fried and the sliced bacon spread in pans in the oven. I looked the situation over and said to Dave, "It might help if you made a fire in the stove." Dave almost fell over backwards; he then got busy lighting the fire and eventually we had break-

Micky MacDonald was a mechanic who worked for us for a good part of the time. Mack, as we always



Tiny Gilchrist in front of the Lynn hauling logs for Ross and Beard.

called him, had been a diesel expert in the submarines in the American Navy during the First World War and he was a very good mechanic. Mack last worked for me when Dad and I had the mill at Wagner, on Lesser Slave Lake, in 1936-38.

Jack Bowman was Forest Ranger for the Breton area at that time and he used to come out to Antross and look over our logging operation. He travelled with a team of horses and democrat.

My first trip from Lacombe to Breton on the old L.N.W. Railroad (Alberta Government) took 14 hours to go the 65 miles. There were two hotels in Breton, the Breton and the Pioneer. At the Pioneer Hotel, you would go upstairs by ladder which was behind the cookstove.



Cecil Ross gang at Antross.

The first postmistress I remember in Breton was Mrs. Ramsey; this was in the 1920's. There was a post office at Antross, run by Jimmy Steele who was married to one of the Anthony girls. The post office was in the company store where the Steeles lived.

While I am still reminiscing, I will just add a few lines concerning Snell's sawmill which was on Pigeon Lake, just north of Crystal Springs, where we still have a summer home built and bought from Snell in the early 30's. Snell, himself, was quite a

The Lynn arriving at Antross after 13 long miles from Buck Creek mill site. It was 39 degrees below zero the day this picture was taken. In the background are burnt spruce tree trunks, the result of a forest fire.

The Lynn arriving at Antross, the winter of 1929-30. The load is 44,587 board feet and weighs 45 tons.



Rube Goldberg and had what, I imagine, was one of the first dry kilns for drying lumber. He made use of the steam from his mill for heat and it must have been a forerunner of the dry kilns of today. It didn't work too well as it dried the lumber out too fast and all the knots dropped out. We used to call it Snell's knot hatchery.

The sawmill and lumber burnt in 1936 and that finished our operation. After the Ross-Beard mill burnt in 1936, Hales Ross, my father's brother, took over the planing mill at Antross and had bush mills cutting lumber for him. Cecil, who was a son of Hales Ross, and his wife lived at Antross from 1939 to 1942. Cecil looked after the outfit for his dad, H. H. Ross. When Hales Ross finished their operations at Antross, they moved to Grande Prairie.

Doug Ross

REMEMBERING THE LOGS

My memory, chronologically, does not serve me very well in connection with the Antross operation. True, I worked there for a short time in the winter of 1932, and also worked there all of the winter of 1933 and 1934 as night driver on the Lynn tractor hauling the rough lumber from the sawmill to the siding. I can tell you that that rough lumber was put in the dry pile at Antross for a cost of \$7.00 a thousand, plus stumpage, and I was on my Dad's,

Hales H. Ross' sales force, and it had to be planed and resawn and loaded out, and was sold for \$13.00 for No. 1 and \$11.00 for No. 2 F.O.B. Antross, and that on the entire 7 million feet they made \$1,500.00 without taking depreciation on anything. It was an extremely economical operation that year, and yet the market was so depressed they barely came out

on top.

I do have pictures out at the ranch of the Lynn tractor hauling the rough green lumber, with three or four ten foot bunk sleigh-loads behind it. I can also tell you, but I can't tell you what year, that I was the one responsible for the clean-up at Antross; namely, for hauling out to the siding the lumber that had been sawn the previous summer and dry piled and overseeing Hystad Brothers logging and sawing the clean-up patches. At that time we were cleaning up as far back as Buck Creek and hauling in with trucks with pup sleigh trailers. I have actually forgotten what disposition was made of the lumber. I think it was probably sold to one of the box factories here in the city as the planer, resaw, and affiliated equipment had been shipped to our plant at Grande Prairie. I can tell you that I was responsible for selling the remaining saleable buildings around there, such as the houses, and I seem to recall that they sold for between \$250.00 and \$600.00 a piece.

One of the other high points I recall, was that Norman Smith, Dad's former partner, before they dissolved partnership in 1933, tried to operate what was still, I suppose, called the Ross-Beard Co. rather unsuccessfully for a year or two, and then chose to sell out his interest to Dad, and the Agreement for Sale called for a payment to Norman Smith of 50¢ per thousand feet for every thousand feet that went through that mill. Subsequently, the mill was burnt to the ground in a forest fire, and I recall that Mr. Smith and his attorney, Fraser Duncan, who had drawn up the agreement, were indeed upset that the above phraseology left a plain loophole wherein Dad was not obligated to pay them anything in that when he commenced operations again, it would have to be with another mill. It was typical of my father that he allayed their feelings immediately, and said that was not the intent of the agreement and that he would continue to pay the 50¢ per thousand on anything he produced.

Incidentally, I remember after the Forestry advised us that the mill had been wiped out by the forest fire, I recall walking back there some 13 miles through the muskeg to see what the damage was. It was total, but the thing that stuck in my mind, was that the caretaker had saved himself by remaining down a well as the fire swept through, and that the only other living thing was his milk cow who had perhaps been burned over 40% of her body, but

who continued to live.

— CLIFF W. Ross

D. R. FRASER AND CO. LTD.

The lumber company began in Edmonton, established by my grandfather in 1881. The sawmill was located on the bank of the Saskatchewan River which is now the Riverdale district. Logs were floated downriver from the Berrymoor area.

When my grandfather died in 1920, his three sons managed the company — my father, 'Big Bill',



Don Fraser



Laura Fraser at Fraspur.

The mill was moved to Fraspur in 1927. This is the part I recall as we spent our summers there until moving to the mill to live in 1934.

It was a strange feeling for me — all of a sudden I had over two miles to go to school instead of a block and a half. However, being the only one in grade four, there wasn't any competition.

The big event of the year was the Christmas concert; it seems we spent more time, starting in October, to prepare for it than doing lessons. Finally, the big night would arrive with giggling nervous girls and boys shuffling their feet. Equally upset were our parents who knew all our lines and hoped we wouldn't muff them. I could always see Dad

standing at the back of the room, the tallest in the

crowd.



Christmas Concert at Norbuck, 1939. Left to right, Donna Fraser, Joan Miller, Yvonne Anderson.



Mr. and Mrs. Bill Fraser and group from Norbuck School who travelled to Edmonton to view King George VI and Queen Elizabeth on Whyte Avenue in 1939.

One of our teachers, Miss Marilyn Anyschuk, put on such a good concert that we took it to Winfield for a repeat performance. This enabled the school to take the train to Edmonton to see the King and Queen in June of 1939.

There were many happy times and as always the sad ones—as in the spring of 1935 (or 36), when we had a terrible forest fire. The beautiful stands of timber were blackened and some of our homes were lost. It was a frightening experience, wondering whether there would be any loss of life.

The creek seemed to play a very large part in our lives such as diving from the bridge for a swim after work, and all of us swimming when there was still ice under overhanging trees.

When winter came, so did skating — until we were exhausted. Then back to the burner to where the potatoes we had strung on wire to roast, were

ready. They tasted so great, dirt and all.

One of the excitements came when the steam hauler, as we called it, arrived. It was on a flatcar at the siding and the men had to get it running to take it into camp. Everyone wanted to ride and we had to leap off periodically to replenish the wood supply to keep it operating. Ice roads had to be built for the number of sleigh loads of logs they could accommodate. That must have been a very cold and miserable job. I'm sure those young men were happy to get back to the cookhouse for one of Mr. Nelson's good meals.

When the Millers moved to Fraspur it was a great day for Mother and me. We now each had a companion close at hand after being rather isolated.

Joan and I always called in at Frank Rath's store on our trek home from school. He was very patient with all our nonsense.

It came time for high school for us in 1941; therefore, it was back to the city and the heartbreak of leaving old friends behind.

My memories of Breton are mostly of the occasional shopping trip, and Sunday afternoon base-

ball games. I'm sure Fraspur always won!

It was with deep appreciation that Bill and I were able to attend the commemoration in 1962 of the D. R. Fraser Co. and to see old friends once

more. Thank you Breton!

Our own family is rapidly growing. They are all here in Edmonton, Jill, our daughter, and her husband have two sons. Our oldest son, David, is a physical fitness director with the police force; he, too, is married and has a son. Tim is at the U of A taking commerce and our youngest, Dan, is in high school.

— DONNA (FRASER) WILES



Big Bill Fraser and his daughter, Donna, on the steamer hauler, 1930's.

D. R. FRASER & CO. LTD.

When I was asked by the Breton & District Historical Society to write an article on the history of the company, I realized that to do so I would have to rely on my memory, as all records and historical data from which I could derive information had been destroyed in the year 1971, after having been held for a period of eight years, dating from the year 1963 when the company was no longer in existence.

What I will write is, therefore, from what I have read and from what I have been told. At this point, I sadly miss the cooperation of the three sons of the founder of the company, William, Donald and John, who were alive in 1963 and have passed away during the past sixteen years.

It will be noticed that I do not give the date of formation of the company, possibly 1881, the dates of occurrences in the earlier years, but that I do describe such occurrences in sequence over a long period of years.

The company was founded at Edmonton, Northwest Territories, several years before Alberta was proclaimed a province. The founder of the company was Daniel R. Fraser, joined by his brother, Alex, and later by his cousin, John MacDonald, who became a shareholder and director. Another brother, John Fraser, although not a member of the company, was the man in charge of logging operations for many years, besides being a farmer in the Edmonton area. I had the pleasure of meeting this man and listening to him tell of his interesting experiences of the earlier years in the Edmonton district. He was then 84 and possessed a most remarkable memory.

The by-laws of the company provided the right to engage in other enterprises as well as the manufacture of lumber. However,the lumber business was the main operation. The manufactured lumber and lumber products, along with building supplies, were marketed in both wholesale and retail channels.

The earliest operations were conducted close to Edmonton on tracts of timber acquired from the Dominion Government, Department of Natural Resources. Edmonton, at that time, was in the early stages of growth. From their own operations and purchases of rough lumber from others, a fairly large quantity was available for sale at the mill or from an office and yard on Green Avenue. Later, an office and yard were established on, what is now known as, 97th Street. This office became the head office for all operational planning, including sales.

At this time the company acquired, from the Department of Natural Resources (Dominion), licenses to operate on several large berths of timber, several miles apart and situated west of Edmonton. The timber berths bordered on the Saskatchewan River and extended east and south.

Some of the heavy working horses used at D.R. Fraser & Co. Limited at Fraspur, 1930's.



Fraspur.

Plans were made for the building of a sawmill and planer mill close to the bank of the river, and the building of a complete camp to accommodate the operation. These camps were built on the flat land in the river valley. The above mentioned construction was followed by the installation of long piling driven into the riverbed to hold the heavy fir timber booms and the boom chain necessary to contain the flow of logs as the logs entered into the boom, from the river drive, far back up the Saskatchewan River. The logging operation was carried on in the winter season only. Logs were decked on the bank of the Saskatchewan River, ready for dumping in the river when called for and when the water level could be considered suitable. I have been told, that in some years conditions were ideal and that in other years, the operations were handicapped by unexpected high water. In some cases, logs escaped from the booms and continued on down the river past Edmonton.

The use of horses, at both the mill and logging operation, occasioned the need to transfer a large number to and from each operation, that is, to the bush in the fall and to the mill in the spring. Conditions for hauling in those early years of delivering wagon loads of lumber and lath were not good. The roads and streets from the mill flats led mostly uphill. Maintenance and improvement were done by the company.

The horse, in those early years, was depended on for all hauling requirements. It is probably needless to mention that the heavy hauling called for the use of a heavy type of horse in all phases of operation. The teamsters were required to groom their horses, nightly, after their regular hours of work. They took a lot of pride in doing this; it seems as though they were competing with each other in an effort to make the best showing.

The use of the horse, for all general hauling, must have created a flourishing business for those firms engaged in the making and selling of harness, wagons and the other needs involved.

I do not know of the year in which this Edmonton mill operation started but I am sure that when the first shrill blast of the steam whistle sounded through the millvalley, it must have been a welcome sound to those most concerned.

The operation was carried on for many years, during which time there were heavy losses and also years of satisfactory results bringing encouragement to carry on.

In the year 1925 the Lacombe & North-Western Railway announced that their line would



Horses used for logging at Fraspur. The horse power produced by these horses is hard to realize by most people.

be extended and that in 1926 it would reach Breton. This was great news for the company, as well as other lumber companies. A survey showed that the railroad (right of way) would pass through a berth on the eastern edge of their holdings. This would enable the company to have a shipping point on the track which would be very advantageous. A further survey revealed that a campsite could be set up bordering the Poplar Creek and overlooking a creek flat on which a sawmill and piling yard could be well located, thus making it possible to combine the operation of logging and sawmilling.

The year of 1926 called for planing of the balance of rough lumber in the Edmonton mill yard and the dismantling of the Edmonton mill and other buildings. Some of the equipment was sold and some was set aside for use at the new location. During the course of the year, the previous logging camp was abandoned, and by the end of the year all logging equipment had been moved to the new site.

1927 was the year that I entered the employ of the company, although I had been accepted in 1926.

On December 31st, 1926, I was handed a parcel of several hundred dollars and was instructed to go to Norbuck on the (L.N.W.R.) Lacombe and North-Western Railway. To reach this point, an 11:30 start got me as far as Lacombe, where I was destined to remain overnight and continue on my way in the morning. I checked my surplus baggage at the station and proceeded to the hotel where I was pleased to find that a reservation had been made for me. I asked the clerk if he could tell me at what time the train for Norbuck would leave in the morning. He replied saying that Norbuck was a new one to him, but that if it was on the L.N.W.R., it would leave when ready and never on time. I arose early in the morning, ready for a hearty breakfast and possibly a long wait before the train left. On arriving at the station, I found that several other passengers were already there, but no train. Finally, it arrived from Red Deer where it had stayed overnight. We all boarded the train, awaiting takeoff. After some long time, we heard the "all aboard" call and soon the train was in motion. It was a mixed train and made many stops for unloading freight and express. At one of these stops, enough time was allowed for lunch so, I, feeling the need for further nourishment, followed the crowd. My erstwhile companion and I were lucky to get seated for a sandwich; others had to wait. After the train was on its way for a short distance, a passenger informed the conductor that two passengers had been left behind. Without showing any sign of disturbance, the conductor had the train move backward to pick them up. The train had two speeds, slow and slower. If they had made, even a slow run, they could have caught up.

The conductor, a grey-haired veteran in rail-way service, was a jolly man who assumed it was part of his job to keep his passengers in good humor. In later years, I became well acquainted with him.



Big Bill Fraser (son of D.R. Fraser), Little Bill Fraser and Ebert (Mac) McIntyre.

We arrived at Norbuck in the late afternoon of a very cold and wintry day. A big pile of freight was unloaded. Two other passengers and I were listening for some sound of life when suddenly a large team of horses and sleigh, with two men aboard, came in sight. To get warm, I briskly got to work loading up the sleigh. One of the men from the sleigh appeared to be looking me over. He soon said, "You must be the man I am looking for, and I am glad they sent you instead of one of those men in there, who leans on a cane." The gentleman was Ebert McIntyre, general foreman of woods operations. Soon we were on our way to the new campsite. We stopped at a huge tent which was home for the cook, his cookstove, the work force, Mr. Mac and myself. The camp was in the making. Completed buildings were the log horse barns, log hay sheds and a blacksmith shop. Other buildings were started from a carload of assorted lumber that had been shipped in from Edmonton. Mr. McIntyre and I shared a comfortable bed until the office was finished. I soon spied a radio close to our bed. The tent was warm with heat from the cookstove and a large camp heater. There was also a large pile of dry block wood that made it look promising for future warmth.

The cook was a man by the name of Jack Finn. He had the reputation of always giving satisfaction to the hard working bushman. He upheld the rule of 'no talking' in the dining room. This was an old-time custom in logging camps and something of which I had not heard of before. If talking was heard, Jack would rush out from his kitchen to uphold the rule, in a stern tone of voice. On some occasions, he would bring his butcher knife with him. I will include more about Jack later in my story.

In my official capacity as timekeeper, camp clerk, commissary clerk, first-aid man, mailman and gas lamp repairman, I found other duties such as weighing in deliveries of hay, oats and vegetables and the ordering of supplies of food, clothing and tobaccos. If I ran out of snuff, it was best to keep out of sight.

The duties of mailman, during the winter of 1927, included a weekly trip to the general store and post office at Yeoford, at the west end of Battle

Lake. This was a distance of a little more than ten miles. The conveyance was a light sleigh pulled by a speedy pair of light driving horses that seemed to want to get there and back as quickly as possible. It did not require any urging to keep them on a fast move.

It was a cold winter for sleighing. When I arrived at the store, I was always received with a warm welcome by Mr. J. P. Knowles, a very congenial Englishman in his late sixties. On extra cold mornings, he would say, "I say Kid, isn't it cold?" He would, many times, follow that comment with, "How about a hot rum? A spot of rum, you know, cheers one!" He would then ask his good wife to put the kettle on while he checked on the mail situation and my other requirements. He would then comfort himself with a spot of rum. I found it did cheer one, like he said.

Another nearby place of welcome was at the post of the Provincial Police, where Constable Appleton and his wife resided. They, too, were a very hospitable couple. The Constable had a large area to cover in his various duties. It appeared that one of his main duties was in rounding up moonshiners whose products were causing considerable trouble at dances in the area.

When the snow left in the spring, I continued to go to Yeoford, making the trip by horse and saddle and carrying a waterproof mailbag. The road in that summer season was not as firm underfoot as the winter trail; in fact, one occasion which I well remember, the horse seemed to be mired in the middle of a puddle of water. I considered that it would be helpful to the horse if I got off. As I moved to get off, the horse made a lunge and I landed headfirst into the puddle. It took a little while for the horse and I to get organized. Fortunately, this misfortune occurred on the return trip. I proceeded homeward on foot, for a mile or more, before realizing that the horse and I had dried off enough for me to regain the saddle.

On nearing the office, I provided a good laugh for Mr. Big Bill Fraser and Mr. Mac, who said, "Don't get off before I get the camera." I was dirty from head to toe, and so was the horse. I had several rough trips by sleigh and by horseback. In thinking back over the years, I now believe that I must have had a strong feeling that the mail must get through, in spite of all handicaps.

A start on logging operations was made early enough, in time to cut approximately one and one half million board feet for summer sawing. The logs were cut by crosscut saws, skidded out to the main roads and hauled over iced roads to the banks of the creek and decked ready for summer sawing. The making of the iced roads should be described as it was quite an operation in itself.

First of all, a unit had to be built to make a rut in the road for the heavy sleigh runner to ride in, after sufficient ice had formed to partly fill the rut. This unit was of heavy construction and called for adjustable, sharp pointed shares, like on a plow, to make a cut of sufficient depth. When ice was formed to a desired thickness, there was still enough depth to hold the sleigh runner. In its earlier use, this unit, called a rutter, was pulled by four horses. The width between ruts had to comply with the width of the heavy logging sleighs, which was eight feet between runners. A large capacity wooden water tank was used on a sleigh, with outlets on each bottom side to shut off and on as required with the gradual build-up of ice in the ruts. The water tank was filled from the creek with a water pump.

In the early spring, a road from the mill site to the railroad siding was completed and a loading platform was constructed with an adjoining shelter building. A bridge was built over the creek. The log boom installation, described previously in connection with the Edmonton operation, was completed. A dam on the creek, to raise the water level, was built. A start on the building of the sawmill and planing mill plant was made. The mill was in operation by July llth, and some thirty carloads were

moved out before closing for the season.

Before the end of 1927, my trips to Yeoford ended as our new post office became Winfield. The railroad had started to carry the mail; so for a few months, I kept learning more about Winfield. The railroad was still operated by the L.N.W.R. so I had to go there to bill out any shipments and also buy postage stamps. Sometimes, I would go with the fast running team or on the back of one of them, weather permitting. When any urgent phone calls had to be made to Edmonton, I would go by horse and saddle. One winter day I decided to go down on skis and come back on the train. I used the space between the rails to great advantage, until I very suddenly found myself on my back on top of the rail. I was winging along at a good speed when I struck some cinders hidden by a fresh snow. It was not long after that that we were able to make an arrangement, with the Edmonton Post Office, to have two private sacks. Our address then became Fraspur, via

Plans for the production of 1928 called for approximately two million feet. Demand for lumber, throughout the 1928 shipping season, was good and continued so into 1929, but in November of that year, the well remembered Great Depression occurred and lumber sales became almost dormant.

Before beginning an operation for the 1929-30 season, the company gave considerable thought as to the size of the operation. It was decided to carry on with smaller operations. Instead of shutting down because of the great risk of bush fires, etc., it was decided to keep on operating in a small way, as the better course, with a crew on hand in case of fires. Improvement was hoped for and in demand.

From 1930 through to 1940, there was a series of fires that interfered with operations. The first one occurred in 1932, when the sawmill was destroyed. Two men were on repair work when a light-



The planer mill under construction at Breton, 1941.

ed blowtorch got knocked over, igniting some very oily sawdust deposits. Before the fire extinguishers were put into use, the blaze was out of control. However, there was a thick firewall between the boiler room and the sawmill which prevented the spreading of the fire to the boiler room and planer mill. This fire occurred when the plant was completely idle.

Other fires took place in tracts of timber, west of the mill, where a second mill was situated to cut the fire-killed timber before further damage occurred. This was a messy operation, in both the cutting of the blackened timber and sawing in the mill. There was a tremendous waste and much low quality timber was produced. I omitted to say that the mill lost in the year 1932 was immediately rebuilt. There were other less serious fires in other years. The last fire that I can recall was in the year 1937. when a fire swept in from the north during a change in wind direction; this happened during the night. The office, three houses and nearly two million feet of rough lumber were destroyed in spite of the efforts of a good number of men with fire-fighting equipment.

I will now go back to 1932, when a gradual improvement in the demand for lumber took place. In 1934 it was noticeably improved and a greater volume was handled. When War broke out in 1939,

the demand remained steady.

With the entry of the U.S. into the War, the need for lumber was tremendous. Early in 1942 the company deemed it necessary to improve on their planing mill facility, and were encouraged by the Federal Government through some special allowances to do so. The sawmill at Fraspur was moved to a point on Buck Creek, Sec. 34-48-10-W5M, as all of the berths in township forty-seven had been fully operated. The planer at Fraspur remained there until all of the rough lumber was planed.

Meanwhile, a more modern plant was being built on the northern edge of the village of Breton. This plant was right alongside of the railway. The plant was ready to operate as soon as the Fraspur planer was finished. When the Fraspur plant was finished, the machinery was transferred to the new

plant. This move greatly increased the daily production of two planers and two resaws. A part of the 1941-42 production of rough lumber had been delivered to the Breton piling yard.

In the following years, the production of the company was supplemented by a number of contractors and also by purchases from other operators. The maximum sales, over a period of years, was upwards of 11 million feet. This was not the average; it is the figure for the highest year.

In 1942 a special camp was built to house German prisoners of War, brought in from an internment camp at Lethbridge. There, separate quarters for the prisoners and the guards were provided. There were 31 prisoners and four guards. The operation was logging only, and it was successfully carried out under the foremanship of Henning Hallgren of the Buck Creek area.

I am now going to deviate from the history of the company for awhile and continue it later.

In 1937-38-39 there were enough baseball players in the ranks of the employees to make up a team, with a few spares. After a few practices we felt strong enough to accept a challenge, by a group like ourselves, made up of employees of Mr. Fullerton, a lumberman at Battle Lake.

We had a good game on a Sunday. It was a real hot day. We won, but it was not easy. We had a lot of fans who went on with us to Pigeon Lake for a swim, where we stayed too long. A quick rainstorm developed so we spent most of the night on the road. This unfortunate happening did not deter us from continuing with plans of forming a league, with games to be played each Sunday. The teams included in the league were Breton, Winfield, Buck Lake and Fraspur. In a short while we appeared in uniforms, brought from Edmonton by Mr. and Mrs. Big Bill Fraser who were faithful spectators. If the player wore a uniform, he certainly had to perform like a ball player or turn in his nice new uniform.

I was soon romping over the field like a teenager, although I had not done so for a period of 20 years and over that time, I had gained considerable weight. Our team was strengthened by Mark Anthony of Anthony Lumber Co. The Breton team gained Leslie Anthony. Mark and Leslie had a lot of experience from earlier years. Two other members of the Breton team were Henry Pearson and Cecil Ross. The league survived until 1940, when many of the players left for War service.

The logging and sawmill operations, mostly all conducted in the winter season, continued on berths in township 49, west of Breton until the year 1948. The intervening years of the period 1942 to 1948 could be considered the years of a new high volume of production.

The company operated three sawmills of their own. In addition to this, contractors were Victor Hanson and sons, Hans Petersen, Leslie Oulton, H. Zander, Albert Nadeau and A. E. Zeiner and son.

The foregoing names are those in some of the years, but not all in any one year. The same remark applies to purchases from Carl Johnson, L. G. Karsey, Paul Moseson and many others. From 1949 to the end of operations in 1956 at the Breton planer mill, the lumber deliveries were from the company's largest mill and a second mill that had been purchased along with camp buildings and timber rights. This timber was in the Alder Flats area, west of Winfield. Victor Hanson and sons also operated a logging camp there and a company mill under contract. The second mill, mentioned above, was under the supervision of Emil Letourneau who also was in charge of the whole operation. I have now arrived at what can be called the end of the lumbering operations of the company, and the last early morning whistle and other day end whistles.

In the month of March, 1971 a large timber berth, in the Rocky Mountain House district of Alberta, was offered for tender by the Forestry Department. This offer for sale by tender was of great interest to the Pearson Bros. and the Fraser com-

It was decided that the two firms should make a joint effort to obtain the berth by first making a survey of the timber stand from the air. Arrangement was made with an Edmonton company to make a low flying flight over the area, using directional maps.

Early one morning, Henry Pearson, W. H. Fraser (Bill) and I left Edmonton in a Cessna aircraft with a good pilot. The weather was ideal and we were well pleased with the low flying view of the area.

The flight ended at the Edmonton airport in what could be called a near disaster. When the plane touched the runway, I was in the midst of saying that it was a satisfying trip, when suddenly, the plane turned sharply to one side and flipped upside down on top of a snowbank along the runway. This put us in an awkward position. Bill and I were hanging in the same safety belt; our combined weight was approximately 420 pounds. Henry, with some difficulty, got out of his safety belt. The pilot appeared to be stunned, but quickly rallied when called. With some assistance, we then got released from the safety belt and scrambled out through the door and



Load being lifted onto the truck for long logging.

away from the plane. Luckily, there were no serious injuries incurred.

We were told that the cause of the mishap was that when the plane touched the runway, one wheel brake locked causing the other side to swing around and head for the snowbank. This was a 'no charge' flight.

It was a good try for additional timber, but we were unsuccessful in making our tender.

I would now like to drop back to the period from 1927 to 1942 in regard to the methods used in the logging operation. There were several changes. In the first four or five years, the whole operation was with crosscut saws for cutting and falling and horses for skidding and hauling; this was followed by power saws for falling and cutting, horses for



Tree length logs being brought to sawmill by truck, the long logging method.



The Steam Hauler.

skidding and hauling by a steam hauler equipped with caterpillar tracks. This machine would haul at least eight heavily loaded log sleighs, over iced roads. The last method used for some years was falling and limbing, skidding to the main road and loading the butt end of the tree-length log onto the bench over the frame of heavy duty trucks. The load was then dragged to the mills. Another method used before the long logging method, was to haul the sleighs by pulling with heavy-duty trucks with boxes loaded with rock to provide traction. I have omitted to say that small caterpillar tractors were used in the skidding of the tree-length logs.

During the last fifteen years in which the company's operational headquarters was at Breton, the company engaged in road building and road repairs for the Department of Highways, on an hourly rent basis for the road equipment. The operation gave employment to seven men and the man in charge was Stanley Taylor, a long-time employee of the company. The work was done under the instruction of the District Engineer at Red Deer, and was done mostly in the surrounding areas of Breton. Considerable work was also done in clearing oil well drilling sites and making roads to the sites. When the planing mill operation at Breton ended in 1957, the construction also ended and the machines were put to work elsewhere.



Logging train from Buck Creek Camp 34 pulled by caterpillar (D7), 1942.

In 1957, the company became closely associated with Bothwell Bros. Ltd. of Edmonton, in road construction under contract with the Alberta Department of Highways. Work was done in a widely scattered number of locations. In 1963, all operations of the company were brought to an end and all machinery and other property was sold.

In my writing of this article so far, I have said little of Breton, so I will now relate some of my experiences and descriptions of Breton from the earlier days. Having lived within six miles of Breton, in a direct line that is, I have traveled many different routes to get there. I recall that I was first in Breton in 1927. I arrived there after traveling by sleigh, pulled by the light speedy horses mentioned earlier in my story. The trail was winding, narrow, up and downhill and crossed a creek with no bridge. Final-

ly, I saw signs of smoke and there was Breton, the end of the steel at that time. My mission there was to pick up half a ton of Robin Hood flour, kept on consignment by Mr. Breton who first had the corner store. I cannot recall whether Dan Jamieson had the hardware store then or if he still had a small eating place.

The narrow, winding trail was used many times before a different route was opened up. The extension of the railway to Breton brought in other lumber companies — William Anthony Lumber Co. to Antross, three miles south, and later the Ross Lumber Company to Antross. A gradual build up took place from there on. After a few years, the first hotel was built by William Spindler, a former settler from the Berrymoor area who had a small contract with the company one winter and who, with his wife, operated the cookhouse in the following summer.

The very same year of 1927 saw the continuation of the extension by the railway from Breton to Thorsby and eventually to Leduc to meet up with the C.P.R. line (Edmonton to Calgary). From then on, additional settlers moved into the area and Breton could no longer be considered an isolated district. Accommodation for overnight stay remained very poor and primitive. I recall one man telling me of his overnight stay in an unfinished rooming house. He had a comfortable bed, but his shoes were frozen to the floor by morning. The building of the licensed hotel by Mr. Spindler, as mentioned above, improved the accommodation needs of the community greatly. Mr. Spindler operated the hotel for a number of years before he decided he was better fitted for some other occupation, so he served the community as postmaster for many years before moving to Vancouver Island.

When the company moved their operational quarters to Breton and the planer mill commenced operations, fifteen years had passed since my first visit there. Schools had been built and bus service to Edmonton was possible. The driver on the bus was Ed Collins who, to my way of thinking, was the most capable, likeable and I will also say the most obliging operator that one could wish for.

Prior to the big bus, a smaller one operated by Peter Nikiforuk, personally, was in operation for some time before Peter opened a store and was agent for the Imperial Oil distributing centre as well.

The business center showed that some enterprising persons had faith enough in the future to establish business in Breton. The corner store was now owned by Tim Sexton. Dan Jamieson had the hardware store, and the rooming house and restaurant were under good management.

Across the road from the Fraser operation was Pearson Brothers Ltd., who had an operation similar to Frasers'. The two companies traded back and forth. To fill the requirements of a carload order for specified items and if one company was short in some sizes, they would borrow from the other. The friendliest relations existed at all times.

In the course of 36 years' service in the company employ, a lot of names have appeared before me. I cannot remember all of them, but some people have left their mark on my memory, and those people I will remember by name and will mention many of them later.

In the earlier years when the company was first set up on the railway at Fraspur, there were many times that the only way to get there was the way I did on my first trip from Edmonton. Big Bill Fraser made several trips around by Lacombe. He met up with a big man who had a rooming house there and who suggested that there was a room for him if he wished to stop there, whenever going on up to the

camp in the morning.

On one of Bill's trips, the big fellow from Lacombe asked if he could come along, which he did. The next morning at the breakfast table, he squeezed his bulky self onto a seat opposite me. He was making a complimentary remark about the food, especially the hot cakes, when Jack Finn, the cook whom I have previously mentioned, came striding out of his kitchen and loudly said, "No talking!" The big fellow stared at Jack and said, "Who says so?" Jack went back to his kitchen and then reappeared with his butcher knife. The knife was very close to my ear. The big fellow could not say he was sorry; he was not permitted to talk. Jack retreated to the kitchen with a smile on his face.

After the arrival of railway service to that point called Norbuck, there soon was built a small building marked 'Cafe'. This cafe was started by a hefty woman named McNabb. She lived nearby. Soon, there was a phone installed from a line that was strung on railroad poles. We sometimes used this phone. On my first trip to use this phone, I was asked who I was. On stating that I was Bill Fraser, Mrs. McNabb said, "You can't be Bill Fraser, he is a big man." However, I did not argue the point as I knew better than she did who I was. The next time I came back she said, "I am going to call you Little Bill and the other man, Big Bill." So it was then that I became known as Little Bill.

In those early years the company had an agreement with an Edmonton doctor to visit the camps periodically, or whenever it might be advisable. One time he came, stayed overnight and the next night, attending to the wants of some of the men and to the imaginary wants of others. It was mentioned the night before he was to leave on his return to Edmonton, that the train would not come any further than Hoadley the following day. To get to Hoadley in time to catch the train and enable the good doctor to get to Lacombe and thence to Edmonton, would require us to leave in the early forenoon. I did not foresee any problem in getting to the train on time. This meant a drive of eighteen to twenty miles. We had bad luck to start with. When only a short distance from the camp, we upset when going down

the bank of the creek to cross over on the ice to the other side. This was unfortunate as the doctor's satchel burst open and several of his instruments and pill boxes fell into the snow. No harm was done except to cold fingers. Further on we encountered a man waiting in front of his house to catch us as we came along. The fellow said that his wife was badly in need of a tooth extraction. The team was tied up while we entered the log cabin. Soon a tooth was pulled and the woman passed out, but soon rallied to request the pulling of another tooth, which took place. The husband asked how much it cost and the doctor replied, "Everything is free today." This unexpected interruption in our plans caused the doctor to wonder about getting to the train on time. I assured him that we could make it, unless a horse broke a leg. Luckily, it was not the coldest day of the year. In fact, it was a good day for a sleigh ride and we arrived in ample time. On the way home the team seemed to feel there was no further need for urgency and took their time.

It was always interesting to watch the movement of the team that was used in hauling rough lumber into the planing mill. The teamster would unhook the team from the wagon and the team would go back out and straddle the pole of another wagon, whether he was with them or not.

The company was fortunate in having the cooperation of employees, especially in the final 36 years. I am now going to mention the names of some of those I clearly remember and who were greatly appreciated.



Mr. Jake Waunch with his team of horses who hauled the rough lumber to the planer mill.

LOGGING

McIntyre Ebert	Woods General Foreman	21 years
Davidson William	Foreman and General Foreman	15 years
Finstand Sam McGilvery Jos.	Camp Foreman Assistant Foreman, woods and mill yard	19 years 15 years

SAWMILL & PLANER MILL

SAWMILL & PLANER MILL			
Miller Gordon W.			
Millwright, sawyer			
planer man, engineer, etc. 22 years			
Gillies Donald	Millwright, carpenter	20 years	
Gilchrist Russell	Engineer, planer,	15 years	
	sawmill and steam	,	
	hauler		
Nelson Arvid	Cook	21 years	
Wiley Albert	Sawyer	11 years	
Polischuk Lloyd	Chief office assistant	16 years	
Sprung L.D.	Timekeeper	3 years	
Burris Ralph	Lumber grader	18 years	
Ratcliffe James	Timekeeper &	13 years	
3	Accountant	· · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·	
Polischuk Peter	Timekeeper	5 years	
Reid Elmer	Planer man	7 years	
McPhee Jim	Blacksmith	8 years	
McIntyre George	Planer man	4 years	
Fitzgerald Jack	Timekeepr	3 years	
Bray Chas.	Cook and helper	17 years	
Ritchie Thomas	Ass't. bush foreman	9 years	
	and edger man in mill	*	
Waunch Mrs. J.	Breton cook	2 years	
Waunch Jake	Teamster	4 years	
Anderson Mindy	Teamster	8 years	
Powers Dan	Truck driver	12 years	
Myrhaugen Rolph	Cat. operator and	15 years	
7 0 1	road grade foreman	,	
Belanger Bert	Cat operator	12 years	
Larsen Henry	Truck driver and cat	15 years	
,	operator	,	
Hopgood Cecil	Machine road grader	15 years	
10	and cat operator	,	
Taylor Stanley		19 years	
,	mechanic	,	
Bevan Leslie	Cat operator	9 years	
	1	,	

In looking over the above names, I find that eighteen of the thirty names listed are names of those who have passed away. I do not recall the names of several other cooks.

I close my story with wishes to the members of the Breton & District Historical Society for good luck and success in their admirable effort to have their book completed and published.

— W. G. Fraser (Little Bill)

W. G. FRASER FAMILY

William G. Fraser, commonly called Little Bill in the Breton district, the writer of the article on D. R. Fraser & Co. Ltd., was a resident of Alberta for 47 years before moving to British Columbia in 1971. He was an employee of the Fraser Company for 15 years and an active member of the company for 22 years.

In 1951 he married Helen Audrey Forrester of Regina, Sask. They have two daughters. Janice graduated from the University of Alberta with a B.A.



The W.G. Fraser family. Bill, Janice, Wendy, Audrey.

degree, then went on to get her B.Ed. from the University of Victoria and from there, her M.A. from Corvallis, Oregon. She is presently a counsellor on the Faculty of Capilano College, Vancouver. Wendy was a receptionist and dance instructor with the city of Kelowna for three years and is presently completing a Registered Nurses' training program at Kelowna Community College. She is married to Murray D. Glazier of Kelowna.

At the date of writing (October 20, 1979), Bill and Audrey are making plans to leave for their fourth consecutive winter at Trailer Village in Mesa, Arizona. Summers are spent gardening and tending to a small cherry and plum orchard in the sunny Okanagan Valley. The family picture was taken on August 26, 1978.

MEMORIES OF LUMBERING DAYS

Here are some of the characters I remember along the way —

Walter Oberlander — drove Frasers' buckskin team on the freight wagon from Fraspur to Buck Mountain when they ran away from the yard in Fraspur; in spite of his best efforts to stop them, they ran flat out the fourteen miles to Buck Mountain.

California Scotty — When Big Bill Fraser dropped the top off a full bottle of whiskey and was looking for it, Scotty said, "Never mind, we'll no' be needing it."

Joe McGilvery — said how good he felt since he quit drinking. It was probably a matter of ten or twelve hours.

Pete Deucharm — Used to get Lonnie Powell out of bed in the morning, carry him to the washroom, and throw water on him to wake him up.

Arvid Nelson — the cook at Frasers' camp for many years. I remember the large quantities of good food he prepared and how we did it full justice.

Johnson McDermitt — decked logs on the landing with a jammer, a super lumberjack.

Sam Finstead — Bush foreman. If a man had a hard job to do, Sam would say, "Wait and I'll give you a hand."



Jammer decks at Fraspur.



Neatly built log cabins at Buck Mountain camp.



Logging with horses, spotting out for steam hauler.



A typical load of lumber ready for loading onto a truck.



Buck Mountain Camp, Big Bill Fraser and flunkie in front of cookhouse.



D.R. Fraser Co. Limited, Buck Mountain Mill location.

Earl McNeil — a super teamster and a great guy.

Gordon Miller — sawyer and millwright. In my opinion, the best in the west, and a nice guy besides.

Edward Goodhand — another great teamster. The best friend a good horse ever had.

Jim Ratcliffe — time keeper. He insisted on a fair deal, both for the men and for the company.

Jonesey McDonald — Handyman and wood butcher, a real lumberjack.

Broken Arm Pete — I worked with him for many years and still don't know his proper name.

Dan 'Shorty' Power — truck driver supreme. He could out-haul the best and make it look easy.

Jim McPhee — blacksmith who did everything from horseshoeing to electric welding.

Tom Burkholder — hauled body loads of lumber on his Dodge truck. When going uphill, the load was too heavy behind and the truck stood up on the back wheels and the end of the lumber, like a dog begging for a bone. Tom jumped out and yelled, "That high enough, Lord?"

Tom McDonald — hammer blacksmith. How I loved to watch him work hot iron; it was like poetry in motion.

Henry Larson — Heavy equipment operator — trucks, cats or grader, he was good at them all. Tiny Gilchrist — steam engineer, but when I

first worked with him he was hauling logs with his beautiful bay team.

Bill Anthony Sr. — mill operator and lumberman. I remember the first winter the log trucks were hauling in to Antross. He held them at the landing until they were all in so a photographer could take their picture; then all of us, on the landing, had to really throw the crooked steel to get them unloaded and back to the bush.

Blackey Fraser—the best cant hook man I ever worked with. He could take a log down a hundred foot skidway so fast a person would have to trot to keep up to him.

Canada Sam — a very big man and an old-time lumberjack. When hiring on for a new job the foreman asked him, "What kind of work do you do?" His

answer was, "I usually tow on a hill but I haven't got my harness."

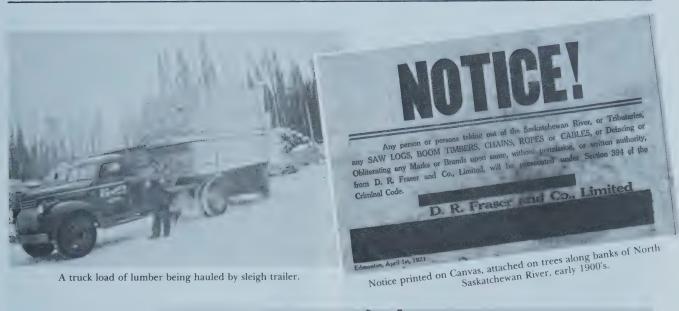
Buster Ladouceur — a truck driver who could haul away anything, any place, any time whether there was a road or not.

Bill Pearson — steam engineer, a natural born mechanic and engineer.

Hank Goltz — another hauler and a great baseball player and fan. You couldn't stick him on any questions about baseball.

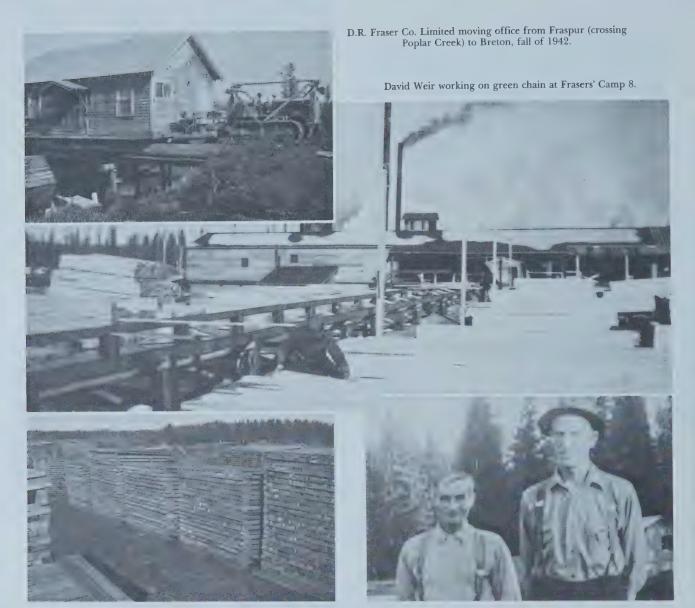
Joe Jouan — an all-round good lumberman; many were the times he helped me out when I was millwright.

Henry Hellum — blacksmith, cook or any other job, Henry could do a pretty good job of it. I remember when his clothes were caught by the line





D.R. Fraser Co. Limited, mill at Camp 34.



The orderly rows of lumber piles at the planer mill at Breton.

Two lumberjacks, Sam Finstead and Art Peterson.

shafting under the mill at Camp 34 and they were all stripped off except for one sock; but he was back with us before very long.

Stan Taylor — if not the first cat skinner, then one of the earliest in the country. I can still hear him firing up the old sixty in the middle of the night to go and pull a truck out of the mud some place.

George Doel — a great truck driver, and a good mechanic who went on to be a big operator in his own right in the gravel and transit mix concrete business.

Henning Hallgren — a man well-adapted to pioneer life as he was good with all tools and could turn his hand to many different kinds of jobs.

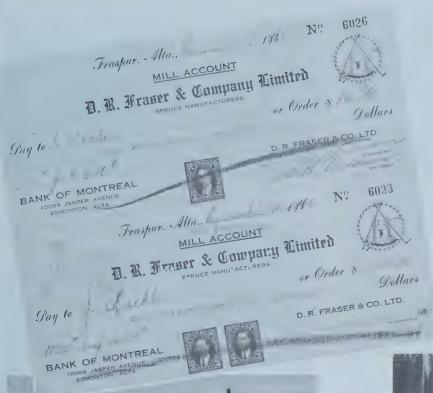
W.H. Fraser — (Big Bill). Everywhere he went, everyone seemed to know him. He was the best liked and respected man I have ever known.

George Clarke — planer man. George was quite a drinking man but drunk or sober he could set up a planer or resaw to perfection. In all his years at this work I don't believe he ever lost a finger or had an injury of any kind.

Edward Millward — always known as Big Ed, a happy-go-lucky lumberjack.

Bill Davidson — Big, easy-going Bill was foreman for the Fraser Lumber Company for many years.

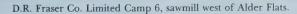
Ernie Flannigan — When asked by someone how he liked the new cook, his reply was, "I can cook better in my little black pail behind the stock yards."



Beef and pork prices 1940, potatoes $55 \, \varrho$ per bushel bought at camp in 1941, oats at $35 \, \varrho$ per bushel in 1938. Hay cost \$10.00 per ton. Horses for hire in 1942 was \$2.00 per day per team of 2 horses.



D.R. Fraser Co. Limited, Camp 21 sawmill.





Aerial view of D.R. Fraser Co. Limited planer mill at Breton, 1951.

MR. AND MRS. ARVID NELSON

Arvid Nelson was born in Stock Hallsingland, Sweden in 1883. He immigrated to the United States when he was 15 years old and went to work in a camp near Hibbing, Minnesota as cook's helper. It was there he learned to cook. In 1910 Arvid and his brother, Ted, went to Canada where their brother, Ben, had a homestead near Barrhead, Alberta, then called Paddle River Post office. Arvid took up a homestead near Barrhead and Ted returned to the United States. Arvid continued to cook in camps.

In 1923 Arvid met Hulda Christensen. Hulda was born in Kila Varmland, Sweden in 1892. She went to Oslo, Norway when she was 16 years old to live with an older married sister. At the age of 17 Hulda married Hans Christensen. They had two girls, Ingrid and Singne. Then tragedy struck. Hans died of diphtheria. A short time later Singne, who was 3 years old, also died.

Hulda and Ingrid then went to Edmonton to live with an uncle. His wife had recently died, so Hulda became his housekeeper. A year later, Hulda met Arvid at the home of friends, and 6 months later they were married in Saskatoon, Sask.

At that time, Arvid was cooking at Biggar, Sask. He, Hulda and Ingrid then made their home on the homestead at Barrhead. A year later, Ingrid, who was then 14 years old and had recently been confirmed in the Lutheran Church, drowned in a lake at a Sunday School picnic.

Arvid sold the homestead and went cooking with Hulda helping as cookee or second cook in larger camps. Here, Hulda took time off to have a baby girl. She was named Thelma, and was born in the General Hospital at Edmonton.

The family then moved to the United States where his brother, Ted, was living. Arvid got a job cooking in the mountains of Washington with his wife as second cook. A year later, they returned to Canada.

Arvid cooked for the C.P. Railroad from Edmonton to Lacombe, and he also cooked several years for Mannix & Owens Construction. In 1936 he started to work for Frasers' Lumber Company at Fraspur which was a lumber mill between Breton and Winfield, Alberta. He later cooked at Frasers' logging camps in winter and in the summer at the planer in Breton, when Frasers' moved from Fraspur to Breton.

Hulda was very active in the community in Breton. In 1945 she was treasurer for the Red Cross and in 1957 she was treasurer for the Mission Covenant Church in Breton. She was also a member of the S.P.C.A. in Edmonton.

Arvid worked for Frasers' Lumber Company for 23 years until his retirement in 1959.

Hulda Nelson passed away October, 1975 and Arvid August, 1976 in Breton where they resided.



The Nelson family 1930's, Mr. Arvid Nelson, Thelma and Mrs. Nelson at Fraspur.



Frasers' Camp 34, cookhouse where Mr. Nelson was cook and office to the right.



Mr. Nelson far right with his cookees, Camp 34, 1940's.

Mr. Nelson third from left with his cookees, Camp 34.



D.R. Fraser Co. Limited at planer in Breton. Cookhouse where Mr. Nelson was cook, foreman's shack and men's bunkhouse.

An Act To Give Certain Powers To D. R. Fraser & Company Limited.

WHEREAS, D. R. Fraser & Company, Limited, have been incorporated by the Legislative Assembly of the Northwest Territories of Canada under Ordinance Number 33 of 1904 with certain powers,

AND WHEREAS, the said Company have represented the propriety of granting to them certain privileges with regard to the construction of dams, wharves and other similar constructions on the North Saskatchewan River above Edmonton and upon the tributaries thereof,

THEREFORE, the King, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate and House of Commons of Canada, enacts as follows:

In this act the expression "the Company" means the body corporate and politic, heretofore created by the ordinance aforesaid under the name of "D. R. Fraser & Company, Limited", and the works which the Company is hereby empowered to undertake and regulate are declared to be for the general advantage of Canada.

2. The Company may improve the North Saskatchewan River below, at, opposite to, of above Edmonton, and the tributaries to the Saskatchewan River above Edmonton, by the construction of dams, slides, wharves, piers, booms, and other works of like nature, and by blasting rocks, dredging and removing shoals and other impediments and by straightening channels and otherwise, provided that every dam shall be constructed with an apron or slide so as to admit of the passage over the same of such sawlogs and timbers as are usually floated down the said waters; but waste gates, brackets or slash-boards may be used in connection with such dam for the purpose of preventing unnecessary waste of water therefrom, and the same may be kept closed when no person required to pass or float saw logs for timber as aforesaid over any such

- (a) All persons may float and transmit saw-logs, timber rafts and crafts down the said waters and through and over the Company's constructions and improvements, doing no unnecessary damage thereto or to the banks of the water-course, and paying such tolls as may be approved of by the Lieutenant Governor in Council.
- (b) The Company may make rules and regulations for the purpose of regulating the safe and orderly transmission of saw-logs, timber, rafts and crafts through or over such construction or improvements; but no such rules or regulations shall have any force or effect until approved of by the Lieutenant Governor of the North West Territories; and the Lieutenant Governor may revoke and cancel such rules and regulations so made and approved, and from time to time approve of new rules and regulations which the Company may make.
 - (c) Nothing in this Act contained shall be held to authorize the interruption of the navigation of the North Saskatchewan River.

5,000 Lumberjacks **Working In Timber** Camps of Alberta

From Edmonton Journal February 17, 1940

This is a four series article on lumbering by Journal reporter, Frank Swanson, after a visit to D.R. Fraser & Co. logging camp at Fraspur, (Fraser's mill location on C.P.R. spur seven miles south of Breton).

Not a Piece of Log Wasted **As Trees Turned Into** Cash, Wages

DEEP-CHESTED MEN

This is the first in a series of articles on the lumbering industry in Alberta, written by a Journal reporter after a visit to a logging camp at Fraspur, 80 miles southwest of Edmonton.

By Frank Swanson

This is a story of lumbering.

It is a story of the men and the mills that convert Alberta's huge forest estate into terms of dollars and cents; of woods' legends that bid fair to equal the fabulous tales of Paul Bunyan; of the white chips that fall as razor-edged loggers' axes bite into the bases of 60-foot spruce trees that seem to be reaching for the sky.

Not so long ago, timber runs on the Saskatchwean river into Edmonton were commonplace. In the spring months, huge log rafts cut in the upper reaches of the river were logged to the city which at that time was the lumber capital of the northwest.

Since the 1920's, booms and pilings in the river below the High Level bridge have rotted and drifted down stream. Sawmills and planing works in the city have disappeared. In their stead has grown a new logging industry in what was once wild, uninhabited hinterland.

5,000 Lumberjacks Work

Picturesque as camps in the woods of Wisconsin, busy as those on the shores of the Pacific, these are the Alberta logging camps where more than 5,000 lumberjacks of every nationality between the poles vie for cutting supremacy.

Deep-chested, husky and strong are these men of the woods. Alert, keen and quick-witted, they are experts in the science of cutting timber, of logging it to mills where it is passed between saws revolving at tremendous speed.

They live hard but they live well. They

but the preparation of meals for camp workers.

They are a strong, silent race of men. They talk but little, reducing conversation to a minimum. Their one aim in life is to cut more and better trees.

Seeking to learn more of logging and of loggers, a Journal reporter visited the lumbering operations at Fraspur, 80 miles southwest of Edmonton, recently. He lived with the men, he ate their food, he watched while they made the forests rings with the crash of toppling spruce trees.

Sons of Pioneer

Second generation of a famous lumbering family runs the Fraspur operation. Sons of D.R. Fraser, who owned and operated one of the largest river logging concerns in the northwest at the turn of the century, are carrying on the family tradition. they are "Big Bill" Fraser and Donald Fraser, who received their early lumber educations while at play on log jams and booms in the Saskatchewan river below what is known as Fraser Flats.

Separated from Fraspur by only a few miles are camps at Winfield and Antross, employing altogether more than 1,000 men. Major operation at Winfield is carried out by Etter and McDougall. Antross operations are run by William Anthony and Hales Ross, all pioneers in the logging industry.

Big Bill, who weighs in at 233 pounds and stands six feet two inches in height, is a barrel-lunged man, a natural-born leader. In common with other logging operators, he is a giant. No one seemed to know what makes operators the size they are, but it was pointed out that most operators "of any consequence" are over six

Take the case of Jim Millar, who logs at

men who have known no other business | two inches in stocking feet, with a chest expansion that is phenomenal. And the McDougall half of the Etter and McDougall partnership is just as big. William Anderson, who is secretary of the Alberta Forest Products association, is a close second.

Big Men, Big Problems

It's probably just as well they are big men. They have big problems to handle. This year, along with other Alberta operators, they had planned to produce and cut about 10 per cent more than they did last season. Last year, the total cut was 115,467,580 board feet of lumber, along with 1,178,403 railway ties, representing a \$31,000,000 revenue.

They had their large scale operations under way after a late fall. They hoped for a good logging winter with lots of snow. At the present time, the Fraser brothers, along with other loggers, are wondering how they are going to get through the balance of the season unless there is more

Huge sleigh-loads of timber are being hauled to mills behind powerful trucks, over roads that are covered by only a thin film of snow. Normally, logging roads are covered with plenty of snow, in addition to a sheet of ice placed there to speed up the haul. The ice has melted and truck drivers are having their hands full to pull their huge loads of freshly-hewn logs, many of which are two feet in diameter.

While the majority of the southern Alberta cut goes to eastern Canadian and U.S. cities, it may be a decisive factor in the favor of the Allies if the war con-

Shipping Costs High

Owing to the long distances to seaboard, the cost of shipping Alberta lumber is staggering. At the present time, B.C. and eastern Canadian lumber is the feast on huge quantities of food cooked by White Court. He is said to stand six feet I timer going overseas for war purposes.

In addition to handling the executive side of the business, an operator must be adept at handling men. He must pick them and hold their confidence. He must be able to do what he asks his men to do. Otherwise, he won't enjoy any success in the logging end of the lumbering business.

Big Bill Fraser thinks that the packing plant slogan, "We can use everything but the squeal," should belong to the logging business, too.

At the Fraser camp, from the time towering spruce are "hot logged," or "decked," not a piece of the log is wasted. The centre is cut for timber. The shavings and sawdust are burned to make energy for the huge mill furnaces. Slabs from the sides are used for laths. Any spare sawdust is carefully stored to be sold in the summer for mixing with molasses and poison for grasshopper poison.

From Edmonton Journal March 6, 1940

1,000,000 Feet Lumber Burned

\$8,000 Blaze Near Winfield Is Fought for 14 Hours

100 MEN IN BATTLE

(Special to The Journal)

WINFIELD, March 6. — Spectacular \$8,000 fire, which destroyed about 1,000,000 board feet of lumber, was fought here Monday and Tuesday at the Etter & McDougall sawmill, 127 miles by road southwest of Edmonton.

Fanned by a 10-mile-an-hour breeze, the blaze started among some logs near the mill and threatened 17,000,000 feet of lumber stacked in "decks" ready to go to the sawmill.

One hundred men, 20 horses and a caterpillar tractor were used to fight the huge glaze, as the men and horses dragged log after log away from the glaze. About 6,000 logs were burning at the same time, sending flames shooting high in the sky, which could be seen for miles around at night.

Fire-fighting equipment was practically nil, and the men had to break into the forest ranger's cabin at Alder Flats to get what equipment was there. The fire ranger, T. Somers, was not on duty when the fire broke out but was called and supervised the fight.

The fire was checked but not brought under complete control late Tuesday. A change in the wind might mean that the whole 17,000,000 feet of lumber would be destroyed. Men are standing by waiting for the blaze to burn itself out.

Fire-fighters found it impossible to stop the blaze completely as sparks would fly from one pile of logs to another.

The mill owners sent for help to Edmonton's fire department and Deputy Fire Chief W. H. Ferguson flew with Pilot North Sawle of Canadian Airways Ltd. and John A. McDougall to the fire.

Landed on Lake

The pilot landed on Buck lake, about six miles from the mill. From the air, Pilot Sawle, who returned to Edmonton immediately, said the blaze looked as if it was threatening standing timber.

After investigating the fire and the water supply, Deputy Chief Ferguson telephoned Fire Chief James Macgregor in Edmonton and it was decided not to send any apparatus because of the limited water supply and the muddy condition of the roads.

Over Muddy Roads

Several residents of Winfield traveled in cars and trucks about 27 miles over muddy roads to reach the fire. They returned home early Wednesday, reporting the flames several times had threatened the mill but were checked by the men, some of whom worked continually for 14 hours.

The fire was discovered by Landing Fireman ''Highball'' MacKay during his rounds about 10:00 a.m. Monday. There were no casualties.



Big Bill Fraser.

'Silence, Please!' Is Order as Lumbermen Dine From Heavily-Laden Tables in Camp

Visitor Is Surprised at Amount of Food Which Workers Put Away

ALL THE TRIMMINGS

This is the second in a series of articles on the lumbering industry in Alberta, written by a JOURNAL reporter after a visit to a logging camp at Fraspur, 80 miles southwest of Edmonton.

By Frank Swanson

Arvid Nelson's friends didn't think much of his stature when he was 15 years old. That was when he came to the United States from his native Sweden.

They sent him around to a camp near Hibbing, Minn. They probably thought that the strenuous outdoor work would broaden his thin frame and deepen his chest. The camp foreman took one look at the youth and put him to work in the cookhouse.

"You aren't big enough to do anything else," he told young Nelson. That was in 1905. Now he is head cook at the Fraspur

lumber camp, 80 miles southwest of Edmonton, and responsible for the "inner men" of the entire camp.

Start at 4:00 a.m.

The squat, chunky Scandinavian aided and abetted by two cookees and a bull cook, start work at 4:00 a.m. each day. His constant round of food preparation probably would be a nightmare to most housewives.

Nels claims he doesn't mind it, though. Up to his elbows in a wash-tub of bread dough, he says the secret of cooking success is in giving the men exactly what they want . . . and lots of it.

He proved it a couple of hours later when he sat the newsman down to a dinner the like of which he hadn't seen in many months. There was both quantity and quality. And the menu was of the everyday variety, Nels claimed, not added to, not tampered with in any way by the presence in the camp of a "guest."

There were platters of succulent, juicy beef on all sides. There were heaping plates of potatoes, carrots, turnips and assorted other vegetables. There was soup. There were several varieties of pie. There was boiled and steamed rice pudding. And all "the trimmings." And one could come back for as much or as often as one wanted.

After the newsman was assisted from the cook-house, be began to meditate on the luck that sent him on this particular assignment. He suddenly remembered a peculiarity of the dinner and hurried around to the back door of the cook-house to question Nels.

A Silent Place

During the entire meal, there hadn't been any conversation between a group of close to 100 loggers. Not a word was spoken above a whisper, and then only a request to "Pass the pie" or some other like statement.

What was the reason? Cook Nelson lead the reporter into the dining-hall, showed him a large sign nailed above the doorway to the kitchen. "No talking allowed," it said in large red letters.

While he agreed that the older generation of lumber operators would probably turn over in their graves if they could see this new high in camp discipline, he claimed it was "the only thing" to keep peace and order in the cook-house during meal times.

He said that since the Fraser camp started the ''no talking'' rule, it had spread to most of the other camps in the district.

"The men like it, too," he added. "They can eat, get outside. They can argue and talk there."

A Cooks' Fraternity

According to Arvid Nelson, there is "a sort of fraternity" among lumber camp cooks all over the province. When they take their vacations after the break-up of operations in March, they usually come to Edmonton. They gather at one of the city employment agencies, where they exchange experiences of the winter and discuss plans for the future.

Nelson's pet is a black cat called "Blackie." It roams about the camp and is unofficial camp mascot. Nelson is married and has a family living in the city. He said most cooks have families, although

they never see them during the winter, and for only a short period during the summer.

The Fraser breakfast menu struck the newman's fancy and palate. It started off in a more or less fashion with bacon and eggs. This led to fried potatoes; this to hot cakes and syrup; then to coffee and hot cereal. This outline of the forenoon diet, provided the loggers at 6:00 a.m., when most people are still slumbering and only dreaming about such a breakfast, is only an outline. It was further embellished by cakes, cookies and assorted pastries — all eaten at the early hour with equal relish!

Heavy Supplies

They use tons of potatoes, numberless quarters of beef and other supplies during the year. Many of the district homesteaders have, as their only income, money they receive from the camps as proceeds of the sale of vegetables and livestock.

Loggers are notoriously particular when it comes to matters of diet. The popularity of any camp hinges on the ability of its cooking staff, and most camp operators realize this. They act accordingly and always seek cooks with new ideas and past experience to rejuvenate menus that have "gone stale."

For the uninitiated, a bull cook is the No. 1 ''stooge'' for the head cook. He sweeps out the cookhouse, keeps the wood-box filled, carries the water, and generally keeps the kitchen in running condition. Cookees are the cook's culinary assistants. They are the waiters who replenish the ever-diminishing stacks of food.

Other than for the assistants, a camphouse kitchen is much the same as any ordinary home kitchen, the chief difference being the amazing rapidity with which mountains of food disappear under the impassive gaze of the cook.



Arvid Nelson, camp cook.

Fire Greatest Forest Enemy, Spark Often Becomes Blaze

Millions of Feet of Timber Consumed by Flames Each Year

DANGER IS FOUGHT

By Frank Swanson

Lumbermen, loggers and timber operators are, for the most part, happy characters, but a haunted expression comes into their eyes when one word is mentioned within their hearing. That word is "fire."

Each year, millions of board feet of timber are consumed on the wings of roaring walls of bush and forest fires.

According to a pioneer of the Winfield district, a fire once started there as a result of a nest built by a squirrel. The squirrel built the snug underground retreat for the winter. He stocked it with cones from the fragrant spruce of the neighborhood. A spark got into the nest. Because the retreat was constructed with another opening, there was a slight draft, which fanned the spark into a blaze. A disastrous fire was the result, killing trees and damaging thousands of dollars' worth of district timber.

Were it not for fires, and such annoyances as fluctuating rates of international exchange or changing policies of dominion governments in regard to export of timber from Canada, lumbermen would be in a position to enjoy life to the full.

Wireless Service

For fighting fires, each camp usually maintains a pumping engine. Then there is the provincial government ranger service, members of which are equipped in many districts with two-way wireless voice communication. Fires are reported at once to district headquarters and to the head of the forestry division of the department of lands and mines in Edmonton. Appropriate measures to combat the blaze can be taken.

Barring fires, this year will be a moderately successful one for lumber operators and loggers in Alberta.

To Alberta, the lumbering industry is the third largest source of industrial income, this despite the fact the industry operates only at full speed during the winter.

As a result of drouth in recent years in Saskatchewan and southern Manitoba, forest resources there have been depleted badly. This means that Alberta's share of dominion-wide lumber production has increased. But it has to fight the drawback of long hauls to markets in the face of competition from eastern and Pacific coast mills.

\$5,000,000 Payroll

Alberta's mills and camps have an annual payroll in the neighborhood of \$5,000,000, employing, during the logging season, some 5,000 men. The value of its output this year will be approximately \$31,000,000.

Logging is an expensive industry to maintain. From the time the sawyer shouts ''timber!'' when the giant spruce falls crashing through the woods, from the time it is skidded to ''decks'', until it reaches its destination, heavy expenditures are involved.

There is, for example, the fact that each year the supply of available timber is being pushed farther back from railroad facilities. At Winfield, the cutting operations of the Etter and MdDougall firm are 27 miles from the railroad.

At Fraspur, there is a haul of approximately 12 miles to the mill at the railroad. As time goes on, the district adjacent to the railroad will become useless as logging country and the distance to the logging centre will become too great to warrant a continuation of the business of lumbering there.

Billions Feet Reserve

According to an estimate of the provincial forestry branch, there is a total reserve of timber amounting to 8,890,000,000 board feet of lumber. Of this amount, only approximately 4,500,000,000 feet is accessible, that is, within reasonable railroad facilities.

The significance of this lies in the fact that within a few years, at the present rate of cutting, Alberta's forest resources will be diminished to a point where the province no longer will stand as one of the leading timber producing provinces of the dominion.

At that time also, owing to depletion of forest resources, there will be an effect on the water level in the lakes and rivers of the province, governed by the covering provided by timber lands.

The answer lies in reforestation. A costly undertaking, it must come, in the opinion of lumber operators, if the present resources are to be replaced and logging to be continued as a major industry in the province.

But even the most optimistic operators are skeptical as to when, if ever, reforestation will come. It can only come, they say, at the instigation and on the instructions of the governments, as it did in the

One operator wasn't so optimistic about the future when it is denuded of its greenery and forest covering. "Give it back to the Indians," was his terse comment.

Loggers 'Go to Town' Saturday Nights, Big-Scale Whooppee Is Enjoyed by Men

Few Mid-Week Pleasures With 9:30 "Lights-Out" Order

LIKE MAGAZINES

(This is the third in a series of articles on the lumbering industry in Alberta, written by a Journal reporter after a visit to a logging camp at Fraspur, 80 miles southwest of Edmonton.)

By Frank Swanson

Saturday nights in Winfield differ from Saturday nights in most country towns in one respect. But that is important enough to cause the small lumbering settlement to be set apart. In Winfield, Saturday night is loggers' night in town.

Like Mr. Deeds, loggers go to town in a big way. Winfield, as the only town in the district, reaps the benefits from close to 1,000 loggers who work in camps in the neighboring settlements of Antross and Fraspur, as well as lumbermen who work in Winfield district camps.

Particularly if that Saturday night happens to be a pay night, is there activity aplenty in Winfield. Coming from all directions, "all slickened and duded up," the loggers "hit town," and sometimes can't remember the next morning what



Winfield.

happened the night before.

But loggers are no worse than their city-bred cousins when it comes to making "whooppee." They merely do it on about the same scale on much smaller premises.

Most other nights in the week are quiet enough in Winfield. Loggers live in the town, many of them out of work, waiting for a ''break'' from one of the neighborhood camps. Their friends naturally are drawn there especially when they don't have to get up at 6:00 a.m., rising time in most lumber camps.

Winfield Saturday nights are one of few diversions for the men who spend their winters sawing and cutting logs in the bush country in Alberta. The men have few pleasures. They read in their bunk houses until 9:30 when the lights are put out by the mill operators. Their magazine tastes vary much the same as those of most citizens.

Faithful Followers

Western stores, picture magazines, detective mysteries, all find faithful followers. When the men are not reading, they may be found playing a game or two of poker or rummy before bedtime. All day,

they have been in the bush, possibly without talking to fellow loggers who may be out of speaking range. They return to their bunk houses after supper to lie in their beds, tell stories and relate tall advantures.

Paul Bunyan, legendary woodsman, who carried a bigger axe and cut more trees than any other woodsmen, would blush with the telling of some of the bunk house yarns.

Arguments as to who cut the most logs during the day, tales of the prowess of long-dead or mysterious characters who once inhabited the woods fill the evenings.

Most camps have loggers who have been in most parts of the world. Most camps have men who keep their fellows in gales of laughter with peculiar gifts of native story-telling humor.

"California Scottie" is one such at the Fraspur operation, near Winfield and 80 miles southwest of Edmonton. California has been a logger all his life. He has worked in many camps, under many managements.

Trip to California

Last summer, California went to his namesake state to visit a sister. He returned to northern Alberta as a roustabout with the Ringling Brothers, Barnum Bailey combined circus. He left the circus in Edmonton, returned to Fraspur to his lumbering job.

He is known mainly for his egging ability. He eats 12 eggs at breakfast, washed down by an endless stream of coffee. He claims he can out-eat any man in camp. His boast goes unchallenged.

California is only one of similar characters in most lumber camps. None save any money. They spend it all in Winfield and other neighboring towns and are amazed to learn when the spring break-up comes that they are "broke."

Most loggers are drifters. They have no homes, never will have homes. All their worldly goods are contained in their packsacks. They come and go; a few returning to the same camp each fall for a winter's work. A few more are district homestead-

ers or farmers, who take advantage of a camp's proximity to gain part-time employment.

Experts in Own Lines

All are experts in their own lines of work. There are the sawyers, who cut down the giant spruce trees. There are the top loaders, who handle the dangerous and intricate business of steering slings of logs, weighing tons, into place on the broad sleighs that will take the logs to the sawmill. There are the scalers, who count each board foot logged during an operation. There are swampers, who lop limbs off of the fallen trees. there are skidders, who pull the logs into place for loading.

Each is adept at his own job. A slip might mean a serious accident; sometimes death. There has only been one death in the Fraspur camp as a result of an accident. A sawyer, after chopping a ''direction'' cut in the base of a tree, cut it to the ground with his cross-cut saw. It didn't fall squarely but landed on top of another tree. In attempting to dislodge it, he was pinned and crushed beneath the 50-foot forest giant.

On Contract Basis

All cutting and logging work is done by "gyppo" loggers. These are men employed by the operator on a contract basis. They are paid according to the amount logged and hauled by them in a day. There are hundreds of "gyppos," many of whom make good wages on their own time. No operator could enlighten the newsman as to why the "gyppos" were called "gyppos."

Most loggers ride into the camps as "bindle stiffs" on the tops of freight cars or behind engines. A few of their more affluent brothers ride the "Muskeg Special," the mixed passenger and freight which runs three times weekly in each direction through the camps. The "Muskeg Special" stops at every station to switch freight and stock cars. It even stops to let passengers off at a cross-road near their homes without extra charge. Once it backed up several miles to get a passenger that got left behind at a station.



Loggers at work.

HANSON AND SONS — LOGGING AND SAWING

In the early thirties, my father and I, along with my brothers, Nels, Carl and Gunnar, worked for various lumber companies, cutting and skidding logs as shown in the picture — Carl and Gunnar cutting logs which was just a routine job for them. They could not attend school during the winter months since no school was available in that area. By 1943 we began logging and sawing for the D. R. Fraser Lumber Company and kept on until 1954, at which time, the sawmill burnt down. In June, 1948, my brother, Nels, passed away. Carl and I continued working for the D. R. Fraser Lumber Co. for another two years which completed the timber berth that the Fraser Lumber Co. had. This was located 10 miles west of Alder Flats. In March of 1960 my brother, Carl, passed away. Since leaving the lumber business, we have been farming in the Breton area and continue to reside here.

— HANS HANSON



Carl Hanson 11, Gunnar 9. Cutting logs for Ross and Beard (1930-31).

Carl Hanson logging with a Thirty caterpillar the summer of 1941.





Hanson's Camp 1941. L. to R. Muriel, Verma, Lena, Mr. and Mrs. Victor Hanson.



Hanson's bushcrew completed loading over 200 logs, Ross' camp, 1938.



Hanson's, last camp in operation, mill burnt down that winter of 1954.



Gunnar Hanson, logging with horses, for D.R. Fraser & Co. Limited, 1946.



Hanson's Mill at D.R. Fraser & Co. Limited, Camp 7.

ALBERT NADEAU

Dad sawed at Antross in approximately 1935 or 1936 and hauled the lumber to Corral Brothers in Winfield. He then contracted sawing for Ross Brothers. From there on, he sawed for D.R. Fraser & Co. Limited in the Buck Creek area. In the winter of 1940, Victor Hanson and sons contracted the logging. Sawing and logging were done in the winter months as roads were impassable till freeze-up. New roads had to be put through to each new mill setting. Part of the roads had to be corduroyed; this involved laying logs across the road, side by side, to prevent the vehicles from sinking down in the mud. There were many swamp areas and it was necessary to move to new settings every year or so.

Mom and the girls, as Mrs. Hanson and her girls, did the cooking for their crews. We did the washing and ironing for both crews. It really was a treat, in later years, when we bought a gas iron.

Nadeau's mill had a steam engine for power up until about 1943. It was quite a procedure, moving that big steam engine from one setting to the other; it had to have a lot of good wood and water for power and you had to be a qualified engineer to run one of these. Albert Nadeau used to work as a steam engineer in North Edmonton around 1917, before going as a setter, then on to sawyer. During one



Albert Nadeau sawmill. Albert, left, with his sawmill crew.

setting, Nadeau had to haul water about one mile. It kept one good man busy hauling water and cutting wood to keep that steam monster's power up. (What one could have done with a power saw in those days!) Spruce, pine and balsam were the main trees used for lumbering.

We, Albert Nadeau, wife Alma, daughters, Olive and Marie, one son, Armand, and two younger daughters, Frances and Bernadene, would move to the bush settings as soon as freeze-up began, from their home at Battle Lake, leaving late at night or very early in the morning on the frost. Their house was closed up for the winter.

Buildings such as a cookhouse, bunkhouses, etc., had to be built for each new setting. These were made of unpeeled logs and had to be chinked with moss. They were quite comfortable and wood heated. A night watchman was needed in case of fire. Steam engines have a habit of throwing a lot of sparks which can flare up very quickly. The watchman used to keep all the wood heaters stoked up for all the cabins.

During the War years, sugar rationing was a little problem at times. Some new fellows coming in to work often had an extra sweet tooth. The slow eater often ended up minus the dessert.

Everybody worked hard. Work seemed never to be done for the owner and the cook, from early morning till late at night. Sunday was the day to do any extra repairs on the mill. There were no days off for the cook till spring break-up. We did look forward to an outing into Breton on Saturday night. We all piled into the back of the pick-up and took in



Victor Hanson and sons logging, winter, 1940.



Olive Nadeau and Betty Hemstock, taking a break from cookhouse, 1940's.

a show in the Breton local hall, making sure to wear plenty of clothing as it got quite chilly at times, especially if it was a long show. The men usually hit for the local pub to wash down a bit of that sawdust; there they would re-log and saw the whole weeks work all over again and a bit more! There were a few bunkhouse dances with our own boys furnishing the music. Groups from other mills joined in.

We were always glad to see spring break-up and looked forward to home at Battle Lake for the summer. We were usually ready to go back to the bush again, in the fall. We always enjoyed coming into Breton to do a bit of shopping in the local stores. People were very friendly.

Dad sawed for Fraser till 1950. He moved on to Field, B.C. and worked for Paul Moseson till he passed away in 1952.



Edith and Russell Gilchrist, 1970's.

RUSSELL (TINY) AND EDITH GILCHRIST

Russell (Tiny) was born in Laporte, Indiana on November 26, 1891. He came to Canada in 1915, then on to Spring Coulee, Alberta in 1921. Edith was born in Halifax, England on December 8, 1896. She came to Toronto, Ontario with her parents, Hanson and Louise Schofield, and two sisters, Laura and Mary. They then moved to Spring Coulee where she met and married Fred Greenwood. They had two sons, Fred Greenwood of Breton, Alberta and Ted Greenwood of Cormorant, Manitoba. Fred Sr. died from the results of injuries in the war.

Tiny and Mother were married in December, 1923. They farmed in Spring Coulee until 1933 when they moved to Breton. They bought a raw quarter east of Breton from the Municipal District of Columbia for two hundred dollars. They traded a team of horses to Mr. William Anthony for lumber to build their three bedroom house.

Tiny was a steam engineer. Tiny's first experience in lumbering was running the steamer for Martin Oelkers, four miles north of their quarter. From there they went about three miles south of

Breton; he still was engineer and Hank Pearson was sawyer then.

He worked for D. R. Fraser driving the "steam cat" at Fraspur near Norbuck. He drove the Lynn for Ross and Beard, hauling logs and lumber at



Right, Tiny Gilchrist inside of cab of steam hauler at D.R. Fraser & Co. Limited, Fraspur, 1930's.

Antross. He also ran the steamer for Pearson Brothers at the planer in Breton. Then he went to work for D. R. Fraser running the steam engine at the planer in Breton until they closed down. From there, he went to work at Jasper for Jasper Park Lodge in the summer months until he retired.

Baseball was his recreation — he loved it. He was manager of the baseball teams for many, many years.

Mother passed away on February 5, 1974 and Tiny passed away on April 8, 1979 — both in the Breton General Hospital. They were laid to rest in the Breton Cemetery.

- Fred Greenwood



Tiny Gilchrist on the left hauling logs with the "Lynn" for Ross and Beard Lumber Company, 1930's.



Tiny Gilchrist at the door to boiler room at the planer mill at D.R. Fraser & Co. Limited at Breton, 1940's.

GORDON MILLER

Gordon was born in Gravenhurst, Ontario. His dad had a lumber mill and Gordon became familiar with the sawmill and lumber at a very early age. He was sixteen when he learned all about sawing, filing and blacksmith work and he was a full fledged sawyer at the age of seventeen.



Big Bill Fraser and Gordon Miller, 1950's.



D.R. Fraser Co. Limited planer mill at Breton, 1940's.

Gordon and I were married when he was nineteen years old and we came west to Edmonton. We stayed in Edmonton until he was twenty-four years old and we decided to go to the Peace River country, where we homesteaded for seven years.

Then we moved back to Edmonton and went to work for the D.R. Fraser & Co. Limited who operated a sawmill in the Fraser Flats at that time. When the D. R. Fraser & Co. Limited moved their sawmill operation to Fraspur, Gordon decided to go to Athabasca as he was interested in a sawmill there.

Gordon was an experienced sawmill operator and the D. R. Fraser & Co. Limited found that this was the man they needed at Fraspur to handle the planer mill operation, so they sent him a telegram requesting his employment. We moved to Fraspur and Gordon ran the planer mill.

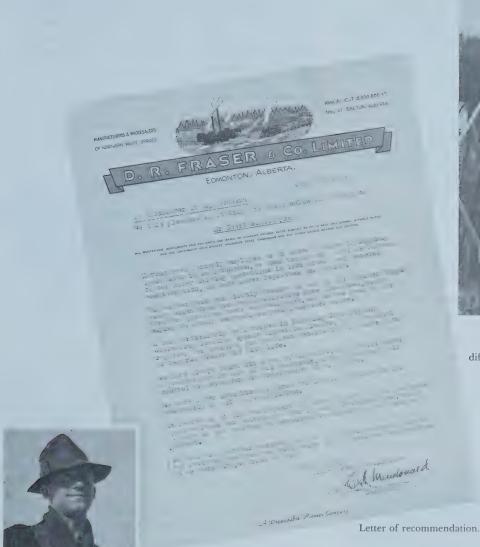
While at Fraspur, we found Big Bill and Alice Fraser were very generous; they always made sure there were Christmas treats for the children at the Norbuck School. I can remember we moved our piano over to the bunkhouse and held a dance to raise money for the Christmas concert treats. At this dance, everybody had a good time.



The Gordon Miller cabin in Fraser's planer and lumber yard at Breton.

When the D. R. Fraser & Co. Limited finished their lumbering and logging operation at Fraspur and moved to Breton, we moved to Breton and Gordon continued operating the planer mill. We spent a few pleasant years there. Our cabin was beside Don and Laura Fraser and Bill and Alice Fraser. Bill and Alice were very dear friends of ours. We took many nice vacations together, to Ontario, U.S.A. and the Coast.

When the timber ran out and D. R. Fraser & Co. Limited completed their operation in 1957, we moved back to Edmonton and Gordon retired from mill work.



Trestle built for steam hauler on Moose Creek; it was built by crew living in tent houses. Washing was difficult as water was brought from the Creek.



E.S. McIntyre (Mac).



Logging at Fraspur with four-up horses.



Fraspur 1928, showing skidways, sawmill, and in background, cookhouse, office and bunkhouses.

EBERT S. McINTYRE (Mac)

Ebert S. McIntyre (Mac) was employed by the D.R. Fraser Lumber Co. Ltd. from 1922 until 1944. He began with river driving operations when logs were floated in large log booms down the North Saskatchewan River from Berrymoor to Edmonton where the D.R. Fraser sawmill was located in the early 1920's.

About 1927 the Fraspur (literally Frasers' spur) operations were begun. Mac was foreman and sometimes sawyer at that camp. It was a very good site for such an operation, with Poplar Creek running through a wide valley with steep banks on one side where logs were piled on skidways and the sawmill and the finished lumber in lumber piles on the flat areas of the valley.

The logs were floated a short distance on the creek, which was dammed, and taken up into the mill. The logs were rolled onto the carriage, on which two men, called setters, rode to place the log in position for cutting. The sawyer controlled the movement of the carriage past the large round saw which first cut off the bark in slab lengths, then in successive trips past the saw, the log was cut into boards and planks of different thicknesses. The boards were then put through an edger to remove any remaining bark and to make a board of any desired width. The boards then went to a trimmer if necessary, to make the board the necessary length and then to the sorting table where boards were piled according to size, 2 x 4 or 6 x 8 inches by 12 or



Donna McIntyre with her cat Dinty whose ears and teeth were in poor shape later.



Fanny when grown, fed on kitchen scraps.

14 feet, etc. The rough lumber was piled in lumber piles until an order for planed lumber was received; then it was put through the planing mill where very sharp knives planed it smooth and it was hauled by horses and wagon to the railroad siding where it was loaded in boxcars for shipment to market.

In the early 1930's, the first mill was accidentally destroyed by fire but was replaced almost im-

mediately.

In the early years, the logs were not too great a distance away and were hauled from the woods by four horses and a sleigh. In the later 1930's, a steam hauler replaced the horses and in one trip could convey what it would have taken forty horses to do previously.

Floods and forest fires were always a threat and Fraspur was affected by both, having bridges

washed out and residences burned.

Animals, both tame and wild, were very much in evidence over the years. The company owned 6 or 7 teams of large work horses for use all year. In the winter they would rent probably fifteen to twenty more teams for skidding logs in the bush. There were many cats which got along very well hunting for their own food, but sometimes the cookhouse staff would give them a big pan of milk. One cat named Dinty, after the comic strip, lived many hard years. When he was old he had very few teeth and his ears were badly chewed off in fights, but he could still protect himself by lying on his back and raking the underside of other cats with his claws. Skunks and porcupines often made an appearance in one way or another. Our dogs made it quite miserable for everyone if they happened to tangle with either one.

My mother was once given a piglet by the Hansons in the Breton area. We called her Fanny and made quite a pet of her. Later, she moved in with the company pigs and had a litter of piglets of her own. She was finally sent to one of the packing plants in Edmonton and as far as I know my mother never knowingly purchased meat from that packing plant again.

As the distance increased between Fraspur and the timber, Mac was put to work building roads. The camps were set up temporarily while roads were being built. The crew lived in half buildings with

tent tops or in tents.

Buck Creek camp, called Camp 34, was more permanent with a cookhouse, office, bunkhouses and barn; some of these buildings were lumber and some log with lumber for roofing. There was a sawmill at Camp 34 and caterpillars were used for hauling logs from the bush to the sawmill. The last camp Mac was at was Buck Mountain, not really a mountain but a very big hill standing alone, not part of a range of hills. There was a lookout tower and cabin for a forest ranger, and from the tower which was radio equipped he could see great distances in every direction, watching for forest fires. Buck Mountain was a busy camp with a sawmill and many

buildings built of logs and many roads branching out to the timber stands.

When the crew worked too far from the main cookhouse to come for lunch, a big box was packed by the cook with large pots of hot food, tea and coffee and all the utensils, and hauled by horses and sleigh to the men.

There was a caterpillar for hauling logs. Power for the sawing of the logs was derived from belts

connected to the caterpillar tractor.

When I (Donna McIntyre) was about three years of age, my mother and I moved to Fraspur to



Lunch sleigh ready to go to logging crew working some distance from cookhouse.

live permanently until I was seven; then we moved back to Edmonton so I could go to school. After that we spent all school holidays at Fraspur. The life was difficult for my mother who had to carry and heat large boilers of water for washing clothes. I enjoyed the life immensely, having a dog and cat and when I was older, a horse to ride.

It was a solitary life and I had no young friends except when Big Bill had Mrs. Fraser and daughter, Donna, in Fraspur. None of the men had families living in Fraspur in the early years except for the foreman of the planing mill who was Japanese — Tom Matsuko. Mrs. Tom Matsuko was a very interesting person though she spoke very little English. She was a nurse and a very good one, as was my mother, but Mrs. Tom nursed me through pneumonia and always got credit from my mother for saving my hand and forearm when I fell on top of a very hot wood cookstove. Mrs. and Mr. Tom Matsuko returned to Japan, much against her will.

Donna McIntyre



Mr. and Mrs. Tom Matsuko and Donna McIntyre.

This here place Buck Mountain Hill Where once roamed Buck Mountain Bill Was a little elevation In the heart of desolation And there in dreary seclusion Lived another hermit still.

Down the hill for drinking water Like a monkey up the tower "Hello Whitecourt, is that you?" "Yes this is C Y 8 U." "Fire permit Mr. Hermit That's all, over, Q R U".

Eating flapjacks, baking bread Going batty in the head Till one day a big abdomen Followed by a Fraser foreman Came to boss a crew of bushmen And relieved the lonely dread.

Then from up the other side Clambering with sneaky stride Came a fellow with a pack Threw it down into the shack Parked in comfort on his back With the permit to abide.

Aye, there was Carl Hansome too Strongest Swede you ever knew Also Sam and Bill and Bob All good fellows on the job This made quite a little mob Yet no feminine voice to coo

And the sultry month of June Passed with the changing moon But the next day said McIntyre "Meet my wife and meet my daughter" Now there is a note of laughter In the rusty sawmill's tune.

Yes this girl is very cute And another attribute Is a pretty face and hair Lovely as her skin is fair And it's plain to see that there Is a lot of wit to boot.

Came from Fraspur, funny cuss Mightiest of flunkies, Russ For he even flunked at school Which was much against the rule But this lad is no-one's fool And the story endeth there.

For the gang is now complete Tough guys four, and one that's sweet Say ye that this poem's terse? Yet to add another verse Would but only make it worse If you want more just repeat.

R. A. WESTON

We moved onto a homestead about six miles west of Breton early in 1931. We did not stay there very long and soon moved to Norbuck where there was some work available. Sometimes, I worked for Art Burrows, D.R. Fraser & Co. Limited and Oscar Listy.



Buck Mountain Bill, 1942-43.

About 1934 I started, more or less, working permanently with Frasers. About the same time, we built a small house on the unused road allowance — east of the track and just south of the big coulee at Norbuck. A couple of years later, we purchased a small piece of land on the southwest corner of Fin MacNabb's place and lived there until we moved to the city in 1941.

Around 1938-39, the Alberta Forest Products Association set up a grading service and Frasers' suggested me for the position. On the strength of this job, we purchased property in Emonton in 1940 and moved into the city in July, 1941.



L. to R. Mac, Donna McIntyre, Albert Potver and Carl Hanson, 1940's.

On account of the lumber situation during the war, the position was abolished and I went back to Frasers' in the fall of 1941. In the early part of February, 1942, I broke my leg at the Buck Mountain mill. After it healed I got a position with the C.N.R. in Edmonton — retiring as station master in 1970.

Over the years I travelled frequently, on Sundays, with the Rev. George Mackey, playing for services at various points in his wide-spreading parish.

R. A. Weston

STANLEY AND LYDIA TAYLOR

J. Stanley Taylor was born at Carman, Manitoba in 1904, the youngest child of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Taylor from Grey County, Ontario. He had three brothers and five sisters.

The family moved to Edgerton, Alberta where they homesteaded in 1909, and Stan's early life was spent here, where he attended the Hope Valley District School. Joseph Taylor died in 1918 and since one brother was in the Army, the management and work of the farm was left to 14 year old Stan and his mother.

During the next several years on the farm, Stan also worked one winter in the mines at Bissett, Manitoba, which he remembers as being very cold; he also spent some time at Wymir, B.C. at one point. He left the farm for good in 1936, during the Great Depression period, and although the farm had been increased from the original quarter section to four quarters over the years, it had little market value at that time.

Stan worked for Doncaster Construction in Lethbridge, Alberta, in road construction in 1937; then in 1938 and 1939 he worked for the D. R. Fraser Company in logging and lumbering during the winter months and with Doncaster Construction, on road construction, during the summer. With the outbreak of war in 1939, he worked at airfield construction at various locations in Saskatchewan, and while at Vanscoy, Saskatchewan, he first met a cute little school teacher named Lydia Scott; they were married two years later, in 1942.



Lydia Taylor with Rosemarie Bachkowski, 1943.

During these war years, Stan was working with heavy machinery and in 1940, while repairing a machine at North Battleford, Saskatchewan, he fell and hurt his back and was unable to work for a time. Although, still hampered by the injury, he was sent to Lethbridge, Alberta to set up a rock crushing machine. Here, his back gave out completely, and after some treatment locally, he was hospitalized in Edmonton where he was completely immobilised for a month, lying on his stomach under a heat tent. This was a long, trying month for Stan but it cured his problem and after a further month of rest, he went back to work.

Stan went back to logging and lumbering — operating cats, graders and trucks for the D.R. Fraser Lumber Co., this time west of Breton, Alberta. In the winter of 1944-45, part of the operation was the hauling of logs from the German prisoner of war camp northwest of Breton, section 32-48-6-W5, where the prisoners worked at logging. These logs were hauled out on huge sleighs with twelve foot wide bunks; sometimes as many as five loaded sleighs were pulled by a big caterpillar tractor.

The spring of 1944 was very wet with much flooding and washed-out bridges; on one occasion, Stan and Lydia had to abandon their trailer in the middle of the night and get to higher ground to escape the rising waters of the North Saskatchewan River. That same spring, Stan was crossing a bridge on a big cat and both fell through the bridge; Stan was unhurt but they had an interesting time getting the cat out. This was the pattern for several years, logging during the winters and road construction during the summers.

Then in 1956, the D. R. Fraser Lumber Co. amalgamated with another road construction company and Stan continued to work for what had become a big outfit, with 16 to 18 men, and Lydia became the camp cook — moving wherever road construction took them. Some of the "gang" were Cecil Hopgood, Henry Larson, Wilf Bevan, Rolph Myrhaugen, Bert and Ollie Belanger and Dan Powers (truck driver and spare man). They were a great

"gang".

One day in 1956, when Stan was in town with his boss, Big Bill Fraser, he approached Big Bill for a loan to buy the store at Alsike, Alberta, and Big Bill said, "That might not be such a bad idea, when do you want it?". So, in 1957, Stan and Lydia became storekeepers, repaying the loan in 18 months and doing very well until ill health forced them to sell out in 1966. They then moved to Kelowna, B.C. and finally to Westbank, B.C. the following year, building their new home where they have a panoramic view of Okanagan Lake.

They had an active part in the formation and development of the Senior Citizens' Activity Centre in Westbank and are responsible in part, for the great success of that organization. Not that their interests and activities are confined to the Centre as Stan is involved in many areas. He still cuts his

winter supply of wood up on the mountain to keep their two fireplaces going. He makes good wine, too. Lydia has been slowed down by ill health but is as sharp as a tack and plays the piano for us sometimes at the Centre.

It is difficult to contain seventy or more active years in a "thumb nail" account when there are so many interesting and varied incidents crowding to be included. Perhaps this brief account is feeble recognition for a second generation pioneer, a generation that was the heir of the Red River cart settlers, and who built on the rough, untamed land, the roads, bridges and cities of our modern society.



Stan Taylor and Roy Wold, caterpillar operators.



Stan Taylor hauling logs from the German prisoner camp, 1944.

This is one of the larger loads, a five sleigh load.



Fraser and Bothwell construction camp, east of Winfield, 1956.

JOSEPH McGILVROY

Joseph McGilvroy, better known as 'Little Joe', was born October 27, 1900 at Bathurst, New Brunswick. He was of Irish parents.



Joe McGilvroy, 1963.

He left home at 15 years of age to look for work. He came from Prince Albert, Saskatchewan to Breton in 1936 and worked for the Buck Mountain Logging Camp. In 1938 he started work at Fraspur. He was boss on the landing, spotting loads. Later, he went to Breton to work for D. R. Fraser in the planer yard, spotting loads and piling lumber.

He moved into a house with Marie Matthews in 1952 and later bought it. He loved to garden.

He passed away June 12, 1974 and is buried in the Breton Cemetery.

He was a friend to all.

JEAN LEVERS AND VI MATTHEWS

HENRY LARSEN FAMILY

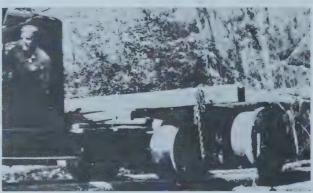
Henry was born in Red Deer, Alberta in 1908 and was 3 years old when his folks moved to Millet and later to the Little Hay Lakes district (later called Clover Lawn) where they bought a farm. He came from a large family including five girls and seven boys.

After quitting school, he started to work at an early age helping his dad clear land, and later working in different parts of Alberta doing a little bit of everything. At this time, you could buy a full course meal for $25 \, \rm cmmo$; money was hard to get and it was very common to see men riding in empty boxcars and on top of trains, going from town to town looking for work.

In 1935, Henry decided to try the logging business and started to work for Snell's Lumber Co. at Pigeon Lake as a top loader in the bush. He also drove truck on a pole railroad, hauling logs in the bush in the summertime, as the roads were too soft to haul on otherwise. This railroad was all made of timber and was about two miles long. The logs were

hauled out of the bush and dumped into a boom in the lake, and were then towed to the mill with a large motor boat. They could tow four or five thousand logs this way.

One summer he helped make a couple of river drives; this meant driving logs down the Saskatchewan River from Alder Flats to Snell's mill in Edmonton. This was quite an experience as one time the logs washed up on an island in the river and got mixed with a bunch of driftwood. There were about six men working with him; they were trying to get the logs moving again when Henry's peeve slipped and he fell, headfirst, into the river and went under the logs. The men thought he was a gonner, but he came up about one hundred yards further on, plenty scared but happy.



Henry Larsen going back for another load of logs on the pole railroad at Snell's Lumber Co. (Pigeon Lake), 1935.

In 1940 Henry left Snells and started to work for Anthony's Lumber Co. at Antross which was three miles south of Breton. This is where their planer and sawmill were located. The land is now owned by Robert Samardzic. While there, he drove truck hauling logs and lumber from the bush camps. This is where he met and later married Louisa Panek of Winfield.

Antross was like a small town in those days as it consisted of two companies — Anthony's Lumber Co. and Ross and Beard's Lumber Co. This is where Antross got its name.

After we were married, we moved into a little two-roomed house; we had bought the furniture



Henry Larsen operating Cat and scraper for D.R. Fraser Co. Limited, Breton.

from the former occupants for \$25.00 except for our wood and coal stove which Les Anthony gave us. Anthonys owned the house and charged us no rent.

It was just like a big happy family while living at Antross as most of the employees and their families lived there. We had lots of get-togethers and good times. Very few of us had washing machines, electricity or the luxuries we have now, but we were all

happy anyway.

One day I intended to pay a small bill at a little store owned by Frank Reid. I took a \$10.00 bill out of my purse and was holding it in my hand. Before going I thought I would put a stick of wood in the stove and I accidently dropped in the \$10.00 bill. Boy, I didn't know what to do as Henry's wages were only about \$30.00 a month. I worried all afternoon and finally saw him coming from work. I burst into tears when he came in the house. After telling him what had happened, he just told me if that was all that was wrong, I could forget it. Boy, what a relief! This was a lot of money to lose in those days.

In 1944 there was a big flood; the creek flooded over and all the bridges went out. The whole lumberyard was covered with water. Some of the lumber piles floated away just the way they were piled. Mrs. Sylvester was living in a house which was completely surrounded by water. After the creek went down some, we crossed on a raft to get to Breton for groceries. Tim Sexton, our storekeeper, delivered them home for us.



The Henry Larsen family. Left to right, Reg, Stanley, Henry, Edward. Seated, Connie, Barbara and Louise.

The same year, we moved to Canal Flats, B.C. where we stayed a year before moving back to Alberta. Henry now decided to try road construction and got a job operating a cat and scraper for Curtis Construction of Strome. I also took a job cooking for the road crew. This kept me busy as I had to cook and also wash clothes on the washboard every day — I had three small boys at this time. We worked there for two summers and then moved back to Antross. We were only there a short time when Anthony's mill was permanently shut down.

Henry started to work for D. R. Fraser Lumber Co. at Breton so we bought the house we were living in and moved it to Breton. We bought our lot for \$30.00 and Frasers moved our house for \$50.00.

In the winter Henry hauled lumber to the planer mill in Breton from Camp 8, west of Alder Flats, and many small camps where sawmills were set up. In those days there was no gravel on the roads and all the truckers helped one another when they had troubles. At this time you could buy a pair of jeans for \$1.50, cigarettes for 10 e a package and a large beverage for 10 e. Some of the truckers were, Henry Larsen, Dan Power, Buster, Leo and Bob Ladouceur, Hank Goltz, Jimmy Miller and Sherman Becker.

In the summer Henry operated a cat and scraper for Fraser and Bothwell's road construction where they built many highways throughout Alberta. When D. R. Fraser went out of business, he started to work for the County of Leduc where he operated a grader for several years and later worked in the oil fields building leases, roads, etc., until his retirement.

We raised five children — Reg, who is living in Breton. Stanley married Colleen Hankins; they have four children, Ricky, Robert, Lorne and Jody and they are living in Winfield. Edward married Helen Haluszka and they have two children, Jason and Barton. They live on their acreage southwest of Breton. Connie married George Tryon. They have three children, Charlene, Correy and Holly. They live in Breton. Barbara married Ralph Becker and they have two children, Cary and Bonnie Jean. They live in Breton.

— LOUISE LARSEN

ROLF MYRHAUGEN

I was born at Saskatchewan Landing November 24th, 1917. I am the third child of a family of seven, six boys and one girl.

My parents moved to Leinan, Sask. in 1922 as



Myrhaugen Family, back row L. to R. Mr. Myrhaugen, Rolf Holm, Hulda, Mrs. Myrhaugen. Front row, Halvor, Gordon, Levoy.

there was no school close enough to go to at the Landing. My mother passed away in 1929 so my sister Hulda, who was the eldest, helped Dad raise the family. When she married Ben Olson, we then had to bake our own bread quite often.

It was very dry in Saskatchewan in the 1930's; about all that would grow was Russian thistle so that



Rolf Myrhaugen, Les Bevan and Red Levers by jammer at Camp 8.

was what we fed to the cattle and horses. I spent a lot of my younger years working for room and board.

In 1937 I took the freight train to Alberta along with my brother, Lee. At one point, Lee jumped off before the train had slowed down enough and took quite a spill. We also had to make a fire in the middle of the boxcar in order to keep warm. We also raided what was left in any garden we could find along the



The Fraser boys (construction crew), L. to R. Cecil Hopgood, Stan Taylor, Olie Belanger, Rolf Myrhaugen, Bert Belanger, 1955.

way, as we had no money to buy food. For some time, we followed the haying, stooking, and threshing.

In 1939 I started working in the bush for Zeiner Lumber where I spent about three years; then I went to work for D.R. Fraser & Co. Ltd. While there, I bought a car for \$45.00 which took us to dances at Onion Creek, Liberton and Lindale. Gas was rationed and we could not buy tires, so when they wore out, I walked. I spent quite a few years at

Frasers' and when the lumber ran out they went into road construction, namely Breton Construction, where I also worked as a cat skinner. Later, the Company was changed to Fraser & Bothwell; after some time, it was changed again to Bothwell Brothers Construction where I am still employed.



Stella, Rolf and Randy Myrhaugen. House in background the original Clara Hopkin's house.

In 1955 I married Stella Turnquist and we have one son, Randy, who now resides in Red Deer, Alta. I also have six stepsons and two stepdaughters. We purchased one acre of land (S.W.2-48-4-W5) with an old house on it and started building a new house in 1957.

My dad moved his house over here from Sunnybrook and lived here for a few years. He went back to Sask. and passed away in 1969.

We now have a holiday trailer and Stella goes with me on road construction for about 4 months in the summer. I haven't worked in the winter for awhile now, since the family is grown up and on their own.

I plan on retiring in a year or two and spend my time fishing and travelling. Our weekends are now spent at the Senior Citizens' Centre in Breton, playing pool and bingo.

ROLF MYRHAUGEN

PEARSON BROTHERS LTD.

Jonas Amandus (Manie) Pearson and Antonius (Anton) Pearson emigrated from Lysksele, Sweden in 1905 where they had been involved in logging, forestry work and river drivers. The river drives were extremely dangerous — a brother was lost in a "log jam".

Manie and Anton were both married in Sweden. Anton's three children were born in Sweden — William (Bill), Evert and Mary Sjolie. Manie Persson (always spelled his name the Swedish way) married Selma Salomson of Vilhelmina, Sweden. Manie and Selma had eight children, all born at their home at Hay Lakes, Alberta: Henry (Hank), Lily, Alvin, Sigward, Hjurdis, Alfred, Richard and Jeannette.

Manie and Anton homesteaded in the Hay Lakes district of Alberta in 1905, farming and dairying. Anton Pearson was also involved in the hotel business at Hay Lakes and as early as 1916, he had a sawmill powered by a traction steam 18.36HP engine. Anton custom sawed for the farmers in the surrounding district.

Anton and Manie still had a longing to get involved in the forest again; also, they wanted to get their sons involved in the lumbering business. In 1927 the two brothers, being great moose hunters, made a trip to the new town of Breton. The Lacombe North Western Railroad, which it was called then, had just arrived in Breton. The brothers discovered a beautiful virgin stand of spruce forest west of Breton. Scattered throughout this timber belt was homestead land. Therefore, the eldest son of Anton Pearson (Bill) and the eldest son of Manie Persson (Hank) pre-empted two quarter sections of solid spruce land.

Upon investigation by the Federal Forestry of Lands and Mines, the homesteads were disallowed because there was too much timber. The next move was to apply for a licensed timber berth on these two quarters and also for three more quarters which came up for sale in the spring of 1928. The successful bidders were the Pearson brothers.



Jonas and Antonius Pearson. The original Pearson Bros. who started in the lumber industry in 1928.

Greenwood Lake, which it was called then, was the new homestead of Bill Pearson in the New Moose Hill district and became the first Pearson Brothers' sawmill location. On Oct. 3, 1928, I, Hank Pearson and a hired man, by the name of Mike Pilzadolske, made the four day wagon trip from our home at Hay Lakes to begin the new venture west of Breton. For two weeks we lived under a spruce tree while a shelter and camp were being built. We brought a camp stove, building and blacksmith tools with us. The horses, hay, oats, vegetables and meat were hauled in and supplied by the farms at Hay Lakes. The mill consisted of a head saw and a 110 H.P. Double Simple Rumley steam tractor for pow-

er. The rough lumber was sold to the Breton Lumber Co. for \$18.00 per thousand, delivered to their planer at Breton. This was strictly a winter show. At spring breakup the camps closed and the men and horses, who came mostly from the Hay Lakes district, left for their homes to continue farming, etc. We used this sawmill location in the New Moose Hill district for two years until the timber was logged off.



Pearson camp breakup 1933, L. to R. Asp, Henry Pearson, Herman Selin, Movald, Alfred Pearson, John Hanson.

1929 started out fairly well; we employed from thirty to forty men and the going average wage was \$15.00 per month, room and board supplied. Some of the camps paid a man \$1.00 a day. Some of the men at the Pearson camp took lumber in exchange for their work. We soon felt the effect of the crumbling of Wall Street in September of that year. By the following spring of that year, lumber was \$7.00 a thousand delivered to the Breton spur and the beginning of the depression years had really made its impact in the lumbering business. In the spring of 1929, Pearson Brothers purchased a Berlin #108 planer to plane some of the lumber they were unable to sell in the rough, as the lumber dealers would only buy the very best selected grade.



Horse logging - Pearson camp winter, 1935.

In 1930 the mill was moved to the Big Moose Creek south of township 48, section 27, which was Hank Pearson's homestead. The reason for this was to make a closer haul for logs to the mill from their timber limits. The mill had now added an edger and slab conveyor and the winter's cut had increased somewhat. That year, we had a contract with the

C.P.R. for 10,000 railway ties. Being an open winter with no snow, we purchased an old G.M.C. truck. This turned out to be a money losing year with nothing but hard work to show for it. Lumber was still selling for around \$7.00 a thousand at railhead and hardly any money was available.

In 1933 Hank and Alvin made a deal to purchase Anton Pearson's share. The payments were in lumber over a number of years. So the company now became Pearson and Sons. Bill and Evert Pearson left the operation when their dad sold his share of the company.



Henry Pearson, first year of lumber and logging operations, 1928.

The horses, hay and oats and produce, such as potatoes and vegetables, were still being supplied from the farm at Hay Lakes, which was a distance of one hundred and twenty-five miles from the logging operations. In one sense, the farm kept the



Alvin Pearson on deck of logs, 1933.

logging and sawmill operations going through the depression years. However, the farm was also being well supplied with lumber and many new buildings were added to the farm.

Some hope and daylight began to show in the lumbering industry after 1939 when the Second World War broke out. Lumber then came into great demand for such things as crating materials and air



Pearson camp winter 1940, loading truck with logs. Horses used for skidding logs.

bases, etc. Also, the prairies became a great market for grain elevators and annexes.

In 1945 Hank and Alvin Pearson bought their dad's half share and the company again became known as Pearson Brothers or Pearson Brothers



Pearson Bros. Planer Crew 1947. Standing L. to R. Gordon Levers, Reg Carson, Floyd Carson, Nels Hanson, Johnson. Seated, Lester Kelsey, Charlie Ing.

Ltd. Our parents, Mr. and Mrs. Pearson, then retired from their farm at Hay Lakes and came to live at Breton. Manie also retired from active logging supervision which he had overseen from the beginning of the operations.

The logging and sawmilling were still carried out in the winter months, but the planer had been

moved into Breton in 1935 where the lumber was dry piled and planing and shipping took place in the summer months. Now the business had become a year round operation. The sawmills kept moving further west as the timber became depleted. The last years of the forties and the beginning of the fifties, Pearson Bros. Ltd. logged along the North Saskatchewan River, north and west of Alder Flats. By 1953 the area west of Breton and east of the Saskatchewan River had all been logged. The forest fires destroyed many acres of good timber over the years and hastened our departure.

In 1953 Pearson Bros. Ltd. dissolved as there was no more timber available. Hank Pearson moved to Burns Lake, B.C. to continue in the lumbering industry and Alvin Pearson moved to Burnaby, B.C.

and started in the motel business.



Caterpillar logging at Pearson camp, 1945. Wally Mertz D4 Driver.

Most of the memories came from the depression years. There were literally hundreds of men looking for work and begging for a meal. Some days in our camps, we fed as many men looking for work as we employed. This would be in the fall when the camps opened and men flocked in to find work. Some of the smaller camps fed moose meat which, of course, was illegal; but, when it was ground into hamburger and mixed with a little beef or pork, it was difficult to tell the difference, and of course, the carcasses were always buried in the snow away from the camp.



Pearson Mill Crew 1936. Some of the crew which can be identified, standing fourth from left, Oscar Nelson, fifth Alvin Pearson, sixth Alex Borgstrom, eighth Ed Hanson, Norman Welda. Seated, John Hanson, Edgar Grahn, Gordon Welda, Inar Paulson, Art Erickson, Mary Pearson, Alfred and Henry Pearson.

Steam power was used in the sawmills in the early years. The permanent sawmills had stationary boilers or dutch ovens and engines. The smaller mills had traction steamers brought in from the prairies. After the Second World War, diesel took



Pearson Sawmill 1947-48. Powered with G.M. Diesel. Location S.W. of Buck Creek on River Hill.

the place of the traction steamers. The first steam tractor engine used for sawmilling by Pearson Bros. was a Double Simple Rumley 110 H.P. with a 30 H.P. boiler carrying 140 pounds pressure rated as low pressure; this was a 1909 model. This engine was moved by its own power through solid forests and often across swamps which would have to be corduroyed to carry the great weight. This first steam engine, having been left for the first summer at a location about eight miles from the future mill site, had many trying experiences. For instance, the



Don McCormick caterpillar operator at mill on top of river hill S.W. of Buck Creek, 1947.

leathers for the water pump used to haul water for the steam engine had rotted and decayed during the summer. The engineer, Bill Pearson, knew of a fresh moose hide so Bill made leathers for the piston on the water pump from the knee caps of the moose hide. These leathers worked perfectly as long as they were needed. A steam pipe broke and we lost all the steam in the middle of a swamp. We improvised a new threaded pipe with a file. These are only a few of the trying experiences we had to cope with ourselves, as we were many miles from any repair shop and we had to use our own practical knowledge.

I recollect the camp life in the twenties and thirties when the teamsters were up at five o'clock to

curry, feed and harness the horses when a barn boss was not employed. The mill men would get up at 6 a.m. and have breakfast. Work commenced at 7 a.m., and it was a 10 hour day, six days a week. Sundays were spent washing clothes, sewing and mending clothes and socks. Sunday was also the day for airing the bed clothes. Every logger and mill man supplied his own bed roll.



Pearson Camp, 1930's. Men standing unidentified. Seated, Herman Selin, camp cooks, Mary Tylosky and Hjudis Pearson.

Any contract or gyppo work was honoured by a handshake. There were no bonuses, unemployment insurance, frills or holiday pay.



Alfred Pearson with his mother and dad, 1948.

I, Hank, married Mary Tylosky of Bawlf in 1938. My wife Mary, and my sister, Hjurdis, were camp cooks for a number of years. I looked after the production end of the operation. The first years of our marriage, Mary and I would spend our winters at camp and the remainder of the year at our home in Breton. In the late forties we lived in Breton the year round. We had one child, a son, Harlen. I am now retired and live at Salmon Arm. B.G.

Alvin married Pearl Hoath of Breton in 1938. Pearl and Alvin lived in Breton. Alvin operated the planer mill and lumberyard for the company. They had three children, Nora, Milton and Robert. Alvin

retired and moved to Vernon, B.C. He passed away in February, 1973.

Lily worked in Breton for Dan Jamieson in 1932. She married Helge Ohlen and they live at Kimberley, B.C.

Sigward was camp cook during the first years of the Pearson Brothers' lumber operation; later he returned to the farm at Hay Lakes. Sigward passed away in December, 1973.



The Pearson family 1923. Standing L. to R. Sigward, Lily, Hjurdis, Henry, Alvin and Alfred. Seated, Mrs. Pearson holding Jeannette, Mr. Pearson holding Richard.

Hjurdis lived in Breton for a number of years; her first husband, Rudolph Forsberg, hauled lumber for the Pearson Bros. Ltd. They had three girls, Gale, Marcsha and Jody. Rudolph passed away in 1952. Hjurdis is now married to Harry Nacuk and lives at Thorsby; they have two children, Marieann and David.



Sigward Pearson and Bill Movald, camp cooks in 1930's.

Alfred hauled lumber for the Pearson Bros. Ltd. until he was called to the Army in 1943. When he returned from the Army, he resumed his job as a truck driver hauling lumber. Alfred had one daughter, Lila. Alfred passed away in May, 1948.

Richard remained on the farm at Hay Lakes;

they have two children, Wayne and Diane.

Jeannette was office clerk for the Pearson Bros.

Ltd. from 1944 to 1949. (Family story — Jeannette and Lloyd Polischuk).

Mr. Persson (Manie) passed away in August,

1952 and his wife, Selma, passed away in May, 1958.

HENRY PEARSON

OFFICE DAYS AT THE PEARSON BROS. LTD.

I came to work for my older brothers, Henry and Alvin Pearson, in the fall of 1944. They owned and operated the Pearson Bros. Ltd. Their planer mill and office were located on S.W. 2-48-4-W5th and the sawmill was located on the North Saskatchewan River flats.

The office I worked in was very small. It was heated with an airtight heater. These heaters were a wonder when it came to giving off heat in a hurry and they cooled off in like manner. One day the fire could have proved costly as I accidentally burnt an envelope containing a cheque. The amount of this cheque was the payment for a carload of lumber shipped to the Swanson Lumber Co., the wholesalers my brothers sold their lumber to. Fortunately, I had recorded the carload number and the amount of the cheque, so it was easily reclaimed.

There was no electricity in this office. When there was need for lights, we lit a gasoline lamp. As a child I had been warned of the danger of gasoline and the lighting of these lamps, so I had developed a fear of them. I always made sure that somebody that was around would light it for me. Unfortunately, one day there was no one to help me with this task so I had to tackle the job myself. When I lit the match to the mantle, it burst into an instant flame. Due to fear and stupidity, I was unable to control the flame so I simply picked the lamp up and heaved it into the snow, and that was the end of it. From then on I used an Aladdin lamp which burnt kerosene and gave sufficient light and was less dangerous to operate.



Pearson Bros. Ltd. planer mill at Breton, 1940's.

Office equipment consisted of a pencil, pencil sharpener, a straight pen, ink, adding machine and later on a typewriter. In those days all the book work was done with a straight pen and ink, and a blotter was your constant companion. There was no need to buy blotters as they were given out compliments of companies advertising their commodities. This made good sense as the blotter was always put to good use before the advertising was thrown in the waste-paper basket. If you did not have a typewriter, you were expected to write all the business letters by straight pen and ink. One day in the late forties, my brother Alvin handed me a pen and said,

"try this pen, it is something new — they call it a ballpoint." I tried it and I didn't think it was all that hot. Due to this pen's convenience, I adapted to its use very quickly. The straight pen, ink and blotter were set aside and soon forgotten about from lack of use.

There was no telephone in this office, so when there was need of a phone call we would go to the telephone office which was operated by the Walter Matthews. If there was a phone call for any of us they would notify us by messenger. The lack of a telephone in those days was not a real hardship. We could always send a message by C.P.R. telegraph,



Charlie Lindahl's, truck gassing up truck to make a return trip for a load of lumber. Pearson Bros. Ltd. office and the C.P.R. water tower in the background.

which was a cheap and efficient way of doing so. When you walked by the office of Mr. Seal, who was the C.P.R. station agent, you could hear him typing and coding out messages with great speed and accuracy. We were very dependent on the Canadian Pacific Railway as it brought most of the freight in and out of Breton. On certain occasions, it even brought in the casket and body. I remember one body and casket that came C.O.D. and my brother had it lifted and hauled it to its destination.

When the planer mill and sawmill were both operating, they employed over seventy men. My job was to keep time for the men, tally all incoming rough lumber, tally all carloads of outgoing lumber and occasionally check truck loads of rough lumber. I also had to do all the bookkeeping, all the ordering of camp supplies and all the office work in general. Around the middle of March was camp break-up. At this time of the year the truck drivers would haul lumber at night when the roads were frozen. When the frost went out, the road out to the sawmill was really nothing but a mud trail. It would have been impossible to drive an empty truck over these roads, let alone haul a load of lumber. When the camp broke up my brother Hank and I would be sure to have the boys' winter statements and cheques ready for them. We had to get up early as the men came in with the lumber trucks at night, and the odd one had a car. These boys also wanted to get out of Breton in a hurry as the roads out of Breton at this time of year were also nothing but mud. Most of the boys took the bus which left at 8 a.m. The bus driver

was Ed Collins, who was expecting the boys, and inspite of the mud made the ride to Edmonton an enjoyable one.

At this time the mail was brought by the train. There was a special car which carried mail. You could leave your letters at the station and Mr. Seal would mail them for you on the train. One day I



The blotter. Advertising on one side and a blotter on the other side, a necessity when writing with a fountain pen, straight pen and ink.

went to leave some letters at the station; when I approached the station platform, to my surprise, it was covered with German prisoners-of-war. These prisoners had been working at Frasers' Camp 34 and were being transferred back to Germany.

Getting the mail was the highlight of the day. When you heard the steam locomotive coming down the track you knew it was soon time to set out on your trek to get the mail. I was in no hurry as I knew that the train had to stop and fill up with water at the water tower, which was located across the tracks from my little office. By the time I got to the

station the mail had been unloaded onto the dray. We would follow the dray pulled by a team of horses to the post office. At the post office there was a homemade bench in one corner. If you got there early you got a seat. We would chat and visit while we waited for Frank Ried, our postmaster, to sort the mail. I always enjoyed getting the mail as there were a few nice eligible young men that practiced getting the mail in the same manner.

Our postmaster, Frank Ried, was a very friendly person. There was no post office assistance in those days; the only help he had was his wife, Mabel. Frank was a great lover of animals and he always had his cat and dog with him. At Christmas time he would pass you your Christmas drink through the

post office wicket, as well as your mail.

This was during the war and certain commodities were rationed. When the men came to work in the fall, they left their ration books at the office. Each month I detached the coupons and sent them to the ration board. Liquor was also rationed and in order to obtain liquor you had to have a permit and be twenty-one years old. You could also order your liquor by mail. Liquor vendors in those days were only in larger towns. The closest town with a vendor was Lacombe. I am sure that most of the outgoing mail from the boys at camp was for money orders



Standing Jeannette (Pearson), her brother Alvin. Seated, her sister Lily (Ohlen), brother Henry holding his son Harlen, 1945.

for liquor. When the liquor came, it was picked up at the C.P.R. station rather than the post office.

During the war years there was a scarcity of vehicles. Being that my brothers were in lumbering, classified essential war industry, they had priorities

to purchase new trucks. Now in those days, we only had the district nurse to assist us with our medical problems, and our nearest doctor was Dr. Hankin at Thorsby. Being that my brothers had vehicles, they were called on to make mercy trips to Dr Hankin. On many occasions, he sent the patient on to Edmonton to be hospitalized. Whenever there was a funeral, it was never attended with a hearse. One of the lumber companies, whoever had their pick up truck available, had the honor of using it as a hearse for the occasion.

My days as an office worker came to an end in May of 1949 when I married Lloyd Polischuk. George Matton became Pearson Bros. Ltd. bookkeeper until their operations came to an end in 1952.

— JEANNETTE (PEARSON) POLISCHUK

SAWMILLING AND LOGGING IN AND AROUND BRETON

— as I remember it —

The year was 1939 when, finally, after successive job applications with Pearson and Sons, Mr. Manny Pearson (father of Henry (Hank) and Alvin Pearson) gave me his blessing to journey from Hay Lakes out to Breton and present myself to Henry, who was in charge of the sawmill operations. It was their custom to hire the farm boys from Hay Lakes for the winter logging and sawmill operation, and believe you me those boys were well screened, as there were lots from which to choose. I had reached the ripe old age of 15 years.

Well, I owned a Star car with four good tires and a battery that would start it once in a while; otherwise the trusty old hand crank was used. So myself and another lad, Carl Naslund, started out the very next day on the 100-mile trip. It was a full day's journey so we stayed at the Breton Hotel that first night, with plans to travel the remaining twelve miles out to the sawmill camp the next day. In the morning we had the good fortune to meet Hank Pearson in town. He was on his way to Edmonton but gave us instructions on how to get to the camp. Bogged down to the axles twice, it took a good three hours to make the twelve miles.



Elias Vickner and Helge Ohlen. Brushing land summer, 1947.

On arrival at camp, we were instructed to find Einer Paulsen, bull cook and handyman. Incidentally, Einer was also in charge of a couple of milk cows that supplied the camp with fresh milk and cream. Well, he took us into a great log bunkhouse — probably housing 25 men — pointed to a space on the floor with the remark, "That's yours."

I looked around and asked, "Where's the bed?" Einer replied, "I have a saw, a hammer, and some nails. There's lumber on the green chain and hay in the barn for a mattress."

By the end of the day we had a pretty comfortable nest ready for a night's repose!



Pearson Bros. Ltd. caterpillars used for logging. Elias Vickner doing most of the servicing on these machines.

Next morning, out to work. They needed another falling gang and so we were chosen to cut logs. Now, the expectation was 100 logs a day for a two-man crew, but being 'green' we didn't come close to that goal. The foreman (Bull of the Woods) at the time was a chap by the name of John Hanson, who was in charge while the regular foreman, Ed Hanson, (no relation) was recuperating from a couple of broken ribs. You may be sure that we were harassed every waking hour by the old timers.

Finally came the day that Éd Hanson returned to the job and naturally he came out to see us. His first comment was that we were not doing as well as expected, and if not, why not? My answer was that we were working terrifically hard, but it seemed that 100 logs per day was an unattainable goal.

"Nonsense!" he said. "Let's see your saw. Are

you filing it yourself?'

"No," I replied. "Mr. John Hanson has been kind enough to do it for us because we know nothing about saws." Well, muttering something about taking advantage of greenhorns, Ed let loose with a barrage of words that would not even be printable in a truck driver's story book.

Ed always packed a Swede saw. This saw looks like an over-sized carpenter's saw, fully $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet long, with large teeth. He loaned us this, with a warning that if we nicked it or abused it in any way, dire would be the consequences.

"I will take your saw," he said, "and by noon I'll have it fixed so that you can get by for the rest of the day. To-night, bring it in and I'll teach you boys how to file." And with that he left us.

What a treat that was! By noon we had more than one half of our quota cut, and by quitting time

we had 105 logs — 100 count turned in and 5 logs in

the bank for a poor day.

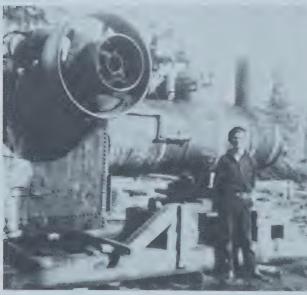
Things worked well for the next few weeks. We were becoming hardened and experienced. However, I had long since decided that cutting logs was not my cup of tea, so when an opening came up for a flunky at the mill, I took the job. This was at the bottom of the totem, of course, and included all the menial chores as well as keeping the boilers supplied with wood.

In those days we worked a 10 hour day, six days a week, with Sunday as a day of rest. Wages were \$30 a month and found. Einer Paulsen made it very clear that there had to be clean clothes from the skin out once a week. Failing this, you were usually handed a cheque for wages in full — if you had any coming — and sent down the road. Anyone can guess how I spent my day of rest! In November my pay was raised to \$32.50, and boy, I figured things were really looking up.

Winter slipped by very quickly and in no time at all it was Christmas and then spring break-up, when all operations in the woods ceased until freeze-up in the fall. We were all handed our winter's pay — only two paydays a year in those days: spring and fall. The rest of the time, if you needed money, you just

'took a drag'.

The following fall, on being invited to return, I deliberately made myself a few days late, hoping



Elias Vickner, chief mechanic for the Pearson Bros. Ltd. 1940's. In background part of a traction steam engine formerly used for sawmill power.

against hope that by the time I got there someone else would have been assigned the job of mill flunky. Sure enough there was a young fellow sweating away, so I got the job of a sort of handyman around the mill. This was much to my liking, as it gave me more time for the sawmill mechanics, the boiler room and the blacksmith shop, It also gave me a raise in wages.

That was a good year. I was offered 12 months' employment-winters at the sawmill and summers at the planer mill in town. By the time I was eighteen, I held a 100 H.P.-3rd Class Boiler ticket — a prestige position. From then on advancement was quite rapid, first to millwright foreman and in a year or two to a position where I had a millwright under my control. Of course, I still attended to all repair work — sleighs, trucks and what have you. Later there were the 'cats', after we had gone in for mechanical logging and tree length — a vast improvement.

During the war years a person was pretty well frozen to the job, but hours decreased from 10 to 9, and finally we had the 8-hour day. But Sunday was

still washday for the bachelor.

By 1948 timber around Breton was getting scarce and sawmill operations were considerably curtailed, so I decided to take a couple of years off to see some of the rest of the country. I wound up in the Peace River country where I met and married Ina Warren. We have raised three children, two girls and a boy, and now are even proud grandparents. How time does fly!

By 1950 I was operating a machine shop at Kinuso, on Lesser Slave Lake. It was then that I received a letter from Hank Pearson telling me that

he had acquired more timber.

"Come on back," he begged. "We need you". Here was a difficult decision. The machine shop was just beginning to go. However, the wages Hank offered were just out of this world, so after due deliberation, my wife and I decided to sell and move back to Breton.



Elias Vickner family at Burns Lake, B.C. Back row, L. to R. Elias Vickner, Mary and Henry Pearson. Front row, Ina Vickner, Anna and David and Ina's mother.

The years slipped by quickly, but not without event. In 1952 Hank Pearson bought out Pearson and Sons, renaming the company H. Pearson Lumber Ltd. Timber in and around Breton was by this time pretty well depleted. Hank acquired a nice tract of timber up in the Burns Lake country. Our close and valuable neighbour, D.R. Fraser Ltd., just simply retired.

Thus came the end to a very busy and most colourful era of the Breton country.

- Frank Elias Vikner

THE SWEDES FROM FERINTOSH AND MEETING CREEK

My husband, Alex Borgstrom, tells me that he, his brother, Alfonse, their cousin, Melvin, and a friend Hildebrand Johnson from Ferintosh and Meeting Creek, drove out towards Breton to look for employment. The car failed them a few miles from Breton so they caught a ride with a homesteader the rest of the way in a jolting wagon pulled by a team of horses. As they came into town, it seemed as though every dog thereabouts gave chase and followed barking and making quite a commotion.



Alex Borgstrom at Pearson Bros. Ltd. camp 1940's. Alex on the logs and his model A Ford in background.

They found lodging for the night and early the next morning went out with some of the boys from the Pearson camp, whom they had met in town the previous evening. They all got work at the camp run by Pearson Bros. Ltd. Alex had previous experience working in Antross at a bush camp run by Slim Gibson, the foreman. Alex and his cousin, Elof, being only seventeen and eighteen at the time, were very inexperienced loggers and bush camp workers but a Dane, by the name of John Hanson, was quick to teach them all he knew. They felt at home working at Pearson's camp as there were mostly Scandinavians which made for much camaraderie amongst them all.

The last camp Alex worked at was Frasers' camp, at Buck Mountain, west of Winfield. He remembers it as being very well managed and there were very good meals served at this camp. He worked as a scaler while at Frasers' camp.

Farming came next and it was a full-time occupation; the logging and bush camps became just a memory.

— Connie (Alex) Borgstrom

STAN LINDBERG

Stan Lindberg was born in Sweden in 1908. His parents came to Canada when he was five years old and settled in the Glen Park district, where they started farming. Stan stayed on the farm helping his

parents farm until 1936 when he left the farm and came to Breton looking for work.

Stan's first job was working for Carl Johnson who had a sawmill four miles west of Breton. He worked for Carl for five years, working at the sawmill at different jobs and then he also hauled lumber into Breton.



Stan Lindberg with his car in 1939, while working at Carl Johnsons.

In 1941 Stan married Florence Hallgren of Breton. Our first house was moved from a farm out west and put on a small portion of land owned by Walter Johnson, close to the railroad or better known at that time as Railroad Avenue. We lived there for three years and then we bought a lot in the hamlet of Breton and we built a house which is still there today.



Florence Lindberg and children, 1957. Donald, Kenneth and Brenda.

In 1942, Stan started working for Pearson Bros. Ltd. He hauled many loads of lumber during the winters from their sawmill which they operated west of Breton. In the summer Stan had a job working at their planer mill in Breton, as planer man.

Stan worked for Pearson Bros. Ltd. for ten years when their lumbering operations in Breton ended. In 1953, Pearsons moved from Breton, moving their equipment to Burns Lake, B.C. After this, there was only the Fraser Lumber Company in Breton and they completed their operations a few years later.

Stan and I spent twenty-two years of our life together. We raised three children, Donald, Kenneth and Brenda. Our children took all their schooling in Breton, enjoying their school pals and friends, who aren't here any more.

Stan passed away in 1962 and at that time Donald was in the Navy, Ken was out working and Brenda was nine years old and attending school.

- FLORENCE LINDBERG

OLE HALLAN

Ole Hallan came from Norway to Albert Engberg's at Calmar in 1927, where a friend of his, who was also from Norway, was staying at that time. The first winter he worked for Anthony's at Antross. Not knowing the language, he became well versed on all the profane words which he heard repeated so often. The second winter, along with Alfred Olson, they hauled lumber from Anthony's to Leduc with a sleigh and horses.

Ole worked for several farmers in the area; one summer, along with Alfred Olson and Harry Engberg, they cleared a total of 160 acres with axe and grub hoe at \$8.00 per acre. When the depression hit and there was no work to be had, they took up homesteads west of Drayton Valley where they spent the winters; in the summers they washed gold on the Saskatchewan River.

For two successive falls they worked at Granum, south of Calgary, pitching bundles for large steam driven threshing outfits. For a 10 hour day they earned \$2.00. He recalled how the entire crew was hit with stomach flu and the only bathrooms on that bald-headed prairie were stooks.

Ole filed on a homestead in the Genesee district on the quarter where Olga and Roy Prince now live. He gave that up after two years as farming wasn't his line of work.

He bought a steam engine and sawmill and for two years was located at Genesee and for three years at Warburg, where he did custom sawing for the settlers at \$3.00 per M. He also had some lumber of his own which he sold for \$8.00 per M. — rough, first grade spruce. When he got a planer the lumber sold for \$12.00 per M. In April, 1938 the woods were tinder dry and fires destroyed much timber and came within a few feet of the lumber piles.

For several winters he contracted logging and sawing operations for Pearson Bros. Ltd. on their timber berths in the Buck Creek area. He employed some twenty-five men, mostly farmers from the area. The highlight of the week for the men that worked so hard was Saturday night in Breton. With

the bar closing at 10 P.M., supper was always an hour early to get a good start. How that town did boom on Saturday! I remember going to do some shopping one Saturday evening with the children. When we went to the bathroom at the hotel, it was full and running over so we had to settle for a snowdrift.



Ole Hallan sawmill, 1940's. Arnie Erickson, Reg Jackson, Ernest Erickson, Steve Shymanski, Ole Hallan, Fred Hotchkiss, Frank Stenger, Frank Cox, Vernon Erickson, Clarence Farrell, Albert Osbak, Marie Hallan, Ralph Friend, Bob Scott, Albert Friend.

In 1938, Ole married Alice Ekstrom of Willow Creek and they lived at Buford where he had a chop mill and planer. Upon acquiring a caterpillar tractor and brush breaker, he cleared a lot of land in the Glen Park and Thorsby area.



The Ole Hallan family.

In 1948 the Hallans moved to Thorsby where their two children attended school. The summer months were spent at their cottage at Argentia Beach, at Pigeon Lake, which is still the families' prized possession. From there, he cleared and filled lots on all the beaches and the land at Vasa Park and the Bar V. Nok camps, south of Thorsby. Ole also did a lot of work on the dam which was Thorsby's water supply, as well as up-grading the roads in the village. In the winter months he was caretaker of the curling rink and an ardent curler.

Along with Charlie Lindahl they formed the Warburg Sand and Gravel Co. and for many years built and maintained roads in the western part of the M.D. of Leduc, mostly for the oil companies.

In 1960, as well as 1970, he had the opportunity to visit his homeland of Norway, and the last time he took his children.

Ole passed away in 1971; his widow later married Art Moberg and lives in Leduc. Marie and her family live at Spruce Grove and Fraser lives in Calgary.

ALICE MOBERG

THE BRETON LUMBER CO. LTD.

The Breton Lumber Co. Ltd. was formed in 1928. The sharehold partners were Swan Swanson of Swanson Lumber Co. Ltd., Edmonton, Mr. Greenwood Sr. and his two sons, Terry Greenwood and Phil Greenwood. Terry looked after the planing operations and purchases of rough lumber. Sales were handled by Swanson Lumber Co. Ltd. of Edmonton. Phil Greenwood looked after the production end of the operation.

The sawmill was located on SW15-48-6-W5 beside a small lake which became known as Greenwood Lake. The logs were decked on the ice and the mill commenced sawing in the winter of 1928. During the summer of 1929 the lumber was hauled by wagon to Breton; the road was very poor and being a wet summer, it did not prove very successful.

The winter lumber hauling was done by a contractor by the name of Roberge and he had between fifteen and twenty teams of horses making one trip a day to keep the daily mill production away. The sawmill was steam powered; it had a stationary steam boiler and a stationary steam engine on the head rig, also an edger.

The planer mill was located in Breton, just across from the Breton Hotel beside the railroad tracks and this was the first planer mill in Breton. When they were setting up the planer mill they had some tough luck. When they were hauling the planer from the unloading platform to its site, it upset, breaking the frame; it had to be replaced with another machine. The planer mill was steam operated. The old shaving piles can still be found on the old planer site.

The Breton Lumber Co. Ltd. operated for two years and closed down their operation when the depression began in the winter of 1929-30.

Another son of Mr. Greenwood, by the name of Charlie, became head of sale for the Swanson Lumber Co. Charlie became well-known throughout the lumber industry for his knowledge and shrewdness in dealing with the foreign lumber markets.

— HENRY PEARSON

MELVIN HOUGH

Melvin Hough was born on the 24th day of May, 1893. He came to, what is now, the district of Camrose with his father, mother, grandfather and grandmother in the year of 1895. They came from Christine, North Dakota.

In 1894, his father, John Olson Hough, was on his way to the gold fields of the Yukon when he saw all the fine land to be had and decided to take a homestead here, in what is now, Alberta. He panned gold on the North Saskatchewan River that summer, returning to the States (North Dakota and Minnesota); he came back the following year with twelve other families to start settlement of, what is now, Camrose. Melvin grew up there with his brothers and sisters and married Florence Isobel Jacobsen of Joffre, near Red Deer, on Nov. 12, 1912.

He became the John Deere Plow Co. agent in Camrose. Later, he took over his father's farm and farmed till 1930 when disaster struck. A fire destroyed the farm home and took the life of his father.

By this time, the Great Depression was starting so he came to the N.W.36-47-4-W5th, $6\frac{1}{2}$ miles east of Breton. He bought his land from Mr. Charles Bently of Edmonton. The quarter section had about 130 acres of the finest saw timber-all spruce and birch. He went into partnership with Floyd Leroy Maine. They bought a very good sawmill from Mr. Barney Conin of Pigeon Lake.

They built a good camp and started sawing lumber in the spring of 1931. Melvin Hough brought his family to the Fern Creek district, as it was known, on the 13th day of April, 1931 (since then I have never trusted the number 13).



The Hough sawmill 1936. Mac McFaden by lumberpile, Red McQuillan sawyer, Gordon Hough canter, Lawrence Bogart rolling logs.

There were many millions of feet of timber available for future supply. The timber grew on the lands from about one mile southwest of Warburg in a southern direction, to two miles south of the township line between 47 and 48, a distance of seven miles long and, in some places, over a mile in width. Much of the timber on the adjoining lands was already logged. This area was unique in that it grew tremendous birch trees, many two feet at the stump; these trees grew throughout the area east of Breton

but were rare to the west of Breton on a commercial basis.

Fern Creek was named for the ferns that grew there. I have seen the giant leaves of plants that a tall man could stand under — leaves sometimes two feet in width. This is no exaggeration. Perhaps we should take warning as to what we have done to our environment as many of our plants have failed to survive.



1935 Tandem Fort Truck owned by Melvin Hough. Bought new by Ernie Drayder, Winfield. First tandem truck in this area.

Floyd Maine and Melvin Hough dissolved their partnership some months later due to the fact that lumber dropped in price from \$12.00 to \$8.00 per thousand board feet. Melvin Hough carried the business alone for some time. Money was almost impossible to get. The early fall of 1931 saw one of the worst hailstorms ever known in the Warburg area, to the north and east. Shingled roofs were taken off houses and the potatoes were beaten right out of the ground. That fall, Melvin traded several carloads of lumber to Horne and Pitfield Wholesale for groceries and let it be known that those who wanted to, could haul lumber and take their pay in groceries. I, John, can remember teams lined up for a quarter of a mile waiting for a load of lumber. I remember my mother saying how good it made her feel to see a man leave with a hundred pounds of flour on top of his load.

Notices were posted in the camp that all employees accept lumber for wages and what supplies or cash could be supplied. There was no govern-

ment help at that time.

The following spring, foreclosure proceedings were made and the lumber sold for \$3.10 a thousand board feet to Ward Snell, another sawmill man, by a Sherriff's sale. Mr. Ward Snell, in turn, sold the lumber back to Melvin Hough for \$4.00 a thousand, an amount, if I remember correctly, of about 150,000 board feet. Had it not been for Ward Snell, I do not know what we would have done.

There was no road into the timber area, other than a trail, so Melvin Hough asked the Municipality of Pioneer to grade the road from the east for three miles and he would hire men to remove the trees from the road allowance; this was done. This was the first grade made on Highway No. 616. The cost of clearing was paid by Melvin Hough.

In January, 1934, he and his family and possessions were moved out on the road by the Sheriff; we had no place to go. Mr. Archie Williams moved us to his place.

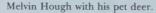
Mr. Williams had three thousand spruce logs decked at this place and an agreement was made that we would saw his logs and he would give Father his sawmill for payment. Everyone went through their pockets and put all their money together -Archie Williams, his brother, Grover, nephews, Arlene and Jake, Andy Smith, Clarence Richards, Oliver Hough, Melvin Hough and his three sons, Gordon, John and Bud. The grand total cash collected was \$1.85 (one dollar and eighty-five cents). They bought one gallon of steam cylinder oil, two strings of lace leather, one pound of coffee and ten pounds of sugar. They started the mill and sawed some lumber. Archie and Arlene Williams took two teams and sleighs, loaded with lumber, to Thorsby and traded the lumber to Hoffman's General Store for groceries; lumber was worth \$8.00 per thousand. Dad was back in business. We did not receive wages but the Williams family and our family were able to live.

In the summer of 1935, Melvin moved the saw-mill to N.W. 33-47-4-W5, west of Breton. There was beautiful timber from this spot west to the Saskatchewan River. From the streets of Breton one could look southwest to an ocean of timber, a sight I, John,

shall never forget.

Through this timber, roads were cut in a west-ward direction from the sawmills of Antross, Fraspur and Norbuck. These roads were all built by hand through timber; roots were removed to make a smooth winter road. When on my first trip to Buck Creek with a saddle horse over these roads, in summer, my horse mired down so often I was afraid I would lose him because the roads were so wet.







Mrs. Melvin Hough.

A road was built straight north from Breton to the present Alsike Store corner (in 1936, I believe); the previous road detoured one mile to the west. This work was done by men and horses; there was no money to pay for such work from the Social Credit Government as this area was a Local Improvement District. The Government issued script

Text of Alberta Reply To Dominion's Veto

Here is the text of the Alberta government's reply to Ottawa on the federal government disallowance of Alberta bank and court legislation:

"I. Our PEOPLE insist that we are pledged to go forward in obedience to them not to you nor to the banks. Frustrating us will not evade the final outcome and will only lead to our PEOPLE demanding with ever increasing insistence that their will shall prevail.

"2. Nevertheless your telegram of the 17th August shall

be more fully dealt with later.

"3. We do, however, challenge immediately the right of the dominion to disallow any provincial legislation whatsoever because it has no such power today. This is the opinion of your own minister of justice who stated in parliament, March 30, 1937: 'I do not think in a federation such as this the power of disallowance could be exercised by the central government.' He then went on to say: 'I believe the provincial legislatures would feel that they are still supreme and sovereign within the sphere of their jurisdiction.'

"4. We again assert with all possible emphasis that the legislation in question is within the sphere of our jurisdiction in which the clearly expressed will of our PEOPLE is supround

and sovereign.

"5. Further we challenge the right of the banks to monetise the sole credit of Alberta as they or the Bank of Canada deem fit and we challenge the dominion government's right to invade a purely provincial field in delegating authority to any institution to control and restrict our PEOPLE'S access to their own credit within their own province thus deliberately violating property and civil rights. This constitutes social lawlessness which you should not support.

"6. By disallowance of our acts you usurped the right of the court to decide their validity in order to deprive this government of its right of appeal yet you rebuke the Alberta government for merely circumventing repeated surreptitious sabotage

of its laws by bankers' obscure nominee appellants.

"7. Future disclosure of the institutions so self-evidently inciting you to disallow our legislation will simultaneously saddle your government with full responsibility for producing a most serious constitutional crisis.

"8. Cauadian PEOPLE realize that no statutory obligation or public responsibility compelled you to take such action, "9. Implementing the will of THE PEOPLE is the only

"9. Implementing the will of THE PEOPLE is the only justification for having a government and the existence and welfare of OUR PEOPLE is the first and most sacred duty of our government, whether or not of yours, and we are bound to discharge it."

... The statement is signed by Premier Aberhart.

Newspaper clipping from 1937 paper. The statement is signed by Premier Aberhart.

and the work was paid for in this way. The script was sent to Melvin Hough who, in turn, paid the men with it. Banks did not handle this money, nor could you write cheques on it. This money looked like a dollar bill on one side but the other side was marked off in squares. Every Monday you placed a two cent stamp on one of the small squares until the script became worth a dollar. In 1937 this money was declared illegal by the Federal Government and the highest courts of our land. They declared that, according to the British North America Act, only the banks could issue money. You handed this money on to the next fellow as soon as possible. The following newspaper clipping is the reply to this by Premier Aberhart. The clipping was found by Mr. James Coombs of Breton, Alberta.

In the fall of 1937, an agreement was made with Mr. Paul Moseson of Wetaskiwin and one of the

banks in Wetaskiwin stated that Melvin Hough could sell one million board feet of lumber to Mr. Moseson. But due to the unrest caused by the money policies of our government at that time, the bank changed its mind and decided not to lend the money. We had to look elsewhere.

The next deal Melvin made, proved to be a disaster. After selling approximately one million feet, there was nothing left. By the fall of 1938, I, John, was going to get married so my father and I went to the lumber wholesaler to get some money and were informed that there was none, other than some that was held back for the Compensation Board. I got \$30.00 (thirty dollars) and the following week the Board placed a seizure on the sawmill.

1939 saw the start of World War II and of better times, financially. In the fall of 1941, with the help of Mr. Edward Montalbetti of Bluffton, Melvin Hough was able to get a very good timber berth at Medicine Lake, thus leaving the district of Breton.

— John J. Hough

HOUGH'S SAWMILL

Melvin Hough started sawmilling east of Breton in 1930 on the northwest of 36-47-3-W5. In 1935 he moved to the northwest of 33-47-4-W5, west of Breton. He started logging the east side of

this quarter which was solid timber.

He and his sons logged the following land or parts thereof — section 29, west half of 28, southwest 30-township 47, range 4 and the east half section 25, southwest of 36 and the northwest of 19 in township 47, range 5. Anthony's sawmill also took some timber from this land.



The Hough Millcrew, 1936-37. Back row, L. to R. Gordon Hough, Frank Dumont, Jake Moore, Bob Nelson, Everet Bowes, Gilbert Stevens. Front row, Leo Loomis, Henry Hudson, Melvin Hough, Lloyd Campeon, Mac McFadden.

During the winter of 1937 and 38, we took out the most timber — this was from the east half of 25. We had a logging camp there and Ordie Mockerman was our bush boss. Jack Malmas, Elgin Huntley and Bud Hough trucked the logs into the mill. We had many good men who worked for us—far too many for me to remember them all. Some were George Clinansmith, Mike Nemeth, Lloyd Compion, Maurice McFadden, Everett Bowes, Leo Loomis, George Delitzoy, Red McQuillin, Frank Dumont, Bob and Toby Nelson (from Saskatchewan), Lawrence Bogart, Jack Bogart, Gilbert and Jack Stevens, Bill Graham, Jake Moore, Henry Hudson, Ernest Hudson, Archie Williams, Arlene Williams, Claude and Alfred Coons, Bert Stenberg, Harry Bonteau, Alfred Erickson, George Banuilis and many more. There were other men I knew only by first names such as Frank and Joe, the log cutters. Many of these men became lifelong friends of mine.

— John Julius Hough

THE FRED GRANT STORY

Fred Grant's association with the Breton area began with the earliest settlement of the district, shortly after the turn of the century. Having homesteaded in the Strawberry Creek area (Telfordville) in 1903, he had to find a market for his produce. He looked to the logging camps where there was a ready cash market for vegetables and meat. He utilized his small fields for the production of turnips, carrots, beets, parsnips, cabbage and about two acres of potatoes, and a small amount of grain. The product that could not be sold was cooked and fed to pigs and poultry that were butchered and sold as meat to the camps; also beef raised on the open range was sold the same way. Much of the produce was hauled, with a team of horses and a team of oxen, to Ricker's ranch. Dave Ricker had his headquarters for a logging operation, which, I believe, he ran for John Walter who had a sawmill on the river flats just east of the high level bridge in Edmonton. The logs were piled along the banks of the various creeks during the winter; then during high water in the spring, they were driven down these streams to the Saskatchewan River and then on to Edmonton. The logs were caught in wing booms and held until they were sawed. During the flood of 1915, John Walter lost all his logs and, I believe, his sawmill was flooded and damaged. His operation came to an end and this appears to be the demise of the Ricker ranch. The ranch was eventually procured by Ben Flesher about 1919 and became his home.

During the flu epidemic 1919-20, Fred Grant was appointed to take medication to the sick and make a report on the conditions as he found them. The medication consisted of a small bottle of whisky and a few aspirin tablets to be left at each home where there was sickness. He was away from home for several weeks covering Lindale, Berrymoor and Keystone, as well as other districts in the immediate vicinity. Even though he was in contact with so many who were sick, he did not contact the flu himself. He

attributed this to the fact that he was out in the fresh air so much, as these trips were accomplished with a team and sleigh.



Fred Grant. International 1¼ ton truck (1917 model) moving sawmill, 1933-34.

In 1926 Fred Grant purchased a small portable sawmill and used a gasoline engine for power (salvaged from a 1915 White touring car) and one of the first gasoline-powered mills in the country. He sawed lumber in the St. Francis and Telfordville area for several years. About 1930-31 he procured a small patch of timber about five miles west of Breton. This timber was on the road allowance. The terms for stumpage on this timber was an agreement to cut and skid all the standing timber on a certain length of road allowance, in lieu of payment in cash in this case, almost a mile of road allowance of beautiful timber, about 100,000 board feet. In the fall of 1929, we combined a hunting trip and a search for homestead land with timber in the area west and south of Carnwood. We camped on the banks of the Buck Creek about a mile south of the present highway and about a mile north of where Frasers had their mill, section 34-48-6-W5th. On this site, at that time, were the remains of a logging camp and a dam; it was the site of an early logging camp that Frasers had used about the turn of the century. I believe this was known as Congdon's camp, so named after the foreman. We found what, we thought, were suitable homestead lands but primarily we were interested in the timber thereon. This was still during the time that the Dominion Govt. had control of the homestead land. During the period of their control, if you could "prove up" and get title to the land, all the timber was yours. There was close to a million board feet of lumber on my quarter, the S.E.13-48-6-W5th, and on my father's quarter, S.W.13-48-6-W5th, about three quarters of a million. Shortly after this, the Provincial Govt. gained control of the homestead "Crown" land and the timber. They passed regulations that you could retain 40 acres of timber on each quarter; this was soon down to 10 acres and shortly after that was limited to 100,000 board feet. I cut 100,000 board feet off approximately three acres and paid the stumpage on the same at the rate of \$3.00 per 1,000 board feet. After taking this timber off, I abandoned the quarter as there was no way that we could be sure of holding the timber even though we were willing to pay the stumpage rates in effect.

About 1934 Wm. Anthony of Antross, came to see Fred Grant about doing some custom sawing on a patch of timber that he had southeast of Breton.



Fred Grant sawing 5 miles west of Breton, 1933.

This was a small patch of timber and would be too costly to haul the logs to his own mill at Antross. The Hanson family (Hans, Gunnar and their father, Victor) did the logging for Anthony. After he finished sawing this timber, he did custom sawing for Ed Goodhand, "Uncle Ed" Elliot, Nicholsons, Dan McLeod (one of the early school teachers), Jim Impey, Rolf Hanson and Swanby, all in the Antross-Wenham Valley area. After this he did custom sawing in the Carnwood area for Foster Sutherland, Charlie King, Albert Gillespie, Mac McLellan, Sherman Barnett, Harold Dale, etc. After this he moved the mill to the area south of the Onion Creek School, where he logged and sawed for about two years. At this time, there were dozens of mills in the area west



Fred Grant sawmill, sawing for Anthony, 1934. Sec. 32-47-3-W5, east of Breton.

of Breton, nearly all powered by steam. The only other mill that I remember being powered with a gasoline engine was operated by Murray near New Moose Hill west of Breton, about 1936-37.

1936-37 was the time that the big fires destroyed so much valuable timber. We were fortunate that when fire came within a half mile of our mill. the wind changed and turned the fire so that it by-passed us. We only suffered the loss of some lumber that we had sawed and dry piled the previous winter. Vigen's mill to the north of us, section 25-48-6-W5th, lost nearly all the logs that they had logged during the winter, as well as their standing timber. The Pearson Bros., two miles to the east of us, also had losses during this fire. The forest ranger told me that there was almost a continuous line of fires from Rocky Mountain House to Grande Prairie. It is unbelievable, but the fire jumped the river near Rocky Rapids. During this time, I made a trip to Telfordville and when I got there you could not see the sun for smoke. The spruce needles, twigs and ashes were falling like a snowstorm; the closest fires were about 30 miles away (west of Breton at that time).

Just recently, someone from the Workmen's Compensation Board contacted my brother, Bob Grant, (who now owns Fred Grant's little sawmill) inquiring about old documents, etc., for a history as this sawmill account is one of the oldest still active in Alberta. It has been active since the sawmill industry was first covered by compensation, I think some time in the late 1920's.

— W. E. (Ed.) Grant

CARL JOHNSON

Carl Johnson was born in Nyliden, Sweden in 1905. He came to Canada in 1926 with his future bride, Gerda Carlson, and a friend, Oscar Johnson. A year later Gerda's brother, Holgar Carlson, came to Canada.

Carl, Holgar and Oscar worked at sawmills for Frieman at Fisher Home, Snell at Pigeon Lake and Mittal at Battle Lake. Gerda worked as camp cook.

Carl and Gerda were married on Feb. 13, 1928.

In 1930, Carl, Oscar and Holgar bought the Mittal mill operation and moved the sawmill to Pigeon Lake. There were no roads so the lumber was



Moving lumber by scow. Oscar Johnson, Fritz Eden, Gus Berg, Annie Carlson, Gerda Johnson, Stan Lindberg, Mildred and Anna.

moved by scow across the lake. This lumber operation with Holgar and Oscar dissolved in 1934.



Carl Johnson sawmill, logs larger than Mildred, 1930's.

Carl and Gerda had two daughters born to them by now, Mildred and Anna. Carl, Gerda and the girls went to Sweden for a trip and returned to

Canada eight months later.

When Carl returned to Canada in 1936, he bought another mill and had it moved to Poplar Creek, west of Breton. He had the creek dammed but that winter was very cold so the dam froze solid. He had Carl and George Brown of Falun drill two wells which were 360 feet deep. Since there was no water, it meant that he had to haul water one and a half miles in wooden tanks; this was no picnic as the water froze and it had to be thawed every morning. Victor Hanson and sons of Breton were logging for him that winter but none of them made any money.



Booming lumber load. L. to R. Larky Ford, Frank Stenger, Les Oulton, Harry Hall, Prince Ford, Lars Sather. Carl Johnson's timber berth, 1942.

He did all his logging the following summer, so the next year's operation proved to be better. He then moved his mill across the road from Lauber's which was about four miles west of Breton. His two daughters, Mildred and Anna, had to walk four miles one way to the New Moose Hill School.

Carl had timber north of Poplar Creek so he hauled the logs in the winter to the sawmill and sawed all summer. He had three smaller mills logging and sawing for him in the bush; they were Oulton from Breton, Framsted from Buck Creek and Carl Nystrom from Buford.



Carl Johnson family. Standing, Mildred. Seated, Mrs. Johnson, Anna and Carl.

In the spring of 1939, a forest fire that started at Buck Creek and traveled all the way to Poplar Creek burned all his timber. Due to his good crew and wonderful neighbors, his lumber and mill were saved. He decided this was enough; he sold his sawmill and bought the Breton Hotel (a lot of headaches for all). He left the Breton Hotel in 1944 and went into partnership in a hotel at North Battleford, Saskatchewan.



Fall breakup, sponsored by Carl Johnson. Some of the men that can be identified are John Kubejko, John Hough, Gus Berg, Graham Vellow, J. Lauber drinking out of jug, Bogart.

One experience that Carl recalls is when he asked Gus Berg, one of the men who worked for him, to help him unload a load of lumber. Now this happened to be Friday the 13th. Unfortunately, previous to this Gus had had several close calls on Friday the 13th so he had more or less declared Friday the 13th as unlucky. This Friday proved to be

no different as the chain broke, causing the lumber to fall on him and breaking a couple of his ribs. From that day on, Gus has refused to get out of bed on Friday the 13th.

Carl and Gerda now reside at Wetaskiwin. They are both very happy for the experience and friends they have today.

MILDRED JOHNSON

THE VIGEN SAWMILL

Mr. Alfred Vigen settled at Nugent, near Blufton, in 1919. In order to make a living, he went into the sawmill business with two partners, Arthur Ellington and Phil Becker. Their first mill site was east of Winfield on Bear Creek, in 1920. They hauled and sold their lumber in Rimbey.



George? , Nelson Newman, E. and A. Vigen, Ken and Reg Vigen. Cookhouse and bunkhouse in background.

In 1925, he broke up the partnership and with the help of his sons, Ernest and Clifford, they moved the mill to the northwest corner of Buck Lake.



Vigen's camp 1937. Bunkhouse and cookhouse behind trees.

In 1934, Ernest and his dad operated a sawmill in the Onion Creek district, which is located west of Breton, in township 48. Some of the neighbouring lumber companies were the Zeiners who had moved their sawmill operation from Fern Creek, Ed Grant who operated a small sawmill nearby and the Pear-

son Bros. who also had their sawmill operation in this area.

We cut and piled logs so we could start sawing and planing after the New Year. We had a 110 horse power steam engine which burnt wood for power. Alfred Vigen was engineer. Ernest was bookkeeper, sawyer, planer man and filled in wherever he was needed. I did most of the cooking and my helper was Gladys Lyon. Bread was baked every day and they fed around forty men. They tried to employ local help as much as possible.



Carnwood 1937. Gillie brothers driving team up the hill, office in foreground, temporary sawmill and planer mill in background.

In the summer of 1937, there was a terrible fire coming from Breton way; it burnt all the logs stockpiled for winter's sawing. The wind changed the last hour and saved our sawmill even though the fire came to the edge of our mill.

In the winter of 1938, the planer caught fire and burnt some of the surrounding lumber but the snow kept it from spreading. The planer was rebuilt.

In 1940, we sold out to the Eccles Lumber Co. from Spruce Grove. The next summer we took off for a six week trip. When we returned we learned that Ernie Eccles had passed away, at the sawmill, of a heart attack. Lorenzo Eccles asked Ernest to be foreman. Ernest remained employed for the Eccles for nine years.

While employed for Eccles they had one fire that started at 4 A.M. There was a night watchman on duty but they failed to keep the fire from spreading and the whole mill was burnt down. After that they operated with a portable mill.

In 1940, the Onion Creek School burnt down so our son Reg stayed at Docken's and went to school from there. The winter of 1944-45, Eccles moved their portable mill to Berrymoor on the Saskatchewan River. The setup at Berrymoor was short of buildings. I did not wish to stay alone at the main camp so Ernest, Ken and I slept in a tent all that winter. The temperature would often be 30 degrees below zero, but they had a night watchman that came around often and stoked up the heater. I

Reg and Ken Vigen going to Onion Creek School. Shortly after, it burnt down.



Ken Vigen was allowed to ride on the horses while they were working.

helped Mrs. Eccles half the day and taught Ken by correspondence the other half of the day. I taught Ken by correspondence until we moved to Wildwood in the spring of 1945. We are now living at Surry, B.C.

— Mrs. Anne Vigen

THE ZEINER LUMBER CO.

Aubrey Zeiner Sr. moved with his wife and five sons, Aubrey Jr., Fred, Lloyd, Charlie and Robert, from Ft. Benton, Montana, U.S.A. to Leduc, arriving on Labour Day, 1923. Mr. Zeiner was a barber by trade and worked as a barber for Bonnon, in Leduc for two years. He moved to Glen Park where he rented a farm for two years. It was at Glen Park that the sixth and youngest son, Earl, was born. In April of 1927, my dad obtained a homestead at Sunnybrook, the SW26-48-2-W5th. He farmed and was foreman for a road crew for the Barrhead Municipality for two years.



A.E. Zeiner Sr., 1938.

In 1929, Aubrey Sr. and Aubrey Jr. started working in the bush for Charlie Wybert. Dad cut logs and I worked at the mill, firing the boiler and it was here where I obtained my engineer's papers.



Lloyd Zeiner, hauling lumber.

In 1931, I went to work for the Warburg Lumber Co. which was operated by Sid Burton and Henry Lind. In 1934, my dad and I bought the sawmill from the Warburg Lumber Co., and we were partners in the Zeiner Lumber Co. We operated on the S½ of 2-48-3-W5th.; there were eight men working



L. to R. Leonard Edstrom, Bob Zeiner, Aubrey Zeiner, 1941. Steam engine is a 25-75 Case.

on the sawmill crew and ten men working in the bush. We had a 25-75 Case steam engine for power. We sawed and sold our lumber to Hoffman and Hyduck at Calmar. The first truck we owned to haul lumber with was a 1936 Chevrolet, with a wooden cab.

In the spring of 1937, we moved from Fern Creek to SE26-48-5-W5th. We obtained a larger mill than we had previously operated, employing 26 men. In one winter's operation, we sawed two million board feet. This was a year round operation as we also operated a planer mill.

Frasers, using their caterpillar, cleared the road and we built the road to Vigen's mill. Frasers' road

went through our camp which was their road to Camp 34.

We started contracting for the D.R. Fraser Lumber Co. — logging, sawing and delivering the lumber to their yard at Breton. When the timber was finished in 1947, we sold our sawmill and our caterpillar to the D.R. Fraser Lumber Co. After this, we did not continue operating any more sawmills.



The Zeiner sawmill west of Breton, 1937.



Zeiner portable sawmill. L. to R. Bob Zeiner, Fred Zeiner, Art Engstrom.



The Zeiner sawmill. The planer mill is being added.



The Zeiner logging crew, 1941.

My dad and I returned to Sunnybrook to live. My dad was Councillor for the Leduc County from 1948 to 1966. I farmed and worked in the oil fields. In 1971, I married Norma Bowen and we live at Carnwood.

My mother passed away in 1975 and my dad in 1978. Fred and Charlie are both deceased; Lloyd lives in Leduc, Earl lives in Edmonton and Robert is retired and lives at Chilliwack, B.C.

— AUBREY ZEINER JR

OULTON, LESLIE PERCY AND FLORENCE ALBERTA

'L.P.', as my father was known, was born at Jolicure, New Brunswick. His future wife, Florence Copp. was born at Baie Verte, just a 'stone's throw' from her husband. Both were born in 1891 and married in 1914. By this time, Dad had much experience with lumbering. However, he sold out and moved to Boston Massachusetts, and worked in a chemical plant there. My brother, Ted, was born there, and apparently is still an American citizen. Having made 21 trips to Western Canada, Mother and Dad finally settled in a small community called Fairview, north and west of Lacombe, Alberta. Here they were going to 'make it' farming.

Not being very old at that time (born in 1930), my memory fails me as to the activities that were carried on, previous to this time. At about the age of 5, I recall 'Queenie' (my dog), and I having a very fine time. She chased the 10 market pigs around the corral for quite some time while her trainer sat on the fence and directed the proceedings. Although these animals brought only \$2.00 at the market, I clearly remember my father coming in from the field and retrieving both 'animals' from under the granary. Queenie got the switch and I obtained the results of both leather and wood on my glutious maximus. Perhaps more of that should have occurred.

Mother and Dad lost most of their eastern belongings in a fire, so we have little to remember as antiques. About this time, we moved south one mile and lived there for a few months. However, Dad had itchy feet and we made a trip west of Edmonton, to a place called Gainford, to look at a store. At that time, they were putting in the road to Jasper. The majority of the work was with horse equipment. What a trip! It rained and we were pushed, towed, drug and drove through that material. I often wonder how the old Overland took the abuse. We even stayed overnight at the construction site with the working crew. Needless to say, Mother would have nothing to do with the purchase of anything in that 'God Forsaken Country'.

However, after the house burnt at Fairview, they decided to move to a place called Warburg, Alberta. Here, from Joe Dinoshy, was purchased 12 acres of land, a 30 H.P. Hart Parr tractor, a 12" Coutts Chopper, a 24" stone flour mill and an almost completed new house, all for the grand sum

of \$1000. What a bargain! This was June 29, 1936. Incidentally, the place was sold to Ludwig, then Neff, and at the present time is owned by North End Well Services. However, the house is gone (1978) but the trees planted in 1936 are still growing.



Oulton's sawmill at George Shave's, 1937-38. Steve Pastor, Les Oulton, Clarence Richards.

Dad and Ted remodelled the flour mill and built a new sawmill. This was to be the place that I remember well in my childhood days. The sawdust pile was a child's paradise and many things were played and done on the old heap. Dad had brought a 1929, one-ton Chev and this was used for everything from a tractor to a bus. Many young people would remember travelling in it to picnics at Fisher Home, also dances and ball games. It was also quite frequently used for 'work'. All the telephone poles and wire between Thorsby and Warburg were strung with the use of this Chev. Incidentally, the poles were obtained from Mitchell's farm, north and east of Alsike (Mr. Mitchell was Mrs. Abe Freeson's father). Even I remember having to tamp dirt around the poles, as this would be a fantastic communication 'link' with the outside world. What a party line? Everyone knew what was going to happen before it actually did.

Ted joined the Army in 1940 and served overseas until 1946. During that time, Dad expanded the sawmill and began to 'gypo' for various larger outfits, west of Breton. These were Eccles, Carl Johnson, Paul Moseson, and D.R. Fraser Lumber Co. (I remember 'Big Bill' Fraser telling of cruising timber with his father and they always tried to stop at some settler's place overnight. They tried to pick on the ones with the biggest 'privies', because a place of that nature certainly had good, and plenty of food). Ross Williams would remember many episodes of lumbering with my father.

I believe it was the following summer that I went with Dad from Warburg to Buck Lake along with George Block, a machinist from Edmonton, to give some assistance in improving the sawmill that was there. We left Warburg about 8 a.m. and arrived 9 miles west of Winfield late that evening, to stay overnight at Harold Madden's and his neighbors. The next day, we continued on to Buck

Lake and arrived there late in the afternoon. I almost remember pushing the old '29 Whippet most the way. Well . . . really that wasn't quite right because Dad had a Whippet 'winch' that was used quite frequently. With chains on the car and a chain 15 feet long, used as extensions, we would hook the extensions to the chains of the car and drive in, with a sledge hammer and one crowbar (a 6-8 foot piece of steel) at the end of each chain loop. Dad would rev the motor, with the transmission in reverse, and roll up on the chains as far as the crowbar, jack up the car and unwind the 'winch chains' or drive back far enough where it was dry and drive ahead. He'd unhook the 'winch chains' and proceed to go through the mud hole a second time. That certainly saved walking for help most of the time. Many a time I remember using this method of getting 'unstuck' when Dad was Councillor for Division 6 in the M.D. of Pioneer, which encompassed ranges 2 and 3, W5 Township 4.



Oulton's sawmill crew, 1950. L. to R.? , Maggie Osbak, Alvin Ellis, Art Bartlett, Roy Smith, Les Oulton, Ross Williams, Harry Churchill, Raymond Worshek, Cecil Turnquist, ? , Ted Oulton.

Dad also 'gypoed' for Paul Moseson of Wetaskiwin for one winter and one summer, north and west of Minnehik School. Paul was a very tall, robust man, perhaps 300-400 pounds and he took up a lot of space in, I believe, a 1940 coupe. I had never seen a man this size before and thought of



Last log, Oulton's timber berth, east Buck Mountain, 1950. Sawdust pile in background.

him as being some 'circus ape'. However, I was delegated by Mother to show Paul the way to Dad's mill, south and east of Warburg, at the time — the old See place.

"Don't be afraid sonny, I won't hurt you," he said, and filled me up with ice cream, chocolate bars and watermelon, not to mention what he ate for

himself.

Since Dad was away from home most of the time, and since Breton was nearer to his work, he decided to move. In April of 1945, he bought the John Solden's house, completely finished with a woodshed and privy for \$3000. This was directly west of the Breton Post Office.

That summer, the mill was moved to Kananaskis Lakes and we (I was old enough to be of great help, especially at pike pole work) began taking the logs (trees) from the lake and sawing them into lumber. This was the indirect work of Calgary Power (Mannix) through a sublet contractor, Brewster, who started Brewster Bus Lines in the Park areas. All that Mother and Dad had accumulated through the years went very quickly down the drain. He was lucky to get out of that one with his shirt. A few points in reminiscing; men were hard to come by and hold in that area at that time. Many a 'drunk' was brought in from Calgary on Saturday night and worked for a few days and rode back out on the lumber truck to Calgary, never to return. That is where I learned my experiences with the liquor bottle. Anything that could be obtained from the cook house, extracts, shaving lotion, etc., was used for liquid refreshment. No wonder Mary McGillvary, from Innisfail, had such a hard time keeping cooking materials available.

It was quite an experience when the 1935 tandem drive Ford, with the sawmill loaded, travelled down the east Cochrane hill, 1½ miles long, and took out a 24" balm tree, 150 yards of page wire fence and ended up just outside the C.P.R. station door. No one was hurt or injured but a \$60 repair job was required on the Ford. The brakes never did work and the same thing happened on Hough's hill, except I told the driver to keep it in gear. We rounded the curve in the old road by Adair's and rode 'her' home with 6000 board feet of one inch lumber. What a ball! Oh yes, and the time I was going to show the other men how, with calked soles and heels, I could run to the shore over the boom logs and not get wet. I had not anticipated the length of the 'pikepole' and headed for the shore. However, there were two pilings that abruptly stopped me and I went down between the logs. I came up once and thank God for Dallgrens, Eric in this case, who came to my rescue or this story would have ended. Eric even caught a 30 pound mountain trout with his bare hands a few days later. Kinda 'fishy' but it's true.

Dad brought the mill out from there in October, when they used a D4 cat to snowplow the

road all the way from Seebee. Sawmilling experiences then continued when Dad began to sub-contract for D.R. Fraser at a place called McDermid's Camp 25, just east of the present Buck Creek (Goliad) Amoco Gas Plant. This was where we became acquainted with the Hannem girls and had lots of fun. We moved into a 10 by 12 floored and partly walled building (to hold the framework of a



Slab pile, no burning allowed. Oulton's Camp 2, 1948.

tent), while the remainder of the buildings were made from the trees that were being logged out. One winter was spent there and then a move was made to the lower region of the North Saskatchewan River (two miles south of the present Drayton Valley bridge). That's the year that Buster Ladouceur hauled the largest sleigh-trailer load, between 5-6 thousand feet, of green lumber up the river bank. It was a remarkable load for the conditions of that time. Many experiences are remembered from there.

Even the road conditions are better now. Why, we moved the mill from there to the Anthony timber birth area (presently, the road west of George Clark's) one weekend in the fall. Also moved were, part of the sawmill on the Ford truck, three bunkhouses and the 1939 Dodge 5-passenger car with the HD5 Allis Chalmers in the lead. The Ford acted as the ballast in the back and the 'cat' in the front doing the towing. The car acted as a 'pilot'. We left the river flat at 11 p.m. Friday and arrived at George's at 4:00 p.m. Sunday, a distance of approximately 18 miles in 41 hours. What are people complaining about roads for in this day and age? Think of the experiences and scenery you miss nowadays!

Having leased what was left of the Anthony timber birth, Dad, Ted and I cruised much of the area of the present Highway 616 from Buck Mountain to where Eugene Poholka now lives, and released the land that had little merchantable timber.

For the next 8 years, we were kept busy cleaning up on the birth. The special material of 2 x 5 and 2 x 9, 13 feet long, went to New York for ship building and sold, delivered here in Breton, for \$75

per thousand board feet. This was in 1948-49. It was a fair price for rough lumber then. Dad bought the quarter I now own, for \$1000 and used it for a lumberyard. As well, some timber was taken from here.



Bridging the North Saskatchewan backwater for log hauling, a common practice about 1946.

Previous to this time, I had my eyes open for some insignificant young female that would come along, and in the spring of 1945, while riding (horse and wagon) home from a United Church program in September, I found what I thought would be good for my life. Daphne Ann Westling and I kept going together off and on (mostly on) till 1952 when we were married on August 18.



Left to right, Les Oulton, Daphne Oulton holding Eldon, Audrey Oulton, Ted Oulton, Lyle and Ted Oulton's boys seated in front.

Dad took over the delivery of Baroid Drilling Mud (we still have the sign) to the various oil rigs around. He also kept trying to farm a little. This drilling mud delivery lasted till about 1961 and then it transferred to Drayton Valley. I recall many a trip till 3 A.M. and some very close to 9 A.M., but I have yet to be late for class at any school. I remember us hauling 2 carloads of weight material to the well on Ron Innes', plus sawdust, shavings and golf balls, in

order to keep things under control. Remember young people, there were not the technologies then that there are now. The old '54 Chev had some hectic times between here and Alder Flats. Dad continued in his normal way — which reminds me when a certain D-8 travelling backwards, in the dark, ended up on the left rear fender of his, almost new, 1952 Dodge sedan.

Between 1957 and 1959 Dad was the first Leduc County Councillor in Div. 6. He helped on the farm, sort of semi-retired, until he made his 24th trip East to the National Progressive Conservative Convention in 1968 which, I believe, was the highlight of his life. However, in February, he had a stroke on the plane so the plane had to make an emergency landing in Toronto, Ontario and he did not return here until I, during Easter vacation, went and acted as his nurse and brought him back on the Canadian National train to Edmonton. Dad never really recovered from that ordeal and he spent the remaining 10 months in Blunt's Nursing Home in Leduc. Ironically enough, Mother at this time was placed in the Breton Hospital and later in the Barrhead Nursing Home and then went to Leduc, with Dad, where they spent some of their last days together. Mother passed away in December of 1969 and Dad followed her in July, 1970. Both are laid to rest in the Breton Cemetery. Mother did not perhaps, enjoy much limelight, but kept up well as a good wife and mother, and I pay tribute to both for the way in which we are able to live today.

— Lyle J. Oulton



SMALL SAWMILLS



Evans and Floyd Carson decking logs at Burrow's sawmill at Norbuck, 1940.



This is what was left after Friend's sawmill burnt down.



Art Burrows' sawmill at Norbuck.

Benson's sawmill west of Warburg.



SAWMILL DAYS IN THE BRETON DISTRICT, PIONEER TIMES

About 1926 a great tract of virgin spruce stands, south and west of Breton, attracted several large sawmill operators who secured timber berths in anticipation of the railroad's advent to Breton. Until then the Sanford Nelson sawmill, just north of Winfield, supplied the local demand there, while some small mills served the Breton area. The coming of the railway to Breton from Lacombe in 1926-27 brought the big mills. The William Anthony lumber sawmill and planer operation was set up at Antross about 5 miles south of Breton. Ross and Beard Lumber established a planer mill there, too; their sawmill was located 14 miles west of Antross. The name "Antross" was derived by combining the prefixes of both firm names. Also at the same time, D.R. Fraser Lumber Co. moved their mills from Edmonton to Fraspur, a siding about two miles south of Antross. Art Burrows Lumber set up his operation about one mile south of Fraspur at Norbuck; soon afterwards, Pearson Brothers Lumber operations were established west of Breton. Most of the sawmills those days were powered by stationary or traction steam engines and fired by rejected lumber, trimmings and cut-up slabs. Many a homesteader also made good use of the free slabs for fencing and out buildings.

During the hungry thirties, the average wage earner netted about \$3.00 per week, working 10 hour days. Deductions were \$1.00 per day for board and bunk, 3 cents per day compensation - sometimes even a small poll tax was charged nonproperty owners or unmarried employees. Despite the meagre pay, the hard working lumberjack those days was a happy individual. He was well fed and always had some spending money come payday. His smokes, clothing, boots, mitts, toiletries and other essentials were usually bought at the camp office commissary. A half pound tin of tobacco cost about 45¢. No one had enough money to become an alcoholic although some did try to go as far as funds lasted.

Saturday nights often were lively nights at the big Nelson Hall. It was erected by Sanford Nelson, a big and charming man who ran a sawmill north of Winfield. He was loved and respected by all who knew him. The Nelson Hall was larger than the Breton Community Hall which was later communally built. At the social events staged those weekends, the young belles of the area would bring pies, cakes or baskets for auctioning at midnight lunch breaks. With the presence of lumberjacks from local mills, there often was brisk bidding and especially so if some guy's "steady" girl friend's basket or whatever came up. The successful bidder then had the right to escort the happy, or otherwise, gal the balance of the evening. Once Fin McNabb was bidding on Margaret Oslund's basket and a young lumberjack made the bidding go up to \$25.00, almost three months' wages those days. I wonder if Jackson Bogart still remembers that!

One time Ivan Hoath, Edward Wirch, Reg Hoath and myself discovered a railroad handcar left at the Antross siding by the C.P.R. section men. We were to walk to Breton to attend a dance. We decided to borrow the handcar and pumped our way to town which was much easier and quicker than walking. Nearing Breton, the car was stashed in the bush and after the dance, was again used to return to Antross where it was again hidden in the brush for other weekend excursions. Mike, the section foreman, was very dismayed at the loss of this piece of equipment. His inquiries proved fruitless. There even was a suggestion that someone might have used that conveyance to move out of the district. We used the car all summer; come fall and cold weather, it was left alongside the track for Mike to locate.

— T.G. HOATH

MY YEARS IN BRETON

I came to Breton from the dried out and dusty area of Buffalo Lake, northwest of Stettler. I arrived on Nov. 10th, 1939 with an old 1926 Chevrolet car. I had no money and no job. I stayed with Jack Sissons who had a garage; I worked for him for my room and board.

I got a job working at Hystad's lumber camp who contracted sawing lumber for the Ross Lumber Co. I worked for them one winter, working at the sawmill and later on cooking for the men.

I stayed at Udell's until I got a job firing the steam engine for Carl Johnson who operated a small sawmill. I worked here until June when all the logs were sawed. I left Breton for the summer and returned in November. I continued working for Carl Johnson for two and a half years driving trucks and hauling logs and lumber.



Ted Vellow and Victor Lind Trucks, 1940's.

The following three years, I worked for McKelvie, whose trucks and caterpillar tractors hauled lumber and built winter roads for the D.R. Fraser Lumber Co.

I worked for the Pearson Bros. Lumber Co. during the summer of 1945. In September of that year I went to work for Frasers' hauling lumber with Shorty Powers, with a new blue truck.

I injured my back so I was unable to do heavy work. I left Breton in August, 1947. I returned in August, 1966 to visit old friends. I was surprised to see how the town had developed. I once owned lots which now have lovely homes built on them. Grain fields and oil wells are where bush and lumber mills had been.

— TED VELLOW

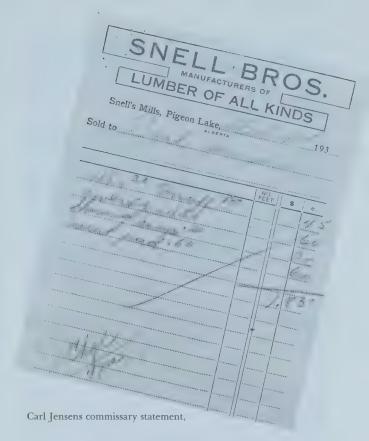
CAMP LIFE

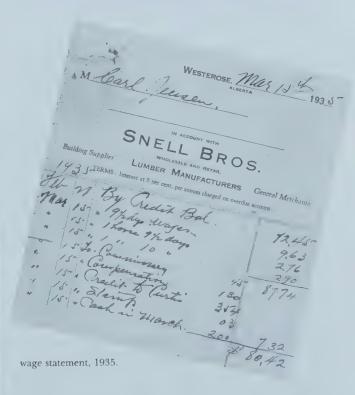
In the winter of 1934-35, I drove a team of horses from east of Millet, N.E. 10-48-23-W4th, to Snell Bros. lumber manufacturing at Pigeon lake, where Crystal Springs is now. The wages were \$20.00 for a team of two horses a month and \$15.00 a month for one man. The hours of work were from 7 a.m. to 6 p.m. with no coffee breaks. When we were working with the loading crew, loading logs on sleighs, we were too far from the cookhouse so our dinner was brought out to us. The dinner consisted of stew, eaten off a metal plate. At thirty degrees below zero, the meal would cool off quickly causing the tallow to stick to the roof of the mouth. Our camp foreman was Cecil Curtis, and there were about twenty men to a bunkhouse. Better not wake up around 3 or 4 a.m., as the odor from stockings piled around the stove and another aroma from beans made it rather rough getting back to sleep in the hav bunks.

In the winter of 1935, I also worked for the Anthony Lumber Co. as a swamper for about two months. One morning I heard the foreman, Mr. Gibson, giving a lecture to one of the skidders for not currying his horses. He asked him, "Don't you ever wash your face and comb your hair before breakfast?"



Carl Jensen worked at Carl Johnson's sawmill west of Breton, 1936-37.





The winter of 1936-37 was very cold with lots of snow. I worked for Carl Johnson, helping him move a sawmill from Pigeon Lake and setting it up at his campsite four miles west of Breton. The wages were \$1.00 a day and most of the time I worked at the

sawmill on the trimsaw. One of the men who worked there was Gus Berg and he commented, "Better that we buy beer for the money we earned rather than spend it foolishly on buying clothes." So we would spend our Sundays patching our coveralls and underwear while drinking beer.



Fraser's Steam Hauler, L. to R. Carl Jenson (round-house boss), Joe Brown, unidentified, 1937-38.

In the winter of 1937-38, Joe Brown and I managed to catch a ride from Pigeon Lake to Fraspur, with a truck hauling lumber. When we arrived at Fraspur we saw the steam hauler; we were very interested in this machine as we had heard about this steam hauler, used for hauling the logs — about 12 sleighs, hooked tandem. We met Tiny Gilchrist who was the engineer of this machine. I had worked with Tiny before so he helped me get a job. My job was pumping water from the creek up the hill to a tank inside of a building. The water was used for the steam hauler, and to ice the roads which were then rutted to keep the sleighs in place on the road. I would also help maintain this engine, grease and help clean flues, keep fires in the tank, engine house and pump house. There were also two stationary engines which were kept spotless. On Sundays I would help the engineer, Chris Londorff, wash boilers. The name of the company that manufactured these two engines was Goldie & McCoulgh.

I asked if they had a job for my partner, Joe Brown. McIntyre, who was foreman for logging, asked if he could handle a hook. Joe had never worked at a logging camp, so he asked, "What is a hook?" I explained to Mr. McIntyre that Joe was not familiar with the logging and lumbering industry. Joe was lucky as they gave him a job helping in the blacksmith shop, repairing sleighs. etc.

- CARL JENSEN, WETASKIWIN, ALBERTA.

COOKHOUSE DAYS AT NORBUCK

I believe that it was in 1942 that I went to Norbuck to help Rose Archibald who was then the cook at A.J. Burrows' mill. My type of helper was called a "flunky". In the spring, Rose gave up her job. Somehow, I managed to be talked into the idea that I could do the cooking. So, I got my sister, Christina, to come and help me. We approached the job with a lot of misgivings, wondering what we had gotten ourselves into. However, much to our surprise, we got along very well and continued working for Burrows for about three years.



Art Burrows' sawmill, Norbuck

Women cooks, in camps, had been frowned upon. But, this was war time, there was a man power shortage and things were different.

Some people found Mr. Burrows a bit hard to work for, probably because of his quick temper. But, I must say that to my sister and myself, he was always a kind and considerate boss. He had diabetes and this bothered him more than he was ever willing to admit. One of the first things I had to learn was how to cook his food to comply with his diet.

The crew we cooked for numbered from about twenty to twenty-five men, most of the time. Most of them were men, either too young or too old, for military service. This made for quite a bit of conflict. The young ones, with energy to burn, would tease and torment the older ones who didn't always appreciate their efforts.



Burrows crew coming from the bunkhouses to the cookhouse for dinner. Christina (Lindell) Neff standing by the dinner bell.

I have many fond memories of those days despite the long hours of hard work. We baked all the bread, cakes, cookies, pies and cut all of the meat. I'll always be grateful to Bill Kelly who taught me how

to sharpen a knife with a sharpening steel and how to cut meat properly. Everything was made from "scratch". No mixes or instant foods were available.

We also had to cope with wartime rationing. All types of sugar, some meats — particularly bacon and lard, were in short supply. Sometimes we had fresh eggs and at other times powdered ones. I'll never forget my struggle to learn to use powdered eggs in baking. Spices were another item that wasn't available. One day, one of the men complimented me on my pumpkin pie. He said that it was really good, only it had a little too much cinnamon. The truth was that it didn't have any cinnamon in it at all. There was also "soy heart" made from soy beans which was supposed to take the place of peanut butter. No one liked the taste of it and we had quite a supply. Finally, I found a cookie recipe that it could be used in without the objectionable taste being so noticeable. The "soy heart" problem was solved.

We had lots of fun too, even though we rarely left the campsite. Cars were scarce and gas was rationed so there wasn't much opportunity to travel.

I always enjoyed walking to the store and post office at Norbuck. Frank Rath operated both and always had time to chat. His next door neighbor, Jim Ratcliffe, was an interesting person too, and was usually ready to tell a good story.

Before we left Norbuck, a Mrs. Ashton was the postmistress. Her husband had worked on the steamboats on the North Saskatchewan River long years before and had many interesting tales to tell of those days.

We made many lasting friendships — among these friends were Jim and Rose Archibald and family, Charlie and Winnie Archibald and daughters, Kay and Gayle, the Burris family especially Nina who is now Mrs. Ed Grzyb of Breton and Frank Rath whom I have mentioned before.

An interesting person who worked for Mr. Burrows for quite a number of years was William Baden-Smith, better known as "Smitty". His job was usually that of night watchman. He kept very much to himself and always had a full beard; this was years before beards became fashionable as they are today. He read a lot, even when he was eating, and I'm sure he was the only person in camp who received a daily newspaper from Edmonton. He apparently was well-educated. I found out, quite by accident, that he could read and understand both Latin and French. I suppose he could be described as a "loner" and was the subject of much speculation by his fellow workers, but this appeared not to bother him at all

Mr. and Mrs. Allan Siegel from Buck Lake were weekly visitors. Mrs. Siegel (Eva) was Mr. Burrows' sister. She was a small, blonde lady who spoke with an English accent. She took care of the ordering of all supplies for the cookhouse. So, each week when she came, I had my order ready for groceries and meat. She usually had time to visit for awhile and we looked forward to her coming.

Other names that come to mind from those years are Gordon Guard, Jim Gordon, Bill Kelly, Hugo West, Hugh Bakerman, Frank Mills, Fred Dahlman, Harold Hanson, Wilfred and Walter Oakes, Bill McDonald, Percy Neutzling, the Whetham family, Owen Ayres, the Hamlin family, Ralph Burris and many others whose names I cannot recall.

Time slipped away and by 1944 the timber stands were gone and plans were made to move the planing mill operation to Triangle — near High Prairie, Alberta. Mr. Burrows had bought a tract of timber near Sturgeon Lake in the Valley View area and the sawmill was going there.



Burrows Lumberyard at mill at Norbuck, 1942.

But these moves did not come about as easily as had been planned. April of 1944 was very hot and dry and one day fire broke out and levelled the whole mill. It took weeks of hard work to get the machinery repaired to the point where it was ready to move to the new location. Before this was accomplished, the disastrous floods of June, 1944 took place. Again, everything ground to a halt. Finally, later that summer, the move was completed and our days at Norbuck were over. My sister and I continued to cook for the Burrows' Lumber Co. for about one more year. But, that is another story.

— ISOBEL (LINDELL) MARTIN

FOREST FIRES IN THE BRETON FOREST DISTRICT DURING THE 1930's

The Big Fire of 1939, as it was called, destroyed most of the uncut spruce forest west of Breton. This fire started southwest of Breton around noon and travelled in a northwest direction until it reached the banks of the Saskatchewan River. Towards evening the wind made a complete reversal forming a wide fire front. The wind increased to such a force that in a matter of hours the fire travelled some thirty miles, destroying most of the green timber for Anthony Lumber Co. and all the timber for Pearson



Forest fire, 1939.

Bros. Ltd. as well as Pearson Bros.' sawmill and camps located on the little Moose Creek. This fire continued through D.R. Fraser Lumber Co. operations and Norbuck. Most of the dry piles of lumber belonging to D. R. Fraser Lumber Co. went up in smoke - also many houses. Most of the sawmills in the Breton area suffered losses from this fire. The 1939 fire destroyed so much lumber that the Dept. of Lands and Forests, who collected stumpage on each month's lumber sales, considered making stumpage due on each month's manufactured production. The fire-killed timber came into great demand during the war years on a rising lumber mar-



Forest fire, 1939.

ket, also the Department gave salvage rates. Thousands of cords were shipped to pulp mills in the U.S.A. and to Mr. Karsay who ran a coal mine props operation.



Forest fire 1936, Buck Creek road at Lauber's corner.

Many moose, deer and other wild life fell victim to this fire.

1935 was another bad fire season when all planing operations were closed to get fire fighters.

- HENRY PEARSON

JOHN BELL BOWMAN STORY

John came to Canada in 1908 from Leeds, England. He worked in Eastern Canada for one year and then came west to Wetaskiwin in 1909.

He filed on a homestead in Wenham Valley, living there in the summer and going to work for a Mr. Lucas near Wetaskiwin for the winter months. He did this for four years and then decided to stay on his homestead.

In 1914 World War 1 started and early in 1915, John and 5 other young men walked to Edmonton and enlisted. They were sent East for training, then shipped overseas to France. John was wounded in 1917 and was sent back to Canada in 1918. After he was discharged he returned to his homestead.



John Bowman with his pack horses starting out on the timber round.

In the spring of 1919 the Federal Government appointed John as timber cruiser and fire ranger for the summer months which was from April 1 to October 31. His area was from Pigeon Lake to the Saskatchewan River, a distance of 300 miles which he had to cover every month on horseback. He was allowed 2 days a month at home to do his reports. Dalt Tipping was the ranger for the Buck Lake area and they often worked together.

He did the timber cruising for Anthony, Ross, Fraser and many other companies. This meant they would survey one acre, count the number of trees on that acre and multiply it by the number of acres there were in the berth of timber leased by each company. They would then estimate the number of board feet obtained. That was the way the government knew how much stumpage to charge for each berth. There was always another man to help with this job. Mr. George Lambert was the man who usually helped him as the map man.



John Bowman, Dalt Tipping and Hutchinson, crossing the North Saskatchewan River, 1920's.

Colonel Palmer was the man to whom he reported. There was a Mr. Hutchinson, stationed at Edson, who went with John on his rounds twice a year.

In 1922 my parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. Grey Impey, and family of 3 boys and 2 girls came from Kenya, East Africa, to Canada. Dad homesteaded in the Wenham Valley district. It was here I met John Bowman. In 1923 we were married and settled on his homestead.

There were no churches; the minister used to come from Westerose once a month and have services in the Modeste Valley School which was built on our land in 1914.

Most of the houses were 2 room shacks made with log walls; the roofs were made from shakes (homemade shingles).

There were no roads, just trails. Our neighbors were-Nicholsons, Gillies, Bunneys, Jones Wheales, Snells, Elliots, Goodhands and Gambles.

Our mail came from Wetaskiwin by horse and buggy to Yeoford which was the main store and post

office for the area. Once a week Mr. Ramsey, from Keystone, picked up the mail at Yeoford and delivered the Wenham Valley mail to Bill Jones who had the post office, and then went on to Keystone. He traveled by horse and buggy or horseback.



Mr. and Mrs. John Bowman, 1923.

The district nurse and policeman were stationed at Yeoford. Miss Smith was the nurse there in 1922; she went back to England for about 6 months and Nurse Girling took her place until she returned. The policemen's names that I remember are Mr. Marks, Mr. Kingset and Mr. Baynes.

Most of the men either worked at the sawmills or stayed home and did chores and cut brush by hand to make their fields larger. In the summer, farmers were able to get work cutting brush on roads and making ditches with 2 horses and a plow. That was the beginning of roads instead of trails.

In 1931 another school was built as more families had moved into the district and there were more children to attend school. There were then 2 teachers and about 45 children attending.

We had 4 children — Effie born in 1925, Jackie born in 1926 but only lived a short while, Bill born in 1929, and Edith born in 1932.

John continued as fire ranger for 18 years.

In 1934 John, with the help of four men, built the first watchtower on Buck Mountain where they could observe the surrounding area for fires. With a two-way radio, he could contact Colonel Palmer in Edmonton, which was a big help. When he was at home he could go up on the high hill on the Lashway place, where he was able to reach Edmonton also.

In 1937 there was a very bad forest fire west of Breton. He had a hundred men under his com-

mand. The fire got so bad and they became surrounded so John told the men to run through it as it was the only way to survive. There was a young boy of 17 working beside John. When John looked back he saw that the boy had fallen into the fire so he went back to get him out. They were both rushed to the Wetaskiwin Hospital. The boy survived but John was so badly burned that after 33 days in the hospital, he passed away. All the fire fighting equipment was lost in the fire also.



Construction of the first watch tower at Buck Mountain, 1934, with the help of John Bowman, Jack Moorhouse and 2 other helpers.

Ole Berquist from Alder Flats took over as ranger after John.

I continued to live on the farm. In 1940, my son, Bill, passed away and in 1959 my daughter,

Edith, passed away also.

My mother and father lived in the Breton district for many years. In the later years they lived with me until the time of their passing. My dad passed away in the Rimbey Hospital in 1956 and Mother passed away in 1959.

My daughter, Effie, married Bill Rathgeber and they live 2½ miles away. They had 2 children, John and Julie. John passed away a couple of years

ago.

I still live on the same place by myself during the summer months but spend the winter months with Bill and Effie and their daughter, Julie.

— IDA E. BOWMAN

The following are some of the timber inspectors, forest rangers or forest officers employed in the Breton, Winfield and Rimbey areas starting in 1910:

Colonel Palmer, Mr. Hall — Inspectors (timber); Robert Wiley — Timber Inspector who lived at Mulhurst and worked in Battle Lake, Pigeon Lake and the Winfield area; Jack Bowman — Breton; Dalton Tipping — Alder Flats; Ole Berquist, Tod Bedwell, George Beatty, Tommy Summers — Alder Flats; Raymond Smuland who lived in Rimbey; Cameron Young and Jack MacGregor — Breton; Bill Adams — Alder Flats; Mr. Holmes — Breton; Donald Clark — Breton; Ben Knudson — Breton.

THE TRACTION STEAM ENGINE

Many different makes of steam traction engines were used for power in the early smaller sawmills.



Traction steam engine in use at Pearson Bros. sawmill 1930's.

The Case was the most common engine and the 110 H.P. made a popular power unit. J.I. Case was the largest manufacturer of steam engines. During their period of production, some 36,000 engines were manufactured in the U.S.A.

Some of the other names of steam traction engines were Double Simple Rumley, Advance Rumley, Garr Scott, American Abell, Avery and Aultman and Taylor.



The Traction steam engine.

These steam traction engines came from the Prairie Provinces where they were used for breaking up land and threshing, etc.

When the gas tractors took over, these steam engines were used in the manufacture of lumber for many years until diesel and electricity again made a change.

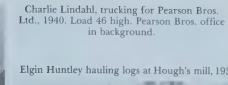
However, this steam boiler again came into great demand in the oil fields on drilling rigs.

I don't think there was ever a more versatile machine built. Even today, a traction steam tractor is in great demand as an antique or hobby machine.

- HENRY PEARSON



Buster Ladouceur, Diamond T truck with load from Nadeau's sawmill.



Elgin Huntley hauling logs at Hough's mill, 1938.







Gordon Huntley hauling lumber at Carl Johnson's sawmill, 1938.



Percy Neutzling, truck driver and building mover.



Reg Carson, trucker, Finn McNab's truck hauling from Oscar Lindy's wood camp west of Fraspur, 1939.



Russell Webster, 1946, hauling lumber for Pearson Bros. Ltd.



Wilfred Huntley and Grenville Hoath, standing on truck. Overturned truck on the road from Cliff Johnson camp on the Moose Hill bridge west of Antross, winter 1937.

Louie Gillespie with first load out from Friend's camp.



Hank Goltz, right, trucker and truck. Hauled lumber for D.R. Fraser Co. Limited.



Nubs Becker — driver for Jim Miller, hauling logs for McDougal's mill. 1941-42.



Bud Hough with a 1932 Model B Ford, 4 cylinder. 125 logs on 12 foot wide bunks.

Alvin Hendrickson hauling logs, Antross, 1942.





Gus Jensen from Clover Lawn, hauling lumber in Breton area, 1945.



Lloyd Thrasher with a load of logs on the old hack, 1940.

Bud Hough hauling lumber, 1943.



Stan Lindberg, truck driver for Pearson Bros. Ltd. Truck loads of lumber in background are Pearson's trucks coming into lumberyard at Breton.





Wallace Signer 1947 with load of mine props.



Left to right, Dan Power, Bert Paul, Buster Ladouceur, Alfred Pearson — 1946 Chev trucks. Power, Paul and Ladouceur hauling for D.R. Fraser Co. Limited. A. Pearson hauling for Pearson Bros. Ltd.

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Kit" Bay pony mare in foal, 10 years old, short tail. Hind lued at ed" Bay Gelding, white star, valued at va	150.00

"K val R_{ϵ} elding, white star, 3 years old, white, valued "Dixie" Iron Gray filly, 2 years old, valued at "Bell" Bay mare, white star, aged valued at 125.00 "Jim" Bay horse, 8 years old. Hind feet white to fetlocks, valued at 150.00 Jess" Bay filly, one year old, White star and white to 100.00 fetlocks on hind legs, valued at 100.00 "Bob" Grey colt, nine months old, valued at "Kirk" Sorrel colt; white star and white above fetlocks 250.00 on hind legs, valued at 100.00 75.00 75.00 275.00 175.00 200.00 150.00 175.00 150.00

"Dollie" Bay mare in foal, 7 years old, white star, valued at "Florence" Bay mare in foal, 9 years old, white star, valued at "Nell" Bay mare in foal, no marks, 7 years old, valued "Mable" Bay mare, white star, 9 years old, valued at "Mollie" Bay mare, no marks, 7 years old, valued at "Black Bess" Black mare, white star, 10 years old, valued at "Maud" Brown mare, white star, 11 years old. Little white on off hind leg 150.00

Cows and Pigs. 6 Cows 2, 2 year old steers 5, 1 year old steers 3 Spring Calves 14 Large Pigs 15 Small pigs 6 Ranges 8 Heaters 3 Camps, Cooking outfit 2 Blacksmith outfits 1000 pounds Iron 12 pr. Sking Tongs 150 Axes 2nd. hand 100 Cant Hooks 4000 pounds chain 4 Decking chains 3 Jamers 1 Rutter and snow plow 1 Ground Rutter 1 Tank and Sleigh 1 Tank and Sleigh small 14 Logging Sleighs 7 Wagons 5 Set Sleighs 2 Saddles Skidding outfit Whipple Trees and etc. Cross cut saws Set desks Set Iron Harrows 2 Scrub Breakers 1 Stubble plow 5 Sluchers 14 sets Harness 2 Stud carts 2 Sets Stud Harness 5 Sets skidding harness

All the stock of goods kept in store or for the use and supply of the logging camps and consisting for the most part of groceries, provisions and clothing, and estimated to be of the value of \$2709.20. The said goods kept as stock-in-trade may be sold by

1000 pounds iron

1 Light Sleigh

1 Light Sleigh

Buggie Scurry

Cutter 1 Cutting box 1 Boiler in stove.

12 Tents 5 Wheel Scrapers

the Mortgagor in the ordinary course of business as heretofore carried on by him, but the Mortgagor covenants that he will keep the said stock so that it will at no time have a less cash value than the stock at present has, and all chattels brought upon the premises or any other premises to which the Mortgagor may remove, shall be deemed forthwith upon their acquisition to be assigned and mortgaged hereby and subject to the provisions of this mortgage.

These papers were obtained from the Edmonton Archives

THE RAILROADS



THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

Perhaps, starting this story with this title is only partly correct as, in actual fact, our railway only received that name in May of 1928. The nine preceding years to this, it was known as the Lacombe and North-Western Railway and when it was first organized, its first name was the Lacombe-Blindman Valley Electric Railway.

How this all came about, I will come back to briefly a bit later. It isn't necessary to go into great detail on all aspects of the railroad history as it was covered so very well by Mrs. Ursula Van Heel in the Warburg history book. She is the daughter of the late Douglas C. Breton who was personally involved in the push to continue the Lacombe and North-Western northward to Leduc. He also left us a legacy in the 'name' of our town.

In the Warburg history book, the 'Breton' daughters present a series of Edmonton Journal and Leduc Representative articles that give a detailed step-by-step account of the events that led to the completion of the railway to Leduc, and it's worthwhile reading for anyone interested.

It is not our intention here to repeat the whole story, but some points might bear repeating, particularly as they relate to Breton. In all the information that I have been able to find, the name "Breton" comes up again and again both from the standpoint of the involvement of the "Breton" family and, of course, ultimately the townsite itself. Breton has gone the full circle in the history of our railroad. From 1926 to 1929 it served as the northern terminal, and now after a span of 45 years, we are once again the terminal — only now it is the southwestern terminal. Service between Breton and Rimbey was discontinued about five years ago and now the rails have been removed. Rimbey is still served from Lacombe and Breton and points north are served on a five days a week basis from Edmonton. Breton now has expanded grain facilities as well as a propane loading station so it is expected that it will remain in service for some time in the future.

The Lacombe and North-Western must have had faith in this area even back fifty years ago. If you read the brochure attached to timetable #4 dated January 5th, 1927 you can see that they painted a very glowing picture of the Breton area and points south. While their advertising seemed to stretch the truth a bit at the time, it certainly has been born out as we are now a rich grain and cattle producing area.

Credit for some of this foresight, however, should go to a group of men even before that time. About 1909 a group of men, many of whom were local farmers of the Lacombe-Bentley area, formed a company known as the Lacombe-Blindman Valley Electric Railway Co. By 1913 they had raised about \$75,000.00 by selling shares to farmers. Many others agreed to work on the railroad construction, of that time, guaranteed the railroad's securities to the extent of \$7,000.00 a mile, and construction

began. Steel was laid as far as Bentley in 1917. The next year the Stewart government got involved in more construction and practically took over its operation. By 1919 it had completed 33 miles as far as Rimbey. Thus, what had started as a private venture, was now a provincial government headache. It renamed the line "The Lacombe and North-Western" and began making serious overtures to the C.P.R. for a possible takeover. In 1920 they added a few miles and Bluffton was now the end of the line.

In 1921 the United Farmers of Alberta came into power under Premier Greenfield. Douglas Breton, who had now returned from service overseas, became the first president of Telfordville Local 1053 of the U.F.A. He vowed to fight for the needs and rights of the area. High on the list of needs was the railway through the district and towards this end, he began a campaign that didn't end until Lacombe and North-Western was linked up with the main line in Leduc. However, this only happened after much hard work and many frustrations.

In 1922, armed with a 1300 member petition, Douglas Breton led a delegation to Attorney General Brownlee. There was no immediate result but later that year Lacombe and North-Western was extended to Hoadley. However, this didn't satisfy the residents and in 1923 another delegation, this time to the Minister of Railways, the Hon. V.W. Smith, was again led by Douglas Breton. No promise for another extension was received, and the indignation of the people was expressed for the next three years by a continuous barage of newspaper articles, letters to editors, delegations, committees and petitions. It wasn't that the government wasn't in favor of extending the railway, but the hard times were starting to be felt and there just wasn't any extra money.



Railway Station (Breton), 1943.

In 1926 Douglas Breton ran for the Alberta Legislature in the Leduc constituancy under the U.F.A. banner and was elected. He continued to fight for the railway extension, now from within the government. On Dec. 13th that year, the Hon. V.W. Smith, Minister of Railways, finally signed the order to put the extension of 22 miles to Breton into operation. He named the Terminal "Breton" in appreciation of the work done by D.C. Breton. Lawrence Breton had built a grocery store at the site earlier that year so it may be said that we came by the name "Breton" honestly.



Train wreck on trestle south of Breton in 1937.

Douglas Breton worked tirelessly for the next two years, organizing government tours, meetings, petitions and anything that he thought would help, but the break didn't come until the opening of the 1928 Legislature on February 2nd when Premier Brownlee announced that the government accepted an offer from the C.P.R. for the purchase of the Lacombe and North-Western Railway. The purchase price was a million and a half dollars plus outstanding debts and included a commitment by the C.P.R. to construct a line from Breton to Leduc.



Train wreck on trestle south of Breton in 1937.



Building the trestle over Strawberry Creek - about 1929.

The C.P.R. took formal possession in May of 1928 and the history of L. and N.W. Railway was closed. An announcement followed that the Breton to Thorsby leg would be started right away. It was completed in the fall of 1929. By March of 1932, work was completed on the last leg to Leduc. This terminated 19 years of painstaking persistance by a great many people. D.C. Breton and the people of the Telfordville area had played a major role.

One might wonder in retrospect why the C.P.R., after resisting for so many years, finally decided to buy the L. and N.W. Railway. In spite of the rosy advertising that they did about our agriculture potential, I'm sure the deciding factor at that time was the potential revenue from the lumber shipments. The area from Hoadley to Warburg, by 1932, had a sawmill or planer every few miles. Sidings at places like Hoadley, Town Lake, Drader, Winfield, Nelspur, Norbuck, Fraspur, Antross, Breton and so on, loaded carloads of finished lumber daily. It wasn't uncommon for the whole train of thirty or more cars to contain lumber or other forest products. Besides this, in those days, the railroad carried the mail, most of the express, freight, cattle and hogs and even passengers. Every little town had its dray business to haul the supplies from the train to the different business places. In Breton, I can remember Mindy Anderson doing this for many years. The arrival of the train was a big event every day as it was the lifeline of the communities. It also bore the brunt of many jokes and was called many uncomplimentary names. This was mostly because it was so slow and many weird things often happened along the way. The crew, and sometimes some passengers, picked berries enroute or cut Christmas trees in season. The train didn't run over many cattle in those days as they could always take time to chase them off the right of way. Some of the early timetables show the train averaging about nine miles an hour.



Dragline used for building the railroad.

This brings us to the present. Breton is again the terminal, but the train has taken on a different look. Instead of a steam locomotive, we have a trim diesel electric. Instead of lumber and pulpwood, the cargo now is grain, oil, propane, pipe, heavy equipment and sometimes farm machinery.

What is in the future? We can only guess. We are assured the railway will stay till the turn of the century. With the network of paved highways, we probably wouldn't miss the railway too much now. But what about the looming energy shortage and particularly oil? Perhaps, the railway will again become as important to the people a few years hence as it was to those pioneers in the past who had to work so hard to get it.

Lacombe & North-Western Railway Company

The Lacombe & North-Western Railway serves a large and productive territory in that part of the Province of Alberta lying north-west of Lacombe, that point being its southern terminus.

From Lacombe to Hondley the railway traverses a highly-developed farming country, unexcelled for grain, long, and carrie raising, and for mixed farming generally. From Hondley north, the country is of a rolling and partly wooded nature, but for the most part the soil is fertile, and this area is gradually being settled and brought under cultivation. East and west of this portion of the line there are large areas of merchantable timber which are being developed at the present time, there now being six sawmills operating in the district, with several more commencing operations within the near future.

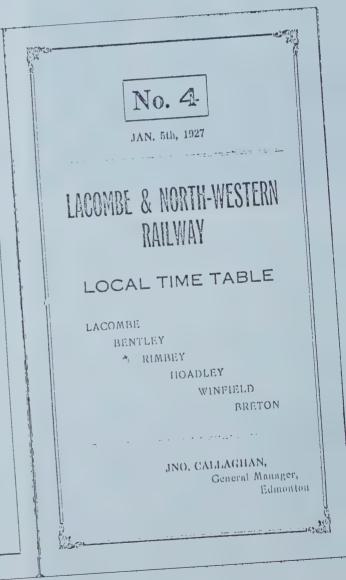
At Aspen Beach, located upon the south shore of Gull Lake, there is a popular family summer resort. Bentley and Rimbey, both thriving villages, are located in the fertile Blindman Valley, and particulars and information as to their districts may be secured from their respective Boards of Trade. Breton, the new terminus of the railway, will be the shipping point for a large area, well adapted for grain and mixed farming. This district has been only partially developed up to the present time, owing to its former remoteness from rallway facilities, but is now rapidly settling up, and will undoubtedly become one of the most prosperous farming districts in the Province within the not distant future.

Facilities for the shipment of grain are provided

Facilities for the shipment of grain are provided by elevators located at Aspen Beach (1); Bentley (2); Forshee (1); Rimbey (2); and Bluffon (1). There are stockyards and loading platforms at Aspen Beach, Bentley, Forshee, Rimbey, Bluffon, Nugent, Hondley, Winlield and Breton.

The Railway Company has townsites at Bentley, Allabey, Winfield and Breton, all of which points are ahipping centres for large areas of productive and constantly developing territory, and which consequently present attractive business opportunities.

For further information in regard to this district, apply to General Manager, Lacombe & North-Western Railway Company, Edmonton, Alberta.



Lacombe & North-Western Railway

LACOMBE, HOADLEY and BRETON

ĺ	Rend Down			Rend Up		
	No. 1 Tues, Frl.	No. 3 Wed.	Miles	L. & N. W. Ry. STATIONS	No. 4 Wed.	No. 2 Tues. Fri.
	A.M. 7.30 17.52 8.15 8.50 9.13 9.45 10.25 10.35	A.M. 7.30 f 8.15 8.50 f 9.13 9.38 10.05 f10.15 10.30 10.35 10.59 f 11.25 f 11.55 f	0.0 0.5 12.3 18.3 26.2 32.9 41.0 43.7 48.9 48.0 55.1 58.3 50.5 61.9 64.6 68.1 71.4	Lv. Lucombe. Arr. Kasha. Aspen Beach. Bentley. Forshee. Rimbey. Blufton. Nugent Arr. Lv. Hondley { Arr. Townlake. Drader. Winfeld. Nelspur. Norbuck. Antross. Arr. Breton. La.	f 5,00	P.M. 3.10 f 3.15 2.50 2.20 1.30 1.10 12.20 12.05 11.50
	A.M. Tues. Fri.	P.M. Wed.			l'.M. Wed.	A.M. Tues. Fri.

General Information

Time Tables herein are subject to change without notice.

Time Tables berein show time trains should arrive and depart the several stations, and connect with other trains, but their of departure and arrival are not guaranteed.

time of departure and arrival are not guaranteed.

LOST FIGERETS, Rallway Companies are not responsible for lost tickets and as a precaution passengers upon purchasing ticket abnuild make a note of the form and number of the licket, also place of sale and date and destination. Similar precaution should be taken in connection with baggage check numbers.

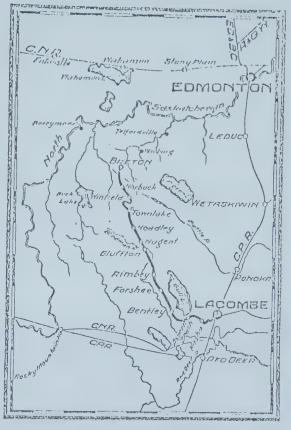
Baggage for flag stations, where Agents are not on duty, must be claimed at baggage car door immediately on arrival, otherwise it will be carried to next station where there is an Agent on duty and held for further orders.

Baggage from flag stations will be accepted and checked by be agreement on requiest of passenger, but will not be checked to points connecting line from Lacombe.

150 lbs, of baggage will be checked without charge for every adult passenger and 75 lbs, for every child travelling on a half tickel. Single pieces of baggage weighing over 250 lbs, will not be checked.

Baggage must be checked at least fifteen minutes before sched-uled departure of trains.

FOR REFERENCE MARKS SEE PAGE 3.



Lacombe & North-Western Railway

LACOMBE - BRETON

A.M. in Light Type. f. Flag Station. P.M. in Dark Type

Second page, Local Time Table and map.

THE "PEANUT" LINE

We would like to go on and on, relating many early stories of Breton and district, but space does not permit. However, we would be remiss if we passed up one or two about the Lacombe and Northwestern railroad--better known locally as the 'Peanut' line.

The train made one trip each week from Lacombe to Breton, then returned the following day. It was, of course, a "mixed" train and transported anything and everything--from passengers to livestock and lumber.

Overall speed of the "flyer" averaged about 10 to 12 miles per hour, but after the train had passed Bluffton or Rimbey, the train crew were often known to put on the brakes and enter into the wooded areas along the track to hunt a few prairie chicken or partridge, while their passengers waited patiently for them in the 'parlor' car.

In 1933 the train was passing through Breton, from Leduc, when several cars were derailed on the curve just on the outskirts of the village. Many



Train derailment about 2 miles northeast of Breton - Spring 1978.

passengers were injured and two died the following day.

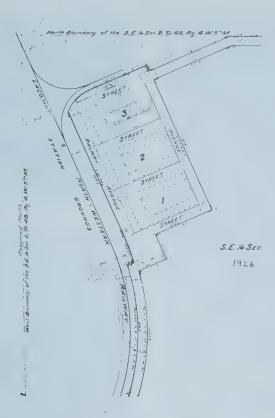
Hal Gaetz, who operated the drugstore at that time, worked right through for 15 or 18 hours, rendering first aid and assistance till help arrived from Edmonton. He was later given an award by appreciative railway officials. Hal is presently retired and living in Stony Plain, where your writer ran the local newspaper for 17 years.

GORDON SMITH

THE VILLAGE







First survey of Breton, 1926.

THE VILLAGE OF BRETON

The following history will be a brief resume of Breton, from hamlet to village, and will deal mainly with the business area as services, schools, churches and so on have their own histories elsewhere in this book. It is hoped that the reader will be able to visualize Breton as it was in the beginning and its

gradual growth until the present day.

When the decision was made to extend the Lacombe and North Western Railroad twenty-two miles from Hoadley, a hamlet was proposed at the end of the terminal. Some say the first survey for the railway roadbed was planned to go a mile farther west of the present village, but when the engineers came this way they discovered a spring, sent the water in to be tested and found it to be one of the best steaming waters between Calgary and Edmonton. As a result, it was decided the line should be built at its present site as the water was very important to the steam engine train.

Land was purchased from Samuel Hooks, part of SE 2-48-4-W5 and the first survey was drawn up in 1926. This brought in an influx of people and so the hamlet began. The first business places that were established in 1926 were Woodcock's Cafe, the Pioneer Hotel and barber shop owned by Harry Williams and Lawrence Breton's grocery store.

With the coming of the railroad, several lumber camps and sawmills sprang up within a short distance from the hamlet. During the next two years, many new homes and business places were built —

some of the businesses included Joe Hoath's blacksmith shop and Bertha Hoath's bake shop, Dan Jamieson's hardware, Herb Smith's grocery store, Charlie Orlean's butcher shop, a drugstore, Stedman's pool hall, Nelson's Hall, Paul Theriault's livery barn and Bob Hoath's garage.

The Keystone Post Office, where Rolla Ramsey Jr. was postmaster, was transferred to Breton and the Ramseys continued to operate the post office

until it was taken over by Mr. Spindler.

The first school was built in 1927 and Dan McLeod was the first teacher. The United Church manse was built the same year.

The Alberta Provincial Police were moved from Yeoford to Breton in 1928.

Tom Roberts was the first station agent at Breton from January to April of 1927. Mr. Gathercole followed until 1930 when Mr. Jack Kershaw replaced him. Mr. Crabtree was the first sectionman for the Lacombe and North Western Railroad. He was followed by Gus Jacobson and then Alex Dick.

Ralph Friend started the first bus line between Breton and Edmonton with a nine passenger Cadillac car. In the spring of 1928 he and a partner, Pete Halverson, bought the Breton Garage and Esso Service from Bob Hoath. They installed the first light plant and supplied the hamlet with electricity.

The thirties brought the depression but despite this, Breton continued to grow. The Breton Hotel was built and operated by the William Spindlers. An elevator was put into operation and the first Community Hall, formerly the Greenwood Lumber Company cookhouse, was purchased and moved in between the hotel and the drugstore. A United Church was built where the Treasury Branch now stands. This church was used by all denominations in the earlier years. Also during the thirties, Mr. G.G. Impey purchased the garage from Ralph Friend, and with the help of his son, Dick, and Gordon Smith, they operated it for a number of vears. Mr. Walter Baynes had an insurance outlet and was the magistrate. Tim Sexton took over the operation of Breton's grocery store. Mr. Pete Nikiforuk started a small store and bus depot. He also took over the bus route and trucking business and in a few years built a bigger building. Mr. Spindler took over the new post office. Mrs. Conradson started a cafe where Stedman's pool hall had been. Mr. and Mrs. Chris Hellum built the Copenhagen Cafe. Mr. Eugene Webster had a feed mill at this time. There were other small businesses such as shoe repair shops, barber shops, etc., but they cannot all be remembered; also Breton had a number of fires resulting in the loss of some business places. In 1939, there was another survey done and more lots were added to the hamlet.

In 1942 the Fraser Lumber Company moved their planing mill to Breton which meant jobs for many more families. In 1943 more lots were surveyed and the hamlet was enlarged which resulted in more houses being moved in or built. The district nurse was first established in Breton in 1941. About this time also, two more churches were built.

After the war, in the late 40's or early 50's, a number of new businesses were started and others changed hands. Walter Baynes constructed a hardware store. Two more garages were built - McCartney Bros. and Oliver Heighington's garage. There were several implement dealers, one of whom was Clarence Johnson. Nick Wozney built a store where the drugstore had been and Mrs. Grace Collins opened a grocery and ladies' wear store where the Golden Age Club building now stands. Mr. and Mrs. Kelly took over Smith's store and McCartneys now owned the Jamieson hardware. Bob Samardzic built a garage on the site where a previous garage had been destroyed by fire and M. Roos built a pool room; both of these businesses were destroyed by fire in later years. A tennis court was added to the sports grounds across the west side of the tracks. Fertilizer and seed houses were also built in this area. A children's playground, skating rink and curling rink appeared with much hard work on the part of Breton residents. The post office was moved to the building on main street which had been built by Ken Levers when the store owned by Mr. Woroniuk (originally belonging to Pete Nikiforuk) was destroyed by fire. This building has also served as a drugstore, health food store, T.V. and radio shop and is now the home of Village Variety. Lloyd Polischuk constructed a pool hall which later became Adair's second-hand store and now belongs to Bum-



When the Lacombe & Northwestern Railway reached Breton. Shows the "wye" where the engine was turned around for the return trip to Lacombe.



Breton's Store, Woodcock's Cafe and Harry Williams' Hotel facing Railroad Street, 1927.



Breton, 1927, Dan Jamieson's Hardware and Herb Smith's General Store.



Mr. and Mrs. Smith in front of their store, 1930. The Nelson hall under construction.



Paul Theriault's Livery Stable, 1928.



Bob Hoath's garage and Dan McLeod's house to the right.



The Breton United Church manse, 1927



Breton, Alberta, 1929.

per to Bumper. Walter Johnson started a trailer court which is still at its present site.

In 1957 the hamlet became incorporated as a village and more improvements continued as a new village office and fire hall were constructed. Mr. Nick Raczuk started his building project which eventually included a McLeod's store, a Solo grocery store, doctors' offices and a barber and beauty shop. Tom Burkholder built a new store to replace the original Breton Store (later owned by Ann and Ted Grzyb) and Logan Purdy built a new garage on the southwest corner of main street. Also in the fifties, the Community Hall was constructed and the sports ground was moved to its present location.

The 1960's also brought many changes — a new R.C.M.P. barracks, a liquor store, a new post office building, a 30 bed hospital, a drugstore and a laundromat. About this time, the village bought the rest of the S.E. quarter of 2 as more land was needed for expansion. In 1964 the government bought the lots from the United Church and a new Treasury Branch now stands on the corner.

Growth of the village in the 1970's was very evident. An addition was added to the Community Hall — a three sheet curling rink and kitchen facilities. The Provincial Government built a new court house where Walter Baynes' hardware formerly stood. A new restaurant and garage were added to the downtown area and an auto body shop, a realty, a Sears mail order office and Village Variety opened their doors for business. Perhaps, most change could be seen in the residential area. The new south residential area was developed and most of those lots have now been sold. Alberta Housing has purchased the N.E. of 2-48-4-W5 (now used as a golf course and formerly owned by Walter Johnson). The following is a map of the last survey plus the proposed development of this N.E. portion, which is still to be approved.

The last census taken was in 1978 and revealed

a population of 531.

This is just a brief outline of what some of our remaining early settlers helped us recall. If any information has been omitted or wrongly recorded, it was not intentional.



Pool Elevator newly built and the first railway station, 1930's.



Pete Nikiforuk's store.



Gunnar Hanson digging water line with backhoe for Breton South the summer of 1976.



Courthouse built in 1978.



Grace Collins General Store 1940's.L. to R. Grace Collins and Daphne Westling (Oulton).



Pete's Trucking and driver Russel Webster.



Breton, Alberta, 1940's. Wozney's store second from right.



Breton Drugstore, 1979. John Warchola opened his drugstore July 31, 1962. He had been a druggist for Tamblyn Drugs in Calgary previously. He was born at Thorhild, Alberta.



Gaylene's Restaurant, 1978.

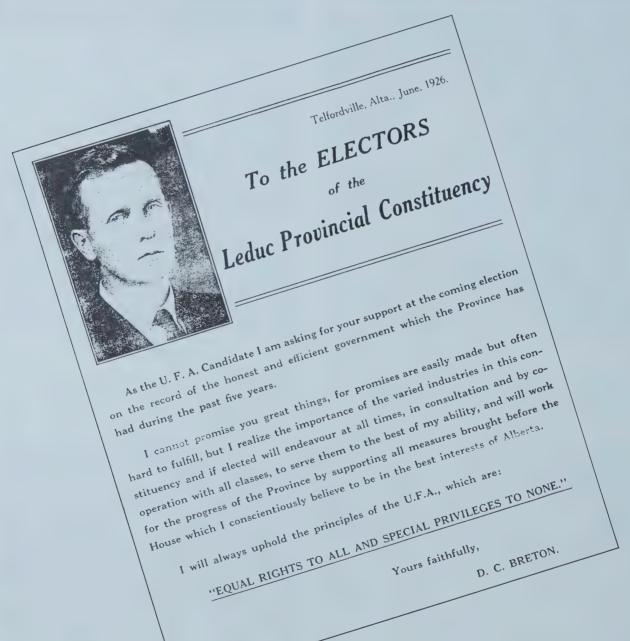




The Breton Hotel after Charlie Bowen built on the new addition.



Breton, Alberta — early 1930's.



HOW THE TOWN OF BRETON GOT ITS NAME

Douglas Corney Breton was born in Simonstown, South Africa on the 25th of November, 1883, the third of five sons of Inspector-General and Mrs. William E. Breton. He spent his childhood and was educated in different ports around the world wherever his father, a doctor in the British Navy, was stationed including San Francisco, Bermuda, Belgium, Hawaii, Ireland, Vancouver and Portsmouth England.

At age twenty, he and brother Lawrence emigrated to Canada. For the first year they worked on a farm in Ontario gaining some experience and in 1904 travelled west to the Strawberry Creek district of what was then North West Canada and only the following year became Alberta. Here they filed claim to the N½-20-49-2-W5th. Farming prowess was mixed with work for the local sawmill and construction on the Grand Trunk Railway through the Yellowhead Pass.

In 1912 the Breton brothers built and operated the Telfordville store in the Strawberry Creek valley, a centre of activity for many settlers in the district.

Douglas Breton served in World War I as a commissioned officer with the 6th Hampshire Regiment in India and Afghanistan and returned to Canada and Telfordville in January, 1920 with his English bride, Dorothy Blanche Frost, to renew involvement in the store and build their own home in the valley.

In 1921 Douglas Breton became President of the Telfordville Local of the Leduc District of the United Farmers of Alberta and began his efforts to have the Lacombe and North Western Railway extended through their farming community and on to link up with Edmonton.

He was elected as a member of the United Farmers of Alberta in the Legislative Assembly for the Leduc constituency in June, 1926. In December of that year, the Minister of Railways announced that the railway would be extended twenty-two miles from Hoadley, the new terminal to be named BRETON "in appreciation of the work done by D. C. Breton."

D. C. Breton served as MLA for the Leduc constituency until June, 1930. He then mixed homesteading with duties as Secretary-Treasurer for the M.D. of Pioneer #490 until he moved back to England with his family in 1934.

He served through World War II with the R.A.F. while retaining his farm in Hampshire as well, where he died in February, 1953. His widow, Dorothy, remained in England until her death in 1978. Both sons, Hugh and Brian, have made their homes in England. His daughter, Ursula, now Mrs. Sebastian D. Van Heel lives in Edmonton.

URSULA VAN HEEL

HISTORY OF BRETON AND DISTRICT ALBERTA

This district was once the home of numerous beaver and game, but a big fire came through from the northwest about the year 1884, and burned off a lot of the country. There were large patches of young timber which escaped and it has been cut off in the last thirty years. Settlers came in from Wetaskiwin and Leduc. One of the first was Mr. Sanford Nelson who came in 1907 and settled south of here, and who started a sawmill. He had to cut his own trail from Battle Lake.

A company started to prepare to dam the North Saskatchewan River west of Breton at what is now Buck Creek. Mr. Nelson took his mill out there to cut the timber taken off the land that would be covered with water. The lumber was to be used to build bunk houses, etc., for the men working there, but the start of the First World War halted the operations, and they never resumed. A lot of settlers came in here about 1911; one was Richard Funnell, who, with another man, drove out from Millet with a team of oxen. David Snell came by way of Wetaskiwin and North Pigeon Lake in 1912; also some twelve or more families came from Oklahoma, U.S.A. and settled to the north of Breton. This area was called Keystone.

Mads Jacobson came the same year from Chevenne, Wyoming and settled a few miles northwest of Breton. He was about the first one to try growing alfalfa, which does well here. He paid seventy cents a pound for Grimm seed and more for inoculation; several other settlers got started from him. Clover also was tried in the district about this time and did well, but seed was very hard to get. Some settlers pulled out during the First War, and from then on settlement was very slow until the railroad was promised. Mr. D.C. Breton, for whom the town was named, worked hard to get the Lacombe and Northwestern Railway continued through the country. The Farmers Government, who had taken over the Lacombe and Northwestern, built on twenty miles of rail from Hoadley to Breton in 1926, and this brought many new settlers in, and also several lumber companies — Messrs D.R. Fraser and Co., William Anthony and Sons, Ross and Beard and others. The first lumbering done in the district was done by Ricker, who had a camp southeast of Breton where the Flesher farm now is. He floated logs down the Poplar Creek to the river into Edmonton. The town started at Easter, 1926. Mr. Lawrence Breton built a store and residence on the corner of Main Street and Railway Avenue. Joe Hoath started blacksmithing, Donald Jamieson started a hardware, and later Herb Smith began a general store. The lack of roads was the biggest problem and it was hard to get around the country, except on horseback. The school was started in 1927, Mr. Dan McLeod being the first teacher, Mr. S. Nelson built a hall on Main

Street that year, and the Premier, Mr. Brownlee, Hon. Vernar Smith, D.C. Breton, M.L.A., and Mr. Sparks, M.L.A. for Wetaskiwin visited Breton in October, 1927 and had a meeting in the hall. The late Winfield Scott of Warburg was Chairman.

Trains used to come up from Lacombe on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, returning the next morning. Mr. Jack Wheale was night watchman and had the train ready in the early mornings. About 1929, the C.P.R. bought the line and built it to Leduc. The Vice President of the C.P.R., Mr. Coleman, visited Breton about this time. Jack Kershaw was the first C.P. agent. Tragedy struck in the form of a railway wreck on Jan. 6th, 1937. The old passenger coach went off the track and turned over at the approach to the bridge south of town. One man died that afternoon, and another next morning in Edmonton: some 18 or 20 suffered injury. The car burned and, for awhile, threatened the bridge. The passengers were brought into town by cars and taken to the community hall where luckily we had a fire on, as Mr. Wingblade was to address a meeting; but Mr. Windblade had suffered injuries in the derailment. Dr. Hankin of Thorsby arrived about 4:00 p.m.; by that time two nurses, Mrs. Baynes and Mrs. Pooke, had done all they could, helping the injured. Dr. Hankin had to do some stitching of bad cuts. The relief train from Edmonton got in at 7:00 p.m.

Mr. A.C. Bunney and sons were early settlers at Battle Lake. About 1910, a store and post office were started at the west end of the lake and named Yeoford, after a place in Lancaster, England. A little later, Mr. J.P. Nowell took over the store and moved a little further west. A Provincial police constable was stationed there just after we became a province, and also a district nurse. Another early settler, near here, was the Murfitt family. Settlers kept coming in and going a little further and soon Mr. Mark Wenham settled in what is known as Wenham Valley. Others were A.C. Gillies and Jack Bowman who afterwards became the Fire Ranger and travelled by foot all over the country west of here. The nurse at Yeoford was a very busy person and had difficult times getting around to the settlers in the bush, but did valiant work. Miss Smith, who later married Tom Heldahl, will long be remembered west of Breton.

The settlers at Buck Creek had a hard time and it took a long time to get a road started. One got underway about 1929 at the start of the Depression and has only been completed a few years. About this time, 1929-30, a few people went out to the North Saskatchewan River, west of here, to try washing for gold. However, I don't remember very much being found. Since the Depression years, every farmer has tried his hand with clover and alfalfa and some have had great success, and for awhile the price was very good. Hans Hanson won prizes at Toronto and Chicago

New Village Building Opened In Breton

fire hall and village office was ics' Sports League catering, officially opened recently by Mrs. B. Hoath, whose residence here is the longest of any person still residing in the com- neighboring towns. A dance munity.

After she had cut the ribbon, there was a prayer of dedica-tion and Mayor Nick Raczuk declared the building opened. Speeches were delivered by R. E. Ansley, Leduc MLA, and by visiting officials of the fire commissioner's office and the department of municipal and fairs.

The Breton fire brigade put on a demonstration of fire fighting by entinguishing an oil fire. Free coffee and doughnuts were sorved.

At the banquet held later in

BRETON-This village's new the rink building with the Ladshort speeches were given by representatives of Breton and followed.

> Included in the new building is the secretary-treasurer's office, a council room and a cell at the rear. On the other side are the well, water tank and fire hall.

> > Newspaper clipping.

with Alsike. The University plots on the Ben Flesher farm, southeast of Breton, were started in 1930 by the late Dr. Wyatt. They have been a great help to the settlers of the district by demonstrating the results of the use of fertilizers and manure.

WALTER BAYNES

Village incorporated January 1, 1957. Official opening of Breton Village Office was September

Water and Sewer installed — By-Laws No. 43 & 43A passed December 29, 1958 authorizing the Municipal Council to incur indebtedness on behalf of the Village of Breton by the issuance of debentures for the purpose of providing a water supply and distribution system; sewer and sewage disposal system for the Village of Breton. The work began in 1959 and the official opening of the water and sewer installation ceremony was Wednesday, January, 27, 1960.

Gas installation — By-law No. 62 passed June 1959 granting Northwestern Utilities a franchise to supply the Village of Breton and the inhabitants thereof natural gas. (20 year agreement)

Calgary Power — purchased the power plant from Floyd Graham and signed a 20 year agreement with the Village of Breton August 14, 1959. By-law No. 66 granted Calgary Power authority to supply electric light and power to the Village of Breton and its inhabitants.

Main Street was paved the summer of 1977 through a grant made available from the Provincial Government.

Hwy No. 12 paving completed October 1974.

AGT — see enclosed letter.

1957 — First Council composed: Mayor -Tom Burkholder; Councillors — Nick Raczuk (Deputy-Mayor) and Cleve Carson

Turn On Water, Sewer System At Modern Village Of Breton

Journal Staff Writer

about 550 persons became fully! modern recently when a \$148,000 was so easy to become lost. water and sewer system was turned on. Breton is about 60 miles southwest of Edmonton.

Residents from several nearby towns and villages attended the opening ceremonies which included turning on of a valve at the water tower and a banquet banquet included Fred Ratowitz gallons per minute. held in the curling rink in the evening.

Walter Baynes, an old-timer of the Breton district, was master of ceremonies assisted by Mayor Nick Raczuk. Following the turning on of the valve at the tower other ceremonies were held in the village's new community hall.

GAVE DEDICATION

Dedication was given by Rev. W. Hutchinson and the welcome to the village was given by Mayor Raczuk. Also among speakers were Councillors Thomas Burkholder and Steve Carson. Other residents of Breton who spoke briefly and lauded the village council and the people who helped co-operate in promoting the system, included Mrs. I. Keufler and Mrs. A. Westling who stated the next objective for the village will be a swimming

only trails and said that a person BRETON - This village of did not travel the trails at night unless they had to because it

He stated the village received its name from Douglas C. Breton, a former member of the Legislative Assembly. He stated dant well and likely will have a Breton has made much progress but must continue to press for further development.

He recounted how the roads were of Thorsby and William Bailey, department of health for the province.

N. S. Pawliuk, of Edmonton, was the general contractor for the system.

The village is well supplied by almost pure water from an abunsecond well drilled as a "standby." The tank has a capacity of 50,000 gallons of water which can Other speakers at the evening, be pumped at a maximum of 60



Breton Village office and Fire Dept.

June 2, 1958 — Burkholder resigned as Mayor only. N. Raczuk appointed Mayor.

October 19, 1960 — Gwen Samardzic elected as Councillor.

October 31, 1960 — Burkholder resigned from Council. Council composed: Mayor — N. Raczuk, Dep. Mayor — Cleve Carson, Councillor — Gwen Samardzic.

October 18, 1961 — Council composed: Mayor N. Raczuk, Deputy-Mayor — Robert Nielsen, Councillors — Roland Kuefler, Cleve Carson and Elmer McCartney.

October 1962 — Council composed: Mayor — N. Raczuk, Depty-Mayor — R. Nielson, Councillors — E. McCartney, C. Carson, James Clark.

March 25, 1963 — Council composed: Mayor James Clark, Deputy-Mayor - P.J. Seal, Councillors — J. Clark, E. McCartney, N. Raczuk.

Oct. 19, 1964 — Council composed: Mayor — C. Carson, Deputy-Mayor — P.J. Seal, Councillors - N. Raczuk, J. Clark, Henry Filewich.

October 18, 1965 — Council composed: Mayor Cleve Carson, Deputy-Mayor — P.J. Seal, Councillors - N. Raczuk, H. Filewich, Walter Johnson.

October 24, 1966 — Council composed: Mayor P.J. Seal, Deputy-mayor — C. Carson, Councillors — W. Johnson, N. Raczuk, H. Filewich.

October 23, 1967 — Council composed: Mayor C. Carson, Deputy-Mayor - N. Raczuk, Councillors — W. Johnson, Orvil Biever, H. Staudt.

February 12, 1968 — Council: Mayor — C. Carson, Deputy-Mayor — H. Staudt, Councillors — W. Johnson, O. Biever, Robert Ladouceur.

October 15, 1968 — Council: Mayor — C. Carson, Deputy-Mayor — W. Johnson, Councillors O. Biever, H. Staudt, R. Ladouceur.

October 16, 1969 — Council: Mayor — H. Staudt, Deputy-Mayor — O. Biever, Councillors — Jack Barrett, Don Gillies, W. Johnson.

October 21, 1970 — Council: Mayor — Don Gillies, Deputy-Mayor — J. Barrett, Councillors — W. Johnson, George Reid, Donald Rieck.

October 20, 1971 — Council: Mayor — D. Rieck, Deputy-Mayor — G. Reid, Councillors — J. Barrett, C. Carson, Tom Bevan.

March 23, 1972 — Council: Mayor D. Rieck, Deputy-Mayor — G. Reid, Councillors — C. Carson, T. Bevan, H. Staudt.

October, 1973 — Council: Mayor — D. Rieck, Deputy-Mayor — C. Carson, Councillors— H. Staudt, T. Bevan, Norris Lansdell.

October 16, 1974 — Council: Mayor — D. Rieck, Deputy-Mayor — C. Hamwee, Councillors — T.P. Jackson, Grace Lavergne and Floyd Carson.

February 10, 1975 — Council: Hamwee

resigned from Council.

April 1, 1975 — Council: Mayor — D. Rieck, Deputy-Mayor — F. Carson, Councillors — Lyle Ayrey, G. Lavergne, T.P. Jackson.

November 24, 1975 — T.P. Jackson resigned

from Council.

March 4, 1976 — Council: Mayor — D. Rieck, Deputy-Mayor — F. Carson, Councillors — L. Ayrey, G. Lavergne, Tom Wong.

July 13, 1976 — Council: D. Rieck resigned from Council. Mayor — F. Carson, Deputy-Mayor — L. Ayrey, Councillors — G. Lavergne, T. Wong.

August 24, 1976 — Council: Mayor — F. Carson, Deputy-Mayor — L. Ayrey, Councillors — G. Lavergne, T. Wong, G. Tryon.

October 12, 1976 — Council: Mayor — F. Carson, Deputy-Mayor — L. Ayrey, Councillors —

G. Lavergne, T. Wong, G. Tryon.

April 26, 1977 — Council: L. Ayrey resigned from Council. Mayor — F. Carson, Deputy-Mayor — G. Lavergne, Councillors — T. Wong, G. Tryon.

October 19, 1977 — Council: Mayor — F. Carson, Deputy-Mayor — Wm. Reich, Councillors — Orvil Biever, Hugh Wilson, Judy Hilker.

November 1, 1978 — Council: Mayor — Hugh Wilson, Deputy-Mayor — Wm. Reich, Councillors — O. Biever, Judy Hilker, F. Carson.



Breton main street before paving.



Breton's first telephone office operated from Dan's Hardware.

1979 02 02

Mrs. Strand Village of Breton Breton, Alberta

Dear Mrs. Strand,

We are pleased to assist with the telephone aspect of the history of Breton. AGT service opened there on January 19, 1927 with a single-phone toll office, apparently in a general store. Mr. Donald Jamieson was agent, and served in that capacity until July 20, 1944.

We have an undated photograph of the Breton office, presumably taken in the 1930,s, of which a print has been ordered. A xerox copy is enclosed for present reference. The phone was located in a home-made booth in the store, not replaced by an AGT factory-model until 1940. In 1929 a six-line switchboard was installed and Line Number 1 was connected to the Alberta Provincial Police detachment, taken over by the RCMP when the provincial force was disbanded in 1932.

In 1944 the office was moved to the shop of W. Matthews, the shoemaker, and Mrs. Matthews replaced Mr. Jamieson as agent. The Breton office was closed on March 21, 1965, when the area was converted to automatic dial service. You may find helpful the list of agents, of which a xerox copy is enclosed.

With best wish for the success of your project, I am

Your sincerely,

A.W. Cashman System Historian The first Wheat Pool elevator constructed in the area was a 28,000 bushel structure built in 1934 by F.W. McDougall Construction Company. In 1967 a second structure with a capacity of 70,000 bushels was erected. Then in the same year, the two elevators were joined together to form a twin elevator complex.

From 1932 to 1977 the Pool's Breton elevator has handled 3,311,417 bushels of grain. The highest handling year was 1976-77 at 318,740 bushels. While the lowest handling year occurred in

1954-55 at 849 bushels.

Elevator Managers who have operated Alberta Wheat Pool's facilities at Breton are listed below with their dates of service.

AGENTS NAME	FROM	то
D. Paterson	Aug. 12/30	Jan. 5/31
Closed	Jan. 5/31	Nov. 2/31
T. Jablonski	Nov. 2/31	Feb. 1/32
Closed	Feb. 1/32	Aug. 25/34
T. Jablonski	Aug. 25/34	May 15/35
J.B. Gant	May 15/35	Mar. 6/36
V.E. Toane	Mar. 6/36	Aug. 10/36
G.C. Ward	Aug. 10/36	Dec. 31/36
Closed	Dec. 31/36	Aug. 18/37
G.C. Ward	Aug. 18/37	Feb. 13/41
E. Saltzberry	Feb. 13/41	Oct. 1/43
Closed	Oct. 1/43	Mar. 23/44
S.I. Ramsay	Mar. 23/44	Sep. 22/44
J.H. Blair	Sep. 22/44	May 6/49
M. Korbie	May 6/49	Mar. 31/51
A.N. Gower	Mar. 31/51	Aug. 21/56
A.J. Storvik	Aug. 21/56	Oct. 1/57
A.T. Chaney	Oct. 1/57	Aug. 21/64
E.M. Spannier	Aug. 21/64	Dec. 29/65
K.R. Holland	Dec. 29/65	Nov. 28/73
J.W. Needham	Nov. 28/73	Dec. 1/77
N.E. White	Dec. 1/77	

Delgates who have been elected to represent the membership in the sub-district at the Pool's Annual Meeting, which includes Breton are listed below with their home town and years of office.

NAME	HOME TOWN	DATE OF SERVICE
J.H. Suggett	Bentley	1923-1928
J.W. Robson	Rimbey	1929
Alfred B. Haarstad	Bentley	1930-1943
Mike Bittner	Thorsby	1944 & 1945
Alfred B. Haarstad	Bentley	1946-1955
Fred Auten	Ponoka	1956-1958
Rees Jones	Ponoka	1959-1962
Syd M.R. Wheeler	Ponoka	1963-1972
Percy Baker	Ponoka	1973 to date

The following have served the district in which Breton is located as one of the Directors on the Pool's seven-man Board.

NAME	HOME TOWN	DATE OF SERVICE
Lew Hutchinson	Duhamel	1926-1953
W. Oberg	Forestburg	1953-1964
Arne Johnson	Camrose	1964-1976
G.W. Braithwaite	Bowden	1976 to date



Wheat Pool Elevator and an addition being started Aug. 1967.



Wheat Pool Elevator finished, in the background are the fertilizer building and Cardium Supply sand tanks.

CALGARY POWER

During the early part of 1953 our company's plans were to extend its power line system further west from Thorsby and, if possible, add to our system, areas such as Breton, Sunnybrook and Warburg.

According to our files, the Hamlet of Breton was already receiving electricity through a private distribution system under the ownership of Mr. Floyd A. Graham of Breton. Mr. Graham operated his own generating plant and distributed power throughout the hamlet under the name of Breton Electric Light and Power Distribution System. Unfortunately, there is no record of how long Mr. Graham operated his power system but according to a letter on file, it states that, "Mr. Graham has operated his power system successfully for several years before 1953."

However, during 1953 Calgary Power made an agreement to purchase Mr. Graham's power system and through the course of late summer and fall, Calgary Power constructed a new distribution system including power poles, lines and necessary equipment.

Officially our records state that the Hamlet of Breton was franchised by Calgary Power on November 13, 1953 and started to receive power through Calgary Power lines on that date.

R.C.M.P. — AS A CONSTABLE IN BRETON

I was a young Constable with the Royal Canadian Mounted Police when I was transferred to the Breton detachment to issue relief vouchers, ranging from \$5.00 to \$10.00 per month, to needy families. Were they ever needy and were they ever thankful! Most of them were proud people who wanted to stand on their own two feet, but were forced to accept help for the sake of their families. My heart went out to them then as it does even now. They faced extremely hard times with a cheerful determination. Large gardens, a few chickens, pigs and a cow or two seemed to hold body and soul together somehow. Adversity formed a common bond and the people willingly and happily helped each other joining voluntarily in social, sports and religious activities. It was a great and challenging time and I enjoyed it.





Daisy Jackson and Chris Forbes.

Chris Forbes and Joe Pooke.

I was there, during the lumbering era and the beginning of the agricultural phase. The brush had not been cleared from the road allowances, hence the mud holes never dried up. I got stuck going downhill once near Antross. A big logging truck had been stuck going uphill and had churned out two deep holes so instead of hitting them with some momentum, I eased the police car into them and there I was — STUCK GOING DOWNHILL! However, I guess that was better than breaking the car springs!

Everyone seemed to be urgently clearing their land and there were piles of brush and roots burn-



Lieut. McMurry.

ing everywhere. Whole families worked at it—even the government got in the act with breaking grants to qualified applicants.

Dr. Hankin and the District Nurses — Wotherston, Dixon, and Pooke, gave willingly of their time

and talents to help the sick and needy.

Rev. Mackey was probably the original crosscountry skier because he used to accompany a patrol





Constable Pete Paley (1938)

Cpl. and Mrs. Joe Pooke (1938)

into an area and then take off on skis to visit his parishioners.

Crime was constant and varied but never excessive. We were looked upon by the community as friends and treated accordingly. Citizen help and assistance rendered our task easy and rewarding. I remember breaking up a fight in a cafe in Winfield and being surrounded by lumberjacks; I considered myself lucky to get out of the affray — with my prisoner. I found out later that the lumberjacks were (my friends) on my side and were just waiting for someone to interfere; then they were going to give him "what for".

I kept a sort of a personal diary during my posting at Breton and I have enclosed excerpts of it including people, places and patrols. I apologize for the repititiousness but that's life, I guess. I hope and trust that this small effort concerning a very brief period will be of some value and interest.

H. Chris Forbes

Excerpts from the diary of Reg. No. 11849 Constable Henry Christopher Forbes, Royal Canadian Mounted Policeman whilst stationed at Breton, Alberta, Canada. (Personal diary — not R.C.M.P.)

Having recently returned from postings at Fort Chipewyan and Fort McMurray detachments I was stationed in the Edmonton R.C.M.P. Guardroom when I got orders on the 5th of November, 1937 that I was to be transferred on relief duties to the Breton detachment to assist Constable Joe Pooke.

8 Nov., '37, Monday. Barrack fatigues — i.e. Swept and cleaned up the billiard room. Packed kit. Constables Brown and Kay took me to the bus station and

I caught the 4:30 p.m. bus and arrived at Breton at 8:15 p.m. Checked into the hotel and then saw Constable Pooke.

9 Nov., '37, Tuesday. Up at 7:30 a.m. To office 8:55 a.m. Made out a couple of reports in a.m. and had coffee. Met Spindler, Pete Nikiforuk and Woods. Pooke and I drove to Warburg. Had tea at Mr. and Mrs. A Jackson's going and coming. (Met Daisy Jackson, my wife-to-be 6 May, '40).

19 Nov., '37, Friday. Court and completing documents until noon. Joe Pooke and I left for Ponoka at 5 p.m. and to Edmonton at 11:00 p.m. to Pig 'n Whistle for lunch. My 28th birthday — born 19 Nov., '09, Lacombe, Alberta.

5 Jan., '38, Wednesday. Up at 6:30 a.m. Tanny and Joe i.e. Cst. and Mrs. Pooke left on the bus at 7:45 a.m. Had phone call from Detective Larry Lapointe resafe blowing at Calmar. Went to court at Thorsby.

17 Jan., '38, Monday. Had planned on going to Thorsby. Had phone call from Detective Cpl. Staley. Mag. Baynes and I visited 14 camps, no luck. Served summons and withdrew it. Coffee at Winfield and Les Anthony's. Got home at midnight.

20 Jan., '38, Thursday. Up at 7:30 a.m. Talked to Sergeants Baker and Bryant. Picked Gaetz up at Yale Hotel. To H.B. Co. and to Relief Dept. Had dinner at Calmar. To Thorsby, Sunnybrook and Breton. Wire from Winfield re strike. Phoned Office Commanding in Edmonton.

25 Jan., '38, Tuesday. Drove out to McDougall's at 11:00 a.m. with Sgt. Allen and then to Fraspur and Antross. Back to Winfield in p.m. No trouble with approx. 60 strikers in town. Ainsley held meeting in eve. Stayed in hotel overnight.

26 Jan., '38 Wednesday. Csts. Yuill and Ross left for Wetaskiwin. Sgt. Allen and I drove out to McDougall's logging camp, 25 miles west. Logging camp and mill working. Saw Nurse Conroy. Came back to McDougall's planing mill.

30 Jan., '38, Sunday. In Winfield Hotel. Had breakfast and lunch there. Rev. Mackey held Anglican Service there. Strikers held meeting at 1:00 p.m. and decided to go back to work. All peaceful and nothing levelled in ashes as had been threatened. Went over to Etter and McDougall's with Clayton Sabin. Cst. Joe Pooke came in eve and took me back to Breton.

5 Feb., '38, Saturday. Worked in office all day. Had lunch with Gaetz at Hellum's Cafe. Went to show in eve and dance after.

6 Feb., '38, Sunday. Worked in office 9:00 a.m. to 4 p.m. Dr. Hankin here in p.m. I went over to Gaetz's for dinner — Fortners there, too. Returned to office and made out relief vouchers.

14 Feb., '38, Monday. Went to bed 7:00 a.m. and got up at 10:30 a.m. Cst. Joe Pooke, Rev. Mackey and I with prisoner, left for Edmonton. Stopped at Thorsby enroute and got into Edmonton at 5:00 p.m.

12 Mar., '38, Saturday, Worked in office, Cst. Joe Pooke, Magistrate Baynes and I to Yeoford, Packed up skeleton (Fred Schroedder) at Garbowski's, missing person since I July, 1931. Had history of heart trouble and was apparently trying to go directly across a swamp to where a nurse lived. Checked dance in eye.

14 Mar., '38, Monday. Had court in office in a.m. re Sat. night dance fracas. Worked in office all day making out relief vouchers. Took school children in P.T.

18 Mar., '38, Friday. Worked in office all morning. Joe and I took P. T. classes. Joe Pooke and I to Alder Flats after supper re moonshine at the dances there. Arrested 1 and 2 under the Excise Act. Got home to Breton 3:00 a.m.

10 May, '38, Tuesday, Issued some relief. To Winfield re theft from Brite Shop, Searched 1, No luck. Went to Genesee re naturalizations. Saw Aquance north of Alsike. Joe and Tanny home in eve.

13 May, '38, Friday. Joe, Spindler and I look for I. Had to turn back on account of mud. Dr. M. Hankin here all day. Joe and I to Winfield, Minnehik and Alder Flats re liquor — no luck. Saw eclipse of the moon. Stayed at hotel in Winfield.

16 May, '38, Monday, Court today for five persons. 3 fined \$20, and costs, 1 fined \$100, and costs and 1 fined \$20, and costs; unable to pay so they were escourted to Edmonton by Cpl. Cameron.

17 May, '38, Tuesday, Rain, Worked in office and ran errands all day. Registering reliefers, Joe and I to Warburg in eve. Roads very muddy. Stuck for one hour, eight miles out.

22 May, '38 Wednesday. Joe and I patrolled to Thorsby and back. Worked in office. McDougall here. Played tennis. Csts. McQueen and Forbes (no relation) at detachment in eve.

30 June, '38, Thursday. Pay day \$60.87. Sent \$47.00 to Mother. Joe and I to Thorsby and saw 1. Joe to Winfield. I coached girls' softball team.

1 July, '38, Friday. Talked to Jamieson. Coached girls' softball team. Beat Sunnybrook 12-11. Lost to Warburg 12-10. Breton won 1 and lost 1 baseball game vs. Rainier. Dance in eve.

2 July, '38, Saturday. Worked in office in a.m. and 5:30 to 9:30 p.m. To Gaetz with nettles re suspected marihuana. Raining.

3 July, '38, Sunday. Raining. Went to hear Elkin at Anglican Church.

4 July, '38, Monday. Raining. "Relief day" in Breton.

25 July, '38, Monday. Got car fixed. Joe to Minnehik, I worked in office. Cst. Peter Paley arrived. Community gave me a party in eve. Softball team there. Got purse of \$15.00 and a brief case. Daisy and Tanny and Csts. Pooke, Paley and Brabant there.

26 July, '38, Tuesday. Caught 7:45 a.m. bus to Edmonton enroute to St. Paul detachment.

RE: JOHN HUTTON — CST I/C R.C.M. POLICE, BRETON DETACHMENT — APRIL, 1943 TO SEPT. 1945.

I arrived in Breton via "the train" on April 12, 1943, to take over the R.C.M.P. Detachment from Cst. Peter Paley. It was the only way you could arrive because the whole country was a sea of mud, caused by unusually heavy winter snows. The roads were banned and the bus was not running. My first impression of Breton was its famous Main Street — impassable due to the largest frost boils I have ever seen.

At the time, I was told that the total population of the hamlet of Breton was somewhere around 100, more or less. Mr. Spindler was postmaster. Mr. Pyrch, Carl Johnson, and Kelly Hauptman, were in turn, the hotel proprietors. Ed Collins operated the bus, Mindy Anderson was the drayman, Mr. & Mrs. Chris Hellum operated the Copenhagen Cafe, Tim Sexton and Pete Nikiforuk were two of the storekeepers among other businessmen whose names I don't recall. Walter Baynes was the oil dealer and Percy Seal the station agent. Cy Salsberry was the grain elevator man.



RCMP Detachment, 1930's, in front of the barracks located behind the Breton Hotel.

In 1943 the old police detachment was located behind the Breton Hotel. Cpl. Bob Marks told me he opened the first Alberta Provincial Police detachment in the district at Yeoford in 1928, getting around mostly by saddle horse. The detachment was moved to Breton about 1930. Old-timers will recall some of the former policemen stationed at Breton in the 1930's and early 1940's, i.e., Bob Baynes, Larry Lapointe, Joe Pooke, Bill Hanna, Chris Forbes, John Mitchell, Peter Paley, Bob McWhirter, Guy Lee, Jim Nelson, Wally Wallace, and Bud d'Easum, to name just a few. During the time I was stationed at Breton, Percy Seal was the local Justice of the Peace and J.MP. Coady of Leduc was the travelling Magistrate. The R.C.M. Police took over the policing of the Province in April, 1932. One of the highlights of my sojourn at Breton was the erection of new detachment quarters in the summer of 1944 by "Big Bill" Fraser of the Fraser Lumber Co., a full block away from our old location. I can recall Guy Lee and I returning to Breton via the Buck Creek road when we met a driverless team of horses and wagon, which pulled over to its right side of the road to let us pass. We stopped the team, looked into the open wagon box, and found Bill Bathgate, the Buck Creek mail driver, fast asleep on his mail bags. He, laughingly, told us that his well-trained team would go all the way home to Buck Creek without any guidance from him!



Cst. C.T.W. Wallace.

On another occasion we were called to the district north of Alsike to search for an 80 year old grandmother who apparently got lost in the bush while picking berries. We arrived at the homestead in the very late afternoon, and as we were discussing how to institute the search, the cows came home to be milked. The smart old lady, realizing that she was hopelessly lost, had heard the cowbells in the bush and grabbed the tail of the last cow as it passed her — and was in this way safely brought home. There were certainly lots of glad shouts, with hugs and kisses for Grandma on the part of her relatives!

One very cold morning in January, a 'phone call was received from Les Anthony of Antross to the effect that an expectant mother was very near her confinement time and had to be brought out from one of his camps to the nurse at Winfield. He said lumber trucks were the only means of transportation at the camp, and these, considering the lady's condition, were far too rough-riding; a warm, comfortable police car was the answer in his opinion! So, with much apprehension, Guy Lee and I set out to bring the patient in. She was accompanied by her husband and a "practical" nurse from the camp whose only stock-in-trade for the trip was a bottle of aspirin. I privately didn't think we could stop, or even delay, the stork with aspirin! The bush road was smooth enough due to heavy trucks packing the snow into the ruts, but there were a series of little knolls which created the effect of a "roller coaster" ride, even at 35 m.p.h. On going over each knoll the patient, who was uncomfortable to start with, would moan and groan, and Guy and I would anxiously look over our shoulders to see if we had acquired an "extra" passenger in the rear seat. However, we did arrive at Winfield without incident, and the patient was safely handed over to the nurse to our immense relief. The husband came back to our car to thank

BRETON DETACHMENT

	Reg. No.
May, 1932: Cst. A.B. Johns	11540
January, 1935: Cst. L.M. Lapointe	10339
January, 1938: Cst. J.W. Pooke Cst. H.C. Forbes	10288 11849
April, 1940: Cst. W.H.A. Hanna Cst. P. Paley	11347 12953
May, 1943: Cst. J.R. Hutton Cst. R.G.C. McWhirter Cst. Guy Lee	12345 13198
April, 1945: Cst. J.R. Hutton Cst. C.T.W. Wallace	12345 13818
January, 1948: Cpl. B. de R. de'Easum Cst. C.T.W. Wallace	12544 13818
July, 1950: Cst. J.D. Kennedy Cst. E.G. Forrest	14430 15517
January, 1953: Cst. J.D. Kennedy Cst. R.K. Burke	14430 15889
May, 1956: Cpl. J.D. Kennedy Cst. J.E. Kells	14430 18161
January, 1960: Cpl. H.W. Hopkins Cst. K.T. Keroluk	14850 18991
September, 1963: Cpl. G.A. Gray Cst. D.B. Dugas	15513 22797
January, 1967: Cpl. W.K. Williams Cst. H. Bil Cst. R.J. Kincaid	15776 24198 22823
May, 1970: Cpl. L.S. Knight Cst. R.M.G. Hornseth Cst. S. Jackson Cst. T.N. Turner from 12/8/70 to 17/5/	18790 21964 27369 /71

BRETON DETACHMENT

The Breton Detachment was opened April 1, 1932 when the Force absorbed the Alberta Provincial police. The Force took over the quarters previously used by the A.P.P. since 1928. Quarters were rented from Mr. Arthur Blair for \$20 per month and consisted of five rooms with a garage attached. In July of 1944, the Force moved to new quarters situated on Lots 10 and 11, Block 6, Plan 3246 ET owned by Mrs. Alice Fraser. Quarters consisted of an eight roomed house with a garage and it provided quarters for a married man, one single man and the office. This house continued to be occupied until 1962. That year a site was acquired from the Breton Community Club. The Department of Public Works put out notices for public tenders and all tenders were received by April 1, 1962. The contract was awarded May 25, 1962 to Seabrook Construction Limited. The new building on Main Street was occupied November 1, 1962.

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ı	1371.	
ĺ	Cst. B.G. Hastings	from 20/4/71 to 18/11/71
ı	Cst. D.G. Tait	from 22/11/71 to 25/3/72
ı	Cst. S.G. Fetterly	from 16/2/71 to 22/11/71
	Cst. T.D.D. Jette	from 26/10/71 to 2/5/72
ľ	1972:	
	Cst. C.W. Penner	from 26/4/72 to 2/12/72
i	Cst. M.E. Adams	from 27/11/72 to 2/6/73
I	Cst. G.T. McMartin	
	1973:	
į	Cst. R.W. Griffith	from 30/5/73 to 24/2/74
i	Cpl. R.E. Carlson	from 31/1/73 to 1/7/78
ĺ	1974:	
ı	Cst. K.A. Leckie	from 20/2/74 to 25/8/74
ļ	Cst. M.J. Griffin	from 31/7/74 to 31/1/75
ı	Cst. S.B. Kozak	from 1/11/74 to 29/7/75
ı	1975:	
ı	Cpl. R.B. Kachor	from 23/6/75 to present time
	Cst. G.T. Wozniak	from 18/7/75 to 3/12/76
	1976:	
i	Cst. E.S. Munro	from 10/2/76 to 12/9/76
ı	Cst. K.A. Budarick	from 10/9/76 to 1/2/77
	1977:	
ı	Cst. J.S. Gwynn	from 25/3/77 to 6/4/77
ı	Cst. E.M. Comaniuk	from 4/4/77 to present time
ı	1978:	
ı	Cst. W.A. Popik	from 4/7/78 to 2/3/79
ı	Cst. J.C. Woolford	from 6/8/79 to 27/2/80
П		0 10 (50

from 1/3/79 to present time

Cst. J.S. Thomas



us. It had been a tense ride for everyone — I suggested to the husband that to mark the occasion, if the baby was a boy, he should be named "Lester John", after Les Anthony and myself. He thought it



Jack Kennedy.

was a good idea — two weeks later he came to the office and informed me they had a new baby boy at home named "Lester John".

Breton, during the years of 1943-45, was definitely approaching the peak of its lumber phase. All the lumber mills were humming. Every stick, including cull lumber, was gobbled up by the war economy. The settlers and homesteaders supplemented their incomes in winter by cutting logs or working in the sawmills in the bush. Big flatbed trucks rumbled day and night bringing the lumber out of the bush to the planing mills. Due to labour

shortages, German prisoner-of-war camps were established in the Breton district in 1944. Some of the lumber operators in the area were: D.R. Fraser Lumber Co. and Pearson Bros. at Breton, Anthony



L. to R. Horace Brabant and Joe Pooke, 1930's.

Lumber Co. and Hales H. Ross Lumber Co. at Antross, and the Burrow's Lumber Co. at Norbuck. Forest fires were not too frequent, but they did occur. At night the forest fires presented an awe-



R.C.M.P. Barracks, 1979.



Breton R.C.M.P. quarters newly set up (1946). Building was owned by Mrs. W.H. Fraser, Edmonton.

some sight, like a city with thousands of lights. Even at a distance you could hear the roar of the flames and feel the waves of hot air. Every winter 2 or 3 accidental deaths in the bush were investigated — due to falling trees, caterpillar or mill accidents.

About 2 years ago I visited Breton and, as I drove on a hard-surfaced highway, I saw how well the whole area had developed with its cleared fields and oil well pumps. I had fond memories of other days when the country was truly rugged and a great many of the roads were "corduroyed".

— J. R. HUTTON

THE LEDUC STRATHCONA HEALTH UNIT

Sometime in the late fifties, Breton and the west area were left without the services of a district nurse. Mrs. Faulkner had left, and some of her services (immunizations etc.) were then performed by the local doctor, Dr. Keyes, who was then practising in Breton. On April 1, 1962, Breton and the west area up to the North Saskatchewan River and including Carnwood, Lindale, Berrymoor and Buck Creek, came under the jurdisdiction of the Leduc Strathcona Health Unit.

A new era came into being as the public health nurse now replaced the district nurse. The public health nurse's primary concern is in the field of preventative health; the district nurse had to handle this aspect and any emergencies in the area, which

was a very enormous task.

With the expansion of the Health Unit, another nurse was hired to work out of the sub-office at Thorsby; Trudy Keushnig became the first public health nurse to serve Breton and district. (Her salary then was \$300/mo.] now it is \$1335/mo.) She, along with Molly Policha from the main office and Joan Manuel (Wynnyk) from the Thorsby office, spent a lot of time in the area preparing for Health Unit services.

The Health Unit, at that time, was under the direction of Dr. H. Siemens, the Medical Health Officer. Other services now available to the Breton area were those of Mr. Kibblewhite—social worker, Mr. J. McDougall—mental hygienist, a speech therapist and a public health inspector. Local doctors in the area were also employed, mainly for the preliminary examination of grade one students.

Since the coming of the Health Unit in 1962, various public health nurses have worked in this area. Trudy Keushnig was followed by Eileen Maple who only stayed a short while. Irene Roberts came next and she was followed by Pearl Christensen who is now Mrs. John Elson and lives at Thorsby. Gwen Koziol then became the public health nurse and perhaps is the most well known. Shirley Pollock is presently the nurse for Breton and the west area.

At present, the Leduc Strathcona Health Unit still employs a speech therapist, public health inspectors and a mental health consultant. They have also expanded their programs to include preventative dental service and home care. The public health nurse provides many services including geriatric and mental health surveillance, a pre-school sur-

veillance program, well baby clinics and baby visits, pre-natal classes, school checkups and immunizations, T.B. testing of students, teachers, bus drivers and food handlers and home nursing courses etc. A part time R.N., Linda Whalley, looks after the home care program in this area. With the cooperation of the home care nurse, Preventative Social Services, the Breton General Hospital and the Breton Ladies' Hospital Auxillary, a "Meals on Wheels" program has recently been initiated in the Village of Breton.

At present, Dr. McCourt is the Medical Health Officer and Molly Policha is the Senior Nurse for the Health Unit which has its main office located in Sherwood Park.

— JOAN WYNNYK

BRETON NURSE'S HOME (Home of the District Nurse)

My first experience and visit to the district nurse's home came in August of 1947, only a month or so after the arrival of my husband, myself and family from Edmonton.

The district nurse at that time was a very dear and conscientious person, namely Miss Phillipa Chapman. She showed me through her home which, at that time, was not very large. It consisted of a kitchen, office room — where she kept all her records, medications and sterilizer for all her suturing trays and other sterile instruments. Her living room was also her waiting room for patients and sometimes this would be crowded especially on 'Well Baby Clinic and Immunization Clinic' days. Sometimes I wondered how she managed all these people in such a small area. However, eventually I learned how she did it as she had asked me to visit her on several of her various clinic days.

The nurse's home, I learned by now, was provided by the government, but at each locality there was a 'home board' chosen from surrounding areas that she served. I do not remember any of the outlying district members, but I do know that the late Mrs. Edith Gilchrist, for as long as that building remained a district nurse's home, was always the Breton acting member. She was a very dear, unselfish and interested member. She always made a point of being very friendly with the nurses and being very interested in their needs as far as furnishings for the home were concerned. Some other members of the board from Breton were Mr. Percy Seal and Mr. Walter Baynes.

The nurse's home was bought from Mr. Arthur Blair who had built the house and lived in it for some time. He sold it to the Board for a 'District Nurse's home'. This was one of the stipulations for obtaining a district nurse. At first the Department of Health procured or built the homes and the community furnished them from funds raised at dances, concerts and many other social affairs. Our



Dove McCartney has been nursing, in and out of the hospital, in the Breton area for 32 years. Now that she is retired, she expects to have more time to do things like crocheting and travelling.

Long-time nurse recalls early years

By Audrey Dorsch

of The Representative BRETON-To a lot of Breton-area residents meeting with Dove Mc-Cartney brings recollections of first aid treatment, shots, or just some helpful medical

McCartney, originally from Fort Saskatchewan, has been nursing, both officially and unofficially, in Breton since she moved there with her husband and family 32 years

McCartney When husband and his brother bought a hardware store in Breton in 1947, she thought she had left her nursing career when she left Edmonton hospitals where she had worked for several years.

In fact, she only stopped nursing two months ago when she retired from her part-time position at the Breton General Hospital.

Her memories of Bretonarea nursing, however, reach further back than the days of the Breton hospital, which opened in 1963.

When McCartney came here, there was no doctor in Breton. The district nurse covered a large area from close to Thorsby, where the nearest doctor was, almost to Alder Flats where the next district nurse was stationed.

"In those days there were so few cars around," she recalled. "They had to travel by team and wagon, or buggy or tractor."

The people needing the nurse's help were responsible for providing transportation. McCartney was frequently called on to help out, especially when the district a conference.

"So often things would happen," she recalled. "People got to know I was a nurse and would come to see

"It was interesting. There were lots of months there wasn't a day somebody wouldn't drop in, even just for advice. I've dished out lots of that."

There was more respon sibility on nurses in those days when the nearest hospital was at Wetaskiwin or Edmonton and the closest doctor at Thorsby with a large area to serve.

Consequently she had many telephone consultations with the doctor.

"I talked to him for two or three years about patients before I ever met him," she said. And when she did meet the doctor it was not in a professional situation, but at the curling rink.

The type of calls received by a rural nurse covered a wide range.

"You got everything," McCartney remembered. Her assistance was called on for removing buttons and pussy willows from children's noses and ears as well as driving a boy to Edmonton when his thumb was barely hanging on by a tag after being caught in the belt of a pump.
She helped the doctor in

maternity cases when the nurse was away. The doctor would sometimes rely on her to give a patient daily injections of a prescription. She would occasionally do night duty in the homes of some patients.

"There's always somebody telling me about a time I did something," McCartney recalled. "I've forgotten half of the things I did."

However, even though her services were often called upon in the days before the hospital, McCartney was not officially working as a nurse. Her services, as a help to the various district nurses who came and went, were on a volunteer basis.

When the nurse was going when the hurse was going to be away, she always left a good stock of supplies with McCartney, but she worked out of her own home.

"I was raising my family then and didn't have that much time to be away from home. It was easier for people to come to me," she

When the Breton hospital was built, after several at-tempts before receiving government approval, Mc-Cartney still found her skills in demand because the board of directors was having difficulty filling the nursing

McCartney's husband Elmer, had served on one of the committee's working on getting a hospital in Breton.
At length the government
decided Breton was the
central location for an area
hospital. But before the village could have a hospital, there had to be a doctor stay

for two years.
Dr. Keyes was the doctor br. Reyes was the doctor who filled that requirement, making it possible for the Breton hospital to become a fact. In the 14 years since then, Breton has at times had

NURSE to Page 2

Nurse

(Continued from Page 1)

difficulty keeping resident

At present there are two doctors serving the village and the situation seems to be running smoothly.

In 1964, reluctant to go back to full-time nursing after being out of it for 17 years, McCartney agreed to a threemonth trial period.

That three months stretched into 14 years.
"If I hadn't been so darn

stubborn, I would have quit," she said of the first few

When she started, there were only seven drugs out of the whole stock that she was familiar with. The remainder had come into use since her

former hospital days.

"I got to like the work and it worked alright with my family, and I just kept on," she said of the 14-years three

Two and a half years ago she switched to part-time. In August of this year, she quit "for good."

'I thought it was time," she "I'd already had two years grace then. I was 65 two years ago.'

McCartney, along director of nursing Johanna Leahmann, who is still there, was the only nurse who had been with the hospital since the start.

Now that she is retired,

McCartney has not quite decided what she will do with her time. She plans to move back to her home town of Fort Saskatchewan and perhaps do some travelling.

She looks back over her career with interest.

"Believe me, it wasn't easy," she recalled.

Read it in The Rep



Miss S.E. Smith, Provincial District Nurse, stationed at Yeoford and her pony "Lady". In the course of her duties, Miss Smith covered 1650 miles on horseback from May till November, 1920's.

Provincial Nurses Bring Aid And Comfort To Remote Districts

Bringing health services to her district must have Vitamin Alberta communities remote from hospital or doctor is the responsible task performed by a corps of 25 specially-trained nurses employed by the Department of Public Health. Each is trained to administer all types of emergency treatment as well as a broad range of preventive medicine and sanitation programs, and parental and postnatal care for mothers and infants. Periodic examinations of school age and pre-school age children are also conducted.

Customary arrangements are Bringing health services to her district must have Vitamin

also conducted.

Customary arrangements are for the community to provide the nurse's residence and transportation. Drugs, medicines and clinical apparatus are provided by the Department of Public Health. The nurse's home generally serves as office and treatment centre as well as living quarters. Most of the nursing acrivices are provided free of charge but a reasonable levy is made on patients requiring emergency treatment. Services and medications are free to old age pensioners and others receiving similar financial aid. A nominal charge is made to persons in better circumstances.

Typical of the hardy and self-ed on the conductor of the patients were suspensed and the property of the property of the property of the property of the positions are free to old age of the property of the pr

TYPICAL COMMUNITY

The regular population of the Breton and Lindale districts for which a he is responsible is about 1,000 persons. As happened in many other Alberta communities, recent oil development brought a heavy influx of transient and semi-permanent workers to the Breton and district for the patient and reduced the possibility of injury complications. Steady driving brought Mrs. Faulkner back to Breton at 6:30 a.m. After a brief nap, she was ready to carry out the workers to the Breton district for the steady of them came district for the steady of them came the steady of the stea of them came with their fami-lies, living in trailer homes. Oc-casional oil-field accidents and inadequate sanitation facilities bave drastically increased nurs-ing responsibilities. Under various preventive pro-

Under various preventive programs, Mrs. Faulkner carries out an average of 300 immunization injections per month, the year around. During a concerted program against typhoid fever and pollomyelitis last spring she undertook a total of 1,586 immunizations in May and 1,204 in April. The work was carried en not only in her office but during visits to schools and holmes.

dental cavities and abnormal ton-Foremost, Lomond, Tomahawk, sils, or for defective hearing and eyesight. The next day may be field. Five districts remain to fiven over to a "well baby" and immunization clinic at some centhat location. On the third day

she may make the rounds of the advantages of modern heals old age pensioners, dispensing care to thousands of Alberta citprescribed drugs and medicines lizens who otherwise would have
or making routine health checks. In ready access to regular pro
As an example, one pensioner in fessional aid.

Detter circumstances...

Typical of the hardy and self-less nurses who devote their skills to helping residents of rural regions is Mrs. Margaret Faulkner, of the Breton district 75 miles southwest of Edmonton.

TYPICAL COMMINITY.

Faulkner back to Breton at 6:30 a.m. After a brief nap, she was ready to carry out the work mapped out for that day. EMERGENCIES FREQUENT Similar cases of emergency frequently arise through accidents on farms, in lumber and fishing camps, or in oilfield work throughout areas served by public health nurses. The comforting presence of a highly trained nurse at such times eases the strain of suffering and anxiety, apart from minimizing the danger of complications. Municipal health nurses in Al-

year around. During a concerted program against typhold fever and pollomyelitis last spring she undertook a total of 1,586 immunizations in May and 1,204 in April. The work was carried en not only in her office but during visits to schools and holmes.

Hardly any two working days are the same for Mrs. Faulkner. One day she may be checking school pupils for the presence of dental cavities and abnormal tonsils, or for defective hearing and siles, or for defective hearing and siles or for defective hearing and siles.

ALL IN DAY'S WORK—Ubiquitous black satchel in hand, Mrs. Margaret Faulkner is shown at top approaching hand, Mrs. Margaret Faulkner is shown at top approaching a farm home in the Breton district to conduct a routine check of pre-school age children and minister to adults in the household. Home visits form an integral part of the nursing service where persons are unable to attend clinics or make office calls. All nursing services, apart from emergency and minor treatments, are free. In the centre picture a 91-year-old pensioner living in the Hamlet of Breton is shown having a blood pressure check. These senior citizens receive close, periodic attention from municipal nurses. Were it not for municipal health nurses, senior citizens living in remote sections of the province would have to travel many more miles to receive drugs and medical injections. In ing in remote sections of the province would have to travel many more miles to receive drugs and medical injections. In the lower picture Mrs. Faulkner is shown examining the throat of a youngster in a Grade 1 classroom. Parents are informed of physical aliments or defects and advised to seek medical attention. The average rate of immunizations under various preventive programs is 300 per month, on an annual basis. On the provincial scene, health nurses currently serve 17 unorganized districts and eight sections of organized municipal districts. municipal districts



Mrs. Faulkner making a home visit.



Mrs. Faulkner and Grandma Seal.



Mrs. Faulkner doing school check-ups.

nurse's home in Breton went through many changes, what with partitions changed inside and

additions to the original building.

It was my pleasure to know and find real friends amongst the district nurses, namely — P. Chapman (first district nurse in Breton coming in 1944 or 45 and staying till she retired in 1952), followed by Helen Sabin and Miss Betty Hillman (an English nurse who left to go back to the U.K.). Then came Mrs. Margaret Faulkner who was the last district nurse to use the home. About this time, Breton decided to apply for a hospital. The Dept. of Health said we must let them take our nurse away and get a doctor and keep him for two years — then they would consider building a hospital for us. Thus Mrs. Faulkner left and was stationed at Smith. The hos-



Mrs. Faulkner and child at Well Baby Clinic.

pital board acquired an Irish doctor by the name of Dr. James Hamilton Keyes in the late fifties. He left when the hospital was well underway and so the home was empty again for a short time. Then Dr. Hrabar came and completed the two years we needed. He also used the nurse's home as his home and office as well. Then in 1963, Dr. Dixon arrived to become the first doctor in the hospital. He, too, used the nurse's home for an office. It was also used as an office by Doctors Bhavnani and Scott until the new office (next to the Lucky Dollar Store now) was available to the doctors for an office. The home then was sold to Mr. Dick Eliuk who did some more renovating and made a very comfortable home for himself and his family; I think he still lives in it.

I recently finished reading a book by Irene Stewart entitled "These Were Our Yesterdays" and it is the story and history of district nursing in Alberta. It is most interesting and very good reading, if anyone ever wishes to pick it up. One interesting article states that it was at Yeoford that the idea of district nursing was conceived. Yeoford had the first district nurse in Alberta. Alberta was the second province in Canada to have district nurses. This was in 1918.

— MRS. DOVE McCARTNEY

MISS P. A. CHAPMAN

One of the dedicated District Nurses to serve in the Breton area before the days of doctors, hospitals and health units, was Miss P. A. Chapman.

Miss Chapman was born in England and came to Canada, with her family, around 1905 to a farm at Maidstone, Saskatchewan. She took her training in Edmonton. From there she went to work at the Lloydminster Hospital, working twelve hours a day with no conveniences such as running water, etc. and very cold winters — sometimes 70° below zero.

In 1936 Miss Chapman did district nursing at Lindale where she stayed for about four years. This was a very busy life for her as she sometimes had as many as three maternity cases in one day. She also worked in the Onion Creek area and at Warburg for four years. In 1945 Miss Chapman came to Breton and so became the District Nurse for this area until 1952.

After retiring from nursing, Miss Chapman went to Vancouver where she bought a house and took care of her aged mother, then in her late 90's. (Her father had lived to be about 101 years of age).

As of 1979, Miss Chapman is 91 years of age and lives in a home for the aged in Vancouver. She can still hear and see very well and enjoys reading books.

BRETON GENERAL HOSPITAL

The Breton General Hospital was officially opened by Hon. J. Donovan Ross, B.A., M.D. Minister of Public Health of the Province of Alberta on Wednesday, September 25, 1963.

DIRECTORS:

Mr. Nick Raczuk, Breton, Alberta - Chairman Mrs. Freida Quesnel, Warburg, Alberta Mr. Tom Bevan, Buck Creek, Alberta Mr. Herman Siegel, Buck Lake, Alberta Mr. Bert Kluczny, Winfield, Alberta Mr. Fred Greenhough, Genesee, Alberta Mrs. E.B. Carr, Administrator Mr. William Thompson, Sec. Treasurer Mrs. Nora Impey, President, Hospital Women's Auxiliary.

Some of the original staff members still working at the hospital are:

Miss Johanna Lehmann, Director of Nursing

Mrs. Dove McCartney, Nurse

Mrs. Barbara Boon, Nursing Attendant

Mrs. Verma Carson, Cook

Mrs. Janet Young, Business Manager

The doctor on staff when the hospital first opened was Dr. Robert Dixon.



Official opening of the Breton General Hospital, speaker Mrs. Carr (administrator)



Official opening of the Breton General Hospital, Sept. 25, 1963. Chairman, Nick Raczuk.



The first staff at the Breton General Hospital, 1963. L. to R. Judy Kaynes, Stella Myrhaugen, Glada McCulloch, Winnie Lansdell, Florence Lindberg, ? Carter, Louise Larson, 2 nurses unknown, Miss Lehmann, Olive Hopgood, Edna Rosted, Verma Carson, Mary Seed.



Breton sod turning ceremonies, October 22, 1962. L. to R. Nick Raczuk (Mayor), Mr. Ansley, M.L.A., Mr. W. Baynes (Pres. Breton Board of Trade), a rep. of the Bird Construction Co., Mr. Sanford Nelson (Yeoford), Mr. Elmer McCartney.

THE TREASURY BRANCH

The Treasury Branch in Breton was officially opened on May 8, 1961 and it was situated in a portion of the Breton Hotel. Rudy Hartman was the first manager and he had one assistant. After a few years, a trailer was moved in and situated on the lot next to the liquor store; this served as the bank headquarters for the next few years.

In 1965, the government bought the downtown corner lot from the United Church and a new building was erected. This was officially opened on February 15, 1966. Mr. Hartman was still manager and more help was hired.



The Breton Treasury Branch.

In 1967, Paul Liber replaced Rudy Hartman and he was manager for two years. Then Lorne Sorensen took over in 1969 and remained until May of 1972. About this time (1970), Mr. Stewart Manning did some relief work here in the summer months. Mr. J.R. Radcliffe came after Mr. Sorensen and relieved until July when Lloyd Lang became manager. He was here until 1977 when Dave LeClaire took over and was manager until January of 1979. Mr. Marvin Michaelis then came to Breton and is presently the Treasury Branch manager.

Through the years, the business has really expanded and there is now a staff of eleven — the manager, one stenographer, one accountant, one assistant accountant, one credit assistant, three people in current accounts and three tellers.

BRETON COMMUNITY LIBRARY

Although the history of the Breton Community Library does not extend back too far, it was felt that it should be recorded. Someday, when the library is housed in its new building — to be built in conjunction with the new village office, an arts and crafts area and a Fish and Game meeting room — with a full-time, paid librarian, some future residents of Breton may wish to know how and when it all began.

In actual fact, the history of library service in Breton does not begin with the library as it is today. In earlier years, books could be obtained from the Department of Extension, University of Alberta travelling library. This service was looked after by Walter Baynes and the books were brought out to his hardware store (located where the courthouse is now).

Since regional libraries have been instituted in Alberta, many towns and villages have been able to maintain a library which they probably otherwise wouldn't have. Breton is no exception as we depend upon the Yellowhead Regional Library for books and assistance.

On March 2, 1972, a meeting was called by the Breton Recreation Board, with representatives from other clubs, for the purpose of setting up a library board. The first board members were: Roy Stout — Chairman, Alma Gillies — Secretary-treasurer, Olive Jackson, Lucille Jackson and Eleanor Reid.

A portion of the Community Hall basement was partitioned, shelves were installed and the first library was open for business. Books and money were donated by various clubs and individuals; books were also obtained from the Edmonton Public Library at various intervals when they were weeding out their own collection. And of course, a monthly allotment of books was and still is received from the Yellowhead Regional Library. Volunteer librarians (interested people in the community) looked after the library during its open hours.

On April 2, 1973, a new five member board was elected — Olive Jackson — Chairman, Alma Gillies — Secretary-treasurer, Lucille Jackson, Lela Ellis and Mildred McAllister (Raines).

The library continued to operate in the Community Hall until it became apparent that a basement was not a very ideal place for books. A search for new premises began in earnest as the books were becoming damp and moldy. Mr. Baker of Wetaskiwin was approached about his building to the south of the post office. An agreement was made with Mr. Baker whereby the library could use his building rent-free as long as the utilities and taxes were assumed by the library board. This arrangement exists today and we are very much indebted to Mr. Baker.

In 1976, the library was moved to its current premises, the moving of all books and shelves being done by the volunteer librarians and a few available husbands.

The library became a Registered Society on April 23, 1979.

The Breton Community Library is now under the auspices of the Village of Breton — The village looks after all expenses and appoints the library board. The present library board includes: Joan Wynnyk — Chairman, Alma Gillies — Secretary-treasurer, Olive Jackson, Lucille Jackson, Marg Rustand. The Village Council representative on the library board is William Reich. The library work is still done by volunteers which includes all board members and other people interested in promoting this worthwhile project.

BRETON UNITED CHURCH (Summary from 1927 to date)

Occasional services had been held at Breton by a United Church minister in the Breton School — a one room wooden building on the site of the present elementary school; ministers had to come from long distances.

"At Breton August 8, 1927 a business meeting was held with Rev. A.L. Elliott in the chair. F.G. Matthews appointed secretary (pro tem) on motion by D. Jamieson, seconded by J. Hoath it was decided that a request be sent to the board of Home Missions for a grant towards the building of a manse at Breton, and that a subscription list be circulated.

Motion by D. Jamieson seconded by A. Blair that we have an interim business committee to circulate the subscription list and to call a public meeting for the election of business and building committee, and that D. Jamieson and F.G. Matthews, with the power to add, be the interim business committee. Motion carried.

The Breton Mission of the United Church in Canada opened November 3rd, 1927.

— Rev. F.G. Matthews - first missionary.

- Rev. A.L. Elliott convenor of Home Mission committee.
- Rev. Thomas Powell Superintendent of missions.

Manse started Nov. 3rd, 1927.

- D. McLeod first secretary-treasurer.
- L.D. Breton chairman
- D. Jamieson, A. Blair first business committee."
 - Excerpts from United Church minutes

A manse was built and occupied by resident ministers from 1927 to 1941. Until 1931 the services were held in the Breton School and the New Moose Hill School, which was situated about eight miles northwest of Breton.

In 1930, work commenced on the erection of a church at Breton. This was completed in March, 1931 at which time the Dedication service was held.



Breton United Church, 1945. Location 50 St. and 50 Ave.

Rev. Dr. Arthur Barton conducted the service with the Dedication being made by the Supt. of Home Missions, Edmonton. The organist was Mrs. Walter Williams. A quartet including Tom McKittrick, Dan Jamieson, R. Arnold, and Henry Pearson sang 'The Church in the Wildwood'. The organ for the church had been donated by Scarborough United Church,



United Church Ladies' Aid 1933. L. to R. Mrs. Simmons, Mrs. Wilde, Mrs. Walter Johnson, Mrs. Beaty, Mrs. Richards, Mrs. Williams, Mrs. Fred Jones, Mr. Richards, Mrs. Evans (nurse), Mrs. Wark, Mrs. Les Anthony, Mrs. Ernie Ayres, Mrs. Mark Anthony, Mrs. Thrasher, Mrs. Jamieson, Betty in front of manse.

Calgary. Prior to that time, Mrs. Williams had used her own organ, having it hauled in each Sunday by wagon or sleigh from their farm west of Breton.

The lumber for the church had been donated by Pearson Co. Ltd., Wm. Anthony Lumber Co. and Mr. Greenwood. Inside finishings and pews were donated by Anthonys. Nearly all the labor was donated, with Mr. Oscar Shantz as chief carpenter.

Rev. Barton, who was the minister from 1929 to 1931, walked to Moose Hill School each Sunday morning (eight miles) to hold the service; he then had services Sunday evenings in the school at Breton.

From about 1935 to 1939, half of the United Church was rented to the School Division and used as the senior school. Desks were left in all the time (that may be the reason that even yet the Breton congregation usually sits on the left side of the church).

Breton was a Mission Field, with resident ministers from 1927 to 1942 and summer student ministers from 1942 to 1957, at which time it became part of the Telfordville Pastoral Charge. Services in the winters from 1942 to 1957 were provided by student ministers from St. Stephen's College who came out each weekend, arriving Saturday evenings on the bus and returning Sunday evenings. This occurred with the exception of two winters. During one winter Johnnie Davidson attended high school at Breton and was boarded by members of the congre-



Ladies' Aid group out at Mrs. Art Westling's.

gation during that time, and during the other winter, the Anglican and United Church members held joint services each Sunday — with members taking turns to put on the service.

Considerable alterations were made to the manse in 1933 at which time the church incurred a debt to the Board of Home Missions of about \$1200.00, which was covered by a mortgage. None of this had been paid back when the last resident minister left in 1942. By renting out the manse to private families when it was not being used for student ministers, etc., the debt was finally paid off in 1954, and permission was given by the Board of Home Missions to sell the manse, the money being held by them in trust.

In 1945 a students' baching quarters was built onto the back of the church and used until 1956.



Ladies' Aid. L. to R. top row, Mrs. Adair (Craig), Mrs. Fred Scott, Mrs. Hallgren, Mrs. Seal, Mrs. Westling, Mrs. Westling's sister. Seated, Mrs. Webster, Mrs. Thrasher, Mrs. Walter Johnson, Mrs. Meade, Mrs. Helen Anderson, Mrs. Huntley, Grandma Moorhouse, Mrs. Jackson.

In the fall of 1964, the Alberta Treasury Branch made an offer to purchase the lot on which the church was situated. It was decided to accept this offer. Two lots were purchased and the church was moved to its present site. A full basement was built and additions were made to each end of the church. The cost of moving and rebuilding were much more than anticipated, and there was quite a debt owing, but the value of the building was increased threefold.

BRETON UNITED CHURCH

Ministers and Student Ministers from 1927 to 1957 With the Exception of Student Ministers from St. Stephen's Who Were Supplied During the Winters, 1942 to 1957.

er

	30.1.
Year	Minister or Student Minist
1928	Rev. F.G. Matthews
1929	Mr. Johnston
1930	Mr. Johnston
1931	Rev. Burton
1932	Rev. Burton
1933	Rev. Burton
1934	Rev. Richards
1935	Rev. Richards
1936	Rev. Richards
1937	Rev. Fraser
1938	Rev. D.M. Ponich
1939	Rev. D.M. Ponich
1940	Rev. D.M. Ponich
1941	Rev. D.M. Ponich
1942	Mr. R.B. Cunningham
1943	Mr. R.B. Cunningham
1944	Rev. Morse Johnson
1945	Mr. Art McGhie
1946	Mr. J.A. Boorman
1947	Mr. D.E.C. McLean
1948	Mr. J.B. Brotchie
1949	Miss Mary Pierce



Miss Mary Pierce - United Church student minister, 1948.

1950	Miss Mary Pierce
1951	Mr. Walter Ridley
1952	Mr. Walter Ridley
1953	Mr. William E. Julian
1953	Mr. John Davidson
1954	Mr. John Davidson
1955	Mr. Bill Morris



Funnell Sunday School class. Mary Pierce, Student Minister.

1956	Mr. J. Mervyn Dickenson
1957	Mr. John McNeil
(to date)	
	Telfordville Pastoral Charge

Until 1956 the Student Mission Field of Breton, Carnwood and Lindale was served during the summer months by a student minister under the supervision of the minister on the Telfordville Pastoral Charge. With the development of the roads and other community factors, it seemed more reasonable to include the Student Field as a regular part of



United Church Sunday School Class 1944.

the Pastoral Charge so that the total field was served throughout the year by a full-time minister with a student assistant each summer.

1957 - 1967 The Rev. G.M. Hutchinson was Minister in Charge with resident manse at Telfordville.

1967 - 1970 The Rev. Robert Hetherington was Minister living in Thorsby, later establishing the manse in Warburg.



Sunday School picnic 1954. Mrs. Seal and student minister, Sunday School teachers.

1970 - 1972 The Rev. John Palmer was Minister.
1972 - 1973 Mr. David Denholm, who had been student assistant, continued through the year as Lay Supply.

1973 - 1978 The Rev. Robert Lang was appointed Minister.



United Church Christmas concert, 1953.

The Rev. John Forester began his Ministry.

The Breton United Church has also provided a minister for the work of the Church. Robert Seal grew up in the community and Church, became a teacher, and then entered St. Stephen's College for his Theological education. He was ordained to the Ministry of the United Church of Canada and has served at Forestburg, Ebenezer United Church (Edmonton), and Vegreville.

OUR LADY OF FATIMA ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH — BRETON

I wish to state right at the beginning of this story that it is prepared almost entirely, except for only some minor additions, from information provided to me by Father Larry Pederson. He very graciously did all the research as to the past history of our parish without which I would have been unable to write this. My memory only goes back to about 1946. At that time, the Catholic Church was a tiny building located about where Myrhaugen's yard is, west of the C.P.R. tracks. As near as I can find out, this had been donated by Mr. George Impey sometime in the late 30's. Mr. Jack Anderson did the renovations inside and this tiny building served as the Church until 1951 or 52. We were a Mission of Winfield at that time and continued under that status until 1963.

However, Catholic services were available in the Breton area even before we became a Mission of Winfield. In 1932 the Parish of Rimbey received its first resident pastor, Father Joseph Murphy. Father Murphy served as pastor of Rimbey Parish from 1932 to 1956. Besides his pastorship of Rimbey, he served the mission territory of the Breton area until 1938.



Father Edward McCarty who was instrumental in the construction of the Breton Catholic Church.

In 1938 Winfield received its first resident priest, Father James Dillon. Thus the status of Winfield changed from a mission to a parish proper, and as a result the Breton area became a mission of Winfield. This status was to last until 1963. After Father Dillon, Father Vincent Curtis served this area from Winfield in the years 1941 to 1944. He was followed by Father Joseph Schieber, who was replaced by Father Morgan Johnson in 1945 and 1946. Father Augustine Hichey served the next three years. In 1948, came Father Edward McCarty. He will be remembered by the parishoners of Breton as it was mostly through his efforts that we were able to build a new Church. I don't mean by this that he did just the necessary paper work. He worked tirelessly on the project; if he wasn't campaigning for donations of money or materials he was actually

carpentering on the building. It wasn't unusual to see him mixing cement or up on the roof shingling. Whatever the other volunteers were doing, Father McCarty was doing also, and I'm sure he worked more man hours than anyone else. It took a lot of effort on the part of all the parishoners as money was much harder to raise than it is today. Some of the funds came from the diocese but much was donated locally or raised by the C.W.L. Mr. Tim Sexton provided the two lots. Others that couldn't give money gave their time.

To everyones' disappointment, Father McCarty was moved to another parish before the Church was quite finished and he was unable to hold the first Mass in it. The honor fell to Father Aloysius Schoen who came in 1951. He only stayed one year as did Father Francis Stempfle who followed him. In 1953, came Father Iynatius Bruinsma. He stayed for the next seven years and it was during the early part of his stay that the present Church was Blessed

by Archbishop John Hugh MacDonald.

It was during the next few years that the Breton Parish had the most parishoners. There was a lot of oil activity and our population was at its peak. It was during these years that the Catholic Womens' League was very active and did much toward the welfare of the Church. However, it wasn't until 1962, on February 11th, that it was officially recognized by the National Executive as a Council of the C.W.L. The first Director was Father Bernard Bryden, the first president was Mrs. Louis Beauchamp and the secretary was Mrs. Jack Malloy. Father Bryden was parish priest from 1960 to 1963. It was during his pastorship that interior renovations to the Church had to be made to conform with the spirit of renewal and reform brought about by the meeting of all the bishops of the world at the Second Vatican Council held in Rome.

In 1963 Breton received its first resident priest, Father Kenneth Dylke. Besides his pastorship in Breton, Father Dylke served the Missions of Lindale and St. Francis. Unfortunately, soon after his arrival he was striken with a serious illness, and eventually was permanently hospitalized at St. Joseph's Hospit-



Father Kenneth Dylke — the first resident priest of Our Lady of Fatima Parish, Breton.

al in Edmonton. At the time, Father Dylke was very young and full of joy and enthusiasm. His presence and example were clearly missed in the faith community. He is still hospitalized at St. Joseph's Hospital in Edmonton, and I'm sure that he would appreciate a note or a visit from Breton parishoners who knew him.

Father Dylke left the Breton Parish in 1965. The parish was again served by the priest from Winfield. Father Leo Floyd served from 1965 to 1966 and Father William Groten from then to 1968.

At this time, Winfield also lost its resident priest and once again was being served from Rimbey. So with this change, Breton now had to be served by the resident priest from Thorsby — Father Michael Blanch, from 1968 to 1970, followed by Father



Our Lady of Fatima Catholic Church at the present time.

Archibald MacKenzie in the next three years. A short pastorship by Father Joseph Killoran in 1973 to 1974 brings us up to the present time and Father Larry Pederson who has been with us for the past five years. During these five years with Father Pederson's enthusiastic leadership, both Thorsby and Warburg parishes have grown by leaps and bounds. Unfortunately, the Catholic community in Breton has dwindled to the point where Mass is not held on a regular basis. Most parishoners attend St. Charles in Warburg which is now growing very rapidly. I believe the Church had to be enlarged a couple of times recently. Father Pederson holds Mass in Breton on some Fridays at the present time to accommodate those who are unable to travel to St. Charles. Some senior citizens appreciated this and are working hard to preserve the church in the hope that if the Village grows, it will again be required on a full-time basis.

— TED GRZYB

HISTORY OF THE BRETON COVENANT CHURCH

In the summer of 1934, two young men, Albert Koch and Wolfe Hanson, came to visit John Bergstrom at Knob Hill where he was pastoring a church. They had just completed a summer of Bible School and were on their way to Breton to have one there.

They had the use of the old school. The interest was good and over twenty-five children turned out every day, although the population of the hamlet was small. The closing program was held in Nelson's Hall.

Here, some were desirous of becoming Christians, so the two young men stayed on. They conducted evangelistic meetings in the hall for a few weeks. They took turns preaching while Albert Koch led the singing and played his guitar.

More people became interested and soon a Bible Study group was formed. It met in the homes. Then a church was organized. Jamiesons, Hoaths and Williams' were among the charter members of the Church. Mrs. Williams is our only remaining charter member.

Wolfe Hanson felt called to be a missionary in the West Indies, so did not stay long. But Albert met and married his wife, Bertie Hoath, in Breton and remained to pastor the young church for about six years. They soon found it necessary to get a building to worship in. Mr. Jamieson, the local hardware merchant, bought one from the lumberyard and had it moved to where it now stands. In fact, much of the success of the early church was due to the faithful support and dedicated work of Mr. and Mrs. Jamieson. Their younger son, Norman, later became a missionary to Japan. He is now pastor of an Alliance Church in Calgary.

Mrs. Williams tells that a musical group came from Knob Hill and they had such good services and wonderful times. These services overflowed into the surrounding country. There were meetings in both Moose Hill and Antross with encouraging results.

Nor were these all the results; three young people felt called to missionary service. Merrit Hoath went to the West Indies and is now retired in



Breton Covenant Church.

Three Hills. Frank Proctor went to Jamaica, and is now retired in the States. Yvonne Anderson went to Japan and there married Von Courteney, an American serviceman. They remained there a number of years, then went to Mexico and taught in a Bible School.

When the Kochs wanted to move on, they were followed for a short term by Claire McLehern and then by Ralph Bradley. Ralph was no stranger to the district. When the first meetings were held in Nelson's Hall, he helped with the music. When Albert wanted a short holiday after his marriage, he substituted for him.

While the Kochs seemed to have had a house to live in, Ralph batched in a six foot wide lean-to at the end of the Church. Here he brought his bride, Marge Dunn, of Three Hills. He soon built a small three room house, which stood where our present main building now stands. Two years later, he left and joined the Airforce. He was followed by Blair Lytle.



Evangelist and Mrs. Greenway, 1960's.

The Lytles had two children when they came and four when they left. At one time, they boarded two high school girls. While he was in Breton, he and Norman Jamieson started church services in the hall in Warburg.

When the Lytles left, they were followed by Jake and Helen Friesen. Jake was a bit of an inventor. He made a combination boat car that was

supposed to be driven by a propeller.

Albert Josephson, who started his work around here with a Bible School at Alder Flats, was our next preacher. He also married while here and then moved to Warburg to live. He soon left to further his education.

The next permanent pastor was Floyd Hawley. He conducted the business of his store and looked after the work of the Church for a few years.

Eric Josephson seems to be the next pastor. He lived in Warburg and came to Breton about twice a week. During his time, the little parsonage was sold and moved to the country. The Knob Hill Church, which had been closed for some time, was moved in. It was placed to the south side of the old building and they were joined into one.

He was followed by Brian Johnson, then Glen Oswald, both student pastors and single. Glen has

since become a very successful pastor.

Keith and Viola Fullerton were next; they stayed about four years. The last year they stayed,

Keith taught in the Junior High School and preached in Alder Flats. Viola worked in the bank. Larry, Keith's brother, became Warburg's and Breton's preacher. He stayed for two or three years.

When they left, Mr. and Mrs. Hallgren, an elderly couple who were missionaries in China, were next. He had been held for two years behind the Bamboo Curtain.

Following a year of supply preachers, the Coryells came to us from the States. During his stay, more young Christian families moved into the district. The Knob Hill part had the pews repainted and the floor carpeted by the C.W., while the original building had cupboards built in it and the walls paneled. Some paint greatly improved the outside.

Our next pastor was Ed Johnson from B.C. He was a student, so only stayed for a year. When he left, Ric Monro, another student pastor from B.C., but having attended Bible College in Calgary and Regina, came. Breton was his only charge and for a



Pastor Stenberg logging for the

time he lived in town. Upon his leaving, we were again served by supply preachers, mostly from Edmonton. We are thankful for the services of the Englunds and Echerts.

During the last year or more, there has been a gradual but steady, increase in the numbers attending both in Church and Sunday School. For the latter, the classes have become quite crowded, so we have felt the need for a larger building and have purchased land east of the trailer court.

At this time, we are fortunate to have the service of Pastor Stenberg, a successful preacher in the U.S.A. Also, before becoming a pastor, he had experience in logging and building. At the present time, he is leading the Church in the task of making a new building.

THE ANGLICAN CHURCH

In 1930, Miss Bell came to Breton as a missionary of the Anglican Church. She visited amongst the people, provided layettes for babies and helped out in many ways. She prepared two or three for confirmation. She was also a trained nurse so before long the demands on her were taking up a

great deal of her time. She was here around 2 years of a little better and had shown the church that there was enough support for one out here.

A year or so later Mr. Mackey, a student minister, came out. He batched with Wilbur Stevens in a small house owned by John Smith. Here most of our services were held and he also conducted services in Winfield. Then Winfield built a church and rectory so he moved there and came to Breton



Reverend Mackey.

for Sunday services. He was ordained while here; his work took in a large area, Winfield, Buck Lake, Hoadley, Wenham Valley and Lindale. The roads were really bad, but to his credit, and those who followed shortly after always seemed to get there when needed. They also did a great deal of visiting and were on friendly terms with their congregation. Rev. Mackey had several confirmation classes and the church grew and prospered. After Rev. Mackey left, we had several students. One especially was very musical and tried to get a small choir going but his time here was too limited. He had been choir master for the boys' choir in one of the big churches in the east. However, we enjoyed his choir.

After the war we had resident ministers again, Rev. Bowker, Rev. Gibbons, Rev. Bastedo, Rev. Alcock, Captain Morris and Rev. Dowden. They were all well liked and did a great deal for the



Anglican Church Choir. Back row: Bobby Seal, Colin Collins, Jimmy Seal. Front row: Tommy Impey, girl unknown, Buddy Impey, Carol

church. Rev. Dowden will be remembered for his work with the boys as he was very good with them and well liked. We had quite a number confirmed during this period. Also the area they served was a little smaller.

After Rev. Dowden left, we had no resident minister; for a while Mr. Winchester came from Wetaskiwin, but it was a long way so Mr. Rogers from Leduc took his place. We were, at this time, holding services in the homes. We had long been wanting a little church of our own. The church owned a lot in Breton but never seemed to be able to get enough to go any further. Mr. Lucas had died and Mrs. Lucus went to Grande Prairie to live with a granddaughter, leaving her house vacant. So we all helped to remodel the front part and we put in a wood stove. Rev. Rogers held the first service. We dedicated altar part as we would have to use the rest for other things. It was a very cold building and many Sundays we had cold feet and always kept out coats buttoned up. We also served tea after church and that helped warm us up.



Breton Anglican Church.

We held teas, bazaars, catered to sales and Field Days, so gradually our bank account grew. The first thing we did was add a porch on and that made it a little warmer. A few years later we tore off the old kitchen and added a new one; the men helped with this too. Then followed a furnace and the installation of water so we no longer shivered in church or had to pack water for teas and socials we held. But the outside of our church needed a great deal of work. We were lucky as the Devonian Fund made us a grant; so we lost no time in putting on the siding, painting it and reshingling the rest of the roof. Now our little church looked its part. We still had a fair bank account so with the A.C.W. doing a little more work and using some generous contributions, we decided the inside could be done, too. So we painted the inside, installed carpeting, put cupboards in the kitchen and porch and laid tiles on the kitchen floor; it looked very nice. Mr. Laurence Craig very kindly left us a nice sum of money, so we do not have the struggle to carry on as we had to before.



Interior of the Breton Anglican Church.

Over the last few years we lost some very good members, Mrs. Lucus, Mrs. Gilchrist, Mrs. Rigby, and Mrs. Burris. They contributed greatly to the church and are sadly missed. Rev. Dawkins from Leduc was the minister for the last few years but has been moved to Drayton Valley. We are all hoping our congregation will work as hard to keep the church active as they did to get it started. With the small group we had, we feel we can be justly proud of our little church.

Nora Impey and Edith Shave

BRETON COMMUNITY CLUB

How do you record 54 years of history in the few pages that are available to us in this book? The answer to this question was uppermost in our minds as we spread the five volumes of minutes and nearly as many treasurer's reports in front of us. However, we aren't complaining; in fact, we have to be thankful to our predecessors for having recorded and preserved these records for our use. So many organizations destroy old records in the belief that they are of no value and only occupy space. Histories of these can only be written from word of mouth information passed on, often through several generations and often with as many alterations. This is not to suggest that all the information in the next few pages will be only the gospel truth. We weren't present at the writing of most of these minutes and very often motions are made and recorded that are not carried out or altered in their enactment. If you disagree with some statements made by us, you very well could be right, but we hope that most of what we have gleaned from these records is correct.

Without a doubt, the Community Club must be the oldest organization that has operated continuously without a break, in this area. The old-timers in the area speak of sports day held on July 1st of 1926. We were a bit skeptical, but while reading some minutes of a June, 1944 meeting, reference was made to the 18th annual sports day and I'm sure their memories should have still been accu-

rate at that point in time. I personally remember ball tournaments in the very early thirties in which the teams from the sawmills, Lindale, Rainier and so on took part. We haven't been able to find out exactly when the first hall was built, but many seem to remember it being already in use in the very early thirties. The oldest records found by us go back to June of 1937 with the first recorded minutes in August of that year. The first annual meeting records are for Nov. 4th, 1937 with Harry Asher as president, Tim Sexton as vice-president, Mrs. Kershaw was secretary and Art Blair as treasurer. However, there is no question of the club being in existence long before that as there are many references to events that had taken place earlier. For instance, reference was made to a hall addition in 1935 and various debts owing from that venture. One in particular was a loan owing to Mr. Herb Smith which came up in minutes over a long period of time with payments of five or ten dollars voted from time to time as funds became available. If you think there wasn't any money because nothing was happening, you are dead wrong. Records in some of the earliest minutes indicate a dance every week without fail and by the early forties, there were also two picture shows every week. If you wonder why money was scarce, take a look at the copies of some early records from the 1937 minute book. As you can see, proceeds from an average dance ran from \$4.50 to \$15.00 and the band had to be paid \$5.00.

In October of 1938, a wind-up banquet for the baseball club was held and a notation records the supper charge of 35¢ and the dance admission at 50¢. After this supper, the athletic club affiliated with the Community Club. This seems to be the first of several "affiliations" to take place over the years. At this time, we note that Fred Harmen was hired to take care of the skating rink for the sum of \$2.00 monthly. The season ticket for skating was \$1.50 per family and they were required to help with the

wood supply.

In September of 1938, the Kershaws left Breton and Mrs. Gaetz became secretary-treasurer. Club attendance deteriorated somewhat with the start of the war in 1939 and the club experienced one of its "down cycles". By 1941, it became apparent that steps had to be taken to rejuvenate the club. Under the presidency of Les Levers, a charter was applied for and the first incorporation papers were signed on March 3rd, 1941. The signing officers were Les Levers, Walter Baynes, Tim Sexton, Floyd Graham and Mrs. W. Spindler. Membership fees were set at 25¢.

In August of that year, Mr. and Mrs. Herb Smith left the community and the club sponsored a party and a going away gift. They were followed in 1944 by the Spindler family who were also recognized for their work in the community by a gift of a small amount of money. Nineteen forty-four could also be mentioned as the year for holding "horse races" for the first time on the July 1st Sports Day. The possibility of holding a "stampede" also came

up for the first time.

This might be an appropriate time to mention that up until the war years, the community grounds across the railroad track, just west of the present bulk Esso station, were leased from the government. Several attempts were made to buy them and an offer of \$35.00 was presented to the government. However, the actual title was not received until 1956 and one has to assume that it was for that sum as no new figure is ever mentioned. By that time, of course, the club was already negotiating with Mr. Harry Huntley for the present grounds for the sum of around \$2500.00.

Returning again to the forties, the dances gradually gave way to the movies as the main source of revenue for the Community Club. Mr. LaRose, Mr. Powlick and finally, Mr. Ronald, took their turn at providing Breton with a steady fare of Hop-a-long Cassidy, Tom Mix, Roy Rogers and once in awhile a special without cowboys and Indians; and everyone loved the shows. A gradual decline became evident in the late fifties but the final blow came in the early sixties with the advent of television.

The old hall occasionally received minor repairs such as a new floor, repairs to the roof, curtains, a new heater and so on, but by 1948 the need for a new hall was being mentioned more and more often although it was still 12 years away. In 1949 the new park grounds were opened with an open-air dance. 1950 could be noted as the year for the first Farmers' Day holiday, the first circus and the purchase of a merry-go-round. In fact, the fifties turned out to be very busy years for the club. One of the first major undertakings was the construction of a new grandstand (it is still in use at the present

grounds).

As dances and later, movies, waned in popularity, new activities took their place. Stampedes, ball tournaments, ice carnivals, Valentine queen contests and raffles were used to raise money. During this period, the school and its teachers were heavily involved with the club and contributed a great deal to the success of many endeavors. The early part of this decade will also be remembered for the traveling variety shows of Ole the Swede and Ray Little as well as a number of Search for Talent shows. These activities all contributed to an "up cycle" in the financial fortunes of the club which finally culminated in a new hall in 1960. Many could be singled out for their efforts during this period but to mention names would be at the risk of leaving someone out who may have done as much behind the scenes. We therefore acknowledge our indebtedness to all who worked so hard toward that goal.

The hall was in the planning stages for several years, but actual construction took place in the late fall of 1959 with the first Community Club meeting actually to be held in the new hall taking place in January of 1960. Several different contractors were hired with large savings through the use of volun-

Breton Volunteers Hurry Progress on Rec Centre

neveral Breton Chamber of fleeting glimpses of their hascommerce members probabily bands since volunteer work all had traces of sawdust behind started on the recreation centheir ears during the prema-tre last summer.

Because several of them (Including Mayor Dongillies); Thee Westling and Orville Biever) must have performed Sairly hasty ablutions in order to get but the affair at all. Wielding saws, hammers and brooms, the men worked

manded control of the Altchen 1 to carve stanning turkeys and mash potatose) to get the new, \$50,000 nearly-completed addition to their recreation eentre into presentable shape before MLA James Heuderson 1 arrived that evening to present them with a \$3500 recreation.

grant. The Chamber, which reors a gantzed has December, didn't, a call the affair a houseward has though it had all the learnaries of one — lots of it people, food, drin's and hose or pitality. And a presentation to the tensats the villagers) c by provinctal government representatives who praised the

Br' it wasn't a housewarming; it was a "ladies night". Some long-suffering wives at the banquetand social evening sniffed that they certainly deserved a "ladies night" as shell. Himitation of wooder arch The saved money initially and will reduce upkeep is the future, town officials bops. An upstars lounge and viewing area is also being dereloped as well as the basement, which may serve as a t games room.

"This is a recreation cenf tre, not a curling rink," Onville Biever, chairman of the Breton Recreation Board emphasized.

when we get that common the well curl in winter of but it can be used for tenning. bedminton, volleyball, 4-H af-lis, firs, bingos, machinery disposed by the second plays and all sort of activity. It dies at other times of the building will be used by a wratery of groups. This is go the moeting place for Bra-

ideally located adjacent to the let Hreton schools and sports grounds.

The late booked practically ev-

The original hall was issuit to consider the total to 1967.

"We had a lot of volunteer their with the addition," Chambal ber member and community worker Than Westling and

(Continued on Page 22)



THOUSANDS OF NAILS have been pounded by volunteer laborers into the new Breton Recreation Ceutre which received an unofficial unveiling last Thursday night at a Chamber of Conumers dinner, havelyed

in some last-minute carpentry prior to the banquet are Mayor Don Gillies, community Club president Theo Wostling and Recrea-



SURPRISED with a plaque in recognition of years of outstanding community service was Theo Westling at the Breton Chamber of Commerce ladies night Thursday, Recreation board chairman Orville Rivers made the presential on soling Mr.

Westling, president of the Breton Community Club, was "always willing to give a beiging land" with the new recreation centre and other projects.

Breton Chamber of Commerce Hosts Ladies, Recreation Board Accepts Cheque From MLA



Newspaper articles regarding the Breton Community Club.

HAPPILY ACCEPTING a \$3567 provincial government chaque from MLA Jim Handerson for the new Breton

Biever. Looking on are Al Holt (Left) of the Department of Youth and Al Hickey, menager of the Alberta and



PREPARING AND SERVING steaming not meals for affairs in the Breton Community Hall is often the lot of the local W.I. members. They were able to use the ner kitchen store and expanded space for the first time has

sek. The ladies have made a \$1,000 donation toward telem facilities in the new recreation centre.

(Staff Photo)

(Continued from Page 1)

He said the rural commune, ""With your spirit and you didn't come forward with a stitude urbanization will olumber halp the way we affect livelon if this united by the world," showed for continues," he said they per cash of curlars are "with a wishle unit wit rural residents."

evening with a plaque from thy."

Itthen of heteron in re- | he presenting the \$3567 | little of his service to the creation grant chaque to be mustly.

It is currently president MLA Jim Henderson empty as the Briston Community Cite aired the financial help serves on the recreation designed to "promote include the community cite aired the financial help serves on the recreation designed to "promote includes".

donated "hundreds of He said Bretor's prog "" of time to the new is due to individual and atton centre as well as wate enterprise, not gor projects in the village, ment assistance, key, baseball, curling After several immende he hall all operate under from Chimbor appealers a treton Community Club cerving the still-unpayed, and he

brails.
There was a lot of negaFrene was a lot of negaEreion to Alsike
head-shaking whan the son replied the
m for the recreation cenin was hatched three years it on costs were in
But when the plebiscite reMr. Nolf of th

spirit is transcolous, one with the commune be "a horn spirit is transcolous", one more undes mannher member said.

"If we hadd't gone for the individual spirit is a rese would have," Mr. grams mes are would have," Mr. grams mes are would have, "Mr. grams mes are would have," Mr. grams mes are worth of the work of th

At the binquet, with Chamber prasident Ted Gryzb as M.C., Mayor Don Gillis called for the support of town and country residents "to keep this project going until it's

Construction to date has "pretty well exhausted" the original \$50,000 with a lot of interior finishing still required.

Hannon attended the banquet a guest, along with Al Ricke; Manager of the Alberta Chamber of Commerce and provide cial manager for the Canadia Chamber.

Al Holt of the Department of Youth and Mr. Handers

of Youth and Mr. Henderso were also bead table quest in his address Mr. Hicksaid he feit assured that Bro no was not going to be on if the "dying towns of A serba". Newspaper articles regarding the Breton Community Club.

69.35 to Blaw June 12th 37 Haves Jetal - 46.45 19 % July & Paig one his hope of Pares 36.90 Booth and the 102, 40 , in Olifferd Ruger 7.50 July a Ceah on hard week Bleer 17.71 Copies of old minutes from Breton Community Club. Sistember For Occasion 173 19.20 set, 2rd of me pine of 20 Oct, The faid to My Blair author and the protection more mine from more mine from more mine from more mineral median meting of class - minutes read placetide. tegular meeting of Eutmibrutes read gladated at this
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teer labor from the community. A loan was obtained from the local Treasury Branch, plus several smaller loans from club members to cover the cost which totalled around seventeen thousand dollars.

At this point, we must go off on a slight tangent and bring the curling club into the story even though it was not yet part of the Community Club. In 1951 the curling bug had hit the prairies and, of course, our area didn't escape. Through the efforts of many local enthusiasts, a curling club was organized and plans for a building took shape. The



Imperial Oil challenges local curlers in the old curling rink, 1950's.

Ladies' Sports Club had built a clubhouse a couple of years earlier just west of the present park grounds and it was decided to attach a 2 sheet curling rink northward from this clubhouse. Some of the building supplies had to be bought, but most of the lumber and other needs were donated by the



Curling in the old rink.

two lumber companies, Frasers' and Pearson Bros. Lloyd Polischuk worked on the rafters on the planer platform at Frasers' while all the other volunteers tackled the rest of the building on the site. When it was completed, all that was necessary was the "natural ice plant", with Floyd Graham's assistance, to make the ice. Every curler had to buy his or her own rocks (they weren't always the same size) and mark

them with colored tassels for identification. Some of the matched rocks were later donated to the club. Some of the early curlers were McCartneys, Lloyd Polischuk, Stan Taylor, Art Westling, Tim Sexton, Harry Asher, Ladouceurs and so on. As the club grew, a few improvements were made. Heaters were finally installed in 1967 but artificial ice was never installed in the old building. Minus 40 degree temperatures were not uncommon inside the building while at other times, bonspiels in the spring were finished off with water splashing on the ice. The club operated in this building for 19 years until the new curling rink was built in 1970. It might be of interest to mention that the curling club operated as a separate entity until 1966, at which time all sports activities were finally amalgamated as one community club.

Here we will return briefly to the period just before the new hall was built. Once the new grounds were bought from Mr. Huntley, it was decided to move the newly built grandstand to the new grounds and offer the old grounds and the hall property for sale to raise funds for a new hall. Neither happened suddenly, but the grounds were eventually sold to Arvid Wiklund (subsequently resold in parts to Wm. Adair, Percy Neutzling and Don Rieck), the hall to Mr. Impey on behalf of the Anglican Church, one lot to the hotel and the other lot to Mr. Purdy. To raise additional money, it was also decided to sell all land north of main street as lots. The first buyer was the Federal Government for the R.C.M.P. barracks. The sale of these lots took several years as people considered \$200.00 pretty steep. Presently, the Community Club is running out of space for its activities and if foresight was half as good as hindsight, we should have hung on to some of that land.

Once the hall was in operation, it soon became evident that many more things had to be added to it to make it viable. Payments were coming due at the same time as money was needed for additional improvements. Instead of the new hall making things easier for the club members, the few years that followed were the most difficult financially. This wasn't because the club wasn't working, but was due, to a large extent, to the change in habits of our affluent society. Good cars, better roads and more money made travel for out-of-town entertainment easy. Television was making movies unprofitable. and dances were poorly attended. Where these activities had, in the past, been the main source of income, they had to be gradually discontinued on a regular basis. The main revenue now was from the hall rentals. If it hadn't been for steady rental revenue from the Elks, Royal Purple, the government (court) and frequent weddings, things would have been tough indeed. Several offers to sell the hall were made but there were no ready takers. The sports clubs, the Elks, Royal Purple, W.I., church groups and the village often came through with donations to keep it operating. Chairs were donated

by the Elks, tables, dishes, etc., by the ladies' groups and janitor work was often done by the president or secretary of the club or other volunteers.

The first glimmer of hope came about the middle sixties when the first talk of county recreation areas, with possible grants and assistance to recreation from tax dollars, was first suggested. Theo Westling and Orvil Biever got involved in this from the start and never gave up. Of course, the first criterion for any grants was town ownership of the community property. A plebiscite was held once and failed but in 1969, when a second one was held, it finally succeeded. This cleared the remaining debt of \$5800.00 against the hall and left the way open for public financing of recreational facilities.

Since curling had gradually become the main sport in which most people participated and seemed to be generating a lot of the income, the club decided to go for a new curling rink with kitchen facilities that would accommodate both the hall and the curling rink. The Community Club, under the chairmanship of Theo Westling, was the guiding force but nearly every club in the area got involved in the project. A loan was obtained through the village and plans were made to proceed. The only grant available at the time was about \$3500.00. In retrospect, if we had waited a few years, we could have built largely on grants, but who is to judge if the choices were right or wrong as no one can see into the future. A metal building was bought for the shell and constructed with almost 100% volunteer labor under the supervision of Ed Grant. The interior work and kitchen were done largely by Don Gillies and volunteer workers. The following year the rink was insulated, the Elks completed the upstairs and a cement floor was poured in the curling area. A sizable portion of the money for these additions came from three walkathons in which youngsters in the area were the main participants. The next year, the club purchased an ice plant and once again was up to its neck in payments. The seventies were tough for the members because of this, but towards the end of the decade the light finally began to shine through. Recreation grants got larger and more frequent. Finally in 1979, when the village received a tax reduction grant from our government, it saw fit to retire the entire remaining debt. For this, the people of the area should be thankful as already the hall part of the complex is showing signs of being



Breton Community Centre, 1980.

too small and if the village keeps growing, will need an addition at some future date.

At the time of this writing, we have one of the better facilities in the county of which we should be justly proud. The Community Club has worked for the community continuously for 54 years, sometimes expanding, at other times on the verge of bankruptcy, but the willing horses have always managed to keep it from collapsing. If it ever fails, it won't be because the participants didn't work hard enough, but more likely because of apathy, ready critics and the "let the other fellow do it" attitude of many people. However, we'll end it on an optimistic note with the prediction that the recreational facilities will grow, as the village grows, and that the Community Club will continue and guide recreation for an equal number of years into the future.

— TED GRZYB AND THEO WESTLING

BRETON LOYAL ORANGE LODGE #3080

From any records available at this time, the Breton Orange Lodge was started in 1928. Members prominent in its work at meetings and other



Breton Loyal Orange Lodge #3080. Ladies L. to R. back, Alvina Webb, Tada Bowes, Mrs. Bob Hoath, Mrs. Williams, Mrs. S. Hill, Mrs. W. Spindler, Mrs. J. Hoath, Phoebe Hoath (Oelkers), Geneva Webb. Men, front L. to R. J.S. Smith, Art Blair, Walter Dumbrosky, Roland Summers, Wm. Webb, B.F. Flesher, Robert Hoath, Ray Arnold, Ed Elliott, Thomas Donaldson, Floyd Graham, Earl Hoath. Taken in Breton on July 12, 1933 (old community hall at side).

functions were — W. Gathercole (station agent), Floyd Graham, Arthur Blair, Joseph Hoath, W.G. Mitchell, William Webb, Jas. E. Elliott, A.E. Thrasher, E. Wirth, John Wheale Sr., J.H. Smith, J.M. Johnson, Hugh McCorrie, Mindy Anderson, W.A. Johnson, B.F. Flesher, Robert Hoath and Earl Hoath. Their meetings were held in the station house, Atlas Lumber Co. office and Mr. Blair's home.

In May 1930, Joseph Hoath passed away. The Lodge, with Rev. S. Barton as minister, conducted a funeral service and assisted the family in various ways.

During 1930 and 1931, many new members were added to the Lodge and several of the first members moved away. Among these were W. Gathercole and W.J. Mitchell who were with the first members when the Lodge was started. In 1930 to 1932 they were joined by Walter Dumbrosky (a very active member), W.J. Anderson (Jim), Leo Neutzling, Eric Ostland, Gus Jacobson, Thomas Donaldson (Scottie), Roland Summers and Frank Gilbert. In 1933, A.B. Hill (Brownie) and W. McLaughlin joined. By 1936, Angus McNeil, Thomas Gale, Grenville Hoath, Ivan Hoath, Lorne Pritchard and W.H. Young (Bert) had joined. In February, 1936 Wm. Webb, one of the first members, passed away and was buried with the L.O.L. service, etc. There were no records of this Lodge after December 26, 1936.

In conjunction with the L.O.L. #3080, a women's branch appears to have been active during the 1930's. The women were:

Sadie Hill H. Hinds Mabel Smith M. Hoath Bertha Hoath Jeanette Anderson Alvina Webb T. Stein Hannah Bold M. Bowes Nora Hoath Elsie Ettinger C. Walker M. Ostland P. Oelkers Mrs. Spindler

They worked along with the men's Lodge in various public functions including church services and picnics held on the 12th of July with a parade. This can be confirmed by the picture taken on July 12, 1933 in front of the Community Hall (as it was then). Dances were sponsored during holidays etc., and money raised was used for their work. They contributed some funds for the purchase of a piano for use in the hall.

THE DRAMATIC CLUB

The Dramatic Club was an unregistered club and was organized by a group of women who felt that encouragement should be given to our local talent. This club used to put on amateur programs, dances and one three-act play. Some of the members were Mrs. Belle Wiley, Mrs. Pearl Pearson, Mrs. Fred Scott, Daisy and Elsie Maines, the Belanger girls, the Weymouth girls, Jeannette Pearson and others we can't remember. The president was Mrs. Belle Wiley and the secretary-treasurer was Jeannette Pearson.

At the amateur programs, one of the main performers was Daisy Maine, who provided us with her musical talent. The Wolfe family also added to the evening's performances. One program was quite a hit as our postmaster, Frank Reid, said, "It was the best amateur program I've seen in years."

We also put on one play and our director was Billy Henkel, the high school principal at that time.

Some of the characters for the cast were Belle Wiley, Anna Ringborg, Ken Scott, Jimmie and Bob Seal, Ann Belanger, Mrs. Pearl Pearson, Jeannette Pearson and others we can't remember. This play was quite a success so we first put it on in Breton and then we took it to Winfield.

We also held dances; one in particular that was a success was a masquerade dance that was held in the Nelson Hall on Hallowe'en night. At this masquerade dance, everybody came in their homemade costumes. We posted a sign, "50¢ fine for anyone that is not in costume". The costumes were very good; one we remember in particular was Mrs. L.P. Oulton who was dressed as the red devil. She had gone to a considerable amount of work in making her costume. Mrs. Stan Taylor and Mrs. Pearl Pearson came as two farmers with coveralls and straw hats and they suited the part very well.

In 1946 we managed the July 1st Sports Day, and this venture was a real success. The war rations were still in effect so the supplies for the concession booth were very limited; we really had to use our imagination to provide substitutes to satisfy our sports day patrons. Belle Wiley saw to it that a big potato salad was made and we served cold lunches, which went over very well.

The objective of this club was to build a tennis court, which we managed to do. This tennis court was located on the community grounds across the C.P.R. tracks which is now Bill Adair's Salvage yard. The club also gave donations to the nurse's home which relied on donations for its maintenance.

The Dramatic Club was short lived because after the war, the younger members found new interests and moved away. The money which remained in the treasury was turned over to the Sports Club, which at that time, was a newly formed club.

THE FUNNELL MOTHERS' CLUB

Before the First World War, this part of the country was fairly well settled. The people proved up on their homesteads, then most of them moved away. The railroad came to Breton and with it another lot of settlers. There were card parties, dances and school functions during the winter, but during the summer many women never saw even a neighbor for weeks on end.

In April of 1931, a number of women met at the home of Mrs. McGhie, who lived in the centre of the district, to form a club. Most of the women were mothers of the children going to Funnell School, so a club was formed, naming it, 'The Funnell Mothers' Club'.

The original members were Mrs. Jesse Arnold (Minnie), Mrs. Sherman (Nellie) Buffalo, Mrs. Fred (Alice) Fenneman, Mrs. Alfred Sr. (Nellie) Jackson, Mrs. Goldie Heighington, Mrs. Henrietta McGhie, Mrs. James (Minnie) Nelson, and Mrs. Arthur (Annie) Westling.



Funnell Mothers' Club members. L. to R. Mrs. A. Fenneman, Mrs. Huntley, Mrs. Arnold, Mrs. Webster, Mrs. Campbell, Mrs. Wolfe, Mrs. Heighington, Mrs. Spindler, Mrs. Jackson Sr.

When the wooden foundation of our school needed repairs, the school board couldn't find the money necessary; the Mothers' Club sponsored social events to raise the money for materials and their husbands did the work. Result — a cement foundation that is still in use. The same methods resulted in a much needed new cloak room and porch, thus enlarging the building a few feet. New shingles were another project, also periodically, a new supply of balls and bats.

Due to the lack of a church in those early years, a baby was christened at a meeting in 1933.

During the Second World War, parcels were sent regularly to all the local boys serving overseas. To help the War effort, War Savings Bonds were bought and donations were made to various funds — Milk for Britain, Russian Relief Fund, Red Cross, etc.

The Club helped pay for hot lunches as long as there was a school in the district. Donations were made to help out all worthy causes as they came up—the District Nurse's home in Breton, an organ for the United Church, a T.V. for the hospital or help to clean up the cemetery, etc. A few times, a float was



Some Funnell Mothers' Club members. L. to R. Eva Durstling, Ruby Moorhouse, Alice Fenneman, Mrs. Jackson Sr., Annie Westling, Dot and Diane Gerwien, Mrs. Heighington, Catherine Moorhouse, Grandma Moorhouse, Lucille Jackson, Shirley Durstling, Gloria and Frances Gerwien, Betty and Laura Fenneman.

entered in the parade on July 1st at Breton. This was always a fun project.

The Club now sponsors bridal showers for the young folks, both boys and girls; a small donation is sent to fire victims, T.B. fund, Crippled Childrens' Fund, and we still enjoy our Christmas party, an abbreviated version of the old Christmas concert.

Of the original members, only two are left — Mrs. Annie Westling, who resigned her membership when she moved to Breton some years ago, and Mrs. Minnie Nelson who is still a very true member.

The main object of the Club now is to make sure there is sufficient funds to pay a caretaker for the maintenance of our Breton Cemetery. Since there isn't the need for money as there was years ago, our meetings are now more social than business and are held the second Wednesday of every month of the year.

Now in 1979, our mothers are mostly grandmothers.

— LUCILLE JACKSON

BRETON LADIES' SPORTS AUXILIARY

In the winter of 1946 a few ladies had been talking about the need for a group to help with recreation activities. One night at a picture show in the old Community Hall they asked Floyd Graham, who was running the projector, if he would announce that a meeting would be held in the Community Hall and anyone interested to please attend so that a club could be started. There were seven or eight ladies who came to this meeting; Some names that can be remembered are: Mrs. Seal, Mrs. Impey, Mrs. Scott, Mrs. Collins and Mrs. d'Easum. Mrs. Nora Impey was installed as the first president. The first project was a whist drive in the community and it turned out to be one of the largest card parties they ever had. This project was to raise money for sweaters for the hockey team. The rink, at that time, was at the bottom of the ravine in back of where the Gulf Station is now.

The club grew in numbers as time went on. In 1948 they became a registered society and started plans for a children's playground. They were able to



Some of the Breton Sports Club. L. to R. Eleanor Reid, Dove McCartney, Annette Seal, Irene Kuefler, Annie Westling, Fern Levers, Gwen Samardzic. Second row, Lena Neilson, Jeannette Polischuk, Ella Tucker, Flo Mattson, Rhoda Larson, Edith Craig.



Carnival 1950's. L. to R. Wendy Gillies, Colleen McCartney, Helen Raczuk, Deanna Ladouceur, Sandra McCartney.



The Valentine Queen, Louise Woods and her two attendants, 1956.



The Breton Ice Carnival Clowns, 1950's. Norris Lansdell and Reg Carson.



Church Explorers, taking part in the Breton Ice Carnival, early 1960's.



The Official Opening of the Breton playgrounds, June, 1949. From bottom to top the children are, Jimmy Levers, Bobby Horvath, Donna Bolick, Dorothy Bradley, Harry Wickstrom, Wayne d'Easum, Georgina Reid.



Breton Ice Carnival, 1955. L. to R. Bonny Levers, Judy Mattson, Carol Purdy.



Ice Carnival and the crowning of the Queen, 1950's.



Breton Ice Carnival, 1960's.



The Breton Ice Carnival, 1950's.



Breton Ice Carnival, 1955. The Valentine Queen and her attendants.



Ice Carnival 1950. L. to R. Judy Irvine, Ilene Gower, Beverley Maine, Ilene Raczuk.

get a long term lease from the Department of Public Works for the block of property with the lovely spruce and poplar trees, situated a block off main street (Block 3).

With a lot of work by members, families and others, we began by clearing a suitable area and by putting up a well-built wooden and wire fence to make it a safe place for children to play. We then installed slides, teeter-totters, swings and a sand pit. There was a ground level platform on which dances or programs could be held. Tables were spread around among the trees and a camp kitchen was built.

On June 4, 1949 an official opening was held. There was a program of songs, acrobatic dancing



A group of school children enjoying a picnic in the park.

and a one-act play along with bingo, wheels of chance and other games. The playground was officially opened when Georgina Reid cut the ribbon.

The playground had been such a success that it was decided our next large undertaking would be a skating rink to be built on this same block next to the park. This was all possible under the very capable leadership of our ambitious president, Mrs. Mildred d'Easum.



The Breton skating rink, 1950. Location 49 Ave. and 48 St.

When the skating rink was built, we then undertook the task of getting a curling rink building started. The first year, a two story building was built with donations of labor and much lumber from the two mills, Frasers' Lumber Co. Ltd. and Pearson Bros. Lumber Co. Ltd. This building was to be used for the skaters to start with and the upstairs was to be used for socials, etc. Shortly after the rink was built, figure skating started and there were ice carnivals every year. The ladies put many, many hours into making costumes for ice carnivals. We had carnival queens so robes, etc., had to be made for them, too.

This was one of our large money making schemes. We would have three or four girls from the high school running for queen and the one who sold the most tickets would be declared queen and crowned at the ice carnival.

The next year, the men got together and started on the two sheet curling rink which was attached at the back of the first structure.



The front part of the Curling Rink Building built by the Sports Club, 1950.

The ladies were very busy working to raise money for all these projects. We tried almost anything we could think of to raise funds; for a long time, we put on something every week. Some of our money making projects were, amateur hour programs, plays, carnivals, whist drives, bake sales, teas, raffles and catering for weddings, etc.

We equipped the upstairs of the curling rink building with tables, chairs, dishes, a stove, etc. When we catered for weddings in the Community Hall, all these dishes had to be packed and moved to the hall.

We also added a number of new items to the playground through the years as there was always vandalism to the equipment (the first thing to be destroyed was the camp kitchen).

We had a very good group of hard working ladies through the years.

When the village became incorporated, the lease was turned over to them by the government.

In 1963, we decided that as the Community Club and the recreation board were becoming more active, our group was no longer a necessity so it was dissolved. The men's curling club took over the curling rink and the town took over the rest of the property. Some of the dishes, chairs and tables were given to the United Church Women and the rest to the Community Club.

— Alma Gillies

BRETON WOMEN'S INSTITUTE

Our February birthday party which was held at AnnGrzyb's, was organized into the Women's Institute. Mrs. J. M. Hughes from Calmar came out to organize the beginning of our institute in 1953.

There were ten ladies who joined. The first president was Edith Adair (Craig), vice-president



The Breton W.I. members.

— Ann Grzyb, secretary-treasurer — Hazel Hough; the directors were Thelma Williams, Betty Williams and Dorothy Buchanan. Other members were Audrey Oulton, Louise Hough, Mary Delitzoy and Ann Schmidt. Through the years and up to the present time, we have maintained the same number of members.

Over the years, the W.I. has contributed to the community in many ways. These projects include:

1. Cupboards, dishes and a stove purchased for the Community Hall kitchen. Also, donations of money have been given to the Community Club, including one large donation of \$1000.00.



W.I. presents cheque to Community Club.

- 2. Tables purchased for the Community Hall. \$500.00 was also given for the purchase of new doors.
- 3. Donations of money for the school year book, fire victims and the Farmers' Bonspiel.



W.I. float in July 1st parade.

- 4. Sponsorship of a Girls' Club "The Blue Birds" (Mrs. Ella Prentice was the leader).
- 5. Our Centennial Project was the improvement of the Breton Cemetery. We purchased a fence and iron gates and conducted a general, cost-free cleanup. Other clubs also donated money for this project.

We have always sent delegates to our provincial conferences and for three years have taken the highest awards for our handicraft displays for the Leduc district.

Our Twenty-fifth Anniversary banquet was held in the Community Hall on April 22, 1978. Six



W.I.'s 25th Anniversary. Five charter members, left to right, Ann Grzyb, Edith Craig, Betty Williams, Louise Hough and Thelma Williams.

of our charter members were in attendance — Edith Craig, Ann Grzyb, Thelma Williams, Betty Williams and Mary Delitzoy.

Louise Hough

BRETON ELKS LODGE #402

Thinking back 24 years, and of all the Brothers, brings to mind the following:

Backward, Oh backward, Oh time in your flight,

Make us all Elks again just for one night.

Our Lodge, Breton #402, was installed on March 22, 1956 with 59 members. Officers from the Edmonton Lodge and Grand Organizer Bro. Mickalon, performed the ceremony of institution and installation. This took place in the old Community Hall, just north of the present Breton Hotel.

The first officers under the charter were:

Percy Seal Don McCartney Tom Burkholder **Bob Samardzic** Bert Gower Lloyd Polischuk

Exalted Ruler Leading Knight Loyal Knight Lecturing Knight Secretary Treasurer



Breton Elks' 20th Anniversary. L. to R. Back row, Lloyd Lang, Jim Nelson, Lloyd Polischuk, Gary Linde. Seated, Alvin Tutty, Lee Wing, John Kugyelka, Fred Hawryluk.

John Kells Ken Levers Lyle Oulton Logan Purdy Ed Hunter George Reid Ben Flesher

Chaplin Esquire Tyler Inner Guard

Trustee Trustee Trustee

Charter Members:

Bob Nielsen Nick Raczuk Bart Kuefler Ted Grzyb

Wm. Campbell Victor Hanson Elmer McCartney Ray Robinson



Breton Elks #402. Travelling gavel (carried by goat) on an Elks' visit to Wetaskiwin.

Ralph McKay Don Clark Hugh Impey Stan Jackson John Kugyelka John Hough Oscar Bucher Floyd Graham Cleve Carson Ev DesLauriers A. Pacholko Herman Roos Art Westling Oliver Heighington Don Gillies O. Olson Geo. Roos **Jack Reynolds** Carl Hanson Tim Sexton

Don Lathe Stan Taylor Cliff Meade Les Oulton Ted Oulton **Jack Forrest** George Van Ember Harvey Van Ember Dave Van Ember Sr. Dave Van Ember Ir. B. Nixon Tom Martin Dave Turnbull Cliff Skogman Ivan Bjur Elmer Sabin

Since then, 181 have joined to enjoy the realm of Elkdom. Many of the original members, as is true for those that joined later, have moved away, died or dropped out.

The "hour of eleven" has struck for the following, who were members at the time of their passing.

Carl Hanson Walter Johnson Elmer Šabin L. Birtchell Tom Burkholder Les Oulton Geo. Van Ember Ed Hunter Tim Sexton **Iim Mattson** Ben Flesher Iim Horvath George Reid Jim Vidok Walter Baynes Percy Seal

The lodge, since its beginning, has been an active one, not only for the socials that were held, but also the help provided for the unfortunate ones, the sick, the infirmed, the fire victims and mostly



Breton Elks Lodge #402, community bus.

children who were in need of help, be it medical or otherwise.

Our first family gatherings at Ziener's Park were really something. The men did all the preparing, cooking, setting up and cleaning up. The wives, children and any other youngsters that were in the crowd were treated royally — never a shortage of food, drink or treats. On one occasion in particular, Bro. Ray Gerwien donated a young hog that was roasted over an open fire by an apt lunch committee consisting of himself, Bob Nielsen, Lloyd Polischuk, McCartneys, Bart Kuefler, the Jacksons, Hansons, and others whose names have been lost to time. Motorboat rides were provided for all youngsters by Bob and Bart.



Elks Senior Zone curling winners at Breton, 1978. L. to R. Alvin Tutty, Exhalted Ruler, Ted Grzyb (skip), Bud Wilson (third), Lloyd Polischuk (second), Bob Ladouceur (lead).

During our 24 years as a lodge we owe a lot to members of the Leduc and Sherwood Park Lodges for the time that they have spent in ceremonial work on behalf of our lodge.

Over the past many years, large donations have been made to community projects — the cadet corp which is sponsored by the lodge. During the lumbering days there were a lot of older unattached men in town. Christmas dinner and cheer were provided for up to 30 at a setting. This was always done at one of the local cafes.

The lodge today is still quite active and at present writing has 51 members.

THE FUNNELL COMMUNITY CENTRE

Should you travel one half mile west from the village, across the railway tracks and two and one quarter miles north, you would come to a little schoolhouse, built in 1912. This building, known as the Funnell Community Centre, is situated on a parcel of land two point zero two (2.02) acres.

School classes were held in this building from the time it was built until the mid nineteen fifties.



The Funnell Farmers' Union, Shirley Engert, Buster Owen Owen with niece, Dorothy holding Ian McMechan, Joe Engert, Mr. and Mrs. Ed Owens, Ken and Lucille McMechan, Charlie and Emma King, Mrs. Fenneman.

Classes were from grade one, to and including grade eight.

In 1958 a local organization known as the Breton Farmers' Union of Alberta took over these premises for use as a community centre. They registered through the Cooperative Associations Act with Cooperative Activities and the Credit Unions Branch on December 11th, 1958.

A special meeting was held in this centre on August 28, 1960 where the people present were informed that no one organization could take over this centre, but it would have to be thrown open to the community in general to form a community centre. Also, certain renovations would have to be made before it could become a community centre.

At a meeting on November 22, 1960 a spokesman from the F.U.A. informed the meeting that they had one hundred and three dollars invested which they would like to have refunded. At this meeting, thirty-two persons bought memberships at \$5.00 each; these, along with the seven previously signed, gave a total of thirty-nine members. At this point, a legal community centre was on its way and a decision to elect a seven person board was made.

Several donations were made to our Centre—the Burkholders who owned one of the Breton general stores, donated a diesel oil heater. The Funnell Mothers' Club donated a one hundred cup coffee percolator and in 1962 they also donated \$50.00 to the Centre. The 4-H Girls' Garden Club donated \$18.00. Theo Westling donated a purebred Tamworth boar pig, to be raffled at 25¢ per ticket. Tom McKittrick of the Funnell district held the winning ticket and was a very happy man.

In 1963 the rent charged for our Centre was set as \$5.00 for non-profit and \$10.00 for profit making events. A hardwood floor was installed in 1963, at a total cost of \$312.00 plus voluntary labor. This hardwood was of the previously used variety and was purchased at a used price.

In 1964 an overhead propane furnace was installed at a total cost of \$366.00 and a five hundred gallon propane tank was also purchased at \$380.00.

In 1967, thirty wooden stacking chairs were purchased; following this purchase, Mr. Kugyelka Sr. donated an additional twenty of the same type of chairs. Also in 1967, the Breton 4-H Multi Club painted the exterior of our building as a Centennial Project — the paint was supplied by U.G.G.

We had quite a struggle to get the title for the 2.02 acres of land as there had been some mix-up at the county level, but in 1966 we managed to have it in our possession.

Now to mention some of the many events held in our Centre. We started out with a dance on the first Friday of each month until 1966 when we had to discontinue them because of a group of local troublemakers performing their style of violence on our customers. For a few years we held a turkey shoot or turkey raffle near Christmas to raise funds. Several anniversary celebrations were held in our Centre including a Golden Wedding Anniversary for George and Olga Ellis in 1970. The Funnell Mothers' Club has sponsored annual Christmas parties for many years and yours truly has performed the duties behind the white beard for as many years. For several years, the Funnell Mothers' Club has sponsored bridal showers for all individuals in this category, within the Funnell district. Several family reunions have also been held in our Centre, some on a yearly basis.

In 1975 a committee of sixteen persons put their heads together to engineer a Funnell School reunion, to be held July 19th and 20th. The whereabouts of children and teachers who attended Funnell School was a big item. Invitations were sent to every possible eligible person we could think of. We



Funnell Reunion 1975. Barbecuing beef.

asked for a \$5.00 donation per family to help defray expenses. We held a dance on July 19, by detour to the neighboring Breton Community Hall. Music was donated by Wolfs, Dave and Lois Robinson and Lloyd Ellis. On July 20, all activities took place at the Funnell Centre where we had full cooperation from the weatherman. As there wasn't any water well, a large new fuel tank full of water was a great asset. Also, without indoor washrooms, the little brown shacks out back were reacquainted with many of the old-timers who hadn't met since the old school days.

Theo Westling donated a steer for our barbecue. The butcher from Drayton Valley, Jerry Polling, was hired at a price of \$90.00 to do justice to the steer in preparing him for the wood-fired outdoor barbecue. After about sixteen hours of rotating on an electric motor powered shaft beside the wooden fire, the steer was done to perfection and tasted very delicious.

The picnic portion of races etc., was engineered by Jim Nelson and was a real success. Some of the prizes were engraved keepsake ribbons.

Mr. Lyle Oulton of Breton was chosen to act as our Master of Ceremonies. For this occasion we had our P.A. system set up with two speakers, one inside



L. to R. Mr. Ed Murphy, Jessie Jones (teacher 1927-28), Ellis Hooks, at Funnell School Reunion, 1975.

the building and one outside so no one was left out of the activities. A very interesting speech came over this microphone by an elderly gentleman, Jessie Jones. He taught school at Funnell from 1922-1995

Approximately two hundred and ninety persons signed the register for this event.

A bus tour was also made available in a bus rented from Herman Moldenhauer and driven by Theo Westling. It was filled to capacity and toured



Funnell School Reunion, first students attending Funnell School. L. to R. Jessie Proctor, Ed Murphy, Jessie Jones (teacher), Virgie Ross, Ellis Hooks.

the district. Many couldn't believe the changes that had taken place through the years.

Community activities slacked off in about 1973. There wasn't sufficient interest to hold an annual meeting. In the fall of 1979, with several new families settling in the district, the community interest returned with a bang. We now have a membership of 77, holding a meeting every month. Among the up-coming events are dancing lessons, discos and combined socials and dances.

Our president, Theo Westling, who held this position for twenty years, has been replaced by Helen Albers. Our secretary-treasurer, Ray Ellis, who held this job for seventeen years, has been replaced by Kathy Neufeld as secretary and Steve Kugyelka as treasurer. The four directors have been changing periodically. Our janitor, Janet Ellis, who has held this job for eleven years, is still the Centre's janitor.

This sixty-eight year old structure serves the small Funnell community quite well and is adequate for small gatherings. We look forward to having it

serve us for years to come.

- RAY ELLIS

BRETON AND DISTRICT CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

Although my association with this organization only goes back about fifteen years, I didn't think I would have too much difficulty writing a short history about it when asked to do so. I couldn't have been more wrong. I thought that about all that would be necessary to do was to spend some time reading some old minutes of meetings and come up with a summary. However, I soon discovered that finding any records is harder than finding hens' teeth. It seems that people in all periods of history don't consider the particular time they themselves live in to be of historical importance and are generally negligent in preserving records. In spite of various inquiries, I have been unable to find any written records prior to 1963.

However, there was an active organization almost from the time the Village first came into existence. Unfortunately, most of the people who were a part of this first organization and could give us an insight into its character and achievements, have either passed on or have moved away. However. I was able to find out that the first organization was known as the Breton and District Board of Trade and that its purpose and goals were very similar to the present Chamber of Commerce. The people that have been mentioned to me as having been involved will be remembered by the older citizens of our area. Names like Sexton, Baynes, Smith, Hoath, Gaetz, Johnson, Kershaw, Seal and Raczuk come up often and I'm sure they, and others at that time, did their part well. I'm sure the concerns faced by these 'pioneers' in the Breton and District Board of Trade must have been similar to the ones that face us now. We have to assume that most of the problems must have been dealt with successfully as our community is still thriving, whereas many others fell by the wayside and even the names have been removed from the maps.

The Breton and District Chamber of Commerce, in its present form, came into existence at an organizational meeting on April 9, 1963. At this meeting, with Don McCartney acting as chairman and Rudy Hartman as recording secretary, the first executive was elected. It was as follows: Don McCartney as president, John Worchola as vice-president and Joe Baynes as secretary-treasurer. The first directors were Hans Hanson, Henry Larsson, Tom Burkholder, Don Gillies, Gordon Reid, Bob Ladouceur, Rudy Hartman and Jim Lawson. A by-laws committee of Rudy Hartman, Percy Seal, Nick Raczuk and Bob Mattson was appointed and the Breton and District Chamber of Commerce was on its way.

Minutes of some of the early meetings have a familiar 'ring' as topics such as brochures and signs to promote business, hospital and doctor discussions, financial problems of the community center, condition of highways and streets seemed to be concerns that came up often. During the second half of 1963, a lot of effort was expended into promoting the establishment of a permanent Treasury Branch in Breton. It was also through the efforts of this first Chamber that a Farmers' Day and a civic holiday were first introduced.

During this first year the Chamber also got involved with advertising for a doctor, trophies for ball clubs, Christmas candy treats for children and obtaining housing for the doctor. I notice in the July 30th, 1963 minutes, a notation saying 'report on petition re: extension of Highway 39 to Alsike'. How many living in Breton today can remember when there was no paved highway from Alsike to Leduc, let alone from Breton? In some of the later minutes the same year, the question of an access road to Buck Lake comes up and is acted upon. Toward the end of the year and in the early part of 1964, a concerted push was made to get either another grain elevator for Breton or added space in the existing Pool facility. One only has to look around to realize that many of the improvements to our community, that we take for granted, had to be fought for by tooth and nail, and your Chamber has often been in the thick of it.

In the latter part of 1964, Mr. McCartney sold his business and moved away and the reigns of the Chamber were taken over by the vice-president, John Worchola. During the next couple of years, some of the Chamber's endeavors were realized. The hospital had been opened, some of the highways were completed and commitments to complete others received, and promises for a Treasury Branch building and an expanded Pool facility were on the books.

In 1965 Mr. Art Stephenson was elected as president. The Chamber, during this period, made many efforts to get something going in the line of new housing for the town. Many meetings were held with Central Mortgage people and developers but little resulted. It seems that either the town wasn't vet ready for development or else maybe the ten to twelve thousand dollar mortgages necessary were just out of reach of most people at that time. The Chamber, at this time, sponsored some car rodeos and talent shows as well as helping in whatever way it could with hospital and community center problems. I believe it was also about this time that Mr. Stephenson had the honor to represent the Chamber at the opening of the new Treasury Branch building which he had worked so hard to help bring

The next year Mr. Harry Staudt became president. Some of the earlier concerns were again dealt with. I notice the 'condition' of the Buck Creek road rears its head at some of these meetings. This obviously is an unsolved problem as we are still dealing with it at the present time. In one set of minutes a notation caught my eye that noted a discussion concerning 'raising' the price of refreshments to '3 for a dollar'! The rapid turnover of doctors continued to

be a problem and the Chamber assisted wherever it could. Stocking of fish in some of the small lakes came up as an issue and the Fish and Game Associa-

tion was given support with this.

Due to several businesses changing hands, some people moving away and so on, the Chamber had a sort of an inactive period for a couple of years until it reorganized again in the fall of 1969 with Ted Grzyb as president, Lorne Sorensen as vicepresident and John Worchola as secretary. One of the first undertakings was an intensive advertising campaign to attract business and facilities. Some success was possible and we did get a barber, blacksmith, TV repair and an auto body shop. Some, of course, didn't last out but the endeavor is on-going and the Chamber is still working to bring in and encourage the type of facilities that would make people want to come to Breton. One of the successes of the time was to have helped get a doctor who made a commitment to stay for at least five years and one of our failures was to get a senior citizens' home, although very much work and effort went into it. The Chamber had an almost permanent delegation to Edmonton at this time. Mr. Gordon Taylor and Neil Crawford, I'm sure, got to know where Breton was. While we weren't successful with a senior citizens' home, we did get pavement on #12, the access road to Buck Lake, the liquor store and the elevator expansion. During this time also, the annual Christmas candy bags and the July 1st pancake breakfasts took on an air of permanency.

Welcome letters to new people in the area, get acquainted breakfasts or suppers for new business people and occasional supper meetings were all tried to promote the town and the Chamber of Commerce.

In the 70's the Chamber has continued with Art Stephenson, Lloyd Lang, Hugh Wilson and most recently, Maurice Rees, all taking a turn at leadership. There is never a lack of work or issues as the concerns of our predecessors have a habit of reappearing in one form or another. One of the more recent notable successes has been the probable establishment of a senior citizens' self-contained housing unit with proposed construction to start early in 1980. Although the streets have been improved a great deal, the Chamber is still working for further improvements. The secondary road, east and west of Breton, is still high on the agenda and progress is being made with both the Provincial and County Governments now involved. Hopefully, by the time this book is in print, something definite will have taken place.

I'm sure that even if every concern that the Chamber of Commerce has at the moment was somehow miraculously solved, there would be no lack of work for future members. As Breton grows, so will new issues develop and new problems arise. The need for a good Chamber of Commerce will continue, and I have every confidence that our fu-

ture generations will meet the challenge.

TED GRZYB



Chamber of Commerce July 1st float, 1979.

HISTORY OF BRETON O.O.R.P. NO. 285

The Breton Order of the Royal Purple was instituted June 19, 1963 at the Breton Community Centre with 27 members being initiated. A list of the charter members is as follows:

Lady Lillian Baynes

Lady Erna Biever

Lady Balbine Boehm Lady Lou Burkholder Lady Belle Carson

Lady Dorothy Hanson

Lady Lena Hanson

Lady Edna Heighington

Lady Annie Horvath Lady Louise Hough

Lady Lucille Jackson

Lady Olive Jackson



Breton O.O.R.P. Dorothy Hanson, Kay Eluik, May Hawryluk, Gunhild Ladouceur, Elaine Reid, Alma Andresen, Ann Grzyb, Eva Durstling, Lucille Jackson, Daphne Oulton, Mary Alice Snell, Dot Gerwien, Jean McCulloch, Balbine Boehm, Gwen Samardzic, Elizabeth Kuyyelka. Second row, Louise Hough, Selmea Manning, Eleanor Reid, Alice Mockerman. Front row, Maude Purdy, Elsie Gent, Winnie Wing, Ann Horvath, Lucille Swanson.

Lady Louise Klespitz

Lady Gunhild Ladouceur

Lady Fern Levers

Lady Mabel McCartney

Lady Flora Mattson

Lady Lena Nielson

Lady Daphne Oulton

Lady Florence Oulton

Lady Jeannette Polischuk

Lady Maude Purdy

Lady Eleanor Reid

Lady Ellaine Reid

Lady Gwen Samardzic

Lady Mary Alice Snell

Lady Barbara Stephenson

The first district honored Royal Lady was Maude Purdy.

The lodge has participated in many activities including interlodge visits, travelling gavel and entertainment; we attend district meetings each year, and Decoration Day is held once a year when we visit the graves of deceased sisters. We celebrate Royal Purple Day the 1st Wednesday in June when we do an act of kindness in our area, such as entertaining the Senior Citizens, visiting the hospital and assisting the less fortunate children.

Memorial Day is held on the 1st Sunday in December when we hold a joint church service with our brother Elks to pay tribute to the memory of our deceased brothers and sisters. This function is open to the public, commencing with a pot luck dinner.

Draping of the charter is performed at our

lodge meeting for a departed sister.

In May we have a joint installation of officers with our brother Elks, followed by a social evening.

Once a year we have an inspection by our District Deputy, who is appointed at the Supreme Lodge Convention in July.

At the December meeting we have an exchange

of gifts and a social evening.

We have helped the Breton Elks celebrate their 10th, 15th, and 20th anniversaries. We enjoy a joint Christmas party in December and a family curling bonspiel in February.

The Breton Junior-Senior High School students are encouraged by the presentation of

Academic Awards, trophies and A pins.

Every year we sponsor a page in the Breton High School Year Book, canvas for the C.N.I.B, participate in Tag Day for Deaf Detection, enter a float in the July 1st parade, serve lunch for funerals and clean the Community Park.

In the past we have made trays in the High School Industrial Arts Shop, bound books for the school and helped with the July 1st booth. We painted tables and cupboards in the Community Centre, sponsored T.B. chest x-rays, the Brownies, the making of Morman chocolates and also judged 4-H Public Speaking.

Our fund raising activites include family carnivals, tea and bake sales, flea markets, bingos, jack pots, catering, raffles, and recipe book sales.

We make donations to the following; The Purple Cross Fund, fire victims, the School for the Deaf and to the Community Centre. (At present we are in the process of purchasing a piano for the Breton Community Centre.)

Members are honored for their years of service with 10, 15 and 25 year service pins. Past Honored Royal Lady, Selmea Manning, received a life membership and a 25 year pin. Lady Katie Eliuk



One of the quilts raffled by the Royal Purple Lodge 1967. L. to R. Mary Alice Snell, Maude Purdy, Bell Carson, Kathleen Staudt, Edith Craig.

received a 25 year pin and a scroll. Lady Eleanor Reid received a subordinate lodge honorary membership. Perfect attendance pins are presented each year. Two charter members, past District Deputy, Maude Purdy, and past Honored Royal Lady, Daphne Oulton, have perfect attendance—16 years.

We have been honored by having three ladies of our lodge appointed District Deputies; they are Winnie Wing, Elizabeth Kugyelka and Maude Purdy.

Two husband and wife teams have headed our lodges—John and Elizabeth Kugyelka and Ernie and Alice Mockerman.

At present, we have 29 members in the Breton O.O.R.P., only 9 of whom are charter members.

DOROTHY GERWIEN
 HISTORIAN, MARCH 1979

HISTORY OF THE BRETON HOSPITAL AUXILIARY

In 1962, when it became known that Breton was to be the site for a hospital and the land had been purchased from Mr. and Mrs. Harry Huntley, a number of Breton and district ladies became interested in forming a Hospital Auxiliary. On January 29, 1963, a meeting was held in the rink building with Mrs. Hugh Impey and Mrs. Mabel McCartney as President and Secretary. Several speakers and other officials from hospital auxiliaries were on hand to give them the rules and purposes of an auxiliary. This meeting resulted in a by-law committee being appointed as follows: Chairman, Mrs. Dove McCartney, Mrs. Ray Gerwien, Mrs. Roy Prentice, Mrs. Robert Nielson and Mrs. Robert Samardzic.

On February 20, 1963 the Auxiliary came into being as follows — Twenty-nine women paid dues and joined to become the Charter members. They were — Velma Greenwood, Martha Hallgren, Alma Gillies, Belle Carson, Dove McCartney, Nora Impey, Mabel McCartney, Edith Craig, Anna Shaw, Edith Gilchrist, Molly Wheale, Dorothy Hanson, Joy Stevenson, Jean Levers, Betty Fenneman, Lou Burkholder, Stella Myrhaugen, Ella Tucker, Mamie Clark, Annette Seal, Mrs. Thomas Bevan, Doris Raczuk, Ella Prentice, Gwen Samardzic, Mrs. K.



Breton Hospital Auxiliary - February 1972. Back Row (left to right) Dorothy Buchanan, Nora Impey, Velma Greenwood, Joan Wynnyk, Kay Staudt, Annie Westling. Middle Row - Muriel Hanson, Dorothy Hanson, Elsie Flesher, Mamie Clark, Edith Craig, Hattie Barrett. Front Row - Audrey Sorenson, Jean Levers, Mildred McAllister.

Gee, Stella Greenhough, Hazel Carron, Mary Pickerl and Frieda Quesnel. The by-laws were presented and the slate of officers appointed with President — Nora Impey and Vice-President — Edith Craig, Correspondence Secretary — Dove McCartney, Recording Secretary — Jean Levers, Treasurer — Gwen Samardzic. Their first project, to raise funds, was a tea and bake sale held on March 9, 1963 and this netted \$77.26.

Before the opening of the hospital, a sewing committee was formed, but was later found to be unnecessary as the sheets, gowns, curtains and other items were purchased for the hospital, ready made. In the meantime, several whist and cribbage parties and bake sales were held. Quilts and some grab bags were raffled also.

When the Auxiliary heard that the official opening of the hospital was to be on September 25, 1963, several organizations gave donations for the lunch and plans were made to serve at the opening ceremony. This was a very interesting event with Dr. J. Donovan Ross, Minister of Health, officiating and cutting the ribbon. Mr. Hawley, a local store owner, acted as Master of Ceremonies. The Hospital Administrator, Mrs. Carr, Head Nurse — Miss Lehmann, Secretary Treasurer — Mr. Thompson and other members of the staff were introduced to the large crowd. Lunch was served and a tour of the hospital and facilities was conducted by the staff and Auxiliary members.

The hospital came into operation before the end of 1963 with Dr. Dixon as head doctor. The first baby to be born in the hospital was Baby Jorgenson. The baby was given a gift from the Hospital Auxiliary. The practice of giving a gift to the New Year's baby was started and is still being continued. At Mrs. Carr's suggestion, a canteen with bars, candies, gum and cigarettes etc., was started on a trial basis in 1964. It became a regular feature and is taken around three times a week by an Auxiliary member. Later, a pop machine was installed in the waiting room. These have proven quite successful for the patients' use, and give the Auxiliary some revenue.

Through cooperation with other organizations and groups, twenty-five pictures were purchased for the hospital rooms. The names of the donors were added to each on a small plaque. When the grounds were ready for landscaping, donations from local organizations, along with the auxiliaries, helped beautify the grounds.

In addition, the Auxiliary has supplied slippers, games, toys and crib protectors for the children's ward, also books, cards, cribbage boards, and hassocks; they have sewn curtains and cushions. The Auxiliary has aided in getting many of the major appliances and needed equipment. It has supplied a number of radios and T.V. sets and a refrigerator for juices etc. The croup tents, nebulizers, diagnostic machine etc., were also purchased with donations from the Auxiliary. In

1977, a substantial donation was given when the

whirlpool bath was installed.

In 1970, we began giving bursaries to nursing students. Later this was extended to include nurses' aides and has been raised to \$50.00, given when the individual has completed his or her course.

In 1971, the Auxiliary observed Hospital Day on May 12, with a tea, and tours of the hospital.



Auxiliary executive presenting a donation towards the whirlpool bath. Left to right, Selmea Manning, Velma Greenwood, Muriel Hanson, Johanna Lehmann (Matron), Janet Young (Medical Librarian).

Mothers of babies born the previous year, were in-

vited to attend and had pictures taken.

The Auxiliary began canvassing for funds for the Red Cross in 1972. This has proven successful each year as the Auxiliary always receives an "over the top" certificate. Through the years, the Auxiliary used many methods to raise funds for its work. Everything from tea and bake sales, tag days, quilting parties, hobo teas, travelling aprons and baskets, has been tried. Thanks must also go to the other organizations and numbers of people who have given donations and also to the memorials given for many people.

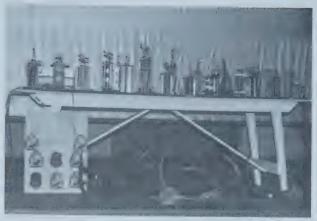
Until 1964, the Auxiliary meetings were held in the nurses' residence at the hospital. Since, they have been held in members' homes each month, chosen alphabetically, with lunch supplied by two

other members.

— ELSIE FLESHER

BRETON AND DISTRICT FISH AND GAME ASSOCIATION

Breton & District Fish & Game Association was organized on March 8, 1967 with a membership of 41 interested people. The first meeting was held in the old curling rink building; the membership of the club has now increased to 213. Bill Bowthorpe, a Fish & Game member, attended the first meeting, helped to organize the club and also donated the first membership trophy.



Fish and Game Trophies donated by various people which are presented at their annual fish and game supper held each year on the second Friday of January.

The following executive was elected: President — Ken Levers, Treasurer — James Clark, Secretary — Donald Freeson, 1st Vice-president — George Kugyelka and 2nd Vice-president — Myles Carson. The name chosen for the new club was Breton & District Fish & Game Association, the name being submitted by George Kugyelka.

The club was registered under the Societies Act on February 7, 1969. The meetings were held the fourth Thursday of every month and this has con-

tinued the same ever since.

Trophies were given the first year for deer, moose and elk. The second year, 1968, trophies for fish and birds were added. An annual wild life banquet and trophy night is held the second Friday in January. Fund raising for the club is done by various raffles.



Fish and Game sign painted by Lloyd Polischuk, advertising fish derby held at Buck Lake.

The first Fish Derby was held at Buck Lake in June, 1967 for members only. There was a 25¢ entry fee, 10¢ for lunch and a raffle that netted \$8.50. In 1968 an ice derby was held at Pigeon Lake, followed by a larger derby on July 21, 1968 at Buck Lake with a debit of \$3.00 plus advertising costs. In 1969 there was another small derby held at Buck Lake which was open to the public. Since its inception in 1970 the Buck Mountain Fish Derby has

continued to grow and supply our club with sufficient funds to operate and finance various projects.

Many of our projects include pollution control, a close watch on oil spills, hunter training courses, the Ashland Dam project and the testing of lakes with the possibility of stocking them with fish. The aim of the club is the conservation of our wild life and its habitat which includes keeping our lakes and streams free of pollution.

In 1976 the Breton Fish & Game Association, in cooperation with Thorsby Fish & Game, undertook to update the Ashland Dam fishing campsite (located 3½ miles northeast of Breton); it was stocked with 45,000 rainbow trout. The roads around the dam have been improved and gravel was put on the new roads; clearing has been done at the campsite and picnic tables and garbage cans have been added.

The yearly Buck Mountain Fish Derby has attracted quite a number of fishermen and is a most successful project — a weekend enjoyed by many sportsmen from all over Alberta. At present, a club house is planned for our club — a joint venture with the Library, Arts & Craft and the Village of Breton.

GOLDEN AGE CLUB

Although a number of senior citizens of Breton visited the Golden Age clubs of other towns and wished that they had one for themselves, nothing was done about it until Council took up the matter. They observed that none of the recreational money was used for senior citizens and thought that there should be a change.

Two of their members, Tom Bevan and Cleve Carson, themselves senior citizens, were delegated to go around the village and contact the senior citizens with the view of finding out how many would join and support an organization if it were started. They found that there were over sixty that would be glad to join.

A meeting was called at the hall. There were a good number out. An organization was formed called the Golden Age Club with Tom Bevan as president, Cleve Carson as vice-president and Mr. Seal as secretary-treasurer. Arrangements were made for the use of the hall one evening a month at a reduced rate.

For a few years this was the extent of their gathering. There would be a short business meeting, games, films or both with lunch bountifully supplied by the ladies.

In time, the members felt that they should have a building of their own in which they could gather as often as they liked.

At this time there was an old store that was to be sold for taxes. The village made it possible for the club to buy it and the members moved in. At first the members brought used furniture, dishes and anything needed from what was no longer needed at

home. The Chamber of Commerce gave them fifty chairs.

Grants were obtained from the village, P.S.S., the province and New Horizons for renovations to the building and for better equipment. At first plans



Cleve Carson supervising the building.

were made to build a basement but the water level was very high that spring and some of our members found stairs very difficult. So it was decided to put a foundation under the old building and build another room on the back.

Most of the work for this project was done by the members, either without pay or for part pay; among those were Mr. Postnikoff, Mr. Mossop, Mr.



Golden Age Friendship Centre

Plunkie, Mr. Risser and Mr. Toews. Cleve Carson worked at the project to its completion and never did present a bill.

Besides these larger grants, the members had other ways of helping their club. Three quilts were made for raffling. Mr. Raines donated a hog to be raffled. Mrs. Bevan donated a wall rug. The proceeds from that, along with a donation from the W.I., bought our piano which Mr. Beven purchased and had delivered. The W.I. and the Royal Purple



One of the quilts raffled by the senior citizens. (left to right) Selmea Manning, Hattie Barrett, Sam Postnikoff.

gave us donations of kitchen and dining room equipment. The W.I. also gave us a big coffee percolator. Every Christmas the Elks give us two turkeys for our Christmas dinner. The Royal Purple entertain us once a year.



Christmas dinner at the Golden Age Centre.

A shuffle board, pool table, and cards are provided for the members' entertainment. Some provisions were also made for outside entertainment. A barbecue was built and picnic tables and benches were purchased. A horseshoe court was also constructed but these things have been used very little.

As time went on and monies were available, it was felt that we needed more room, particularly when we had a potluck supper. They decided to build yet another room onto the back. Les Raines was president at this time and he got the supplies from Joe Hoshowski and delegated him to take charge of the building.

For this project, Oscar Bucher donated a large sum of money for which the club made him a life member. Bert Flathers also gave a good donation and Les Raines donated the carpet and furnace. The following year, when Andy Andresen was again president, they obtained another New Horizons grant to get better furnishings and equipment. He made the new tables himself and did the finishing and papering to make the dollars go farther. He did much also to keep the building clean and in repair.

Over the years, many have served long and efficiently. Mrs. Williams has served in office longer than anyone else. She is and has been the club's able convener since the beginning. Mrs. Manning, Mrs. Andresen and Mrs. Raines have all served satisfactorily as secretary, treasurer or both through most of the club's history. The presidents have already been noted.



Edith Shave and Thelma Williams working in the kitchen at the Gold Age Centre.

The club has many activities, bingo every Saturday evening and whist on Wesnesday evening. Tuesday afternoons the ladies gather for hobbies. Men gather in the playroom at least once a day for rummy or pool. A combination of a potluck supper and birthday party have been held once a month. The club has also gone on a number of picnics to Buck Lake and trips to the Game Farm, Calgary, Banff, Jasper, and Edmonton. The last of these trips have been made possible by a bus provided for our use by the Elks.

Last but not least, among our gifts was a large sum of money bequeathed by Oscar Bucher. Mr. W. Reich is our present president.

— MILDRED RAINES

BRETON GOLF AND COUNTRY CLUB

The first meeting was held May 1, 1967 to see about the possibilities of getting a golf course at Breton; fourteen interested people turned out. Walter Johnson agreed to lease enough land for this

project, N.E. 2-48-4-W5, situated on the north edge of the village. A five year renewable lease was drawn up with the club paying \$400.00 a year rent plus taxes.

The following were nominated to form the first executive — president - Floyd Carson; vice president - Norris Lansdell; secretary-treasurer - Jim Mattson; directors - Henry Larsson, Myles Carson, Leo Bauer, Gordon Webster and Harold Myrby. In July, 1967 the club was registered under the Societies Act.



Floyd Carson, Sept. 22, 1975, receiving a trophy from Norris Lansdell (first and only hole in one recorded at Breton Golf and Country Club).

Many hours of volunteer labor went into the burning of windrows, sowing grass seed, hauling sand and the cat work was donated by Orvil Biever; the result was a nine hole, 2,481 yards, par 35 golf course with sand greens. Membership fees helped to buy a tractor and fairway mower for the club's use; volunteers mowed the fairways for years to help cut expenses.

Norris Lansdell and Doyle Carson were the first ones to golf around on the new course. The fees were kept low enabling senior citizens as well as school children to take part in this sport. Open tournaments, two ball foursomes, raffles and pancake breakfasts were put on to raise money for the club

An old house, where Radfords had lived, was moved to the golf course and used for a clubhouse for several years. Golfing lessons were offered to new golfers. Ted Chapin bought the land and leased it back to the club for a few years until he sold the land; then the club leased it through the village.

The golf course has been enjoyed in this area by many local residents as well as visitors to the community.

WILLIAM VERDAN (BILL) ADAIR

I, Bill Adair, was born at Vulcan, Alberta on March 16, 1927. My father came from Orangeville, Ontario in 1901 or 1902 — first to Manitoba where he worked on a farm. He returned to Orangeville for the winter and the following year he, Eddy Donaldson and George Carson came to High River, Alberta. Eddy Donaldson and my father took homesteads forty miles east in what is now the Vulcan district. George Carson returned to Ontario to further his education and then returned to Vulcan to become a practising doctor. He remained in the town of Vulcan for over forty years.

My father married Edith May Brownsworth of Brant, Alberta, in 1919. They had two children, Hazel Gladys and myself, Bill; I was named after my father

I first came to Breton in 1930 with my mother to visit the Bowes family; Mrs. Tada Bowes was my mother's aunt.

In 1937 my father decided to move his family and belongings from Vulcan to Breton; preparations were made in the early summer. We left Vulcan by teams and wagons when school was out at the end of June. We had four wagons, one hooked behind the other making two units for traveling one driven by Father and one by Mother. Thirty head of horses and cattle were herded by my sister, Hazel, and myself and our collie dog named Scottie. I do not know what we would have done without the dog. We had to stay on the side roads because of the traffic; also the animals could not walk on the gravel because they would become sore-footed. The hardest part of the journey, for my sister and myself, seemed to be bringing the cattle and horses through the city of Red Deer. We traveled the main street as that was the only way of crossing the Red Deer River.

We arrived in Breton on the 26th of September, 1937, having taken almost three months to travel approximately three hundred miles.

My father bought the N.E. quarter of section 33-47-4-W5 from Milo Bowes during the spring of 1940. Prior to that, he rented the Osland place for two seasons. The N.E. 33-47-4-W5 became the family home until retirement.

In 1938 Hazel married Gordon Hough and they made their home on S.W. 33-47-4-W5. They had four children — Lloyd, Gladys, Irene and Melvin.

When I became old enough and left school, I went out looking for work. I travelled by way of freight trains and by hitch-hiking throughout Canada and some of the U.S.A. I worked on the Canol pipeline and also helped to remove the refinery at Whitehorse which is now part of the Imperial Oil Refinery at Edmonton. I next worked for Frobisher and Ventures at Giant Mines in Yellowknife, N.W.T. During my employment there, I married Helen Dorothy (Tonie) McCormick of Edmonton in July, 1950. We made our home there until 1952 when we moved back to Alberta.

We have four children — Daniel Verdan born March 5, 1952 at Yellowknife, N.W.T.; Samuel Richard born April 1st, 1953 at Edmonton, Alberta; Kathleen Patricia born March 29, 1957 in Edmonton, Alberta and Linda Colleen born May 21st, 1960 in Edmonton, Alberta.

We returned to the Breton area in 1961 when I purchased the S.E. 1/4 of section 15-47-4-W5 from W. Kanda. I also homesteaded the S.W. 14-47-4-W5. In 1970 we started Variety Salvage in Breton which we still own and operate.

My father passed away in April, 1957. My mother has since moved to Drayton Valley where she still enjoys good health at the age of 80 years.

Dan Adair married Elaine Hankin of Carnwood and they have four children. Kathy Adair is married to Lorne Lee of Breton and they have three children. Linda Adair is married to Robert Williams Jr. of Breton and they have two children. Sam Adair is still single at the time this was written.

I have been busy building a car press. When finished, this should be quite a boon to Breton. Due to cold weather, I have had to close things down but will resume again when the weather permits.

THE MINDY ANDERSON AND MYLES FAMILIES

Mindy Anderson and the Myles family lived near Hoadley for some years. Here, Mrs. Mindy's first husband died and later she married Mindy.



Mrs. Mindy Anderson.

When Ted, the oldest boy, was thirteen he was sent to Biggar, Saskatchewan. He rode one horse and led another. He remained there for a number of years.

Mindy and a son-in-law, Hugh McCorrie, came to Breton and bought Theriault's livery barn. McCorrie stayed in the business for about two years. Then he went north of Breton and homesteaded. Soon he left this too, and went to Bluffton. His next move was to Washington where he still resides, owning and managing a milk business.



Group picture of Mindy Anderson and family and the Hugh McCorrie family.

Mindy moved east of Breton to what was later Les Raines' farm and now belongs to Dr. Flynne. Mindy did not stay there long but came back to Breton and again took over the livery barn.

After a time, Ted, who was in Saskatchewan, married Dorothy. They had two children, Bobby and Phyllis. They decided that they wanted to come to Alberta. They came, driving two teams hitched to



L. to R. Mrs. Mindy Anderson, Mrs. Hugh McCorrie and Jack Myles in front of Jack's house.

two wagons. For awhile, they stayed with his brother, Jack, on what became the Swartz place later. Then they moved to what they called the "bottom place", over a mile west of Breton.

Eli was born after they came to Breton. He lays claim to being a three and a half pound baby and was kept in an oven instead of an incubator for six weeks in Thorsby.

Eli has many memories of Mindy in the early days. He not only kept the livery barn where all the men gathered to talk things over but he had the town dray and team as well. It was a fine big team with a fancy harness which he kept looking trim. He always went to the train and got all the freight, mail and express. Sometimes he got stuck right on main street while delivering his goods.

Once a week Mindy would go to the C.P.R. water tank with barrels and haul water for the town women to do their washing.

Once, one of his big horses stepped on Eli's foot. This hurt him terribly so Mindy put linament

on it. This increased the pain so Mindy gave him a chew of tobacco. He was soon so sick that he no longer felt the foot.



Mindy Anderson's Livery Stable and house.

Mindy also hauled lumber from sawmill to planer in Frasers' yard. He was a very busy man. But the time came when the sawmills closed down and the dray was no longer needed so the livery barn stood empty. Then Mindy went out of business. They moved to Washington to retire.

Mindy could not be happy as he longed for Breton and his old friends again. Soon, Mrs. Mindy said if he would only be happy again she'd gladly come back to Breton. So they did come back and



Mindy Anderson and his great grandchildren (L. to R.) Alan, Eddie and Skipper Myles (about 1965).

settled down in a little house two doors from the Covenant Church. Mrs. Mindy died in April of 1967. He died sometime in the early seventies.

Now to follow the fortunes of the Myles family. They moved from the "bottom place" into Breton in 1936. Ted worked for Nikiforuk groceries and hauled oil for Imperial bulk. Times were hard then and it was difficult to get enough money to live; this became worse when the family broke up.

Bobby went to live with Verma and helped in the restaurant; he grabbed every chance he could to make a few pennies, by both buying and selling. He would go to the auction sales and buy a few little things, then sell them for a cent or two more. Both boys gathered beer bottles which they sold to buy bread. The two younger children, who lived with their mother, were often hungry. Friends, neighbors and the Covenant Church all helped some but most had little more than what they needed themselves.

After the war started, Ted went north trucking on the Alaska Highway. Later, he started a taxi business in Whitehorse which he still operates.

As they got older, the family got jobs. Phyllis worked in Raczuk's store. Later, she followed her father to Whitehorse. Here, she got a job and then married Fred Koch. She now has two children, Terry and Ellana. She is still living there.

Bob's first job was for Imperial Oil in Leduc. Then he went to Whitehorse and worked for his father. While working there, he met a girl from New Zealand. Later, they married and went to New Zealand for two years, and then to Australia where they still live.

Two years ago Bob brought his two children, Barton and Sandra, to Breton for a few months so that they could experience snow and cold weather.



L. to R. Bob Myles, Phyllis (Myles) Koch and Eli Myles.

They attended the Breton school during the fall term and liked it so well they wanted to come back to live.

When the war was over, Dorothy married Buster Ladouceur. He was an old-timer around Breton and had worked around hauling lumber from the mills. He once brought a load of 11,250 ft. in on a truck and sleigh trailer, probably the biggest load brought in. When he had gone to the war, he left Shorty Powers to take over his job.

When he returned, he started trucking, house moving and doing work for the oil companies. He moved the Covenant Church from Knob Hill to Breton. Eli was working for him at this time and helped with it.

In the summer of 1960, Dorothy passed away and a few years later Buster went to B.C. to live with his brothers where he remained till his death, sometime in the early seventies.

Eli started to work out when he was fifteen years old. He worked on the planer and in the bush camps for Frasers. One winter he was a flunkie for Frasers' cook, Arvid Nelson.

When Pearsons moved to Burns Lake, B.C., Eli went there for three years. Returning from there, he again went working for Buster, trucking and

house moving.

In 1959 he married Lila Pearson, daughter of Alfred Pearson and Chris Snell Pearson. After marrying, they moved to Whitehorse where Eli worked for a time for his dad. However, they did not like it so well there so they returned to Breton; again he worked for Buster. When Buster left he got a battery job.

Sometime later, they bought land northwest of Breton; he also bought a house and moved it out to his farm. Now he farmed along with his oil job. As time went on, he bought more land and as the boys

got bigger, he did more farming.

This summer he has quit working for oil companies and owns and operates a dairy business.



The Myles family. L. to R. in back, Eddie, Christy, Lila, Eli, Aunt Violet. Front L. to R., Skipper and Alan.

The Myles' now have three teen-aged boys, Eddie apprenticing in a TV shop, Skipper and Alan going to high school and helping on the farm. Christy, their only daughter, is in grade one.

Their children are all gifted in either art or music. They are a happy family who attend church regularly and live useful and happy lives in their

community.

 TOLD BY ELI AND LILA MYLES WRITTEN BY MILDRED RAINES

THE BRETONS

Laurence Duncan Breton, his wife, Marie, and their three children, Laurence, Violet and Marie moved from their homestead in Telfordville to

"Breton" in April, 1926.

Laurence was the second youngest of the five sons of William Edwards Breton, who was a surgeon in the Royal Navy. In this capacity, he was stationed at many ports around the world where the British Navy had establishments, and his family would go along on these assignments of two or three years. Laurence and his next oldest brother, Douglas,

were born near Cape Town, South Africa. The Bretons were originally French, having migrated to Ireland in the late 1600's or early 1700's at the Edict of Nantes. There they established a jewelery business, which was at 100 Patric St., in Cork.

Early in 1903, accompanied by their three younger sons, Douglas 18, Laurence 17 and Basil 11, Inspector General and Mrs. W.E. Breton sailed from England to a new appointment in Bermuda — En route they dropped off sons Douglas and Laurence in Halifax. The spark to come to Canada to seek their fortunes, had been ignited some years before when they were stationed at Esquimalt Naval Base, on Vancouver Island in B.C. Laurence had attended agricultural school in preparation for the dream of eventually acquiring a homestead of his own. From Halifax they headed for Ontario, where they found jobs on farms as hired hands in a town called Carsonby. Unaccustomed to heavy work, they soon found themselves shaping up. The pay was \$13.00 a month, and included room and board. The hours were from dawn to dusk. That year with money they had saved, and no doubt help from their parents, they sailed for Bermuda to join their parents and Basil for Christmas, returning in the New Year to Carsonby to continue working on the farms. Early in 1905 they headed West by C.P.R. Colonist car to what was then known as North West Canada, which that same year became the Province of Alberta. They landed in Edmonton, then on to Leduc, where they stayed at the Waldorf Hotel for a dollar a day. They stayed long enough to make arrangements to acquire a homestead, and on April 10, 1905 they filed claim to the northwest quarter and northeast quarter of section 20-49-2-W5th meridian. They then bought two oxen - Sam and Bright, a wagon, some meagre farm implements, tools and a gun, a supply of food for themselves, which included flour, prunes, dried apples, apricots, figs, baking powder, soda, digby chicks (salt herring), sow belly (salt pork), dried beans, peas, yeast, coffee, coal oil and tobacco (Casino brand). They then headed out from Leduc to find their land. At that time the Federal Government employed land guides - men who helped you to find the land you wanted, and Jim Van Alstyne went to a good deal of trouble, and much tramping through the bush to help them locate their quarter section.

Their first shelter was a bell tent supplied by the government. In the bank of the creek (Sunnybrook) they built a dug-out shelter for the oxen, with walls of logs and roof of poles and sods, which when finished, they decided was good enough for them to live in during the summer, and they moved in with all their food, supplies, bedding etc. Their land was on the banks of the Sunnybrook creek, park-like with lots of balms, poplars, and spruce. "It was not too easy to clear and get ready for the plough." "The oxen were a beautifully matched team of 'reds' weighing about a ton, with finely mantled horns".

"We did not drive them with a yoke, but with a harness similar to that used with horses, except that no bit was put in their mouth (that would stop their chewing the cud), but a strap around the head to which they would respond when ordered "Gee" ((right) or "Haw" (left) and a slight pull on the lines." They built a shack on Laurence's quarter. Poplar logs were used, cut and hauled to the chosen sight along the banks of the Sunnybrook. One day on a two day absence to get mail and supplies, it rained and they came home to find their sod roofed shelter had leaked and everything in it soaking wet — so it was back to the bell tent until their cabin was finished. They built their own furniture, and worked the land together.

In 1909 Laurence and Douglas went to visit their parents who were now in Hampshire, England. In April, 1910 they returned to their homestead, bringing their younger brother, Basil, now 17 with them, and arrangements were made to acquire a homestead for him. By the end of 1910, Laurence and Douglas had title to their land. In 1911 they were joined by their cousin, Willie E. Breton. Land was purchased from Mary E. Van Alstyne and they began to build a general store. The post office was transferred from Stolkes to their store. Basil was in charge of the store while Laurence and Douglas worked the land, and Willie worked out. All merchandise was hauled from the

railway station in Leduc.

In 1913 Laurence joined his cousin, Willie, on a survey party in the Peace River area. While they were thus engaged, World War I had broken out — when they came down to Edmonton that fall, they both joined the same contingent of the First Canadian Pioneers on October third, 1915, and in a week were on their way overseas. By then, all the other Breton boys had joined up and the store was run by the Van Alstynes. Toward the end of the War, Laurence was wounded in France and sent to a military hospital in England, where he met a nurse, Marie Deleloye, who was later to become his wife. He was eventually sent to Halifax where he continued to serve in the Army until his discharge at the end of the



Marie and Laurence Breton, owners of Red & White Store, early 1930's.

War. He then worked on the Halifax Herald, was married and had two babies by the time he decided to go back West, where the Bretons bought back the Telfordville store. He and Billy Breton ran the store for a few years; then in about 1922, Laurence moved

his family back to the homestead. At first the family lived in a log house and then a frame house was built. Then in 1926, a store was built in a place yet to be named "Breton", and Laurence moved his family once more.

I don't remember much about the move, except that we went by wagon with our goods and chattles, and dog, "Towser". According to my brother, Laurence, we had our first meal in Woodcocks' Cafe, and not Harry Williams' Hotel, as I thought. The store was built for the most part, I believe, by carpenter brothers named "Minkey". It was a Red and White Chain Store.

Meanwhile, Douglas C. Breton had been elected U.F.A. member of the Legislature for the Leduc Constituency. The U.F.A. came into power under Premier Greenfield. The first meeting of the Leduc district of the U.F.A. was held in Calmar and D.C. Breton became president of it and also of Local 1053 and from that point dedicated his efforts for fighting for the needs and rights of the farming communities in general. Tantamount to those needs was a railway line through the district — the



Red & White Store, first grocery store, Jamieson Hardware in background.

extension of the Lacombe and North Western railway to link with the major lines. Edmonton Journal, 12, February, 1926: "Telfordville residents ask Rail Branch — Extention of Lacombe and North Western Railway was asked for by a deputation Telfordville that interviewed Premier Brownlee and Hon. V.W. Smith. L.D. Breton was spokesman for the party — whether request could be granted would be known in about two weeks, the Premier said. Quote: Edmonton Journal, 13 December, 1926: "The Hon. H.V. Smith, Minister of Railways has signed an order to put the extension of the Lacombe and North Western Railway in operation. This extension covers a distance of twenty-two miles from Hoadley to Breton, and brings the terminal at Breton to only about sixty miles from Strathcona. The terminal is named in appreciation of the work done by D.C. Breton." In 1928 work commenced on the extension of the line from Breton to Thorsby, the allocation of the stations being, Keystone, Warburg, Sunnybrook and Thorsby. Completion of this work being November 25, 1928. In March, 1932 the railway was linked up with the Calmar-Edmonton line at the Leduc junction.

Ward's construction camp was set up for grading roads, etc., I presume. There were all kinds

of machinery and mules.

The one-roomed school was opened for business and monkey-business in September 1927. It was my first school. With Dan McLeod as teacher, the following pupils attended that first day: (as far as I can remember) Victoria, Rosella, Catherine, Richard and Mark Hooks, Jack, Ilene, Louise and Lawrence Bogart, Alvina Webb, Grenville, Merritt, Kathleen and Lucille Hoath, Lloyd and Dorothy



Back row, Laurence Breton, Viola Neutzling, Violet Breton. Second row, Raymond Mitchell, Marie Breton, Norman Jamieson, 1929.

Thrasher, Clarence Jamieson, Phyllis and Merl Bond, Margaret Ostland, Mabel and Jim Fadden, Albert Zanture, Laurence and Marie Breton. Dan McLeod had lovely hand writing, and at the beginning of the school year most of the kids would give him their new books for him to write their names in them. Frances Hinds was our next teacher in about 1931 or 32 — a young girl just out of Normal School herself. Then there was Mr. M.W. Nichols, Mr. Cyril Richards and Miss Rolston. When the kids worked their way from grade one to grade eight, there was nowhere to go to continue their schooling, so in due course the United Church was put into use. Half the pews were removed and school desks installed, and that is where we went to high school.

Harry Williams had the first hotel. It was already there when we came. Woodcocks ran the cafe next to our store. Other owners of the cafe, as far as I can remember in those days were Woodcocks who had two children, Lorna and Stewart, Mitchells, with one son Raymond, Wicklands, with two children Lenea and her brother whose name escapes me. Mr. and Mrs. H.T. Rayner had the first drugstore on the corner opposite the Red and White Store. He took some of the first school pictures. He had a hand printing press with which he did his labels, letterheads etc.

Years later, he gave it to us along with several flats of type. In 1934 the Rayners moved to B.C. and Mr. and Mrs. Gaetz took over.

Everyone will remember Mrs. Wark. At first she lived on the farm with her husband. She was a sort of free lance nurse — later she set up a nursing home in town. When epidemics broke out, the people involved were quaranteened. I remember when Violet had scarlet fever; Mrs. Wark came to look after her, and the two of them were isolated to the upstairs, while the rest of the family used makeshift quarters downstairs. Apparently, that procedure was effective as none of the rest contracted the malady. Miss Bell was district nurse for the schools. In reflection, one of the wierdest events took place sometime around 1933-34. I call it the "Great Tonsil Heist". Somebody decided the kids should part company with their tonsils, and arrangements were made with consenting parents. Miss Bell gave us instructions at school. Every participating child was to bring his own bed and pyjamas to Nelson's Hall on the date set. The beds were lined up along the walls. The stage was the operating theatre, which was curtained off from the rest of the hall. As Miss Bell called our names, we were to go up on the stage behind the curtain, where we undressed and she helped us onto the operating table, where a cloth soaked in ether was put on our face, and we were told to start counting. The next thing I remember was waking up in bed in a strange place with a sore throat and feeling sick. However, before I got up on the table my roving eyes took in some sights not meant for viewing. I saw a bucket in the corner containing some red meaty looking stuff. which I later realized were tonsils.

I remember a band of gypsies who periodically descended upon the town. They would go all through the store part — and for some remuneration they'd bless it; otherwise your luck might not be so good. Then they'd repeat the process in the living quarters, and insist on looking into every nook and cranny with the pretext of blessing everything. It was after one of these visits, that mother missed some brand new curtains that



Three generations, 1949, Laurence D. Breton, Marie (Breton) Farrar and Gail Farrar.

had arrived by mail from Eaton's mail order house in Winnipeg, and had not yet been put up.

People from out of town came to get their grocery supplies on weekends or evenings. Some of the people I can remember off-hand were the Sutherlands, Wheales, Baynes, Saunders, Anthonys, Beaumonts etc. Mr. Beaumont would buy a big bag of unshelled peanuts and sit by the stove (heater) eating them. Mr. Kershaw, the station agent, would come over when the station was closed around four o'clock, sit by the stove and there'd be a gab session. Following is a typical order from a page of a counter check book dated Nov., 1935: 49# flour — \$1.60; 10# sugar — .70; 3# lard — .65; 1# coffee — .25; 8# rolled oats — .45; r. wheat — .30; onions — .25; 5# syrup — .45; 2 yeast — .15; beans — .50; apples — .30; rice — .25; salt — .15. Total — \$6.00

That list came from a relief counter check book. Many people were on relief in the Depression years, and other people found it almost as hard to make ends meet, and storekeepers were no exception; they had to dig up the money to pay their expenses, regardless of whether their outstanding bills were

paid or not.

In April 1936, Laurence Breton sold the business to Joe Walters, who owned the cafe next door, packed up and headed for B.C. The people of Breton put on a lovely farewell party for us in the Community Hall a short while before we left, and school friends even came with us as far as Antross on the train. After spending two months in Comox with Mr. and Mrs. Rayner, while our house was being built in Campbell River, we moved to our permanent home that summer. Dad took a job in a local department store and remained with them until he retired in about 1960 or so. He also took an active part in the Royal Canadian Legion. Laurence Jr., went into the Army in 1940, Mother died in 1941, daughter, Marie, joined the Air Force in 1942, and on December 21st, 1965 Laurence Duncan Breton died, barely three months after his 80th birthday.

> — (MRS.) MARIE (BRETON) FARRAR, 3153 Carrol St., Victoria, B.C. V9A 1R3

J.R. BOON FIELDMAN, ALBERTA DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

During the Depression Years, many farmers in Eastern Alberta abandoned their dried out, windblown, grasshopper infested farms and sought new homes in the area of Breton and westward.

In 1935 an early frost struck the area in the growing season with the result that a severe shortage of feed and an absence of seed grain faced the farming community. Rev. J.A. Wingblade, the

member of the Legislature for the district, persuaded the Department of Agriculture to send a representative to take applications for feed and seed relief. This was a temporary measure to provide assistance until the basic dividends (\$25.00 per month) were available from the newly elected Social Credit Government.

I was the representative for the Department of Agriculture and arrived in Breton in January, 1936 with the task of taking applications for feed and seed from local residents, especially those north and west of Breton. I was assigned a table in the store operated by Mr. Jamieson — (his son, Norman, was later associated with the Sunrise Gospel Hour and I believe is still pastor of a Calgary church), and it was from here, that I accepted applications for feed for the winter of 1936 and seed for the following spring. Soon hay and seed oats arrived.

I moved in to the hotel in Winfield and again took applications for "The Jack Pine Savages." They were a friendly group of men, appreciative of the work I was doing but like others of our land, suffering the hardships of the Depression and the misfortune caused by climatic conditions. In Winfield I parked the Government Model A Ford in the broken down garage in the extremely cold weather, always fearful of a fire which might be

caused by the coal stove in the garage.

These were a hardy group of people. In addition to their farming efforts, some worked in the sawmills, some trapped, some hunted moose and deer, and all lived on "hope"—hope that Aberhart's \$25.00 per month would soon arrive. It didn't arrive, but a fairly good crop in 1936 provided for the basic needs of a brave and

resourceful group of people.

I still recall the names of a few people with whom I became acquainted over 40 years ago. At Breton--the Jamiesons and their Hardware Store, Bob Colin and his baby son, "General Jackson", the handyman from Delia. At Winfield and Buck Creek--the district Nurse, Ed and Frank Conradson, La Pointe—the R.C.M.P. officer whose father was a M.P. in Quebec, Brabant — the other R.C.M.P. with whom I traveled by team and sleigh during bitterly cold weather.

One of the problems faced was illness and death of many of the horses recently brought with the settlers from the short grass country. New grasses did not agree with them. Swamp fever took

its toll.

A trip in the passenger coach on the mixed train from Leduc, was an experience never to be forgotten. Thursday was hog shipping day and stops were made whenever necessary to pick up hogs — an all day trip completely off schedule.

From the months I worked in the Breton, Winfield and Buck Creek districts, I remember a

few interesting happenings. -

The ground was soft and muddy as the frost came out in the spring. Rough logs were used to

fashion sections of corduroy over the worst spots. Once I slipped off one of these roads and was forced to build a whole new section of road from logs found nearby. As I was prying my car up to put logs under it, I was joined on this lonely road by a dog. He was unable to give physical help but his moral support

was much appreciated.

In the winter, large trucks pulled sleighs laden with logs along the narrow roads, through the bush. The rule of the road was "drive off into the snow when you hear a truck approaching and the trucker will pull you back on again." It was with considerable concern that I followed the rule the first time, but true to their word, the kindly trucker pulled me back and set me on my way again. Never once did these "Jack Pine Savages" let me down. They were gentlemen in their own right.

My memories of that winter in the Breton area will remain with me all my life, and I rejoice in the fact that these sincere and hard working people have built a prosperous community. I was thrilled to see it as I traveled through the district a year or two

ago.

At 92 years of age, some of my fondest memories go back to the winter and spring of 1936.

— J.R. Boon

WALTER BAYNES FAMILY

The Baynes family, Walter and Lillian, and three children, Nellie, Joe and Mary, moved to the Wenham Valley district in 1926, making the trip from Gravelbourg, Saskatchewan in a 1922 model



The Walter Baynes family, 1930's. L. to R. Joe, Mary, Mrs. Lillian Baynes, Nellie, Mr. Walter Baynes seated.

490 Chev car. The trip took about one week with numerous flat tires and getting stuck in the mud. On arrival, they stayed with the Frank Fowler family. They then bought land from Jack Rolston. They had their belongings shipped to Wetaskiwin

and hauled them with team and wagon to Wenham Valley with the able assistance of a neighbor, Gus Diesting.

That summer they built a house, getting the lumber from Sanford Nelson's sawmill. The Baynes children attended Wenham Valley School. The teachers of that era were, Gussie Goodhand, Glen Carmichael, Nora Schenfield, Anna Moyer and Lenore Husband.

Lillian Baynes was a registered nurse and was often called upon to render first aid; she was often called at the time of childbirth and was often assisted by Alice Bunney who was a very capable person. Lillian also helped when there was an accident such as the time when a lad fell out of a tree he was climbing and into some harrows. She also assisted when Jap Bunney was bitten by a boar pig. She was also called to the deathbed of several neighbors, such as Jack Bowman and Charlie Snell.

Walter Baynes was appointed Justice of the Peace and later Police Magistrate; he heard many and varied cases. On one occasion, he was asked by the R.C.M.P. to accompany them to Alder Flats to investigate a still. On finding it, they proceeded to bottle some of the 'stuff' for evidence and on doing so, Walter spilled some on his shirt. It took the color out like bleach. It must have been powerful stuff!

In 1938 the Baynes' moved to Breton where Walter carried on as Magistrate and operated a small hardware store. In 1941 Lillian moved to Victoria to live with Nellie where she stayed until her passing in 1966. Joe joined the R.C.A.F. in 1941



The Baynes Hardware Store, 1960's.

and after discharge, took up residence in Wetaskiwin where he still lives with his wife, Lillian. Nellie lives at Brentwood Bay, B.C. and is Mrs. Karl Hughes. Mary is Mrs. Henry Doel and lives at Terrace, B.C.

Walter Baynes sold his store to the government and they built a courthouse on the lot. He is now a patient at the Breton Hospital.

THE STORY OF HELEN (LAWSON) BEAM

My parents were born in Scotland from a long line of Scotch forefathers. After they were married, my father was sent to India where he was employed as an inspector of railways. I was born in India in the small village of "Gonda". My mother had native servants to do the work. A man came and measured



Mrs. Helen (Lawson) Beam as a child.

our feet, then he made our shoes; another one took our laundry to the River Ganges, a river which was regarded as sacred by the Hindu people. Our clothes were beaten on large rocks, and looked quite nice and clean when they were returned to us. Four more children were born in our family. We had our Ayah's or native nursemaids. They were very good to us children; they dressed us, combed our hair, washed us, and did up our shoes.

I was in a playschool at five years of age and continued until I was nine. Then I was sent to a private school — Wellesly Girls' School, away from my village home. The school was up in the hills, and we were taken up in baskets which were carried on a pole on men's shoulders. My brother, Will, when old enough, was also sent away to school — the Flanders Smith Boys' School. Boys and girls were not allowed to be together. My brother and I were allowed to see each other once a month.

In 1920 my father passed away very suddenly. The shock caused my mother to have a serious mental breakdown. My brother and I had to leave our private schools now that our father was gone. There was no one to pay our fees.

While Mother was in the hospital, she had another child, a little girl; she never remembered having this child.

Friends decided that all of us children should be sent back to Scotland to live with relatives. I was the eldest and the baby girl was 15 months. It was six weeks before we arrived in Scotland where we were separated. Some went to Mother's brother, Willie, to Father's brother and I went to Father's sister. We were truly a separated family.

The baby sister was three years old before she saw our mother who didn't know she had a daughter of that age.

When I was fifteen years old, I went out into domestic service. My first place was at Stapleton Towers — a home of wealthy people who had a

great many servants. There, I was trained to be a maid and how to do for the family and their many guests. After a few years, I went to another place called Robgil Towers. After several years, I went to Castle Douglas. So I knew how the wealthy families lived and what they expected of their servants.

My mother passed away in 1943. I still worked and kept the home for the younger ones of the

family, after her death.

I met Allan Beam, a Canadian soldier who was based in Scotland. We became engaged and were married in the fall of 1945. In 1946 Mr. Beam was discharged and sent back to Canada. On the 7th of July, I left for Canada as a "war bride". I arrived in Medicine Hat on July the 22nd. We moved to Enderby, B.C., then to Kettle Valley, B.C., and back to Alberta. We farmed in the Bearberry district for ten years. Then we moved to Breton in September, 1959. We bought our house from Harry Staudt.

Mr. Beam passed away in July, 1973, and I live alone in the same house that we had bought.



The Lawson children, Jean, William, Helen, Betty, Tom, Jessie.

I have taken care of many children in the twenty years I have been here. I see some of them today, fine looking young folks, and I feel proud of "my" children. I enjoy living in Breton with the friends I have made over all these years.

— HELEN (LAWSON) BEAM

MR. & MRS. ORVIL BIEVER & FAMILY

Orvil was farming north of Alsike when Erna Klatt started teaching at the Saskatoon Valley School. Two years later — August 24, 1953 — they were married.

We lived on the farm for 1½ years and then moved to Violet Grove where Orvil worked in the oil field. I stayed home to take care of our first son, Bernard (Bernie), who was born just before we left the farm.

After 2½ years at Violet Grove, we moved our two-room skid shack to Mr. and Mrs. Webster's farmyard, near Breton. Orvil continued to work in the oil field and I taught at the Breton Elementary School for 3 years while "Grandma" Webster took care of Bernie. Our daughter, Carolyn, was born then so I stayed at home for a year. Our skid shack was getting rather crowded so we built a house in Breton that summer and moved into it in September, 1960.

When we bought our first crawler tractor (cat), Orvil did mostly land clearing for the farmers but gradually he did more oil field construction. As we got more equipment, he started his own oil field contracting. I went back teaching at Breton Junior High where I taught for 9 years until our third child, Larry, was born.

Orvil is still an oil field contractor and I am

doing the secretarial work for our company.

We and our children all enjoy travelling and fishing. Orvil is an ardent fisherman and almost every year he goes up north, near the Arctic Circle,



Orvil Biever with 2 lake trout.

to get "the big ones". Two of his prize fish — a 26-lb. lake trout and a 38-lb. lake trout — are mounted and displayed in our home.

Orvil is active in the community having served on Town Council, the Breton Hospital Board, the Breton Recreation Board, and is at present on Town Council.

Two of our children are grown up and are on their own now. Bernie is working at the Amoco Fractionation Plant at Buck Creek. He has two sons, Kelly and Clayton. Carolyn, Mrs. Bryan Stevens, is living on a farm near Breton with her husband and son, Craig. Bryan is working in Drayton Valley. Our youngest child, Larry, is in Breton Elementary School.



The Orvil Biever family. Orvil holding grandson Clayton, Erna, Bryan Stevens, Carolyn. Front, Bernie with Kelly and Larry.

Looking back, we feel we have had a very rewarding life and are looking forward to many more happy years in Breton.

— ORVIL & ERNA

MR. AND MRS. J.T. BULLOCK

Each community has its history. The origins of Breton can be best presented by those who remember its earliest years. I was a comparatively recent arrival and my stay covered a brief span of six years — that is, until my retirement from active teaching in 1963 and our move to Wetaskiwin in 1964.

Before moving from Edmonton to Breton in 1958, we had been told by Superintendent C. Pyrch to take our choice of the two teacherages available. Before the end of August, we were comfortably established in the cottage which had been purchased from my predecessor, Mr. Stewart, who had retired from teaching. It had a two-car garage, electric lights, a kitchen range and a propaneburning furnace in a full basement. Water had to be carried from a pump near the rear of the pool hall. The telephone was soon installed, also water and sewage services when the town acquired them. In the meantime, the high water level in the area necessitated a sump pump in the basement. This basement had once been flooded, possibly because of the careful blocking and masking of the east end of a culvert between the southwest corner of the property and the ditch on the west side of the street. Why, I do not know.

The streets were well lighted, graded, drained and graveled. However, when the water and sewage systems were installed, the excavations through the clay subsoil made a terrific mess, especially in the spring of the year and until the application of new gravel. They also disclosed the efforts in bygone years, to corduroy the streets with poles and branches. Old-timers told tales of how loads of logs had been dragged from the grip of Breton's mud.

Just across the lane from our garage was the curling rink and behind that a skating rink — a pair of mixed blessings. North of the then, newly

finished but as yet unoccupied high school, was a creditable sports ground. For the school year of 1958-59, high school classes were held in the school building near the railroad. My duties as vice principal, at that time, included teaching classes in English, French 30, Biology 30, Science 20, Psychology, instructing Army Cadets in target shooting, Physical Education (till Mr. Oulton took over in '59), the management of high school book rentals and later, student counselling.

Lumbering had once been the main industry and Breton had absorbed the lumber centre of Antross. Lindale was at one time trying to develop into a town site. Next came the development of an



Sports Day, Breton High School.

oil field which left "oil batteries". Agriculture developed rapidly and the countryside became covered with windrows of logs, roots and slashings. There was a heavy growth of clover and alfalfa, and the soil soon received a higher classification. The oil company next developed a "cracking plant" near Buck Creek and a collecting yard of propane tanks beside the railroad and the highway to Alsike. They laid good gravel access roads to the batteries, and soon, as happened elsewhere in Alberta at the insistence of the larger school divisions, all roads were graveled.

As I remember, in '58 Breton had five churches: the United Church of Canada sharing its building with the Anglicans, a Roman Catholic Church, an Evangelican Covenant and a Kingdom Hall. For a couple of years or so, before we left, the Anglicans were holding their service in various

Anglican homes.

By 1961, Breton had a commodious community hall just north of the high school. School buses brought pupils of grade VIII and up from the neighboring districts of Lindale, Buck Creek and Berrymoor to schools classes, school parties on some week-ends, and sports meets in Breton, which was the proud possessor of a gymnasium-auditorium. Before 1958, none of the pupils had played basketball and I found one who could do a good forward roll in "tumbling". They have come a long way since those days.

Before the Treasury Branch opened for business, all funds held in trust by teachers, were in the form of cash and locked away in the school safe in the Principal's office. One Monday morning, we found that a "break and enter" job had been done on the outer doors, the Principal's office and the school safe. All the cash had been taken. Similar break-ins occurred at Thorsby and New Sarepta. The culprits were later caught but I, for one, received no restitution. So, after the opening of the Treasury Branch, I deposited rental money in a trust fund, from which refunds could be made in the form of vouchers and then cashed locally.

Over my five years in Breton, my fellow teachers included; our Principal — Walter Wynnyk, Nick Ogrodnick, Lyle Oulton, Mrs. Mable McCartney, Mrs. Mary Nelson, Mrs. Lois Robinson, Mrs. Biever, Mrs. McAllister, Mr. McAmmond, Fred Wesenberg, Mr. Brown, Leo Goltz, Mrs. Blake, Mrs. Watt, Mrs. Campbell, Miss Campbell and Mrs. Bullock. Mrs. Bullock taught senior mathematics, French 10, 20 and 30, English-Language 10, 20 and 30, Health and Personnel Development, and Music in which she developed more than one outstanding chorus. Cleve Carson was our janitor and Ben Flesher the local member of our Divisional Board.

Many of us entered into curling "rinks" and enjoyed bonspiels far and wide. Student counsellors held meetings in various localities. We transported pupils to choral competitions and sports meets besides developing our own track and field contests.

We grouped together on fishing trips to Buck Lake, Lost Lake, Battle Lake, Fisher's Home and tributaries to the North Saskatchewan. I remember Nick Ogrodnick, Walter Wynnyk, Bob Mattson, Frank Kozar and Harry Asher as company on such forays. Deer were plentiful and near at hand, moose



Breton tracks - unloading equipment for the Hydro Electric Plant at
Brazeau Dam.

and elk were not far away, and on frosty mornings, some trees could be seen loaded with prairie chickens. In general, I enjoyed living in Breton.

By the early 60's, Breton had a drug store, a local doctor and a general hospital. In 1964, I had seen parts and equipment for the hydro plant at the Brazeau Dam, brought first to Breton, then moved



Unloading material for the Brazeau Dam.

by crane from flatcars to motorized transport. As Lodgepole became a growing community, Buck Creek lost many of its residences and seemed to melt away. As a progressive and well endowed community, Breton will doubtless show interesting developments. I should visit old friends and old scenes more often.

— Mr. J.T. Bullock

BRETON SCHOOL (1930-1933)

Although I spent only a few years in Breton, as one of the first teachers at the Breton School, I have been asked to write about a few of my memories of my teaching experiences from 1930 to 1934.

About 1928 my step-father, Walter Johnson, bought the farm on the outskirts of Breton. At the same time, Herb Smith decided to build a general



Frances Hinds, Ida and Walter Johnson and Earl Johnson, 1933.

store in the village — so he and Walter arrived together, from Calgary. When the house was built my mother, Ida, and Earl, my brother, arrived to live on the farm.

Having my First Class Teaching Certificate at the age of 19 years, I was accepted by the local school board, headed by Mr. Breton, to teach in the Breton School.

In retrospect, I wonder how I managed! Picture a nineteen year old city girl with no experience

in teaching, having 49 pupils — all grades 1 to 9. Teaching was only part of the work. There was the problem of very cold weather with just a barrelheater which used wood logs for heating the large schoolroom, also outdoor toilets and an outdoor pump — with water pails to drink from. On a cold day the lunch pails, 5 pound Swift's lard pails, were lined up around the heater to thaw out.

Fortunately, discipline was no problem. I never used the strap and everyone tried to do his or her assigned work. But we had fun, too — Halloween and Christmas concerts. Then in the summer holidays I took a big group of girls to camp at Pigeon Lake, and would you believe, it rained most of the time!

Walter and Ida Johnson have passed away. Earl is at Grande Prairie and my husband, Bert Bond, died in 1976. I am now living in Coleman, Alberta, having retired after 30 years of teaching.

I still have fond memories of the Bretons, Hoaths, Jamiesons, Spindlers, Levers and so many others.

-- Frances Hinds Bond

CHARLES BOWEN STORY

In early April, 1936 the Bowen family arrived — Charles, Trix, Olive (18 years), Ken (17 years), and Jean (16 years) with Joey (the canary) in his cage. The roads were impassable so we came by train. It was a real shock to Ken, Olive and Jean to see Breton. There were very few buildings with any



The Bowen Family. Left to right, Jean Bowen, Const. Brabant, Mrs. C.F. Bowen (Trixie), Mr. Charlie Bowen, Olive Bowen, Ken Bowen, 1937

paint, no leaves on the trees, and the dense bush country looked very drab. The kids asked their parents—"What are we getting into?" There was no living quarters in the hotel, so Charles promptly added fifty feet to the rear (east) of the hotel—a large living room, a bath and two bedrooms. School at that time was held in the United Church; half the church was pews and the other half school seats.

In 1937 Olive married R.C.M.P. Horace (Brab) Brabant.

All three children were fond of sports and spent much time at the skating rink (in the gully by the hotel), the tennis courts at little Walter

Johnson's, a quarter of a mile from town, and the

ball park west of the railway station.

Charles and Trix hired a cook and bartender to work for them. Mrs. Hank Pearson (Mary Tylosky) cooked for a year or two and they had different bartenders — Lance Cooper from Kelsey, who married a Breton girl (can't remember her name) and also Ed Sawyer from Kelsey, whom I believe spent most of his later years in New Westminster, B.C.

Among friends the Bowens made in Breton were the Don Frasers, Anthonys, Jim Steele, Walter Johnson, Harold and Olive Gaetz, Joe Pookes, Spindlers, Kings, Pearson Brothers and Joe Walters.



Jean Bowen and Mary Tylosky, 1937.



Ken Bowen and Lance Cooper.

Jamieson's store had the only phone in town and ran a messenger service, calling people to the phone.

Forest fires were not uncommon and at one time Breton was surrounded by fire for several hours. It was practically compulsory to go and fight fire, if called. Often the women were left running the hotel, but naturally there were very few customers as the men would be out fighting the fires, and in those days, mostly men were the beer customers. The men never seemed to get home to sleep. After so many hours of fighting fires, they could sleep in the cars.

When we moved to Breton, power was supplied by a diesel power plant. It came on at dark and shut off at midnight and on Saturday night at 1:00 a.m. if my memory serves me right. Monday morning it was on for washday, but the hotel with all its room laundry, had to wash every second night. It was a pain in the neck for us young folks if there was a Saturday night dance because our washing and ironing had to be done.

The Bowen family have many happy memories of Breton and enjoyed very much their three years there.

— JEAN JOHNSON

MAMIE AND JIM CLARK OUR YEARS IN BRETON AND DISTRICT

My first view of Breton was in June, 1930. It had been raining for some time in the Breton area, but was very dry west of Lacombe. Four of us drove west looking for land. We landed in Berrymoor, then travelled south to Breton, which was just one large mud hole with the odd house or shack.

In 1931 we moved to Berrymoor and stayed there for fifteen years. Our next move was to



Mamie and Jim Clark, 50th Anniversary.

Breton. I trucked for D.R. Fraser Co. until July 1947. We went to the Coast and stayed until September, then came back to Edmonton for Pilkington Bros. Glass Co. until August, 1948. We purchased the Alsike Store from Mr. and Mrs. Buffalo at that date. My wife and I operated the store until it was sold to Mr. Cramer in 1952.

September 1, 1952 we moved to Breton and took over the Bulk Imperial Oil. I managed it until 1960. Bob Nielsen bought it. We then started an Insurance Agency and ran it until 1975. We sold it to Johnson Realty and Insurance.

Mamie and I still live in Breton. We expect to finish our lives here in this village with all the utilities, a paved main street, many modern homes, a modern hospital, and an elementary and a high school. What a change in forty-seven years!

THE ED COLLINS STORY

I arrived in Breton in the summer of 1934 and it seemed like it had rained for a month. I was stranded in the hotel.

On September 24, 1934 I went to Athabasca. I was married there and it took my wife and I two days to return to Breton because the roads were almost impassable.

On March 30, 1937 our son, (Manzy) Colin, was born in a little shack in Breton. Manzy was his nickname because he was such a big baby.

I started driving for Canadian Coachways Busline — which my brother, Jack, started with a seven



Colin Collins at Frasers' planer mill, 1940's.

passenger Hudson, running from Athabasca to Edmonton, in 1931. In 1932 my other brother, Percy, and I joined the busline with Jack. My first trip to Breton was in a seven passenger Buick. Fifteen years later, I started to drive a forty passenger bus



Ed Collins with his Canadian Coachway bus, 1938, battling the mud.

and at times even it was too small. Wilf Huntley, whom I trained, started driving for us a few years later. Wilf drove to Mayerthorpe, Whitecourt and other points for a number of years and turned out to be one of the best drivers Coachways ever had.

A year or so later, Vick Musnick and Grenville Hoath, two others whom I trained, also started to drive. All of these men were more than just drivers to me; they seemed like a second family.

I have a lot of wonderful memories of the days that I drove bus to Breton and without the help of all the wonderful people whose names are too numerous to mention, my sixteen years of driving bus would not have been so pleasant or successful.



Ed Collins and Pete Paley, R.C.M.P., 1930's.

Many happy days were spent with the local police who lived next door. Constable Guy Lee, Johnny Hutton, Pete Paley, Bob MacWhirter, Fred Langshaw, Johnny Mitchel, Wally Wallace, Sergeant Bill Hana, Joe Pooke, Larry Lapointe, Jim Mitchel and Bruce Brown made up Breton's RCMP Detachment.

After spending 15 to 16 enjoyable years in Breton and meeting so many wonderful people and good friends, I enjoy reminiscing. I often wish I could go back and do it all over again inspite of the hardships we all suffered. How interesting it would be to be driving bus there today with hard surfaced roads and everything so modernized.

— ED COLLINS

AS I REMEMBER IT

The day began bright and sunny. Across the street, muddy because of the rain the night before, was the hall slated for that day's "operations" — meaning tonsillectomies.

The inside of the hall was partitioned off about half-way with what looked like bed sheets to me. The front part of the hall by the stage was the operating room and the back half was lined up with beds brought in by the parents for their children to lie in after the tonsillectomy.

My sister and I shared a "Winnipeg Couch" as we were both going "under". It was great fun at first, sitting up in bed wearing our own pyjamas viewing all the other kids and giggling at nothing at all. I think the first little patient was Hazel Miller, about 5 or 6 years old. Sitting there in our beds, we watched the patients being carried back to their beds by three people. A doctor and a couple of nurses carried the child on their extended arms — one at the head of the child, one in the middle and one at the feet. Your mother was your nurse, having been given instructions on what to do when the patient came out of the anesthesia. Now it was my turn.

A nurse came, took me by the hand and we walked behind the curtains. She led me up to a high, narrow table which looked to me, at the time, like an ironing board. The door leading out at the back of the hall was open and Mindy Anderson, the dray man, was carrying in 2 buckets of water, one in each hand, and emptying them into a large wooden barrel. No doubt this was the water used to sterilize the instruments. The nurse helped me onto that narrow table and told me to lie down, which I did. On went the mask over my nose and mouth and I was told to start counting slowly. I did start counting slowly but after that first whif I was gasping for air and revved up the counting not unlike that of a tachometer.

All the fun had been taken out of my day. I was aware of a very sore throat and felt sick. My sister had Mother for her nurse and Mrs. Spindler, the postmaster's wife, was my nurse. Later in the after-

noon, my dad carried me across the street to our house. I was completely covered up in a blanket and couldn't see where we were going; it felt as if Dad was just walking in a large circle. I don't think I stayed in bed for more than a day. We lived on junket and jello. The first slice of bread and butter I was able to eat was scrumptious. My sister was in bed for a whole week as her throat bothered her a great deal.

There was only one school in Breton at the time we moved there. The United church was used for an additional classroom until an old building which had been moved onto the school ground could be renovated. We called the school with grades one to four 'low' school and the other 'high' school. The 'low' school always had a lady teacher and the 'high' school, a man. With the war on, teachers were hard to find, especially men teachers. The 'high' school had Mr. Cork, Mr. Swagert and Mr. Henkel.

The outdoor game we played was baseball. I can't remember if there were basketball hoops. As the schools were heated with wood, we always had a good backstop for our ball games. One year the whole class repiled all the wood because whoever had piled it in the first place took up too much of the ball diamond. In the winter, when the creek flooded and froze, some of us brought skates to school and skated during lunch break and recess. Sliding down the hill into the ravine, on cardboard was a great pastime also.

Winter, cold classrooms and frozen ink were always expected. We wore all our outdoor clothes including mitts for the first hour or so, in the classroom, until the room warmed up enough to take our jackets and mitts off. Ink was supplied by the school in powder form and mixed with water. Some of us bought and used our own ink because it was a better quality. How many will remember the day Jackie Lauber put his frozen ink bottle on the stove at the back of the room and the bottle exploded? The ink went flying everywhere — the library cupboard doors, ceiling, the back of the teacher's pants as he was bending over a student's desk helping with a problem. My sister still uses the dictionary that lay open on her desk at the time and got splattered so has a constant reminder of that day.

Our school had no water so 2 students of about the same size, named the 'Water Monkeys', would take the water bucket and run down one side of the ravine and climb up the other side, going to the waterpump behind Nikiforuk's store in town. There, we filled the bucket and carrying it between us, we headed back to the school, walking on the road. Most of the water remained in the pail except that which sloshed onto our feet. The pail was put onto the small table in the boys' cloakroom and the dipper hooked onto the edge of the pail.

There were 2 RCMP officers in Breton the first year or so we lived there — Peter Paley and Bob McWhirter. Bob was well over 6 feet tall. When the roads were too muddy, Bob rode a grey horse. We

used to go over by the RCMP building and watch Bob train the horse to jump. The car they drove was a Model A Ford.

We had a red Model A that had been a roadster at one time but when we had it, the top and the doors too, were off in the summer. When the cooler weather came the doors were put back on but the handles were gone so a screen door spring was attached to the door and door post which kept the doors closed. If a corner was taken too fast, the door would swing open to be brought back with a resounding bang by the spring.

We lived in a house on main street beside the service station my dad ran. Across the street was the livery barn owned by Mindy Anderson. He was a very calm, quiet man with a great tolerance of children. Mindy had the dray service for the town. On Saturday afternoon we kids would hop up on the dray wagon for a ride to the train station. As the train brought in supplies for the stores, we would help Mindy load the few boxes onto the dray and go around with him and help unload. Back at the barn Mindy unhitched his team, King and Kate, two very large, fat, slow, calm and quiet, black horses. When Mindy let me handle the reins, walking the team into the barn, I felt real proud. Some evenings, with nothing to do, we'd go across to the barn and Mindy would let us curry King and Kate and feed them raw potatoes. I saw Mindy in the late 1960's and he looked almost the same as I remembered him in 1942. He wore the same kind of bib overalls (rolled up to the top of his ankle boots) and of course the plaid shirt. He always stood and walked very erect. Mindy supplied water for some of the people in town with two 45 gallon wooden barrels on a stoneboat which he filled up from a spring.



The Chardon children 1942. L. to R. Beth, Lou, Bud, June, Paul and Alf.

My dad ran the electric light plant for the town. Every Monday for 2 hours in the morning, the women of the town were to use their washing machines to do their laundry. On Tuesday the light plant was started up about 2 or 3 in the afternoon so the ironing could be done. This was to discourage the women from using these appliances in the even-

ing because of the drain on the system resulting in dim lights.

At 15 minutes to 12 midnight, Dad would go out to the light plant and blink the lights dim and then bright a couple of times which meant you had 15 minutes before the lights were to go out. On Saturday night, the lights went out at one a.m. and Sundays at eleven p.m.

My sister, 13 or 14 yrs. old at the time, was well-versed in the operation of the light plant and many a time started the tractor engine which was used to drive the pully belt connected to the generator. If there was a dance in town someone would come around and ask to have the lights on for awhile longer. In the winter months, the lights were put on in the mornings until sunup.

There was a man by the name of Mr. Baynes who always had a Sherlock Holmes type of pipe in his mouth. He lived next to the United Church and rode a bicycle which had the handle bars removed and a wooden steering wheel in its place. I think he

was English and he walked very erect.

What would we have done without Mr. LaRose? Most Saturdays he arrived in his panel truck with the show equipment. He'd back the vehicle up to the Community Hall, next to the hotel, and set the equipment up for the showing of some old entertaining feature. We saw a lot of Abbott and Costello films as well as Joe E. Brown, not to forget all the "duster" (cowboy) shows as well as the Tom Mix serials. The seating was hard wooden benches with backs and no arms, but who cared! For the young kids it was just long planks with no backs to lean against set up close to the stage so you had to look up at the screen. It was very disappointing if the roads were too muddy and Mr. LaRose couldn't make it to town. We never gave up hope that he'd arrive until the very last minute. After a show, the 2 cafes of the town were well-patronized — Blize's Cafe and the Copenhagen Cafe run by Mrs. Hellum.

Saturdays, farmers arrived in town with their teams and wagons. In winter it was the team and bob sleigh. In summer after a rain, the streets were very muddy and horses would sink up to their knees in the mud. The Canadian Coachways bus was banned from the main street because even on a dry road the ground would 'give' as the wheels rolled over it —

just like muskeg!

Ed Collins drove the bus to Edmonton every day except Wednesdays and Sundays. One day Beth and I were going to visit friends in Leduc, where we had lived before moving to Breton. We were the only passengers on the bus. The roads were quite muddy and a tanker truck had slid halfway off the road. I guess the driver of the truck went in search of help. Ed looked the situation over and decided he just might be able to get around the truck. He had Beth sit in the driver's seat with the bus in gear and the key off. Pressing on the starter, we passed that tanker by jerks and stops. Ed stood outside by the back of the bus so he could shout to stop if the bus

looked like it was going to slide into the ditch. We made it!

A great pastime was just walking on the railroad tracks. It was more fun running from the top of boxcars, jumping from one to the other. The grain elevators by the tracks were fun to hang around, too. One afternoon a few of us kids, including one of my little brothers, climbed up the inside ladder to the top of the grain elevator. We all stood around the square hole at the top of the ladder and looked down that great distance, to the floor below. Wow, talk about being scared! The fear I felt leaning over that hole and taking the first step on to the ladder to start down! When I think back, one of us could have fallen the height of the elevator. Our guarding angels were with us that day.

Poplar Creek was our swimming hole. We'd get a gang together and walk the mile or so to the creek. Very few of us knew how to swim but we enjoyed

splashing around.

We were raised in the Catholic Church and Breton had a very small one about the size of a single car garage. Services were held about once a month by a traveling priest. One Christmas, services were to be held Christmas Day and I was late getting ready so my two sisters and one brother went on ahead. The church had been moved to a different location and I thought I knew where. As it turned out, I couldn't find the church so I went home in disgust. Shortly afterwards my sisters and brother arrived home because the priest had cancelled services for some reason and sent them home with 25φ each. That really annoyed me, missing out on that quarter.

The girls I chummed around with belonged to the Mission Baptist Church so I went with them sometimes. I enjoyed the singing. It was all so very different to the Sunday Mass of the Catholic Church. Mrs. Bradley, the minister's wife, played

the autoharp and everyone sang.

One summer a man and woman arrived in our little town and set up a beauty shop on the second floor lounge of the hotel. What a price for beauty! There sat the women with all the perm curlers sticking out of their heads attached to many wires as perms were processed by heat then. My girlfriend had a perm and ended up with a large blister on one of her ears, where the machine had touched it.

There were 3 grocery stores, Nikiforuk's, Sexton's and Mrs. Kelly's. When we first arrived in Breton, Nikiforuk's store had burned down so they were in the hall across the street while the new store was being built. The new store was next door to the service station my dad had. Mrs. Kelly had the store next to the hall. She was a little old lady who dressed in 1898 style clothes. She sewed them herself and the skirts were black and ankle length. The blouses all had high-necked collars trimmed in lace. She was very fond of cats and they could be found sleeping most anywhere in the store. Kellys lived in the back of the store.

Sextons store was at the end of the main street on the northwest corner. They lived upstairs over the store.

Mr. Jamieson had the only hardware and one gas pump out in front of his store. The family lived in living quarters at the back of the store.

The post office was run by Mr. Spindler. Every-day his son, Bill, pushed a mail cart down to the train station to pick up the bags of mail that came in on the train. The cart had 2 large, narrow, horse buggy wheels and the box part was about four feet square. The family lived in a house just back of the post office.

The house situated between the poolroom and the Copenhagen cafe was a shoemaker shop for a short while. Andersons lived there for a short time, too. The house was built up to the edge of the sidewalk and many a time I glanced through the big windows as I walked by and saw and heard Yvonne playing the piano. Gillespies lived there for a time, also.

The people who ran the poolroom lived on the premises. Next to the poolroom on the east side was Asher's second-hand store. The east side of the store was all scorched by the fire that had burned down Nikiforuk's grocery store.

At the east end of town was the blacksmith shop and across the street was a flour mill. In my mind's eye I can see these two men walking down the street covered in flour.

There are a lot of other things I could write about but its all the view of a kid of eleven and twelve years old. My husband was born and raised in High River, Alta. and lived in one house all his life but can't remember much of the different years of his life while I lived in ten different towns in the first 17 years of my life, so the years have a great difference to me.

Lou Stout (Chardin)

CLEVE AND BELLE CARSON

Cleve was born in Cache Bay, Ontario on February 18, 1901 and came out west in 1919. Belle came from Buller's-O-Buchan, Scotland in 1921 at the age of 15 years. They were married in North Battleford, Saskatchewan and had a family of six children, five sons and one daughter.

They moved from Mirror, Alberta to Norbuck, Alberta in 1939. Cleve first worked at Burrows' Lumber Co. as a tail-sawyer. In the summer of 1940, Cleve and Belle moved to Antross, Alberta and he worked for Anthony Brothers until there was no more lumber left to saw. The mill was closed in 1947 and so they moved to Breton where Cleve worked for McCartney Brothers' Hardware for the next four years.

Cleve and Belle were both employed as janitors of the Breton School for eighteen years until they retired in 1968. Cleve was on the Village Council for



Left to right, Myles, Wayne, Fern, Reg, Floyd, Evans. Back row, Cleve and Belle Carson.



Cleve and Belle, 50th Wedding Anniversary, July, 1973.

seventeen years as a councillor and mayor; he was one of the original councillors when the Village was incorporated in 1957.

Cleve and Belle had four of their sons serving in the Armed Forces during the war of 1939 — Evans, Floyd, Reg, and Wayne. Belle was an active member in the United Church Women and also the Royal Purple. They were also very active in many community projects. They were instrumental in getting the Golden Age Club started. Cleve and Belle are now spending a quiet life in Breton.

— THE FAMILY

EDITH CRAIG

I had very poor health and came for a visit with my aunt, Mrs. Ida Bowes, who was my father's eldest sister. She was like a second mother to me, and while I was with her, my health improved so much that I made up my mind to come and live at Breton. It took me three years to get my husband to consent to making the move to Breton. He did not believe the move would do me any good, but it really was a wonderful thing for me. As for Mr. Adair liking the district, he did say many times that we should have been living in Breton many years before.

We had a few good years living on the quarter of land we bought from my cousin, Milow Bowes.

My health returned but Mr. Adair developed heart trouble and we had to give up farming. I missed the pets and farm life when we moved into Breton. I was lucky to get work that helped us make a good living and still save some money for the future. Then I got a chance to buy a cafe, but had to have a part owner. A cousin of my husband's Mr. James Craig, came to visit us from Vulcan that Christmas. My husband told Mr. Craig that I needed a business partner and without my knowledge it was all planned that Craig and I would be equal partners. When I was told, I took weeks to decide, because I was worried about Craig being related to my husband. I felt it might not be a good deal.



William Verden Adair and farm pets.

However, everything did turn out right for all of us. A little over a year later, Mr. Adair died. Craig and I were married and later still we sold the cafe as I had to have an operation for cancer. We were actually trying to sell before the doctors told me about the cancer. Ted Hernberg bought the cafe on monthly payments.



Edith May Adair on her 50th birthday.

Life for me in Breton was full of sorrow, work and much happiness, but never have I regretted settling there. I regained my health and have felt good since. I am now living in Drayton Valley in an apartment, trying to make another home for myself. I sold my house in Breton as it was too big and the expenses were too high. I used to drive to Drayton Valley to bowl for many months; this winter, bowling has been my only recreation.

— EDITH CRAIG

FLOYD CARSON FAMILY

Floyd was born in North Battleford, Saskatchewan in 1924, the second eldest of six children born to Cleve and Belle Carson. They moved to Mirror, Alberta in 1926 and in the fall of 1939 they moved to Norbuck where Floyd worked for Art Burrow's Lumber Company. He joined the Army at Edmonton in 1941, going overseas in the fall of 1943 and serving with the Princess Louise Dragoon Guards; later he served with the Loyal Edmonton Regiment. While in North Africa, he met General De Gaulle; he also met Prime Minister Churchill at Berlin. Princess Elizabeth inspected the Loyal Edmonton Regiment at the Victory Parade in Berlin. This Canadian regiment was the first in history to attend church in Berlin.

After the war, Floyd returned to Antross where his parents still lived. He went to work for Anthony's Lumber Company until 1947, when he and his family moved to Breton where he worked for Pearson and Fraser's lumber companies. Floyd enjoyed playing baseball for Breton as they were well known for their "good team". In the winter he played hockey, this being on an open rink situated at the bottom of the ravine, north of the elementary school. Vehicles were scarce in those days and it was not uncommon to see the players riding in the back of a truck to Winfield, Hoadley, St. Francis, Genesee, Buck Lake, Lindale, Mulhurst, or Warburg.

Floyd and I (Lorna Webster), were married in January, 1950. I had lived in the Breton area since 1934, having gone to school at Funnell and Breton. I was working at Sexton's store the winter we were married and the weather was very cold. On Jan. 6, it was down to 60°F below and stayed around 40°below for several days; thank goodness there was plenty of wood and coal to heat our house.

Entertainment in those days consisted of shows, dances, whist drives and visiting with neighbors and friends. We were lucky if we got to the lake for picnics or fishing once in the summer. The men played baseball and hockey and the wives and children were all avid fans. Breton had a tennis court for a few years down across the railroad track where the baseball diamond was. We both took up curling when the rink was first built.

In 1957, the Village of Breton was incorporated and Floyd started working for the Village as town foreman for the next 17 years. During that time he was also the Municipal Policeman. An injury forced him to retire and he is now serving his second term on the Village Council. During those years,



Floyd Carson, Municipal Police, 1962.

Floyd coached Little League Baseball and helped start the golf course where he still enjoys golfing. Fishing has taken over some of our leisure time in the summer.

Floyd and I have three children, Gary, Doyle, and Arlene who have all received their schooling in Breton. Gary enjoys hockey, baseball, skiing, fishing and hunting and is employed in the oilfield for Western Decalta. Doyle is an engineer for Dome Petroleum and enjoys playing basketball, baseball, golfing, fishing and hunting. After graduating,



Left to Right, Doyle, Arlene, Gary, Floyd and Lorna Carson, 1972.

Arlene began working for an insurance company in Edmonton. She still enjoys curling; one of her greatest thrills was when she was on the girls' high school team that came in second in the Provincials.

As one looks back over the years, living in a smaller community has been most rewarding. Besides being involved in school, church, and community affairs, we always had time to go camping every summer as a family which, for us, has many pleasant memories.

— LORNA CARSON

JOE AND KATIE ELIUK

Joe and Katie Eliuk bought the Breton Hotel from Keuflers in September, 1964, opening its doors for business on Monday, September 28th, 1964. A few renovations were started immediately. Beer sold at 10¢ for a 5¼ ounce glass. A 12 ounce bottle was 30¢ and a case of 12 bottles sold for \$2.50. Rooms were \$2.50 for a single and \$3.00 for double occupancy. Bartenders' wages were then \$1.00 to \$1.25 per hour, and \$1.25 bought a full course meal in the Hotel cafe.

In April, 1970, the Alberta Liquor Control Board permitted live entertainment in the tavern, which the Hotel hired immediately.



Joe and Katie Eliuk, 1976.

In April of 1971, the tavern was completely renovated and a license was obtained permitting the sale of wine and hard liquor; wine sold at 75¢ for a 3 ounce glass and liquor for 75¢ for a 1¼ ounce glass.

On March 1st, 1977, new owners took over the Hotel — George Eliuk, Buster Robinson and John Kanda.

In December of 1976, the Alberta Government purchased the house and property of Mr. and Mrs. J. Eliuk on main street on which now stands the new Provincial Courthouse. Mr. and Mrs. Joe Eliuk have retired in Breton.

ROBERT AND NANCY FLATHERS AND PEARL BECKTON

Robert and Nancy Flathers came from the U.S.A. to Canada in approximately 1900; they were married in 1903 in Okotoks, Alta. With a family of eight children, they lived in various places in Alberta as Robert worked on ranches and farms as a hired man.

In June, 1933 they came to Northend, north of Lindale, with three of their children; the other five children were away from home by then. They moved onto their son, Bert's, homestead until their own house was built the following year, and remained there until 1955 when they moved to Warburg.

In 1965, both Robert and Nancy entered Planeview Manor in Leduc. In 1966 they were transferred to a nursing home where Robert passed away in May, 1967 and Nancy in March, 1973.



The Flathers family. Bert, Mother, Dad and Grandmother.

Pearl, the second daughter, came to her parents' home at Northend from Vancouver on Dec. 2, 1942. There, she met Joe Beckton who had come from Kincardin, Ontario in 1917 and filed on a homestead in Lindale beside his father who had come to this country in 1913. Besides homesteading, Joe had been in the Army from Feb., 1917 until Nov., 1919.

Pearl and Joe were married in 1943 and in 1945, they adopted a 3 week old baby girl, Deardra. They farmed at Lindale, N.E. 22-49-5-5, until 1957. Their next move was to Grand Centre where they worked in the officers' mess at Cold Lake for 9 years. Then they went into the cafe business, first in Ryley for 2 years and then in the Warburg Hotel Cafe where they were assisted by Pearl's brother, Bert. Pearl and Joe worked in Warburg for 2 years and then moved to Breton. Joe retired from the working world; Pearl then worked in the butcher shop in the Solo Store for 1 year, in the MacLeods Family Shopping Centre for 5 months and in the Breton Hospital kitchen for 3 months. She retired due to ill health.

In 1971 they purchased a house in Breton (formerly owned by Don and Alma Gillies). Joe passed away on Aug. 13, 1971.

In 1971 Bert came into Breton to live with Pearl. Until 1974. Bert and Pearl continued to live in Breton in the winters and in Lindale in the summers as Bert was still farming Victor Anderson's land.

Pearl and Bert continue to reside in Breton.

PEARL BECKTON

BERT FLATHERS

I, Bert (Robert), was born at Nanton, Alberta on June 29, 1904, the eldest of eight children of



Bert Flathers, as a small boy.

Robert and Nancy Flathers. I spent most of my childhood moving from place to place in Alberta as Father worked on ranches and farms. My father had purchased land near Stettler and when I was 13 years old, he sent me there with machinery, cows and horses. I had to look after the cattle and put in the crop — all alone at 13 years of age!

At the age of 16 years, I left home for good hoping to get a job on the railroad as an engineer this was my main ambition. So with this in mind, I went to the Big Valley and Drumheller area but instead of working on the railroad, I ended up in the mines for four years. Following this, I worked on farms until 1922, operating big steam and gas tractors. My parents moved to Bonnie Glen so I followed and this is where I got my first experience working in sawmills as a fireman for two winters. Oil was being discovered in Alberta so I then worked in Turner Valley digging ditches with machines for the gas lines.

One day while in Calgary, I met Les Anthony and his brother-in-law. They talked me into coming to Antross to fire the boilers from Anthony's sawmill. I arrived in 1928 and found they didn't have a boiler for the planer mill. So Jim Fraser and I had to haul and old threshing machine boiler from Ernie Mockerman Sr.'s place. This meant an 8 mile trip on the ice down Poplar Creek with the boiler on skids that was a real job! We managed to get the boiler installed and then the boiler inspector came along and condemned it — all that work was for nothing! Anthony's then purchased a new boiler and the planer mill was in operation.

I worked at Anthony's sawmill for 6 winters and one summer and was pretty well confined to camp as the fireman had to be there at all times. One day the front end of the boiler blew and I was badly scalded; this resulted in a four month stay in hospital. Also while working at Anthony's, some logs on a rollaway broke loose and came down on me. Though I was lucky to be alive, I did have multiple fractures including an arm, ribs, pelvis and jaw; so

again I was in hospital for 4-5 months.

My next job was working for Calgary Power on a ditch digging outfit where I helped to dig over 2000 miles of ditches for gas and water lines. Then it was into trucking at Calgary and Black Diamond

doing long freight hauls.

In the meantime, I had filed on a homestead at Lindale in 1928, so kept coming back in between jobs to 'prove up' the homestead. About 1938, while working at the homestead, I began trucking for Victor Anderson who had the store in Lindale. After working for 14 months, I bought the truck from Victor. This truck cost me \$1600 and I had it paid for in 5 months by hauling freight for Victor at $35 \ensuremath{\phi}/100 \ensuremath{\text{lbs}}$, and for others including Horne and Pitfield — this meant I was driving almost day and night. Trucking for Victor lasted for 17 years.

Being an independent trucker, I was able to obtain a license to haul anything and everything. This brought me close to the lumber business again as I hauled for Vigen's and Fraser's. The district nurses needed 24 hour call transportation so I also



Ben and Bert and Annie Flathers, at Bert's house.

took emergency cases to Edmonton and bodies to the morgue.

When the Second World War was on, I was called but only remained in the Army for 4 weeks—was discharged for medical reasons.

Besides trucking and farming in Lindale, I was also the first Councillor for the M.D. of Leduc in Division 7, from 1955 until 1966.

I sold my farms in the early sixties but continued to farm Victor Anderson's land until 1974 when I moved into Breton and now live with my sister, Pearl Beckton.

Bert Flathers

THE WILLIAM GRIFFIN FAMILY

I, William, better known as Shorty, and my wife, Rika, came to Breton on December 1, 1955. We had six children — Violet, Willie, Herman, Charlie, Tina and Walter. At the time, I was working for Mannix Construction.



Herman Griffin.



Mary Griffin.



Walter Griffin.



Jackie Griffin.

Later, I worked for High Tower Drilling. Around 1957, I lost my eye which had been causing me much grief. We then moved to town to Kiss' house on Main Street. The next move was to the Thrasher house where Mary was born in 1958 and Jack in 1960. From the Thrasher house, we moved to the Robinson house in Breton.

In 1958, Rika worked for Ernie Nadin in Ray's Cafe. Later, she worked for Ted Hernberg in the cafe for seven years. After Joe and Katie Eliuk bought the Breton Hotel, Rika worked for them, cleaning the rooms.

Our next move was to Houston, B.C. where I worked in the sawmill for five and a half years.

We are now living in Manatou, Saskatchewan, four miles from Watrous. I now have worked here in road construction as a traffic supervisor for five years. Rika is a cook's helper for the same company.



Grandpa Griffin holding Crystal and Shawna.

Violet is married and has five children, Rita, Roberta, Johnny, Bryce and Shane. She lives in Swift Current, Sask. William has three children — Ray, Angie and Sabina. They live in Burns Lake,



William and his mother, Rika Griffin.

B.C. Herman has two children — Crystal and Shawna. They reside in Houston, B.C. Tina lives in Watrous and has one child, Kenny. Charlie has one son, Regan, and lives in Watrous, also. Walter works in the Capilano Motor Inn in Edmonton. Mary has one son, Jason, and lives in Swift Current, Saskatchewan. Jackie lives in Burns Lake.

- SHORTY AND RIKA GRIFFIN

FLOYD GRAHAM

Floyd Graham, as near as I can learn, was born in Manitoba in 1902 and came to the Claresholm district with his parents. They farmed at Barons, east of Claresholm, for some time and later moved and farmed west of Claresholm. His father owned two big steam threshing outfits. These big steamers finally found their way to the Breton area. The 110 horsepower Reeves steamer became the property of Pearson Bros Ltd. who used it to power the planing mill in Breton. The 110 horsepower Case was bought by Melvin Hough at Barons and brought to this area to power a sawmill.

Floyd worked at building grain elevators while

very young.

Floyd came to the Hoadley district in the 1920's with some people by the name of Gallup, and took a homestead there. He did not keep this homestead long as he left it and came to Breton in 1927.

Floyd took a homestead north and east of Bre-

ton which he kept for a long time.

Floyd was very musically inclined and played in the orchestra here for several years. He played the violin but decided to learn to play the saxaphone. Charlie and Mary Orr lived some distance from Floyd and in the evenings they heard weird sounds such as had never been heard before in the woods around Breton. Eventually, they discovered that it was Floyd learning to play the saxaphone.

Through the years, Floyd worked for the sawmills around Breton and Winfield. He contracted the piling of lumber for Pearson Bros. Ltd. and lived in Breton near his work.

After Floyd left his homestead, he purchased a lot and built a small home in Breton. His mother came to live with him in Breton where she remained for the rest of her life.

The electric lights in Breton were run by an old German diesel engine — one cylinder; it had big oil tanks to circulate the cooling fluid and took up a lot of space in the garage which Floyd ran before taking over the power plant for the Village of Breton. Floyd made arrangements with the town and Calgary Power that when Calgary Power decided to come into Breton, they would buy him out.

Floyd bought two new caterpillar electric diesel units which he installed; he also had to wire the town for them — this was good dependable power and people could have refrigerators as there was now 24 hour a day service (previously on only until 10 p.m.). When Calgary Power came to Breton, Floyd sold the

units privately.

Next, he purchased land west and south of Breton — the east ½ 30-47-4-W5. He broke about 200 acres of this land and grew some very good crops. Floyd was very interested in gardening and had many gardens on his farm. One year he grew enough onions to supply the stores in Warburg, Breton and Winfield for that winter.



Floyd Graham.

Floyd became ill with cancer. He passed away in the Breton General Hospital, after being a patient in hospitals in Edmonton. He died on August 28, 1965, at the age of 63 years, 6 months and 11 days.

Floyd was my friend and his passing grieved me and my family greatly.

— John J. Hough

DON AND ALMA GILLIES

Don started working for D. R. Fraser Lumber Company in 1937 in the mill at Fraspur and continued there until they finished in 1941. He then helped move the sawmill to Camp 34, west of Breton, and the planer mill into Breton.

In April of 1942, Don and I were married at my folks' home, five miles southeast of Breton. Our first home was a small one room cabin we had previously bought from Pearson Bros. for \$50.00. It was located on Pearsons' land and we lived there for about three months. We then moved our cabin onto our lot in Breton; it was small but very comfortable. They said it was a honeymoon cabin as both Alvin and Alfred Pearson had started their married lives in the same cabin.



Don Gillies with the results of one of his many hunting trips.

When we moved onto our lot, there were only two other houses in the block — Alex Dick on the corner and Fred Suchodolski; both worked on the railroad. Dicks had a cow and pigs. There was no road on the north side of our lot, only a path through the bush. George Loomis had a hog pasture north of us. We got our drinking water from Dick's place but it was a very shallow well and the water was very hard so we carried all our wash water from the spring by the C.P.R. water tower.

The first year, Don worked at the planing mill; the next winter they wanted him to go out to Camp 34. He said he wouldn't go unless we could move out



Alma standing in the doorway of their log cabin at Camp 34, 1944.

there. They gave him permission to build so Don and his brother, Colin, went out and cut the logs and

built us a log cabin on the side of the hill. That was our winter home for the next four years. After that the company had a larger cabin that was vacant so they let us use that. We would move to camp in November and back home in early March.

In 1944 Don built a four room house. There were no basements under houses then as the water level in town was so high. The house was heated with



Nellie Bunney, Alma and Don Gillies, with their Model A Ford. Home in Breton in background, 1944.

wood and coal and the lights were fueled by coal oil. Floyd Graham ran a light plant for the town but the power was off at 10:30 p.m.; it ran a few hours some mornings for washing. So we didn't bother putting the power in until it ran continuously. You could buy a load of wood from a farmer for \$5.00 a load.

The roads left very much to be desired, especially in case of sickness as the nearest doctor was at Thorsby and the nearest hospital in Wetaskiwin.

For a couple of summers, we lived in Edmonton where Don and Gordon Miller worked for Frasers' Lumber Company, building houses.

We always had a garden but the first years we were never sure if we would get it or not as we would often get up to find someone's cow or cows had broken the fence and spent the night pasturing in the garden. The area where the skating rink is now, was the main place to tie up the horses amongst the trees while shopping in town.

In 1949 we had Mr. Blize drill a water well just behind our house and the water was quite soft so we sure enjoyed this. The close neighbors then carried water from our place. By this time we had electricity in the house so things were much easier.

In 1951 the timber at Camp 34 was finished so they moved the mill out west of Alder Flats to Camp 8. Don spent the summer helping set up the mill. It was a very wet summer so it was very hard getting in and out. For the next two winters, we lived at Camp 8. By this time, our son, Brian, had started school and Mr. Victor Hanson took the children from their camp and also picked up Brian and drove them all to the school at Alder Flats. But early in January, their mill burned down so they moved home. As a

result, Brian was unable to get to school so I had to move home. That was the last winter I went to camp but Don continued on as millwright until the timber was finished. Since then he has been doing carpenter work.

We have two children, a son, Brian, born November 5, 1947 and a daughter, Wendy, born June 12, 1951. Brian lives in Breton and is em-



The Don Gillies family. Don, Alma, Wendy, Brian.

ployed in construction work. Wendy lives in

Edmonton and is working for the city.

Don and I have been active members in a number of organizations through the years. Don served on the Village Council and was Mayor for a year. He was also a member of the hospital board for a few years.

In 1970 Don built our new home just a block north of where we had lived for twenty-eight years. There have certainly been many changes in Breton in the thirty-seven years we have lived here. Many memorable and enjoyable times have been spent with friends and neighbors.

— ALMA GILLIES

MEMORIES OF GROWING UP

I was born in January of 1916, in a log cabin in a homestead community known as Wenham Valley. This was about fifty miles west of Wetaskiwin, which was the nearest town of any size.

My father and mother had moved onto their homestead, S.W. 14-47-3-W5th, in the year of 1911. They had three children at the time they came here and three more of us were born on the homestead.

The country was pretty raw at this time and the so-called roads were a pair of wagon ruts that wound through the country keeping to the high ground as the country was much wetter in earlier years.

There was a great deal of spruce in the country at that time, but very little was being done to market it yet from Pigeon Lake west.

There was, however, further west and north along the North Saskatchewan River, some logging

being done and the logs were driven down the river to the mills in Edmonton. John Walter had a logging camp on the north side of the Modeste Creek which was known as Ricker's Ranch - Ricker being the foreman. This was located on land owned later by the Flesher family, and the logs were driven down the Modeste and Poplar Creeks to the Saskatchewan River and then on to Edmonton.

The supplies and the men that worked at this camp came in from Wetaskiwin on a wagon trail that passed by my parents' place.

When I became school age, I went with my brothers and sisters to the Modeste Valley School which was about 2 miles on a footpath through the woods from our home.

There was not much fenced pasture in those years and everyone's cattle and horses ran loose on the open range. This meant many hours for the kids of the district hunting milk cows or work horses, and the wetter the weather the longer it took. I can remember, when I knew by sound, all the neighbors horse and cowbells for miles around.

As I got a little older, say in the ten to fourteen year range, like a lot of other boys of the district, I had my own trap line which I had to travel after school and on weekends. We trapped weasels and squirrels mostly, but as I got into my teens I also caught the odd coyote.

At this time, there were hardly any beaver in this country as they had been trapped to almost extinction by the Indian trappers a few years previously. I can remember when there was only one beaver colony known by the people of the district.

In the summer of 1926 our parents said we could stay home from school one day, so we took food with us for a picnic lunch and with a team and wagon we drove up to where the crew was working on the railroad. They were building the fill on the south side of the trestle that spanned the Modeste Creek. (This was on land that Ed and Nina Grzyb now own.) The dirt was being dug up with an elevating grader which had a big bowl-shaped cutting blade. Then it went up on a belt elevator and dropped off the end of this belt into dump carts, (these dump carts were hauled by two horses or mules, and there were many of them so that when one pulled out from under the belt, another was ready to pull in.) When they were loaded, they drove up on the fill; a lever was pulled and the bottom of the cart



Dump cart used on construction of railroad grade, forty of these carts were used. 1926.



Mannix Construction, elevating grader building railroad grade into Breton, 1926.

dropped open letting the dirt fall onto the fill. They then swung back in line for another load.

The elevating grader was powered by mule power, twelve or sixteen in sets of four pulling and eight head on a pushpole behind the machine. This was quite a sight as we were not used to seeing more than two or four to a hitch in those days.

I remember that our teacher took a dim view of our being away from school for that day, but I still

think it was a good idea.

In the late 1920's and the early 1930's, the rabbits were very plentiful and there was a market for them as they were being shipped out to fur farms for fox food. I can remember some friends and I taking a load of rabbit carcasses to Winfield on a flatbed sleigh, six feet wide and sixteen feet long, and the frozen rabbits were piled like cord wood, four feet deep. Later, there was a market for the hides only. This was much better as we skinned the rabbit where it was shot and it was easier to carry the skins, instead of the whole rabbit, through the deep snow.

By the early 1930's, lumbering throughout the country was really thriving. The railroad had been completed from Lacombe to Breton by 1926 and several lumber companies had built mills along the track. There were also several mills still in operation on the west and north sides of Pigeon Lake. I remember that, at this time, we could hear the steam whistles of twelve different mills from our home, and we knew of others that did not blow a whistle.

With all this lumbering going on, all the older boys of the district worked at logging or in the mills and most of the school boys, including myself, could hardly wait until we could go also.

Donald Gillies

FRED AND OPAL GERWIEN

Fred and Opal Gerwien were married in Brant, Alta. in the fall of 1939. They moved to Breton with Ray and Dorothy in the fall of 1940. Ray and Fred



Fred Scott and Fred Gerwien in front of welding and machine shop.

helped their stepfather, Fred Scott, in the blacksmith shop. The first winter they were in Breton, they built some big sleighs for some of the logging camps.



Fred and Opal Gerwien.

In the spring of 1941, they moved to the farm with Ray and Dorothy and built a log cabin where they lived for three years. Then they moved back to Breton and Fred helped his stepfather in the blacksmith shop, and they built a welding shop next door. They also had the John Deere agency known as "Fred's Farm Implements." The shop is still in use and at present is owned by Fred Hawryluk and used as an auto body repair shop.

Opal will be remembered for her musical talents. She played piano in a dance orchestra with

Harry Asher and Floyd Graham.

Fred and Opal were divorced in the late 1940's. About 1950, Fred moved to Mayerthorpe with his mother and stepfather, Fred and Ethel Scott. They took over the John Deere Agency and welding shop in Mayerthorpe. Here he met and married a widow, Olga Johnson. She had a son, John. In 1955 a son, Keith, was born to them.

Fred passed away at the age of 66 years on June 12, 1978, after a lengthy illness.

HAROLD AND OLIVE GAETZ

In 1933 Harold and I and our two year old daughter, Betty, arrived in Breton. We purchased the drugstore from Mr. Raynar, an old country English druggist.

The drugstore was a two storey building with living quarters upstairs. It was situated on the corner of the street across from Breton's Red and White Store which was later owned by Tim Sexton.

Harold and I enjoyed taking part in community activities and I played in a local band. There was an annual sports day. This picture shows a parade passing the drugstore.



July 1st Parade, 1930's.

In 1935 fire started in the timber area and soon spread towards the town. There was a real scare as the town seemed to be surrounded by fire, but the fire was diverted. Some settlers in the area were burned out. A depot was set up in the Community Hall and the Red Cross shipped in clothing to be distributed to those in need.

There were some good ball teams and Antross always boasted about theirs, and also their hockey team.

In 1936 a farewell party was held for Mrs. G. Kershaw whose husband had been the station agent for about nine years. They were leaving for Andrew, Alberta. These are the ladies who were at the party.



Breton's Red Cross Depot, 1930's.



Smoke from forest fire west of Breton, 1935.



Back Row L. to R. Mrs. Herb Smith, Mrs. Johnny Smith, Mrs. Thrasher, Mrs. Jamieson, Dorothy Thrasher, Birdie Hoath, Dorothy Spindler, Mrs. Gaetz. Second Row, Mrs. Spindler, Mrs. Asher, Mrs. Shantz, Mrs. Ponich, Mrs. Kershaw, Mrs. Bertha Hoath, Mrs. Huntley, Mrs. Maddux. Front Row, children, George Spindler, Betty Ann Gaetz, Betty Marie Jamieson.



When the war broke out in 1939, Harold joined the forces and went overseas. I tried to carry on for a short while. Then I just closed up and Betty and I went to Edmonton.

Harold was overseas until 1945. We have both remarried and I live in Edmonton, as does Betty. Harold lives at Stony Plain.

MRS. OLIVE GAETZ (MOORE)

THE JOE HOATH FAMILY

Joe Hoath, a big, good-natured, blackmustached blacksmith received the title deed on his homestead in the Iola district in the mid-1920's.



Joe and Bertha Hoath, Mrs. Ellen Hoath (Joe's mother), 1929.

Things were more or less at a standstill, agriculturally, in the area, with the nearest grain elevators located several miles away in Hoadley and Bluffton — it seemed a long way by horse and wagon. At that time, rumor had it that the railroad was going through to an aspiring hamlet north of Hoadley beyond the swamps, newly named for Mr. Douglas C. Breton, District M.L.A.

After extensive investigation on the potential of the promising little town of Breton, Mr. Hoath sold his farm. With his wife Bertha, and their family of seven, they said "Farewell" to the cosy log house he had built five years earlier. In 1926 they loaded their household goods into a hay rack. With his four-horse team of Clydesdales for power, they all set out for the "promised land." The family more than slightly resembled the Children of Israel's exodus from Egypt with their herd of 30 cattle, a dog and cat. Progress was slow over the unkept dirt road as they headed north. The 60 miles took five days and nights. At that time there was no road through the swamps west of Winfield, and they had milk cows to give attention to.

The year 1926 was before the advent of plastic coverings, and it rained every one of the five days, making the dirt roads all but impassable. On one occasion the load slid out of control on a steep embankment and slowly inched over the edge facing a deep gulch below. Everyone thought that all was lost, but Mr. Hoath and the boys had time to jump ahead of the load and, with united effort they held it while Mrs. Hoath braced it with a dead log. With his own certain little whistle when a victory was won, Joe celebrated the defeat of the "grim reaper".

It wasn't all bad on that trip as the sun shone part of one day and the Hoaths made the best of it. They went fishing in Battle Lake and caught enough to supply the table to two days. Nights were spent in vacated houses along the way. Fortunately, there were just enough — five. They all had sound water-proof roofs; at least where the member of the Hoath family were sleeping. The mice labelled them squatters; but at least there were no rats.

It's amazing what one can do when one has to. The furniture on that trip was so arranged that the tables were over the beds protecting them from the soaking rains. The oilcloth tablecloths were spread over them so that very little was badly damaged from the rain. That took ingenious forethought and management. (I smile when I think of today's modern housewife in that kind of situation.)

Bertie and Phoebe stayed in Iola until school was out. Gervais had completed the grades offered in the Iola school, and was working in Lacombe.

Joe rented Bill Webb's house west of Breton, built a shop and set up his blacksmith business. Later the well-known community carpenter, Jack Anderson, was employed to build the family home.

It was during that time that Grenville and Merritt (each 100% boy) saw more than playfulness in their hound-dog Watch, and the new part Collie they called Curly. Farley Mowat had nothing on those two when it came to training sled dogs. When the Hoath dogs got hitched together, the boys felt that the Arctic could expect invaders any day. With their home-made harnesses and express wagon they hauled wagon loads of groceries from Lawrence Breton's corner store a quarter-mile from home. The dogs didn't mind the 100 lb. bags of flour, or a load of freshly split wood for the kitchen stove.

The closest neighbors were Mr. & Mrs. George Impey. Mrs. Impey was very musical and played her mandolin as bewitchingly as the famous sirens of mythology. The Hoath children would sit on the grass among her flowers admiring her raven-black hair flowing in the wind, their eyes popping with wonder as she spun tales from fascinating days gone by. Kathleen wished that Mrs. Impey was not so brave. Her husband had to make frequent trips in to Edmonton. If only the lovely lady was afraid to stay alone, then perhaps she would invite the ten-yearold neighbor girl to stay with her at night to keep all those masked marauders from her door.

"Masked marauders?" Meritt teased.

"Well, they probably would wear masks. They do in stories," Kathleen hurled back.

The hamlet was too new to provide a school, so the three younger school age Hoath children, Grenville, Merritt, and Kathleen rode horse-back or walked to Keystone Elementary School (later known as Funnell) approximately 3 miles north of Breton.

Soon after their move into "the house that Jack built" Mrs. Smith opened a bakery. There she delighted the appetite of young and old with her delectible dainties. During the sparse depression years when almost everyone had to do their own baking, Bertha cooked for the planer crew at Joe Ross's planer mill located at Antross, three miles south-west of Breton.

Many and varied experiences awaited the Hoath family in their new surroundings. While Joe hammered out the farmers' plowshares, and Bertha baked her pies, the children spent their summers picking wild berries: blueberries, raspberries, strawberries, and cranberries.

There were more than berries in the woods around that town. On one occasion when Kathleen and Bertie were picking strawberries, Bertie looked up and said in a startled whisper, "Kathleen, don't scream, but look behind you" She did. No, she didn't make a noise, she couldn't; no sound would come. Only rods away, on the other side of the fence, was a big black bear. Up to that point, he seemed unaware of the girls. They picked up their pails and quietly tiptoed for about a quarter-mile; then, with no sign of Bruno in sight, the terrified sisters breathed deeply and took off. It was of small concern to the fleet-footed teenagers that a high fence cut them off from the main road. An onlooker, no doubt, would swear that they were seeing the "Flying Nun" in person — in duplicate, even.

The youngest member of the Joe Hoath family was a shy, quiet little blonde. Although reserved, Lucille didn't lack imagination. She felt that things in town were rather dull on one particular winter night, so she decided to do something about it. While the family were busy with after-supper, early evening interests, 11-year-old Lucy donned a man's hat and coat, a pair of brother Gervais's shoes, and stealthily slipped out into the dark. Soon there was a little group of children ranging in age from ten to twelve years gathered in consultation on a street corner.

"Let's follow that poor old man," said one, "and see where he lives."

"He can't live in Breton," said another, "we'd rekernize him."

"I wonder if he's hungry."

"Let's find him and see, C'm on," said brother Merritt. He lit a lantern to aid them in their search. There were no street lights there then. Up the lane and through the trees they fanned out to find and help a lonely little "old man" who was seemingly tired and bent over — and maybe hungry.

Her evening's escapade proved one thing; if

Lucille Hoath is ever old and hungry, she'll never lack friends — provided she still lives in Breton.

One by one the Joe Hoath children married and moved out. Phoebe married Martin Oelkers and lived on a farm in the Breton district. Kathleen was next. She married a railroader, Bill ("Red") Fenton, and moved to Edmonton. They now live in Calgary.



Left to right, Grenville, Mrs. Bertha Hoath, Phoebe Oelkers, Martin Oelkers holding Billy, Marvin Oelkers, Bernice and Phyllis in front, 1944.

Bertie married Rev. Albert Koch. He ministered in the Breton Mission Covenant Church for awhile, then Wetaskiwin, and finally out to teach in a Bible school in Jamaica, West Indies. They now live in Calgary.

Gervais married Esther Owens, a local girl. Very shortly after their marriage they lost their home, furniture, and all their wedding gifts in a forest fire that swept through and burned the whole settlement of Norbuck. They moved into a little house in Breton; Gervais later joined the army and was sent overseas. After the war they moved to Edmonton where he opened what turned out to be a very successful business: "Hoath's Decorating."



Gervais Hoath painting a commercial sign, 1935.

Those who know him will remember his flair for oil paints. He worked as the official sign painter for the village of Breton. Especially dear to Breton people was the donation of his painting of the lovely mural for the stage screen in the Community Hall. Gervais and Esther now live in Winfield, B.C. in the Okanagan, where they have retired.

Grenville married Almeda Kelsey of Rich

Valley. They now live in Edmonton.



Lois and Merritt Hoath, Sharon, Priscilla, Roseau, Dominica, 1965.

Lucille was next. She married Walter Swartz, a local farmer. They now live in Wetaskiwin.

Merritt was last to marry. He was a long way from home, serving as missionary on the island of Dominica in the West Indies. He choose a pretty blonde Scandinavian from Seattle, Wash., Lois Solberg, who also served the Lord in Dominica. Merritt is now teaching on faculty at the Prairie Bible Institute in Three Hills, Alberta.

The Joe Hoaths always remained a closely-knit family. Joe passed away in 1930; Bertha lived to enjoy good health, physically and mentally, to the age of 82. Merritt, Phoebe, Bertie and Gervais each lost a precious young son or daughter through illness or tragic accidents (Gervais's was a foster son, Jim). Phoebe passed away in August of 1969.

Precious memories, how they linger! How they fill our hearts along the way! Thanks to Jesus, it's not ended; We're awaiting resurrection day.

KATHLEEN FENTON

MR. AND MRS. ROBERT HOATH

My parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hoath, moved from Lacombe, Alberta to Breton in the late twenties preceded by Joseph Hoath and family. We took up residence in the Nelson's Hall, until our father finished building the house on what is now Main Street; he also started the first gas station and garage. Later, he sold it, started a blacksmith

shop and built another house which was situated further along Main Street. This would be just beyond where the new court house now stands.

We, children, went to school in a one room school on the hill across from the town. Mr. Dan McLeod was the teacher, a stern disciplinarian. Being a first World War Army sergeant, he ruled with an iron hand and commanded respect. However, he was a marvelous teacher, and the children liked him. Later, he retired without a pension, I believe. Mr. McLeod and his wife moved to Vancouver, B.C. where he passed away.

Miss Frances Hinds became the next teacher; she was only nineteen years old. Miss Hinds was very brave to take on a large school like this, as there were approximately forty children from grades one to nine. We were so accustomed to Mr. McLeod's teachings; therefore, we would hold him up as an example. It must have been very exasperating to her, as I think back; with all our discipline from Mr. McLeod, we were perfect brats! I think we learned a lot from her, as she was a very good and kind teacher. I believe, both of these teachers deserve honorable mention in your book, as they were two of the first teachers in Breton School. Both teachers put on Christmas concerts every year. All the people turned out to see our concerts and all seemed to enjoy them. There was always a big Christmas tree, and a Santa Claus was picked from one of the men in town. The little ones' eyes shone as they received their gifts from Santa. Not a child did without, preschoolers and all.

Miss Hinds is now Mrs. Bond, and lives in Coleman, Alberta. Marie Farrar (Breton), Ruth Sawyer (Hoath), and myself, Mabel West (Hoath), had the pleasure of visiting her in her home in Coleman. We had a lovely time reminiscing about

our school days.

There were many old timers, long gone, who were pioneers of Breton before the rail came in. Some were — Mr. and Mrs. Harry Williams who had a boarding house along the street that faces the railway track and Mr. and Mrs. G. Mitchell who operated a cafe which was later taken over by Joe Walters. The Mitchells moved to Ontario from Breton. Joe Walters operated a cafe in Winfield, Alberta later on. Herb Smith also ran a grocery store on Main Street. Dan Jamieson moved from Hoadley to Breton, where he had a hardware store. They moved to Calgary from Breton.

Nelson's Hall was on Main Street where many happy times were had. Box socials and pie socials, etc. took place there. In fact it accommodated everything, even funerals, as there were no church buildings until the United Church was built. My father, Mr. Hoath, was the carpenter who built the church; until then, Nelson's Hall was where Sunday services were held. Mr. Malcom Johnson was the first minister; that was during the prohibition, which he strongly agreed with. H. Arthur Barton was the next minister and a fine speaker, a great

elocutionist, and an old stage critic. While he was there, he put on many three act plays, and they all went over big.

The death which I recall, was that of Mr. James Fadden. He was buried on his own property as there was no cemetery, "per say". Mrs. J. Fadden, his wife, donated the property which started the first cemetery. She later married Bill Evans who predeceased her. She then became Mrs. Red McQuillon. He also predeceased her. She has since passed on and is buried there, as well.

Mr. Robert Hoath was, more or less, the town undertaker. He built the caskets, and Mother and we girls would cover and line them. This, of course, was in the depression years and many people could not afford a casket sent out from Edmonton as many of them were on relief. However, Father made a very good job of making these caskets, which were very like the manufactured ones. He only received \$20.00 from the government and this was used to supply materials for the caskets, handles, etc. and the plots for burial. Of course, the men donated their work such as preparing the graves, etc.



Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hoath, 1956.

While mentioning the old timers, there was Mrs. Wark, who lived in the house which later, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Baynes and family lived in. Their family consisted of Nellie, Joe, and Mary. Mrs. Wark was a nurse and ran a nursing home. She brought many of the Breton babies into the world.

Mrs. Baynes also was a "Lady of Mercy", and went out in all kinds of weather to assist in any emergencies, as there was no doctor in Breton. She never refused to go anywhere, where a new baby was to be brought into the world. The roads were usually almost impassable during rain. Cars would mire and it would be impossible to get a doctor in from Leduc. Mrs. Baynes later moved to Victoria where she died during the late 60's.

The saw mills were running then, Fraser's, Anthony's and also the Pearson Brother's later. My dad and the boys, Reg, Ivan, and Earl had to walk to Fraser's six miles away, work six days per week, walk home Saturday night and back to work Sunday.

Sometimes the weather during winter would be very cold. It was very hard, but everyone was in the same boat.

While my dad was running his blacksmith shop, he shod horses and sharpened plow shares. However, as no one could pay with cash during the depression, Dad would have to accept vegetables, meat or chickens, etc. Most people were honest and did their best to pay their bills. Dad never did go on government relief, but he was often tempted, as times were really rough; everyone around that era would well know.

Mr. Mindy Anderson ran the livery stable. He picked up the mail from the train after the railroad came into Breton; he then delivered it to the post office where Mr. Rollie Ramsey was post master. The post office was a small shack then. After Mr. Ramsey left, Mr. W. Spindler took his place and a

new post office was built.

Entertainment for us, was meeting the train each day. I don't know why we did it; maybe we hoped we would see a strange face. The train usually stayed an hour, as it was a mixed train with pigs, cows and other such freight. After the mail was sorted, everyone would converge on the post office at the same time to pick up their mail, if any. The town would then settle back on its heels until the next day at train time. The hour of train time was the highlight of the day.



The Hoath girls, 1933. L. to R. Pearl, Birdie, Mabel, Ruth.

I will say though, as poor as everyone was during the depression era, we had some happy times.

Here, in order, are the members of the Hoath family. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hoath (my parents), moved to New Westminster, B.C. Both are deceased.

Mr. Reg Hoath and wife, Penticton, B.C. (six children). Reg is deceased.

Mrs. Martha Schwieger (widow), Burnaby, B.C. Mr. Earl Hoath and wife, Haney, B.C. (three children). Earl is deceased.

Mrs. Nels (Hazel) Hedin, Winfield, B.C. (three children).

Mr. Ivan Hoath and wife, Winfield, B.C. (two children).

Mrs. Ruby Nelson (widow), Vernon, B.C. (one child).

Mrs. Birdie Render and husband Al, Winfield, B.C. (three children).

Mrs. Mabel West and husband, Bill, Burnaby, B.C. (two children).

Mrs. Pearl Pearson (widow), Vernon, B.C. (three children).

Mr. Elgen Hoath and wife, Vernon, B.C. (four children).

Mrs. Ruth Sawyer (widow), Langley, B.C. (two children).

— MABEL WEST

GUS HALLGREN FAMILY

Mr. and Mrs. Gus Hallgren came from Washington, U.S.A. to Alberta in 1927 where they had lived for four years. In the fall of 1928, they took up a homestead in Buck Creek. Things at that time were rough, and there were four children in the family, but they managed somehow.

There were no roads then; the only means of getting anywhere was with horses and a wagon. To get food supplies, my parents had to go to Buck Lake with the team, then travel by boat across the

lake and from there to Pendryl Store.

After four years they could see things were not working out, and in the spring of 1933, decided to come to Breton. At that time, Breton was a very small place; we managed to rent a house and Dad started working at Antross which was five miles south of Breton. Wages were low and Dad didn't make enough for our needs, but we managed. They kept a cow so we could have our own milk and cream. We also grew a garden, and Mother put up a lot of wild fruit every summer.

Dad worked at Antross, I believe, for two years and then worked for Pearson Bros. for awhile out in a bush camp west of Breton.



Mr. and Mrs. Gus Hallgren, 1959.

We lived in town for about three years and then my parents decided to move out on a farm one mile west of Breton. This was the old Percy Anderson farm. They lived there till 1939. On this farm, brother Lawrence was born. Shortly after, they moved back to Breton and lived on Railroad Avenue for awhile. They then bought a lot and built a house in town. Dad worked for Pearsons' in the planing mill for some time and then decided to build a mill of his own. Dad did custom sawing for

Leslie Oulton, Pearsons' and Frasers'. Mother did the cooking for the work crew.

After four years, Dad sold his mill and went into carpenter work. Mother and Dad raised a family of five: Norma Waddell of Ontario, Florence Lindberg of Breton, June Risvald of Hoadley who passed away in 1975, Harris and Lawrence Hallgren who live in Decker Lake, B.C.

Besides looking after a family, Mother sewed clothes for every one of us. She belonged to the W.A. of Breton and also the United Church Ladies' Aid where she was very happy with her friends.

Mother passed away in 1964 and Dad in 1966.

- FLORENCE LINDBERG

CECIL AND OLIVE HOPGOOD

We moved from Saskatchewan to Alberta in 1938, my husband, Cecil, myself and our four small children, Bernice, George, Gordon and Dorothy. We lived in the Wetaskiwin area for three years and then moved to Buck Creek in the fall of 1941. The road from Breton to Buck Creek, at that time, was just a trail. After living on Mr. Wagar's homestead for a time, we leased the Sharkey homestead and tried a little farming. I wasn't a farmer and Cecil was working for the D.R. Fraser Lumber Co. at Camp 34; therefore, farming didn't amount to much. Buck Creek was a good place to live; the people were so friendly. I still have good memories of our life there.

During the war, German prisoners of war were moved to camp 32, which was one half mile from our place. I didn't worry much about them as we had a good watch dog. He was so cross when anyone came. Sometimes the guards used to take some of the prisoners for a walk on Sundays. One Sunday, they came through our yard in front of the house and our "faithful" watch dog made friends with them! Then I wasn't so sure, but they never caused any trouble.

We lived in Buck Creek for six years and then decided to move to Breton as Cecil was in camp most of the time. We thought town was a better place for the family. In 1947, we bought a lot in town and had a house moved on to it. The Fraser Lumber Co. was now in road construction. Cecil worked in the logging camps in the winter and road building in the

summer.

Our daughter, Teresa, was born in 1949 and we lost one daughter, Dorothy, in the polio epidemic of 1953. Our son, David, was born in 1954. Cecil was still working for Frasers. Then Frasers became Fraser-Bothwell and were building roads farther away from Breton. They got the contract to build the road to the new townsite of Swan Hills, so we moved to the Swan Hills area. We moved along with the road construction from Swan Hills to Bashaw and then to Bruderheim.

Cecil suffered a serious heart attack so the family moved back to Breton where we lived in the trailer for a while. We sold the trailer and bought the house where I still live. The hospital had just been built in Breton, so I obtained a job and worked there for seven years. Cecil's health improved enough for him to return to work, Frasers had retired and the company had become Bothwells. Everything went along fine for seven years and then Cecil's health failed and he passed away on Feb. 17, 1971.

I now live alone with many good memories. Our children are all married and on their own. Bernice married Nick Kostiuk of Wandering River, Alberta. Nick is a mechanic and they live at Kelowna, B.C. George married Mary Jorgenson of Carnwood, Alberta. They have four girls and live in the Millwoods district of Edmonton. George is a heavy duty mechanic and works for Premay Equipment of Edmonton. Gordon married Marge Miller of Breton, Alberta. They have one girl and live on an acreage at Stony Plain, Alberta. Gordon owns his own truck and trucks for Premay Equipment of Edmonton. Teresa married Harry Wickstrom of Breton and has three children. She is separated and works as a clerk typist in Edmonton. David married Janice Daniel of Edson, Alberta and lives in Stony Plain. David works for C.N. Communications.

OLIVE HOPGOOD

MR. AND MRS. CHRIS HELLUM

"Copenhagen Cafe, Breton, Alberta, located on Main Street and Snuff Alley; Rooms Upstairs. Proprietors — Mr. and Mrs. C. Hellum." These words appeared on calendars that were given out each year and what a wealth of memories they bring to life for Breton and area residents of the 1930's and 40's — the generous servings of good food at 35¢ per meal (less for anyone down on their luck), the always clean premises and the dry humour of the kindly couple who operated this business are but a few of them.

The Hellums had come from Denmark some years before. He had been a cook at lumber camps before they started their cafe and rooming house. They didn't have any family of their own. One brother, Henry Hellum, worked for the D.R. Fraser Lumber Co. as a blacksmith, I believe. Another brother, whose first name I can't recall, lived at Warspite, Alberta, was married and had a family. The Hellums of Breton were very fond of their brothers' children and proudly displayed pictures of them.

I believe that it was in 1940 that I went to work at the Copenhagen Cafe as a waitress. Former next door neighbors of my folks, Charlie and Mary Hauck, were living in Breton at this time, and when Hellums were looking for a waitress, Mary suggested I might be interested in the job. And, that is how I came to work at the Copenhagen Cafe, at the ripe old age of eighteen years.

This was my first job away from home and I was pretty nervous about it. But, they both were very kind and put up with my mistakes. Soon I felt quite

at ease.



The Copenhagen Cafe, owned and operated by the Chris Hellums.

They both spoke good English, but with an accent that to me was delightful, probably because my father was a Scandinavian too, or as he liked to say, a "Scandahoovian".

Mrs. Hellum worked in the dining room, supervised the care of the rooms upstairs and usually handled the cash. There was no cash register at that time; the change was counted back to the customer. In my mind's eye, I can still see her, always so busy and the long aprons she wore were so white and clean.

If any of the customers got a bit carried away, she had an uncanny gift of quieting everything down with just a look, and occasionally a few well chosen words. If this failed, which was seldom, Mr. Hellum would appear between the drapes in the



Mrs. Hellum, cafe owner and operator, 1930's-40's-50's.

doorway that separated the dining room from the kitchen. Rarely did he say anything. A stern look was usually enough to quell the most exuberant.

They had a very good business in the cafe and the rooms above. I believe there were six or seven of them and most nights all were occupied. There was no noisy partying here. At the Copenhagen, a quiet night's rest was assured.

Other memories that come to mind:

— The little garden that Mr. Hellum had in the back yard that produced so much — radishes, onions, lettuce, etc., enough for the cafe for most of the summer.

— Mr. Huntley, or more often his son, Elwood, coming in each morning from their farm with fresh milk and cream for use in the cafe.

— Mrs. Foster Sutherland and her girls from the Funnell area, coming in each week with eggs and

farm produce, also used at the cafe.

— Mr. Bathgate who brought the mail in once a week from Buck Creek. He drove horses and came in on Friday and returned on Saturday. He ate his meals at the Copenhagen.

— The Canadian Coachways bus driven by Mr. Collins stopped each evening at Hellum's to deliver papers and freight and let off passengers.

— Going to the post office to get the mail and chatting with Mr. W. Spindler, the postmaster.

I spent almost a year there and after I left I corresponded regularly with Mrs. Hellum until the time of her death.

Before I turn this narrative over to others, I want to share one more memory. At the end of a busy day, Mr. Hellum would come out to the little gate that opened onto the street, stand there with his arms folded and lean on the top of the gate surveying the town and exchanging greetings with friends who passed by.

— ISOBEL (LINDELL) MARTIN

HAWLEY

We came to Breton from Calgary about 1952. Floyd Hawley bought what used to be Grace Collins' Store and started Hawley's Dept. Store, selling a little of everything but mostly groceries. He also became pastor of the Covenant Church. During this time he also tried his hand at farming and raising a few cows, chickens, etc.

Mr. Hawley ran in the federal election for the Social Credit Party on June 18 about 1960.

There were four children in the family — June, Richard, Valera and Wendell.

The Hawleys left Breton in 1964. In 1966 Valera died at the age of ten. In 1967 Floyd died at the age of 49 years.

Mrs. Yvonne Hawley currently goes to university and she holds a full time job as a Registered Nurse.

June works for Burns Foods Ltd. and is married to Peter Jeffery, an engineering technician in Calgary. They have two children — Todd, an avid hockey player and Shelley, a synchronized swimmer with the Calgary Y.W.C.A. Aquabelles.

Richard married Connie Scott and they have two children, Brenda and David. They reside in Belleville, Ontario where Richard is an accountant

for Stewart-Warner.

Wendell is attending the University of Guelph taking Science.

— June Hawley

RUSSELL (RUSTY) IRVINE

Russell (Rusty) Irvine started Rusty's Transport operation in 1949. He and his family lived in Sunnybrook at that time but moved to Breton in 1950. The transport ran from Breton to Edmonton and serviced several other areas including Sunnybrook, Alsike and Buck Creek.

Rusty transported goods for many businesses while his wife, Lois, took care of the ordering and bookkeeping for the business. He sold the business in 1956 when he moved his family to Edmonton but bought the trucking operation back in 1957.

Rusty and Lois Irvine always endeavoured to please their customers and gave good service. I remember clearly, the mornings that my dad would leave to warm up his truck at 3:00 a.m. Rusty Irvine enjoyed people, and trucking in the Breton area was a great part of his life.

— JUDY (IRVINE) NIELSEN

THE JAMIESON STORY

Mr. and Mrs. Dan Jamieson moved to Breton in the year 1926, with their sons, Clarence and Norman, and started in the hardware business. They had moved from Hoadley where they had been in the hardware business for several years. Hoadley, at



The Jamieson family. Mr. Dan Jamieson, Betty, Norman, Mrs. Jamieson, Clarence.

that time, was the terminal for the railway and as it moved on, the Jamiesons moved on. Mr. Breton's store was the only store in Breton and then the Jamieson store was built, followed shortly by Mr. Herb Smith who built a general store right next door.

Clarence and Norman attended school at Breton under Dan McLeod, our first teacher. Norman went to high school at Three Hills Bible School.

The Jamiesons had a radio — something very few folks had in those days. Many of us enjoyed having on the earphones and listening in on William Aberhart.





Mr. Dan Jamieson holding Betty.

Mrs. Dan Jamieson holding Betty.

Mr. and Mrs. Jamieson were very interested in the community, Sunday School and church life. They helped to start the first Sunday School under Rev. Matthews, the first minister to come here from the United Church. Before there was a church in Breton, services were held, for a time, in the school and in the Nelson Hall — until the new United Church was built and opened in 1931. Several years later two young men, Albert Kock and Wolfe Hansen, came to Breton and held Vacation Bible School for the young children of the district. The Jamiesons felt this to be very good for the children and gave their support to this work. Money was scarce so the good meals that the Jamiesons often gave these young men were very welcome. In the years that followed, they helped organize the Mission Church and the Jamieson family was always faithful in their support and attendance. The Jamiesons were such friendly people and did much to promote this atmosphere in the church. Mrs. Jamieson was always careful to go around and shake hands with everyone. They were greatly missed when, after many years, they moved from the dis-

Life was hard for many in those years, and many a discouraged and lonely woman was cheered and helped by a cup of tea and cake, and friendly advice in Mrs. Jamieson's pleasant kitchen; maybe a few pieces of clothing too small for her boys or a bit of candy for the kiddies was given away.

A daughter, Betty Marie, was born to the Jamiesons on December 24, 1930. Betty Marie went to school in Breton and finished at Three Hills Bible School. Betty married and now resides in Seattle, Washington, U.S.A.

Clarence helped in his father's store; he also played hockey on the Breton and Antross teams. He

now resides in Vancouver, B.C.

Norman was very musical, had a good voice, and could play almost any instrument and helped in services singing and playing his guitar. He chose to be a minister of the Gospel. He was a missionary in Japan and then had a church in Calgary where he now lives.

Mr. Jamieson was very interested in raising clover. He felt the land here was right for clover and he bought several pieces of farm land and had great

success at raising his clover.

A laugh and a joke always pleased Dan Jamieson. One Halloween night, some of our young village pranksters caught Dan's black milk cow and painted a big white "AMEN" on her sides. When asked, "How will you get that off?" he laughed and said, "I'm not going to try — that's the best advertisement the church ever had." The 'AMEN' remained and all knew it to be Jamieson's cow until she shed her hair in the spring.



Dan Jamieson's Hardware store, 1930's. Thelma Fortner and Norman Jamieson.

Mr. Jamieson sold the hardware store to the McCartney brothers. Later, they moved to Calgary where Dan passed away. Mrs. Jamieson (Mary) remained in Calgary where some of her family lived. She, too, passed away some years ago. Her daughter, Mrs. Thelma Stansfield, lives in Edmonton.

THE KUEFLERS

We purchased the hotel in Breton in 1953, from George Wallis, who moved to the West Coast. We took over the hotel November 1, 1953 and operated it until 1962, when we moved to Edson. Joe Baynes was in partnership with us. He and his family moved to Breton in 1962 and continued managing the hotel until it was sold to Joe and Katie Eliuk.

Bart had gone to Breton to manage the hotel awhile before Mark and I moved there on Oct. 31, Halloween night. Rusty's Transport moved our furniture and belongings. We moved into the old Scott house on main street. Our furniture was going in, while the Bob Wallis family was moving out.

The old hotel had a small restaurant, small lobby and ten rooms which had no water or bathroom facilities in them. A bathtub and toilet in a public washroom were the only facilities the guests had to use. The bar had sixteen tables. In our nine years, this small bar sold more kegs of beer in one day than the new hotel bar sold in any one day.



The Kuefler family 1977. Blaine, Gary, Mark, Bart, Irene.

In 1956-57, local carpenters built the new hotel. The bar was increased greatly in size and the number of rooms was increased to twenty. All guest rooms had a sink installed with running water and two rooms had bathtubs and toilets. This was built on the old site and business carried on during construction.

Our days in Breton were very busy and interesting. We both curled and were active in community clubs. Bart was on the Village Council and he was a member of the Breton Elks' Club.

We bought a place at Fishers Home, on the northwest corner of Pigeon Lake. We spent many weekends and summer months there, enjoying boating, water skiing and entertaining many friends. Occasionally, we would go there in the winter and snowmobile.

Our oldest son, Mark, was six weeks old when we moved to Breton. He attended grades one to three there. Gary, our second son, was born in Edmonton and was five years old when we left. He is married and has two sons and lives in B.C. Blaine, our youngest son, was born in Edson; he is still at home with us in Calgary, attending high school.

We still drive to Breton occasionally and stop and visit friends. Our days in Breton are always referred to as the, "Good Old Days."

— IRENE KUEFLER

HENRY LARSSON FAMILY

Henry and Rhoda Larsson and Louise moved to Breton from Buck Lake in the spring of 1949 and lived in a skid shack next to the old blacksmith shop on main street. Leslie was born in the fall of 1949.

1955 was a busy year with building a new shop next to the old shop and relocating the family on what is now the present hospital site.

Rhoda joined Don McCartney as a staff member of the Marshall Wells store in 1959 and was a familiar sight there until 1969. During this time Jim Mattson purchased the store.

By this time there were not too many wagon wheels to work on and the work being done in the blacksmith shop was mainly welding and repairing modern farm equipment. There were, however, still plow shares to be sharpened and one could still hear the sound of the steel being pounded on the anvil, see the coal dust in the shop and listen to the shares sizzle as they were cooled in the water tank.

In 1963 the family home was again moved to a new site across from the old nurses' residence as the new hospital was about to be built.

Up until this time, Rhoda was active in community affairs such as the hall committee, curling and softball; Leslie was playing hockey and ball and Louise was figure skating, curling, playing ball and any other sport that was about. Henry was active for many years in the Fire Department as well as curling and trying the new craze of golf that had hit town.

Following Leslie's graduation from Breton High School in 1969, the family moved to Edmonton.

Henry still works as a welder and Rhoda is a Department Manager for Zeller Stores. They are avid campers and fishermen, play golf, swim, crosscountry ski and cycle in their spare time.

Louise married Dave Kryger from Winfield and they live in Calgary. Dave is an auto mechanic and Louise is a senior real estate secretary for the Permanent. They have two children, Kyle and Kerri. They camp in the summer, are active in Boy

Scouts and enjoy snowmobiling.

Leslie is married to Rita Nordstrom of Bluffton and they live in Calmar and have three children, Tammy, Kelly and Ronald. Leslie is a journeyman machinist and a shop foreman at Galaxy Machine in Edmonton. He and his family are active in community sports and school activities in Calmar.

— RHODA LARSSON

THE LANSDELL STORY

Breton was quite an uninviting parcel of real estate in September of 1955, when I came out from Clive to go to work on the pipeline for Mannix. We were working on a ten inch line from Buck Creek to Violet Grove and Lodgepole. It was a challenge in those days to get to Buck Creek and the village of Breton was no better. There had been three inches of rain and a snow. The Buck Creek road was under ban and vehicles were bogged down in the streets of Breton. It was a swampy mess! How a few years can change the situation.

I made my home with Belle and Cleve Carson for awhile. That was one house that burned a lot of midnight oil because of the T.V. I am sure they must have had the first set in town and it was the first one

I had ever watched.

Winnie, Patricia and Larry moved out on October 27th. That year we were snowed in with three foot drifts on October 29th. We lived in a little insul-brick house on main street; it was owned by Kenny Levers. It wasn't too big but quite cozy as long as Harry Walcott kept wood in the shed.

Winnie and I took over the custodian duties at the Breton Elementary School in 1957; Winnie is still employed there. I have worked at many jobs and will mention a few — construction at the liquor store and hospital, district manager for a fertilizer company, insurance salesman, operator on a blending unit for Dowell, trucking wood and coal,



The Lansdell family. L. to R. Larry, Michele, Winnie, Patricia, Norris, 1978.

working in the bar (the worst job of my life) and comissionaire for Imperial Oil at Nisku. I have had an auctioneer's license for twenty years. My pride and joy is taking money from a guy when he scratches his nose. Being custodian at the Breton Junior-Senior High School and selling sales is all I need to keep me busy at "60 years young".

Michele arrived in 1960 to make up our family of three. All of them started their learning here and completed it under the principalship of Mr.

Wynnyk.

Patricia married David Denholm in 1975. They live in Vancouver where David has completed the ministry and Patricia works as a clerk typist. Larry married June Nelson in 1974. He is starting his 6th year with the City Police. They live in St. Albert with their two boys, Curtis and Corey. Michele graduated in 1978 and she is employed by the News Advertiser in Wetaskiwin.

There has been a tremendous change and growth in Breton since 1955, but the future looks still greater. . .

— Norris Lansdell

OLGA LINDELL

Following the death of her mother, Agnes Chapman, in 1956, Mrs. Lindell moved to Breton from Berrymoor to keep house for her brother, Carriette Chapman. During this time, she made many friends and was an active member of the community. She worked for awhile in a cafe helping the lady who owned it. I believe this was Edith Craig. She also used to take care of Percy Seal's aged mother so that the Seal family could go on holidays.

In the years when she had lived in the Wenham Valley area she had gone to school with Elsie (Jones) Flesher. She very much enjoyed getting together with Elsie to talk about "those days" gone by. Some members of the Gillies family had also gone to the same school. Other family names that I can recall her talking about from those days are: Elliot, Eastman, Bunney, Bowman, Nelson Goodhand and Wenham. I know there were others but I cannot remember them.

She returned to Berrymoor for awhile and lived with her daughter, Calla Pischke, and her family.

Later, she returned once again to Breton, this time to the same house her mother had lived in when she first came to Breton.

In the interval, she had broken her hip. She didn't recover fully from this and for the rest of her life used crutches to walk. In spite of this, she retained her independence and ability to look after herself.

By this time two of her grandchildren, Charles and Mae Martin of Berrymoor, were students at the Breton High School. They came in on the school bus. She took great pleasure in always having a hot meal ready for them at noon. Of course, it was great for them, too. They did many chores that she needed done such as, carrying in water and bringing groceries home from the store.



Olga Lindell, 1958, with her daughters Calla and Isobel and their families.

By 1967 her health was failing. One of her last public outings was to attend graduation exercises for her grandchildren, Charles and Mae, at the Breton High Scool in the fall of 1967. Soon after this, she entered the hospital in Breton. She was there for some months and then was transferred to the Auxilliary Hospital in Wetaskiwin where she died in February, 1968. She is buried in the Berrymoor Cemetery, beside her husband.

- ISOBEL MARTIN (NEE LINDELL)

AGNES CHAPMAN

Mrs. Chapman and her son, Carriette, came to Breton in 1947, after having lived on a farm in the Berrymoor district for many years. She bought a small house from Jim Clark.



Carriette Chapman with his favorite horse, 1940.

She was a charming lady with an abundance of energy and a great zest for living. She quickly made many new friends.

She joined some of the womens' clubs and was a very active member, especially where any knitting project was concerned.

When she first came to Alberta from her native Nova Scotia in 1912, she had lived at Battle Lake where her husband, Boyde, was a sawyer for the Fawcett and Fullerton Lumber Co. Later, the family lived in the Wenham Valley and Yeoford area, before moving to the Lindale and Berrymoor districts. While she lived at Breton, she was able to renew some of her friendships with people she had known from her early years in Alberta. And, this was a great source of pleasure to her.

She had always been a very healthy person but in March, 1956 she became ill and passed away very quickly at the age of seventy-nine years. She is buried in the Lindale Cemetery beside her husband.

Her son, Carriette, continued to live on in Breton for a few more years until he, too, passed away in Prince George, B.C., while on a trip there.

- ISOBEL MARTIN

THE ROBERT LADOUCEUR FAMILY

In the summer of 1928 I was one of eight children, accompanied by Mother, who immigrated to Canada. My father had arrived a year earlier and



Bob and Gunhild Ladouceur, with son Nels and daughter Donna, 1943.

made arrangements to start a new home for us in the Breton area. Our first destination was Wetaskiwin, and there is where I continued staying and took my schooling. After I was through school there, I went to work for a few years and then later married Robert (Bob) Ladouceur who was working in the Breton area at that time.

Our first home was near Wildwood, Alberta where Bob worked in the lumber industry. Later, we moved to Breton where Bob was employed by the Hanson Bros. Lumber. At this time we had three children, a boy — Nels, and two girls — Donna and Phyllis; then a few years later, Deanna was born. They all received their education in Breton. Nels is now employed by Atlantic Richfield Oil Co. in



The Robert Ladouceur children, Phyllis, Deanna, Nels, Donna.

Jakarta, Indonesia. Donna has been employed by the County of Parkland in the Frank Maddock High School as Librarian for a number of years. Phyllis is working in the Mayerthorpe Treasury Branch and Deanna has been working for several years as an R.N.A. at the Royal Alexandra Hospital but recently began working for the R.N.A. Association. Deanna lives at Fort Saskatchewan. All of the children are married, and we are now blessed with nine grand-children; our first were twin granddaughters, Dale and Dawn (Nels' daughters).



The Nels Ladouceur twins, Dale and Dawn, 1961.

After the family grew up, I accepted the position as Secretary-Treasurer for the Village of Breton for eight years. At the time of writing, I am presently employed by the Village of Thorsby as Secretary-Treasurer. Bob has his own business that he has been operating for several years as Breton Sand and Gravel Ltd.

— GUNHILD LADOUCEUR

THE AYREY STORY

I came from Lenlac, Saskatchewan in the year 1949 to the district of Bashaw, Alberta to help with harvesting. In the winter of 1949 and 50, I worked

in the lumber mill owned by Carroll Bros. at Alder Flats, Alberta. I went back to the Bashaw area until 1953 when I returned to Carroll Bros'. lumber camp and stayed until 1957.

In 1955 I married a former girl from Bashaw, Alberta by the name of Theresa Felt. While with Carroll Bros., we lived at camp, southwest of Alder Flats and also in Winfield and Tete Jaune Cache, B.C. The Yellowhead Highway now runs by where Carrolls' used to be.

In the fall of 1957, I started working in the oil field as the oil boom was on in Alberta. We have lived in Breton since 1965 and have seen many changes in the town, the people and also the country. We have raised five children; two have graduated from grade 12 at Breton and the other three are still in school.

Joe is apprenticing to be an electrician. Brenda is married to a farm boy, Ted Olstad, and they have two children, Russell and Nicole. They live at Edberg, Alberta. Loreen is presently in grade 12, Clifford in grade 8, and Troy in grade three.

My family and I have enjoyed living in the Breton area and hope to spend many more years here.

— Lyle Ayrey

LESTER AND FLOSSIE LEVERS

Lester, one of four boys and three girls, was born in Hunting, Quebec on September 24, 1885 to parents, Matthew and Mary. The family later moved to Halkirk to farm.



Levers family, 1933. Back row, left to right, Ralph, Mrs. Levers, Lyle, Mr. Levers. Front, Ken, Lloyd, Bob, Louise, Joyce and Irene.

Loretta James and Mary Baker met and married in 1885. Of this union, Flossie, one of three children, was born in Filmore, Min.

Flossie, with her folks, moved to Halkirk in 1906 at the age of 14 years. She married Lester on September 28, 1910 in her folk's sod house on the homestead. They moved to Breton in 1928 with Edna, Jim, Ralph, Gordon, Lyle, Ken, Irene, Lloyd, Robert and Joyce. Louise and Phyllis were born here.

They stayed with McLeod's who also had a large family, until they were able to live on N.E. 1-47-4-W5, where Eugene Webster lives now. They also lived on S.W. 34-47-4-W5 which is south of where Adam Reputakowski lives now. The S.E. 3-47-4-W5, across the road from Ted Grzyb's, was also their home for a time.

Lester farmed as well as worked at Anthony's lumber mill. He also worked for the C.P.R. and for Bennet and White in Edmonton.

In 1934 Lester Levers took over N.E. 35 which had been homesteaded in April, 1915 by David Hunter.

Edna married Art Vrolson and raised three children. She passed away on Jan. 2nd, 1972.

Jim was killed in action in December of 1945.

Ralph married Verna Horseman and they have one daughter, Terry. He took Myrtle Kovar for his second wife and she had three children — Vern, Velma and Bill. They had an adopted daughter, Tracey. Myrtle passed away August 25, 1973. Ralph is presently married to Dorothy and lives in Nelson, B.C.

Gordon married Jean Matthews and they raised one boy, Donald and one girl, Gloria. Gordon and Jean live in Breton.

Lyle married Elsie Maines and they had four children — Donna, Merry, Jo Anne and Allen. Donna passed away on June 20, 1973 and Elsie on Feb. 28, 1976. They reside at Prince George.

Ken married Fern Carson and they have four children — Jim, Bonnie, Barry and Heather.

Irene married Lloyd Campion. They have four children — Douglas, Patricia, Daniel and David. They reside in Edmonton.

Lloyd married Doris and they have seven children, Margaret, Roy, George, Leslie, Lynn and Linda (twins) and Doris.

Robert married Betty and they have four children — Gary, Dianne, Sandra and Collin. Betty passed away on June 30, 1973 and Robert on May 5th, 1978.

Joyce married Chris Campion and they have four children — Laurel, Deborah, Brenda and Richard. They live in Edmonton.

Louise married Bill Smith and they have four children — Cindy, Margaret, Calvin and Wendy. They live in Vancouver.

Phyllis married Joe Lamont and they have four children, Sherry, David, Dennis and Richard. They live on Vancouver Island.

Mrs. Levers is presently in the "West Pine Lodge" at Winfield.

GORDON LEVERS FAMILY

On a nice day in April, 1928, my father, mother, brothers, sisters and myself left Halkirk, Alberta after loading 4 horses, 4 cows, chickens and household effects on a boxcar to arrive in Breton at a later date. We fed and watered the animals at Lacombe as the train came that far the first day. My dad drove a 1927 touring car with the side curtains flapping in the breeze. A friend of Dad's, with a Model A, brought some of the family. We came by way of the old Battle Lake trail. It took us 2 days to go from Halkirk to Breton, Alta.



Gordon and Jean Levers, Donald and Gloria, 1947.

I was born at Castor, Alta. in March, 1917 and as 11 years old when I came to Breton. We first stayed with the Dan McLeods who had a large family. Then we lived on three different homesteads and went to school in Breton. My first teacher was Dan McLeod. When I quit school, I worked for Art Vrolson at the livery barn and then for Ben Flesher on the farm. Later, I drove a team of horses hauling lumber from the big Moose Creek to Breton and then worked in the planer mill for Pearson Brothers' Lumber Co. for many years.

I bought a house from Antross when they closed down and Stan Taylor moved it into Breton. He used D.R. Fraser's cat and moved many houses.

I married Jean Matthews who came with her mother, brother, and sister from Fern Creek in 1941. Donald was born in Sept., 1944 and Gloria in Dec., 1945.

When the first curling rink was built, I helped, along with most of the men from here. It was donated work. We did have a lot of fun while building it.

When the sawmill and planer ceased work, we dismantled everything and had to load it into

boxcars and on flatcars. In 1953 everything was moved to H. Pearson Lumber Co. in Burns Lake, B.C. We sold our house and loaded our household effects into a boxcar ready to go. In the meantime, in July of 1953, we stayed in Stan and Lydia Taylor's house next door (they were working on the road away from town) until we could leave. We had a lot of work to do to clean up and finish loading boxcars for Henry Pearson. When the car and utility trailer were loaded, we were on our way. It took 2 days to make the trip. Henry and Mary Pearson and family, Don and Kay McCormick and family, Beans and June Richardson, Elias and Ina Vickner and family and some of the single men had gone ahead.

We spent a fun-filled August and September out at the sawmill on Taltapin Lake, which was about 25 miles from Burns Lake, B.C. Henry Pearson and I took turns taking Harlen, Donald and Gloria to school in Burns Lake and hauling back supplies for the cook house, etc. The other families' children were too young to go to school.



Gloria Levers, Ruby Chaney, Jean Levers, Tom Chaney, and Gordon Levers, 1961. Tom Chaney (Wheat Pool Agent).

In October, we moved to Burns Lake into the planer yard where we lived in the cook house. We had to change the dining room into two bedrooms on the north and make another bedroom on the south with the living room in the middle. I can remember that winter being the coldest one ever. The damp climate made it so much colder than Alberta.

All the families got together at Henry and Mary Pearson's for Christmas. We took in most of the shows Saturday nights to have something to do. Slabs had to be sawed for wood as coal was not available. Propane was so terribly high as it was hauled in from a long distance. We spent another happy summer; on Sundays we explored the few roads that ran in each direction from Burns Lake. Donald and Harlen did a lot of fishing in the many streams around Burns Lake.

In October, 1954 we moved back to Breton. What a busy place! Every house, garage and the upstairs of the curling rink building were full of

men. It was the year of all the oil excitement. There was no place to rent so we stayed with Ken and Fern Levers for some time and stored our household effects in their garage. We moved into Stan Taylor's house for a couple of weeks, while they were on holidays. When Edith Shave went on holidays in early December, we rented her house on the farm. January 16, 1955 was such a cold day when we moved into Percy and Annette Seal's house. They had built a new house up the street and were living there.

I started work for Steel Buildings Sales and Service of Calgary, Alta., who put up steel buildings for the oil companies — the first here in Breton was for Dowell. Some were used for water injection purposes out in the Buck Creek and Drayton Valley areas. I also worked in Calgary for some years and north of Edmonton where I put up buildings for a coal company at East Coulee, Alta. Since I was spending so much time away from my family and the children were growing up so fast, I quit there. I started clerking for Breton Hardware and Lumber in 1958, then owned by Donald and Elmer McCartney. I joined the Breton Fire Dept. and enjoyed curling again after being away so long. Jean joined the Hospital Auxiliary when it was started. In 1964, the store was sold to Jim Mattson (Breton Hardware and Lumber). In 1966 I started work at Breton Cash Store Ltd. for Nick and Doris Raczuk. In 1970, the store closed so I went out to help Ben Flesher on the farm that summer. July 1971 I started work at Prince George, B.C. building houses for Lakewood Enterprises Ltd. In March, 1972, I went clerking for Mil Mar Hardware in Drayton Valley, Alta. The store changed hands on July 1, 1978 so I am now clerking for the new owners of Mr. Chain

Jean worked at the post office for Postmasters Ken Levers and Bob Mattson. She also worked at Burkholder's M&M store, cleaned the Breton Medical Centre for Nick Raczuk and worked at the Breton Cash Store and the Breton M&M (owned by Ann and Ted Grzyb). Jean also clerked for Mil Mar Hardware in April, 1973 until the store changed hands and then clerked for Mr. Chain Hardware until Oct. 31, 1978. She is now enjoying being at home. Her hobbies are embroidery, knitting, tatting, crocheting and doing quilts.

Donald finished his high school in Breton and worked for different companies such as Redwell, until he went to Houston, B.C. in the summer of 1967. He worked in the sawmill doing every job — working his way up. In 1971 he married Lois Everson who lived in Elk Grove, California. She had spent her summers at Houston holidaying. On April 1, 1974 Jenette was born after her folks moved to California in February of that year. They still live there.

Gloria, after her schooling in Breton, has done light house work and baby-sitting for different

families. Her first job was with Mable McCartney. She has worked in High River, Alta., Edmonton, Red Deer, Camrose and now has worked in Edmonton for one family for three years. She enjoys embroidery and quilting.

We enjoy our weekends travelling Alberta and our holidays in Winnipeg, Manitoba with Ted Vellow and his wife. We also enjoy travelling in B.C. as there are so many lovely places to go hiking

and exploring.

GORDON LEVERS

ART AND EDNA VROLSON

Art was born on April 12, 1894 in Brooten, Minnesota in Pope County. He came to Canada and landed in Edmonton on May 18, 1926. From here he went on to Athabasca and tried homesteading. He moved to Breton in 1930. In 1931, he bought the livery barn and dray business. Previous owners were Don McLean, Pete Anderson and Paul Therriault.

Art and Edna were married on August 17, 1932 and lived in the little house east of the barn. Art sold the barn to Mindy Anderson in late 1935 and started a second hand store on the street across from the railroad, next to H.J. Reynar's drug store. They lived in the back for about a year.



Art and Edna Vrolson, 30th Wedding Anniversary, Aug. 17, 1962.

In 1936, they moved to Kelowna with Elwood Arthur (Artie), their only son and their first daughter, Francis Leona (Dolly). In 1947, they moved to the Edson district where Shirley Anne was born. Art farmed, had a sawmill and worked in one for years.



Edna passed away January 2, 1972. Art passed away Jan. 15, 1975. Artie is married to Elma and lives on the home place — they have one girl and one boy. Dolly married Ray Mellerich and lives in the district. They have one girl and three boys. Shirley married Don Klyne and they have two girls. They live in the Edson district.

FLOYD AND MAIMIE MAINE

My father, Floyd Maine, was born in Wilmot, South Dakota, U.S.A., on Janurary 20, 1898, the youngest of seven children born to Eugene and Ida Rose Maine. My mother, Mary Jane McBain, was born in Waterloo, Scotland and came to Canada at

the age of six. Floyd Maine married Mary Jane McBain on August 26, 1923.



Eugene (Grandpa) Maine holding Myrtle, Elsie standing.

Mom and Dad lived at Irma, Alberta where their first child, Elsie, was born on June 9, 1925. From there they moved to Grandpa Maine's place at Conjuring Lake (now Wizard Lake) and began farming. While living there, two more daughters were born — Myrtle on December 2nd, 1927 and Daisy on March 22, 1930.



Maine Family. Left to right, Mamie, Floyd. Front row, Ken, Daisy,
Myrtle and Elsie.

Our next move was to Fern Creek where Dad went into partnership with Melvin Hough. They bought land — N.W. 36-47-3-W5, which was covered with heavy spruce timber and started logging in the winter of 1930-31. Together, in the spring and summer of 1931, they erected a good camp and remained in partnership until 1932. Due to the price of lumber dropping from \$12 to \$8 per

thousand, they were forced out of business. We lived at Grandpas for only one year in which time Elsie had started school.

The following year we moved north of Mulhurst and lived on the Casey Ayres place where a son, Kenneth, was born January 11, 1934. I began going to school (Spring Hill) at Mulhurst. We also lived on the McCauley place and walked about 5 miles to school.

Dad hauled coal from the mine at Conjuring Lake to Mulhurst. I can remember Dad coming home late at night; it was so cold he had to walk behind the sleigh to keep warm and our team of black horses were white with frost. Dad also used to drive into Thorsby for groceries.

My best friend was Vernie McCauley. What a coincidence it was to find that both Vernie and myself lived in the same city and our children attended the same school, and neither of us realized it!

In 1935, Dad and Mom, along with George Buchanan, moved southeast of Breton to N.W. 19-47-3-W5, on the John Biro place. Our neighbours were the Ing family to the south and the Jim Impey family to the north. We children walked over three miles to Antross School. Dad worked for Anthonys where they had a logging camp west of Antross. I stayed with the Ing family and went to school with Myrtle Ing (Mrs. Evans Carsons) while Elsie stayed with Mark Anthonys and also attended school. During holidays we would catch a ride with the truck drivers going to the camp. Dorothy Buchanan (Ing) and Violet Matthews (Ing) also worked at Anthony's camp.

Later we moved south of Breton onto Charlie Orlean's place, which now belongs to Ed and Nina Grzyb.



Left to right, Mamie Maine holding Andy, Elsie Maine, Violet and Myrtle Ing. Floyd in background.

In the spring of 1941, the family, along with George and Dorothy Buchanan, moved eight miles south of Calmar. We children then attended Humble School. It was during this time that another son, Andy, was born — June 10, 1941. We

experienced a bad fire while living here and also an unfortunate episode with the neighbor's horse; when trying to chase the horse out of the yard, he chased me into the hayloft and kicked Dad in the head causing a wound requiring several stitches. Instead of returning to the doctor when the wound healed, Dorothy Buchanan removed the stitches.

In the fall of 1941, we moved back to Breton and bought a lot with a small house on it. Later we increased the size of the house by adding on another part. Mother used to take in washing for most of the truckers who worked at Breton. Dad worked at several jobs; he was a blacksmith, a volunteer veterinarian for people who needed him, did carpenter work, and filed saws in his spare time. He also barbered at home and later built a barber shop next to the M and M Store. While working for Fraser's mill, Dad was night watchman at Pearson's mill.

Another child was born in April, 1946, but died at the age of two months. Two more daughters were born to my parents, Beverly on October 26, 1947 and Margaret on January 24, 1951.

Elsie married Lyle Levers and they have 4 children. Elsie passed away suddenly on February 28, 1976.



Myrtle and Harry Wedge, 1946.



Beverley and Margaret Maines.

I, Myrtle, married Harry Wedge and we have 3 children. We live in Swift Current, Saskatchewan.

Daisy married Gordon Devell and they live at Winfield. They have 6 children.

Ken married, Helen, from Calgary and lives at Wasa, B.C. They have 5 children.

Andy spent a term in the Navy. He later married in Victoria and has 4 children.

Beverly married Jim Oakes and lives in Slave Lake, Alberta. They have 4 children.

Margaret married Wally Berger and lives in Slave Lake, Alberta. They have 2 children.

Dad passed away in February, 1960 and Mother on January 1st, 1974.

- MYRTLE (MAINE) WEDGE

ROBERT MATTSON FAMILY

Mr. Mattson came to the Breton district in February, 1957 as an employee of Pembina Pipeline. His wife, Flora, and three daughters — Darlene (Mrs. David Millington) of Izmit, Turkey, Judy of Cranbrook, B.C., Dorita (Dee Dee) of Red Deer, Alberta and one son, Robert, of F. McMurray, Alberta came to Breton in July, 1957. They bought the house formerly owned by Mrs. Nelson and now owned by Al and Colleen Lee.

In Dec., 1958 Mr. Mattson became Postmaster in Breton. The post office was in the present Breton Electronics building until the new post office was built.

Mrs. Mattson held the position of Secretary-Treasurer for the Village for six years. Darlene and Judy both worked for Mrs. George Reid in the telephone office.

In October, 1966 Mr. Mattson was transferred to the post office in Ft. McMurray, where the family spent 8½ years. In June, 1974 he was transferred to the post office in Three Hills, Alberta where they now reside.

— FLORA MATTSON

MRS. LUELLA MATTSON AND JIM MATTSON

James Mattson and his mother, Luella, came to Breton from Lula Island, B.C. in April, 1964. They bought the Breton Hardware and Lumber store from Don McCartney in January, 1965 and lived in the house formerly owned by the McCartneys. After ten years in the business, James sold the store to Art Stephenson and retired. After his death in May of 1977, his mother sold the estate and is now residing in Three Hills with her son, Robert. She is now 92 years of age.

— FLORA MATTSON

MEMORIES OF BRETON

It has been said that first impressions can be either intuitively correct or very misleading. I really couldn't say which category seemed to fit my first bus trip to Breton. I chose the Victoria Day weekend to get my first glimpse of my future home. I learned quite a lot about it from the passengers on the bus who were very talkative. Two of the passengers got on carrying a case of beer under each arm. Although I had often travelled on busses, I had never, in those days, seen booze on them. Things went smoothly until we came to a low spot just south of the Heighington farm. Ed Collins, the driver, yelled, "All men get out and push!" I thought the idea of pushing a bus out of the mud was rather ludicrous but to my surprise the males on the bus responded quickly to his command. Due to their

efforts we avoided being mired in the mud. We let people off at farmhouses along the way arriving at Breton with about five people. Although it was only a couple of short blocks to Elmer's house, Donald was there to meet me with his car. This was my initiation to Breton mud and a short lesson in what not to wear as footwear.

Donald had not been too successful in finding a suitable house to rent. By suitable, I mean one that had a living room large enough to accommodate a piano and 3 piece chesterfield suite. Sunday morning we began our search. Our timing could not have been worse. Most people were sleeping in and not too happy to have someone wanting to size up their living room at that time. I understood their reluctance. It was not until a week later that Donald managed to rent a house.

Travellers called at the store on a regular basis and often would spend a few hours in the evening in our home. They found it most amusing that promptly at 11 P.M., the lights would suddenly go out and we'd have to resort to the reliable, but smelly, Coleman lamp. One such traveller was in town the day that my piano arrived so he was 'conned' into helping to unload it. After much struggling, he gave us all a laugh when he commented, "Donald, why in hell did you have to marry an educated woman?"

This brings me to a most rewarding and enjoyable part of my years in Breton, that of helping to educate the children. I had been offered the job of teaching Grades 7,8 and 9 in a new school. What a fine bunch of kids they were — good sports, eager to learn and very respectful of adults. I'll always remember Faye Smith who walked so far to school in all kinds of weather and rarely missed a day of class. I am sure that John Fedun will long remember his first day in our school. He was not very tall for his age and Ken Scott, who must have been all of 5 ft. 9 ins. at the time, decided to knock him down the stairs to see if the 'new kid' could take it. John picked himself up and came back smiling. From that day on, John was one of the most popular students.

During our years in Breton, we saw many changes from lumbering to farming to oil development. Those years were good to us, both in friendships and business relations. When Donald felt that he needed a new challenge, we moved to Dawson Creek. The challenge took its toll on his health and after ten years we sold the business. He took an 8 month rest before accepting the position of Secretary-Manager of the Chamber of Commerce. He has been working there for almost five years.

Our eldest daughter, Colleen, is a Registered Nurse specializing in Intensive Care and Open Heart Surgery nursing. She is married to David Hay, a school teacher. Janice completed her B.Ed. in Victoria and at present is teaching in Calgary. Bruce graduated from high school last year and is now gaining experience in the labor force. After 11 years of teaching Grade 6, I have 'hung up the chalk'

and now work half-time in the Correspondence School.

MABEL McCartney

DAN McLEOD

Dan and Alvena McLeod moved to Breton from Iola in about 1928. Dan was a teacher. They tore down their house in Iola, rebuilding it in Breton. While it was being built, we lived above the drugstore.



The Dan McLeod house in Breton. Dorothy, Alvena, Pauline and Gwen

There were four girls in the family at that time. Dorothy was the eldest, then Gwen, Pauline and Alvena. Some of our friends and neighbors in those years were Thrashers, Hoaths, Spindlers and many more.

Our dad taught school in Breton for six years and then traded the house for quarter of land owned by Harry Asher.



Mrs. Thrasher and Mrs. Dan McLeod and baby.

I was about five years old when we moved to Breton and can remember our back yard where we always played. The Joe Hoaths lived next door and had a large family, too.

Our mother kept boarders at one time. One I

remember was Bob Baynes, an R.C.M.P. There was also a man by the name of Long who was at our place at one time. Then I remember Tom Pierce, too.

Daddy was a Justice of the Peace at one time but

I don't know when or for how long.

I remember having my tonsils out in the Breton hall. There was a clinic which came around in those days but not too darned often, I believe.



McLeod house on farm.

There were three more children born after we moved to the Breton area — Donalda, Donald and Sandy. Dorothy married Dick Impey; they had a garage in Breton for awhile and then moved to the West Coast. You will likely find the Impey story elsewhere in this book. Dorothy and Dick had two children, a boy and a girl.

Gwen moved out to the Coast later and married Henry Silcer. They now live at Kerameos, B.C.

Alvena married Jim Olson during the war. They have two boys and two girls.

Donalda married Roy Block and they have three boys and one girl. They live at Didsbury, Alberta.

Donald married Pauline Taylor and lives at Prince George. He has two girls and a boy, Donald.

Sandy married a widow, Barbara, with four children and also had one of their own. They live at Fort St. John.

Pauline (me) married John Urbinsky during the war. We were both in the Army. We have three boys and four girls.



Left to right, Alvena, Gwen, Pauline. Second row, Donalda, Sandy, Donald McLeod, 1938.

We still enjoy the odd visit back to Breton where the Wheales, Gillies, Impeys and others still live.

— PAULINE (McLeod) URBINSKY

EARL AND MABEL MCNEILL

Earl McNeill was born June 3rd, 1904 in Qu Appelie, Saskatchewan. He moved with his parents to Edmonton in 1905 and went to school there. In later years he had a team of horses and worked in Edmonton hauling ice and coal until 1925. Then he went to Breton and worked for Ben Flesher.



Earl and Mabel McNeil, 1930.

In 1929 he met Mabel Fadden and they were married April 28, 1930 in Edmonton, and set up housekeeping at Antross. Later three children were born to Earl and Mabel; Alice, who is married with three children and lives in Surrey, B.C.; Earl Jr., married with three children and also lives in Surrey, B.C.; and last but not least myself, Jessie, married to Bill Heighington of the Funnell district. I have three children and live in Stettler, Alberta.



Earl McNeill holding Alice, hauling lumber at Antross.

Earl worked for Les and Mark Anthony hauling lumber until the spring of '35 or '36. He quit his job and went with his two brothers, Norman and Hales to work on the building of the Banff-Jasper highway. He came back to Antross after six months and started working for Anthonys' again. His job was barn boss and later log foreman. I can remember one 24th of May, when logs stacked on the hillside of the creek caught fire. Dad ran a mile or more to break the stack so the logs would roll into the creek. By doing this, he saved most or all the logs from being destroyed. Mom was really upset with him as he had on his best clothes, ready to go to Breton to the Sports Day.

Dad never smoked, he always chewed snuff. One day we three kids took an empty snuffbox out behind the wood pile and proceeded to clean it out, well we were the sickest kids in Antross. Believe me, we never got any sympathy from Dad or Mom. Dad just laughed and said "I'll bet you three won't touch my snuff again".



Earl McNeill and Alice, Ben Flesher and Benny.

The one house I remember living in was down by the creek, south of the mill. Dad always warned us not to go near or in the water unless he or Mom was there. Well you know kids, the first chance we got, Alice, Earl and I went skinny dipping, and of course got caught and spanked.

Dad was very sports minded and played ball for Antross; we went to all the games he played.

Around 1938, Dad built a house on the Frank Reid property (now owned by Roy Delitzoy) and we lived there until 1944. In the fall of 1939 my father took sick and was taken to Edmonton. He passed away on May 28th, 1941 at the age of 37.

Mom (Mabel) stayed at Antross to raise her family. Times were really hard and for several meals we ate oat meal, or just plain bread, or if we were lucky, we'd have butter. We always had a big garden, and Frank Reid would come over on a Sunday with a chicken for Mom to cook. Mom did a fantastic job of keeping us all happy.

In 1943 Mom married Frank Reid and in 1944 we moved to Breton where Frank was Postmaster. We lived in the Spindler house until we moved to the Thrasher house, which was located on the corner where the present post office is now. In 1947 Mom and Frank adopted a baby boy and named him Frank Joseph. He is now living in Toronto and is a Dr. of Economics.

Times in Breton will never be forgotten, the schools, friendly people and wonderful and happy times.

In 1948 the family moved to B.C., where Frank worked in the post office at Aleza Lake; from there we moved to Prince George, B.C. Frank passed away in the 1960's. Mom and Frank Jr. moved to Surrey, B.C., where Mom worked in a drycleaning



Mabel McNeill with her children Earl, Alice and Jessie.

plant, and Frank went to school. Mom quit work after several years due to health reasons. She passed away September 26th 1978.

— Jessie (McNeill) Heighington

NICK OGRODNICK

I packed all my belongings in my newly acquired 1950 Chev. and headed out for Breton on September first, 1950. I had never been at Breton before, as I accepted by telephone, a teaching position at Breton School in the Strawberry School Division #49. The trip was long and tedious since the only paved portion of the highway was the Calgary Trail from Edmonton to Kavanagh. I was advised to travel through Kavanagh since Highway 39, from Leduc to Calmar, was under construction and in places impassable.



Nick Ogrodnick with fish.

Finally, I arrived at Breton and stayed in the Breton Hotel for several days. Every night at 12 o'clock, the power would go off, leaving me in total darkness in the middle of my lesson preparations. But it was not a great problem as the kerosene lamp was always kept handy on the dresser. I thought the Calgary Power Company was encountering problems regularly at the same time, every night, till someone informed me that it was Floyd Graham's power being shut off at midnight.

In 1950 the staff consisted of five teachers — Joe Melnychuk (Principal), O. Melnychuk, G. Ciz, M. Blust, and myself. The buildings consisted of two—two-roomed buildings and a one room school. I

was teaching junior high students.

I remember the terrible blizzard we had in March of 1951. The highway and the railway were blocked for several days. A few residents, in emergencies, chartered a plane from Edmonton.

Hunting and fishing were excellent. There were many grouse and fish were plentiful in Pigeon Lake and Buck Lake. Walter Wynnyk and I purchased a second-hand net and when the season was open, especially on weekends, we would go with the other fishermen who had the equipment, to set the nets. I remember one cold January day at Buck Lake, we caught three fish in six nets — hardly enough for a meal.

In the early fifties, most of us used wood stoves and were always looking for firewood. One place to get free trim blocks was at lumber camps. Early on a Saturday morning, Stan Taylor and I would make the trip to the Fraser's lumber camps located west of Alder Flats. While we had a delicious dinner, our truck would be loaded. Actually, this was the first time that I witnessed a lumber mill in operation.



Nick Ogrodnick with birds.

The highlight of the winter's social activities would be the Annual Loggers' Ball held at Winfield. All the loggers, mill wrights, and employees would have a great time at this dance.

- NICK OGRODNICK

LYLE JOHN AND DAPHNE ANN (WESTLING) OULTON

As mentioned, I met Daphne on a farm wagon between Breton and Funnell, in the fall of 1945. We had our ups and downs, but came through to a marriage on August 18, 1952. From my previous training as a Recreation Leader in 1947 and a year of Junior "E" teacher training in 1951, we had a choice of teaching at Saskatoon Valley, Liberton or Minnehik, all in the old Strawberry School Division #49, of which the central office was at Thorsby. We surveyed each area and decided that without a vehicle for transportation, Liberton would be about the best as the post office was only a half mile away, and Vic Anderson's Store 3½; we could manage very well. On August 30th, 1952 we loaded Dad's half-ton Dodge with our worldly belongings (not many because I had wrecked Dad's car the Saturday before our Monday wedding) and we got as far as Hankins' gate, a half mile south of the present Carnwood Service Station. There, we transferred our goods to Bill Hankins' hayrack and wagon and were taken down the hill and up into the teacherage. Dad returned to Breton.



Lyle Oulton's first class at Liberton, 1954-55. Back row, L. to R. Teddy Saunders, Audrey Saunders, Edna Jorgensen, Sharon Barnett, Jerry Jacobsen. Second row, Edna Bowen, Larry Fullerton, Catherine Bowen, Patricia?, Maynard Jacobsen, Dickie Bowen, Marjorie Waunch, Marilyn Fullerton, Colleen Hankins, Bob Barnett, ? . Seated, Shirley Gillispie, Darlene Gillespie.

I don't remember much about my first days of teaching, nor my new life. If the roads were dry on weekends, we would usually obtain a ride into Breton with our parents or friends like the Jacobsens, Cox's, and Fullertons, as they were the only people with autos. Earl and Frank could especially be depended upon because they both

owned Willy's Jeeps and, of course, these were needed most of the time. However, we thought this couldn't go on, and in April of 1953 we bought a 1939 Plymouth coupe (most likely because we had "courted" in one similar for many years). It turned out to be "a lemon", — the car that is. Imagine going to Edmonton, on partly graveled roads in the month of February (-30°F.), with \$2.25 to our name! Don't talk too badly about the youth today. The thing they are missing is the good time trying to do it.

Daphne and I thoroughly enjoyed the Carnwood district and it is with thanks to such families as those previously mentioned, plus, the Jorgensens, Bowens, Saunders, Gillespies, Barnetts, Turnquists and Gilberts that our lives have been so fruitful. When something was needed, either in the teacherage or the school, the whole community (although strongly separated on many issues) joined together to purchase school and playground equipment and benefits for their children so they would not have to forgo the opportunities that many of their parents did. Finances came from three sources, divided equally — the parents, the school division and the government — leaving some responsibility for the upkeep and maintenance to the children and parents which is far different from today. It was during the time that we were in Liberton, that the idea of "rental texts" came into being; one which has not fostered ownership to the individual, but "it's not mine so we can do as we please with it", and "I don't care attitude" amongst most everyone involved.

I guess days were short and nights cold because from this experience our son, Wesley, was born on May 17, 1954. We remember well his first outing to be a cross-country trek from the teacherage to Modeste Creek, near Gillespie's; what a wonderful spring evening — fresh air, green growth and a new era dawning. About this time, my yearning for more teacher training began and we moved from Carnwood to Edmonton, to Breton and back to Carnwood. During these summer moves (rather in between them and nine in all) I attended Summer School, while Daphne supplemented our income. My first year teaching salary was \$1800 for one year training and no experience, and deductions were \$8 a month rent, \$5 a month A.T.A. and income tax. This left us with \$137.00 a month to live on.

Daphne's brother, Theo, and I built a house trailer 8' x 18', which we used to live in while in Edmonton. Later, it was sold to Mr. McCauley. For twelve years, we spent the summers in this way, until ill health took its toll and I was forced to quit the idea.

As in our younger years, we continued playing ball, hockey, curling, dancing and belonging to community organizations for the benefit of all. During the winter of 1954-55, our half-ton Mercury was used as a school bus to transport children to school on the mornings that were less than -20°F., and there were plenty that winter. Some of the children, like Jacobsens, walked four miles. Many a morning was spent replacing the battery in the Ford, using ashes to heat the oil pan and the differential and arriving at school and gathering around the register to keep from getting colder. That spring, the boys and girls forfeited four days of the Easter holidays to "catch up" on arithmetic, and the teacher did not get "overtime" either.

About then, Cyril Pyrch, the Superintendent, Walter Wynnyk, the Breton Principal, convinced us to move to Breton where I taught grades 4-5 in 1956-57. Golden memories were left in Liberton, such as the first field trip to Knob Hill to see an oil rig in operation, which today is taken for granted. That's the time the teacher fell through the window in Ray's Cafe and had to be taken to Rimbey Hospital for repair, while his wife played solitaire at the Liberton teacherage. Quite a lengthy explanation was the agenda for that early morning return.

In 1957, the idea of "shop" came into existence at Breton, and this was initiated by the school trustee, Ben Flesher, the principal and myself. The first classes were held in the old Antross School, now used on Roy Matheson's farm as a garage. Many boys will remember the numerous events that occurred, such as a bowl going through the window and hitting the barn, luckily with no injuries, and the loss of three appendages from various individuals. Safety should always come first; aid comes later. Some will remember the "hookey" players being herded back from the local swimming pool in front of a Studebaker car and the numerous excuses for not being in shop on time, as the walk was from the present high school to the elementary school at recess time.

During this time, I took up farming as a hobby, which has continued ever since. Up until December 24, 1956 the ground was black and the dust was blowing. However, while at Jack and Ruby Moorhouse's for Christmas Eve, the wind blew, the snow fell and Santa was gracious in his giving that year. We shovelled the snow around the Fifteen Lake corner and literally bull-dozed trees from the roadway with the grill guard to get home that night. Of course, we had to try and make it for midnight,

and prepare for Santa the next morning.

Our second son, Milton, was born January 4, 1957 and became one of the most challenging youngsters to compete with. All during this period, our lives were filled with a variety of events, such as the "shotgun hassle" when there were five trailers and families of young children parked in our yard, before Breton had an official trailer court. The oil industry was booming. At this time, Breton should have advanced because most were geared to activity. However, perhaps the more passive leaders were present. I well remember the Saturday we took up a petition to have the 'boulders' removed from the Breton streets and the road to Buck Creek. Over 400 people were enthused and the 75 pound individual rocks were moved into the center and a portable gravel crusher proceeded from Breton to Buck Creek, crushing most material in its path. However, traces can still be seen as one travels westward. The government was smart then also, as the gravel had been hauled from west to east, then dumped, so no carriers were travelling over their own 'mess'.



Lyle Oulton family. Mrs. Daphne Oulton, Milton, Eldon, Mr. Lyle Oulton, Wesley.

1961 took our family to Vernon, B.C. where I attended a seven week training camp for the military life that I have continued to be involved in with the Army Cadets. Eldon, our youngest son, was born on December 16, 1961 and since that time, life has been a 5 ring circus. 1963 surprised me with a nervous breakdown, which I overcame, until 1973, when it happened again in Petawawa, Ontario on an Army Cadet trip to Jamaica. However, being able to pace myself, the career of teaching has been very rewarding. Twenty-seven years have passed, with twenty-four of them in Industrial Education. Much water has passed under the bridge, and not all can be recorded into a book of this nature. Tragedy has also played a part in our lives; we have contended with much sickness, misery and death, with as many as three relative funerals in three weeks. However, the monumental disaster was when we lost our son, Milton Lyle, on July 18, 1976. After having reassured us that he would be home for us to take him back to work at 9 a.m. Sunday morning, we indirectly discovered what had happened a few hours later. Community spirit also evolved when the members from around, gathered to pay their last respects, and we are deeply grateful to them. Because our parameters of living have been decreased, we may not be as active as previously, but much has been done with our personal lives that perhaps over the years was neglected. Dancing has been our specialty and Tom and Ingrid Martin have helped us in this regard.

In closing this brief history, I would like to mention some of the memory topics of this area, categorized as "Love Rock, Buck Creek Boulder Road", Breton's Drainage 1947, Fishing Till Dawn, Rabbit Days, 1961, Dramatic Disasters, Mainstreet Fire Viewpoint, Breakin' Plow Blues, Labor Force Surveys, Elks' Charter, Shop 1964, Education Hassle 1977 and many more. Yet, it is still comforting and with pride when you look at the Community Hall grandstand and say, "we logged those 6 x 6".

At the time of this writing, Daphne works in the Lucky Dollar Food Store at Breton, Eldon is in grade 12, and Wesley is presently completing his second year of Engineering at the U of A, while I wield a "big stick" at school.

- LYLE OULTON

LYLE J. OULTON

Many items can be remembered from youth, both in Warburg and Breton, while attending school. However, a few will be mentioned, hoping to recall some facts that sometimes are misleading. Because one walked to school, most frustrations were either fought or thought off, so when school began, one was tired enough to listen and behave or partially react.

Can you imagine a group of six children from town walking to school (Brownlee), a distance of five miles, to be taught by Mrs. Alex Kerr (presently of Millet) when their teacher, Miss Melesko, was ill with the mumps? Apparently education was worthwhile

in those days, or at least we thought so.

Many times, after school, were spent riding on the wagons hauling cinders for the first sidewalk from the town to the present school location, north of Warburg. The cinders were loaded on a 2 x 6 floor with 2 x 8 sides. To unload, the planks were tipped on edge and the material fell through to the ground and was then spread by rake and shovel. Cinders were obtained from the steam locomotives of that time. I believe they sold for 75¢ a load.

After arriving in Breton, we were to learn a great deal about the law courts, as most everything that occurred which may have hindered the school, was taken up in 'court', with the defense and prosecuting attorneys battling the law. Jurors from student ranks also took part. All of this would help in Mr. Henkel's future profession as a lawyer.

We always used sleighs, skis, toboggans, cardboard, etc., to ride down the hills between the Breton Hotel and the school. This wore off much energy that would normally be used in the classroom. One year the same Mr. Henkel brought a 'plush', 12 passenger bobsled from Duffield and we would wear out our nightly frustrations at Adair's or Hough's hills, accomplishing as many as five rides down and as many walks up the hills. The furthest distance travelled down would be around John Reputakowski's house. Invariably this was always won by Ken Scott's bobsled, the 'Jet'.

In those years, the Breton Students' Union

operated and maintained the community skating rink, located at the back of the B.A. Bulk Station (Gulf), in the ravine. The shavings base, wood sides, rinkhouse, flooding, lighting (32 volts), cleaning and upkeep were all done by the students. Our rink would last from 2-3 weeks longer in the spring than any others, because of its location. Even bleacher seats were in existence, as they were built into the bank.

Oh yes! Likely Breton's first rural telephone line was installed by the same Breton youth. It ran from the present day location of the post office (which was operated by Frank Reid, the school trustee, of that time) to the old high school across the creek. This was a convenient link for the teacher and the trustee. Much cooperation in this manner was present at that time — something that the present bureaucracy will not allow.

One of the teen organizations of that time was the "Hornblowers Association", and we actually did much supervising of the young school teachers of that era. We could even use the school facilities without supervision, and this was in the present grade one and two room school, which was then the

high school in about 1948.

Other entertainment consisted of staging one, two and three act plays which we took to places like, Leduc, Thorsby, Telfordville, Warburg, Valleyview, Winfield and Hoadley. I remember one of the actors so involved in his part that he ran out the door of the stage (a very small stage) at Winfield, right into the crowd. In his jump off the platform, he slightly bruised himself, but carried on in the act. All of this was not known to the audience and they thought it very hilarious and part of the show.

Many Hallowe'en pranks were played, none too serious, unless you call placing a new wagon on top of McCartney Brothers' garage, serious. Of course, we young fellows always had the joy of removing and setting up the various privies the next day — this all being done during school hours. Again, much education was gained through this system of

'back scratching'.

On the religious side of living, many would recall the non-denominational leadership of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Josephson in the Young People's. Many enjoyable evenings were held in the Covenant Church as well as the occasional trip to Warburg or Alder Flats in the buses of Mr. Grover and Mr. Brooks.

The longest field that I recall breaking, was the five mile stretch from the present Eugene Poholka quarter to the south of Charlie Marks. Of course, the width was only 6 rounds of a 24 inch breaker, this land then being used for the road.

Many may recall the hot water planer that would be towed around the Breton streets to make them smooth for vehicle traffic during the winter

months.

- Lyle J. Oulton

MARSHALL S. OULTON

Marshall, a brother of Leslie, was born in Jolicure, New Brunswick on November 6, 1879. He moved west, to San Francisco in 1906. Later he moved to Seattle where he worked in a meat processing plant, then on to Port Hardy on Vancouver Island, where he did offshore logging. From there he moved to Lacombe in 1929 and in 1932, on to Bluffton. He never married and was a typical bachelor. Beginning in 1957, Marshall spent his winters in Breton with his nephew, Lyle, and then in the spring would move back to Bluffton. After a short illness in the Rimbey Hospital, he passed away on June 3, 1962.

DAN AND CLARA POWER

Dan Power, better known at "Shorty", was born on his parent's farm near Wetaskiwin on November 13, 1914. Dan attended school at the Little Hay Lakes School until the age of 15. He then worked for various farmers in the Millet-Wetaskiwin area. He came to Breton in 1935 with the Larsen brothers and got a job with Anthonys' Lumber Co. at Antross.

On October 30, 1941 Dan married Clara Hernberg. Clara was born in the Water Glenn area, east of Wetaskiwin, on May 21, 1914. She came to the Carnwood—Breton area in 1930 with her parents, brothers and sister.

Their first born, a son Larry, arrived in 1942. Larry now resides in Breton and is employed as a Heavy Equipment Operator, traveling to many

places during construction seasons.

Their second son, Ken, was born in 1944. He is married to Anne Johnson of Winfield; they have two children, Kendal and Heather. They reside in Breton where Ken is employed by the Village and Anne works at the Treasury Branch.

Their youngest, a daughter Shirley, was born in 1951. She is married to Leonard Tutty of Breton. They have two daughters, Rebecca and Amber, and

reside in Red Deer.

Dan drove truck for D.R. Fraser Lumber Co. from July, 1942 to 1956. Dan recalls an incident, while hauling a load of lumber from Camp 8 to Breton. The trailer axle broke and upset the truck, load and all; he then had to walk to town to get help.

From 1956 to 1969, Dan worked for Bob Samardzic in the garage on the main street of Breton; this garage was destroyed by a fire. He was then employed in oil field work until April of 1978. He is now semi-retired and is working part-time for the Village.

Clara used to play the banjo with a band that played for numerous dances in the Breton area. The dances usually started around 9 and sometimes lasted until the wee hours of the following morning; each member of the band was paid about a \$1 a

night. Clara also cooked in cafes in Breton in the earlier years.

Dan and Clara still reside in Breton and plan to spend their retirement years here.

SIMON AND CHRISTINA HERNBERG

Simon and Christina Hernberg and family came to the Carnwood district on November 11, 1930, where they lived on their son, Pete's, homestead until the spring of 1931. They then moved to the Breton district and lived on the Buz Jones' place, now owned by Ted Chapin. Simon used to walk from there to Antross where he was employed as a bull cook at Anthony's sawmill for a number of years.

They purchased a house from McQuillans, on the outskirts of Breton, where they lived until Simon's death in December, 1953. Christina then lived with her son, Ted, for some time; in her later years she resided in the Rosehaven home in Camrose until the time of her passing in February, 1971, at the age of 90.

Simon and Christina had 5 children, Peter, Ted, Clara, Ellen and Stanley. Clara and Ellen still reside in Breton, Peter at Carnwood and Stanley at Mission City, B.C. Ted passed away in January, 1979.

PIONEERING AT BRETON

In 1926 Joe Hoath and family moved up to the little hamlet of Breton, when it was still in its babyhood. The skyscrapers and highrises weren't very tall. At that time, the hamlet was comprised of Dan Jamieson's Hardware, Breton General Store with Lawrence Breton as Manager, and one restaurant, owned and operated by Bill Woodcock and his wife. That was the sum and substance of business and buildings in Breton in 1926.

Joe Hoath soon had his blacksmith shop built and in operation. Until they were able to have a house built by carpenter Jack Anderson, the Hoaths lived in Bill Webb's house located close to the right-of-way, where the railway company would soon be laying the steel for the railroad tracks, pushing their way north from Norbuck.

How exciting for the kids of Breton and adults alike when the men and equipment began to arrive to begin the preparation of a railroad bed for the tracks. The equipment did not consist of huge backhoes for digging down a cut through a hill, nor any other type of road-building machinery. An army of strong, able-bodied men and road-scrapers drawn by long-eared mules, as well as spades, shovels, wheel-barrows, and axes made up the equipment for building the railroad. Back and forth they went all day long for days, weeks and months,

digging and hauling away clay, rocks, brush, and trees.

What excitement when the important day arrived for the big "iron horse" to make its first appearance in Breton! The little children were breathless when they saw the black smoke billowing through the trees as it made its approach. Closer and closer it came, puffing and hissing like a big animal. When it gave a loud screech, and its bell began to ring, how those kiddies clung to their parents in terror!

Meanwhile, more settlers were moving in to seek their fortunes in this faraway land. Some took up homesteading, others tried their luck in some type of business.

There was no school in Breton at the beginning, so the children walked about 3 miles north and west to the Funnell School in the Keystone community.

The post office was about 2 miles north of Breton, in the home of Mr. R. Ramsey. Two lumber camps with sawmills and planer mills were established 3 miles south of Breton. These mills were separately owned by Bill Anthony and the Ross brothers. Here, men were employed, and those who were married soon had cozy little shacks built, into which they moved their families. This added to the growth and development of Breton also. Those lumberjacks had to have groceries and other necessities for their families. Consequently, more business buildings were erected.

A school in Breton was a must by now. Inside of two years a nice little white school graced the hill on the other side of the creek, to the south. At 9 o'clock Monday morning, children were seen running from all directions, heading for the new school. Dan McLeod, a capable and experienced teacher, was there to teach all who came. He was well able to handle a full school with every grade up to the ninth, and kept good order as well.

The post office was finally moved into town. It was a little square unpainted building, and remained there for several years. Finally, a better post office building was erected with Wm. Spindler handing out the mail.

The Breton General Store began to get some competition when the Smith Supply Store was completed. A drug store was built on the corner of Main and Railroad Streets.

It became necessary for a recreation centre to be added, since more young people were showing up, so Sandford Nelson had a large hall built. This hall was the centre of all activities including dances, shows, drama, fun times, and church services. Even funerals were conducted there until the United Church was constructed. A pool hall and barber shop were also put together across from Nelson's Hall. Later, a community hall was built along side the hotel. During the winter, on Saturday nights, young people would congregate there for many types of activities which included everything from

wrestling and boxing to — you name it, they did it. When an orchestra was available, there were always dances at one of the halls.

Mrs. Joe Hoath decided she could make a little extra cash to add to Joe's little income which he hammered out over in the blacksmith shop. So an addition was built onto the front of the house and Mrs. Hoath opened up a little bakery and tea-room. Until ice-cream could be shipped out from Edmonton, she and the kids made huge freezers of ice-cream each day, to sell.

The Woodcock Restaurant wasn't sufficient to handle all the business now that the railroad had reached Breton; soon a hotel was built across the street from the tracks. More sawmills and logging camps were operating also — Frasers, and one at Norbuck and possibly others.

Before the hotel was built, and the beer parlour was in operation, a few thirsty men began to try their luck at making their own whiskey (or home-made moonshine) away out in hidden stills. They were selling ths brew illegally, on the sly. Therefore, it was necessary to bring in a R.C.M.P. officer to reside in the community to try to establish some law and order. A house was soon constructed in Breton, with the prison cage installed at one end. The police officer rode horseback much of the time to enable him to get into the remote areas out in the deep forests and rough country where there were no roads. In the winter months, he could be seen heading out in a cutter, pulled by his prancing steed.



"The Old Maids Convention". First play put on in Nelson's Hall, 1929. Back row, Mrs. Flesher, Mrs. Zantjer, Mrs. Dan McLeod, Mrs. Hill, Gertie Fuller, Mrs. Joe Hoath, Mrs. Fadden. Middle row, Mrs. Jack Anderson, Eliza Dumont. Bottom row, seated, Jean Mitchell, Wally Fuller, Thelma Fortner, Willy Fortner.

A livery barn managed by Art Vrolstrom, Mindy Anderson, and other good guys as the years rolled by, took the place of taxi service. A dray drawn by a team of horses substituted for the Royal Mail Vans and also for transport trucks to haul supplies for the stores, restaurants, and lumber camps. The supplies were brought in by train, and loaded on the dray, until Bob Hoath purchased a truck, and brought in supplies from Edmonton.

One long winter, someone suggested that we do something different for a change. A two hour

drama called "The Old Maids' Convention" was memorized and rehearsed for several months by the leading stars of Breton. Every woman (older, younger and teenager) in and around the area had an important part to play. The men were obviously lacking in the play — probably 2 or 3 at the most. The night it was presented in Nelson's Hall, people came from far and near. They packed the hall to witness this astounding live performance.

This was the beginning of a drama club being organized. Rev. H. Arthur Barton, the United Church minister serving in Breton and community, contributed much because of his experience in drama and elocution. Lawrence Breton Sr. was responsible for organizing and directing an outstanding two hour play entitled "The Yellow Shadow". Mr. Kershaw, too, spent many long hours guiding, directing, and training the young artists. Credit could be given to many others who spent their time and energy to help bring a few happy hours for many lonely people, especially during the long, cold winters.

There was not only drama with plays and skits etc., but dancing numbers such as the Highland Fling, and other fancy dances done by a group of girls in colorful costumes. One of their dances that was especially beautiful, was the "Aurora Borealis." The costumes were in the colors of the northern lights, with colored lights casting quick movements back and forth across the dancers. For those times, there was a pretty good orchestra to provide the music, with Ray Arnold, Gordon Smith, Floyd Graham and others contributing. Thus the winters flew by quickly for those who particicpated in these activities.

The skating "arena" was over on the creek where young folk skated, and older folk played broomball. In later years, hockey teams were organized in Breton as well as Antross. The creek also served as a public swimming pool in the summer. Baseball, too, was the sport of that day.

One important necessity was lacking during those early thirties. The nearest doctor was Dr. Hankin of Thorsby. At that time, the distance would be perhaps over 30 miles, with only dirt roads, which were muddy much of the time in the warmer seasons. Many a prospective father had to race with the stork to get his beloved spouse to the Thorsby Nursing Home in case the "Big Bird" might arrive ahead of them.

For many years, a district nurse served the Breton community, bringing comfort, cheer, and medicine to many a home where suffering and anxiety prevailed.

During those difficult pioneer days, it was rewarding to see the consideration shown among the majority of neighbors. For example, one hard, cold winter the Ostlund family were all bed-ridden with colds, flu and fever. They were running low on wood for fuel, and the cupboard was getting bare for the need of groceries. What could they do? No

one was well enough to get out of bed, much less go out into the cold to drive a couple of miles to Breton for supplies. One afternoon, they heard the sound of a sleigh and horses coming into their yard. Martin Oelkers, a very young man at that time, had heard about their plight. He decided to do something about it. What an angel in disguise he was to those needy people that day! Plenty of wood and groceries were brought in, enough to help the Ostlund family through until they were well again.



Martin Oelkers.

To provide a place for worship, the United Church first built a church and then the Catholic folk in the community erected a church with a cross lifted high on the steeple. An Anglican church was also soon built which added dignity to the little

One summer, two young men, Albert Koch and Wolf Hansen, came into Breton, and arranged to have a Vacation Bible School conducted in the school for two weeks. This was the first time a Bible school of this type had ever been introduced in the village. There was a good response. The children and even two adults thoroughly enjoyed studying the Bible, and learning about God. They also learned many new songs and choruses. Albert Koch accompanied the singers on his guitar. From this first V.B.S., many people in and around Breton became firm believers in Jesus Christ. Several young people decided they also wanted to have the assurance that they were prepared to meet God. It all resulted in another church being organized and built under the auspices of the "Mission Covenant" denomination.

Visiting Breton now, in the late 1970's one can note a vast number of changes, and can see the great progress that has been made over the 50 years of growing and development. Instead of hissing gas lamps in the homes and businesses, there is Calgary Power. Water and other utilities are available for

every building, with telephone service for everyone. Beautiful modern schools are in operation, where every year grads bid farewell to a place of many happy and not so happy memories.

Old buildings have been torn down, and have been replaced by modern places of business. Lovely new homes have been built where old shacks that weathered the storms for many years finally

collapsed and gave up in despair.

One of the most essential additions to this growing community is the lovely hospital which was constructed in 1963. When the writer of this article visited the Breton Hospital in 1969, the grounds were really something to be admired by all who

came in. The flowers were just gorgeous, and the

grass so green and well kept.

Other great improvements include the construction of concrete sidewalks rather than the noisy boardwalks, the paved streets rather than the gravel streets, which were still better than the plain dirt streets, where many a car in the pioneer days would have to be pushed and helped out of the mud.



Albert and Bertie Koch, wedding day, April 21, 1936.

It is also worthy to mention that in place of the closed down sawmills, oil wells are now pumping out thousands of gallons of "black gold", contributing to the wealth of the community.

To all the pioneers who weathered the storms of suffering and difficulties in the early years, to those who had a vision of what could be accomplished, when Breton had its beginning and to those who had the determination to stick with the job and make a worthwhile effort out of the village and community of Breton, I want to offer my hearty congratualtions.

— Bertie (Hoath) Koch

HISTORY OF MAUDE & LOGAN PURDY

Logan was born in Cumberland County, Nova Scotia and came west with his parents. They settled in Hazenmore, Saskatchewan. In 1927 he moved to Calgary and worked in several small garages learning all he could in hopes that some day he would be a mechanic. In 1930 he was employed by Maclin Motors in Calgary earning \$12.00 a week.

In 1933 he took flying lessons and in 1940 was hired on as pilot for the Air Observer School at Winnipeg. In 1943 he decided he wanted to go into business for himself so he bought a small garage at

Barrhead, Alberta.

I was born in Wrexham, Wales and came to Canada in 1924 with my parents, two brothers, and one sister. We first came to Clyde, Alberta and then my dad bought a farm at Westlock, Alberta where they lived until 1948. I went to Barrhead to work in 1944, where I met Logan and we were married on April 21st, 1945.

In May 1946, we sold our house and garage and moved to Edmonton where Logan went to work for Union Tractor & Equipment Ltd. In 1947, he was offered the foreman's job at Grande Prairie, Alberta so we moved there and on September 8th we were blessed with our son Lyle. In June 1949 we moved back to Edmonton where Logan was again employed by Union Tractor and on October 24th, 1949 our daughter Carol arrived to join our family. Due to ill health, the doctor advised Logan to find work that would not involve such heavy lifting so we started looking for a small garage which brought us to Breton.



Logan and Maude Purdy, Lyle and Carol, 1951.

Our first sight of Breton was on Sunday afternoon May 13th, 1950 when we came out to look over a garage and house that was advertised for sale. We bought this garage and house from Oliver J.

Heighington; it was situated on the corner just east of the present Breton Childrens' Playground.

We moved from Edmonton to Breton in June 1950 with our two young children, Lyle, two years and ten months and Carol nine months old. It was certainly a change coming from the city where we had all the utilities to a place where we only had electricity until nine o'clock at night and no inside plumbing and a coal and wood stove which we soon replaced with a diesel one. Our water well was in the garage, so we soon had water piped into our house.



Purdy home in background, and some of the local children, 1950.

We opened up for business on June 27th, 1950 and our first two customers were Stan Jackson and Tom Bevan.

In November 1951 we bought two lots from Victor Buyars which were situated on the corner of Main Street and Railroad Avenue and moved our garage onto them and built on an addition.



Logan standing in front of Purdy's Garage on main street and Railroad Ave., 1953.

In 1953 we bought Henry Pearson's house and had it moved onto a lot on the north east end of town Lot 9, Block 9, where it still stands and is now owned by Mary Mockerman. In 1961 we built our present home on Lot 8, Block 9. In May 1959, we had our old garage torn down and had a new and larger one built. In November 1959, it burned down and we were unable to save anything. This happened the day before the water was turned on in town. In

December 1959, we had a new cement block building built on the same property and opened for business on January 14th, 1960. This building still stands and is now a car wash and garage operated by Jim Baraniuk.

In 1970, due to ill health, Logan was forced to close up the business. While in business we sold Ford cars, trucks and machinery and through very good sales won three trips, one to Jamaica, one to New York and one to England, France and Belgium.

Carol and Lyle took all their schooling at Breton School and also attended Sunday School and Young People's.

In 1966 Sheila age 13 years joined our family and finished her schooling at Breton also.

Lyle attended N.A.I.T. for two years studying Business Management. Carol attended Marvel School of Hairdressing and Beauty Culture. Sheila attended Henderson's Secretarial School in Edmonton. In 1969 Lyle married Shirley Gillespie of Carnwood and they now reside at Carnwood. They have two sons, Scott Lyle, 6 years old and Ricki Leigh 3 years old. In 1969 Carol married Daniel Wark of Gunn, Alberta and they now reside at Spruce Grove, Alberta. They have two children, Sherry Lorina age 9 years and Jason Daniel age 6 years. In 1974 Sheila married Larry Senko of Edmonton. They reside in Edmonton and have one

We attended most of the dances and card parties held at Funnell and Saskatoon Valley Schools in the early years. I remember one time there was a basket social at Saskatoon Valley School. Logan bid on one basket and he ended up eating supper with the lady, her husband and their three children. I cannot remember the name but one of the Hayes boys bought my basket. I know we had fun and very much enjoyed the fellowship of all the people we met.

Over the past 28 years that we have lived in Breton we have had good times and bad but plan on staying here unless something in the future changes our plans.

NICK AND DORIS RACZUK

daughter, Cristy Dawn, 3 years.

Mom and Dad first came to Breton in 1944. At that time, Dad was working as manager of Woroniuk's general store. In 1947, the Hanson brothers bought the store (building) from Mr. Woroniuk for a grand total of \$225.00. Dad remained as the manager. By 1952, Dad had purchased the business for himself. Somewhere along there, the store became the Red and White Store.

This is where I came in. My memories are fairly vague of those early years, but I do remember that Red and White store. It was a two story building with oiled hardwood floors. Fruit was displayed in the front window, and vinegar came in a huge barrel. I

remember being fascinated by that vinegar barrel. People brought in their own jugs and had to refill them from the barrel. It seems that the wooden spout always had a slow leak. Coconut came in great big tins and had to be repacked in bags for the



Hanson Bros. Co., 1947, same location as the McLeod Store.

customers. The self-serve concept was unheard of. Mom and Dad had to run around gathering items from the shelves as people asked for them. Since Dad probably had one of the only scales around the area, I remember mothers bringing in their children to have them weighed. The babies sure looked funny on those meat scales!

Beside the store was another building (eventually rebuilt as a house) which was used as the flour shed. Huge sacks of flour were everywhere. I used to love going in there to make big white clouds.

This sill of sale made in duplicate betwen M. F. Woroniuk of Breton, alberta, seller and Carl Hanson of Breton, alberta, byer.

I M. F. woroniuk sold to Carl Hanson one 2 storey building known as anthony Lumber Co. Office located now on Henry Pearson property at antross, alberta. (Old Anthony Lumber Co. place)

The price is Two hundred and twenty five dollars (\$225.00) Paid by chaque today \$126.00 and the balance of One hundred dollars (\$100.00) payable on or before October 22 1947.

(d_____)

mutalihaninkhim.

Dated at Breton, alberta this twenty second day of September 1947.

Received from Carl Hanson, Breton, alcerta Que handred and twenty five....co/oo \$125.00 Deposit on the above building. Sopt. 22 1947

1 Carl Hanson promise to pay to M. F. Woroniuk One hundred dollarso/oo (\$100100) Balance for the above building on or before Oct. 22 1947 Sep. 28 1947.

Bill of Sale.

I could never understand how people knew I'd been in the flour shed!

The upstairs of the store was for drygoods. Mostly work pants and work shirts, it seems, were sold. I remember Mom altering many a pair of pants in those days.

Around 1956, Mom and Dad decided to expand the business. They built, what at that time, was a very large store. It was so big, that it was necessary for people to use buggies to gather their orders. Gone was the vinegar barrel and the fruit in the windows. This store had special fridges for the fruit and a drygoods section, with two small rooms, for trying on clothes! There was also a shoe department, and a hardware department. The Red and White sign was removed and the store was called Solo. At the same time, the house was picked up, turned around and set on a concrete basement.

A few years later, water and sewer and natural gas came to Breton. Goodbye outhouse, water pump and wood and coal.



Water and sewer installation, 1959. Looking down Main St.

In 1966, as our Centennial project (everyone had one, it seemed, to celebrate Canada's 100th birthday) we began building again. This time, the house was picked up and moved to a new location down the block. It was remodelled, and a new one was started on the next block. The property where the house once stood was quickly levelled, and a shopping centre was built. It was quite an impressive structure for Breton. The centre included Macleods Family Shopping Centre, Solo foods, a barber and beauty shop and a medical clinic. The store was officially opened in October, 1966, and we moved into the new house in March, 1967.



Moving the house, 1966.

My own memories of the "good old days" in Breton do not go back very far. Being the youngest member of the family, I was fortunate in that I didn't experience many of the hardships of which those "good old days" memories seem to be made. Yet I recall the coal truck, and also the beautiful wood stove which seemed to dominate our kitchen. After a hard day's skating, we used to put our feet



Opening Ceremony, Oct. 27, 1967.

inside the oven door to revive our cold toes. I also remember the water pump, but mostly, I remember the mud. There were times when the walk to school took forever as every second step required turning back to retrieve a boot that had been snatched by that thick gumbo. Some of my best memories are of that school. My first and second grades were spent in the little two room school. Mrs. Campbell taught grade one and Mrs. Blake taught grade two. The windows in the school were huge and looked out onto fields in both directions. We were on the edge of town and it was like being on the end of the world.



The Raczuk family, 1956. Doris and Nick, Helen and Ilene.

Recesses were best in those days, even when we got into grade three, and got to play at the other end of school. The best part was the creek bank and the forest (as we called it) at the back of the school. We loved the winter recesses best when we could bring our cardboard boxes to school and spend all our time sliding down the hill, then trudging back to the top with the remains of our homemade sleds. In the spring, of course, we always had a mass clean-up. The litter of cardboard did not blend well with the buttercups. The Industrial Arts shop was just behind the bigger school and there was always a wealth of goodies in the garbage piles. Such



Grand Opening. Solo Store Flyer, 1966.

delightful scraps of wood that were just right! We'd collect these scraps and turn them into ornaments and replicas of functional equipment necessary to furnish the playhouses we'd made from the trees, string and deadfall. It seems the recesses were never long enough for our games. The creek bank was another source of entertainment. Quite often, instead of taking the logical route home, via the road, we would cut through the creek and go the long way home. I recall a craze for the Nancy Drew books. We couldn't read them fast enough, and

often on these long treks home, we'd create adventures inspired by our heroine, Nancy Drew. And of course, the creek had its own natural wonders . . . buttercups, ducks and all those other things kids find fascinating. It seems that Colleen, Janice, and Sandy McCartney and I spent many hours playing there.

After leaving grade six to go to the big new school, it was never the same. I often wonder if the children who still attend the old school have found as much pleasure in their recesses as we did then.

Some other "good old days" memories include the Saturday night baths. We had to heat up the water on the wood and coal stove, then fill up the big tin bathtub — then a quick scramble up the stairs into a cold bed — BRRR. Washing clothes was an all day job. Mom had an old wringer washer, but had to do much of the washing by hand. In the winter, if clothes were hung outside, they came in frozen solid. It seemed so funny to see the pants and shirts standing up by themselves.

The United Church was just across the street from our house. Behind it was a tiny one room apartment which housed the student ministers in the summer. It seems that Mom was often sending over some extra supper for these men. And they often came over and we'd spend evenings around the piano with Ilene playing and the rest of us singing. It seems too, that in those days, the Church was very busy. There were Sunday School picnics that involved the whole family and seemed to last all day long. There was a choir practice, and Explorer meetings, Vacation School and "Wednesday School". I especially remember the Christmas concerts. They seemed to be so big but then I was quite young and everything seemed big. Ilene played the Church organ for several years and was so relieved when the cumbersome pump organ was replaced by a small electric organ.

Dad died very suddenly in January 1968. Two years later, I graduated from grade twelve (a class of nineteen graduates) and went on to Mount Royal College in Calgary. The following year, I entered the University of Alberta in the Faculty of Education, where I received my B.Ed in 1974. Since then, I have been teaching in High Prairie, Calgary and presently at Winterburn. My involvement with music in the school and church through those "Breton years" provided me with enough incentive to further my music education so that I am now

teaching as a music specialist.

In 1977, Mom moved away from Breton. Thirty-three years is a long time to be a part of a community, but a part of it remains with us wherever we happen to go.

- HELEN RACZUK

THE RAYNERS

Horace Thorley Rayner was born in Kilmurick, England on July 21st, 1873, son of George Rayner. He married Emily Ringrose who was born October 24th, 1871 in Foxholes, England. Her father was Thomas Ringrose.

Sometime around the turn of the century, they came to Canada, and settled in Peterborough, Ontario, where he practised as a pharmacist. Some years later they moved West to Bashaw, Alberta. From Bashaw they moved to Breton around 1928, where he opened up the first drugstore in the town.

When they moved West from Ontario, they brought along with their furniture and goods, a heavy hand printing press and several cases of type, with which Mr. Rayner printed all his labels, letterheads, envelopes etc. Several years later, he gave the press and boxes of type to my husband, who is a printer. It remains in our possession, a reminder of the great technological changes in the last 75 to a hundred years, not only in the printing business, but in every aspect of living.



Emily and Horace Rayner.

Mr. Rayner took some of the first school pictures.

Although they had no children of their own, the Rayners took a kindly interest in others. They owned one of the few cars in Breton at that time, and many times took us for drives, and very likely used their car in cases of emergency as there was no doctor in town. Mrs. Rayner once adopted a dog who was nearer dead than alive. His skull had been crushed when they found him. With perseverence and care on the part of Mrs. Rayner, he recovered to live for some years. Many people may remember the big red dog called "Duke".

In 1934 Mr. Rayner retired from business and they moved to Comox, Vancouver Island, B.C. They bought a place with an acreage and, for a few years, they grew a garden and fruit trees. He also made Cascara medicine from the bark of the Cascara trees that grew on their property. A few years later, they sold their property in Comox and bought similar property in Parksville, about 60 miles North, and 30 miles from Naniamo, B.C.

There they lived out the rest of their lives, gardening, taking an interest in the community and enjoying the moderate climate.

On July 18th, 1960, Horace Thorley Rayner died in the Nanaimo hospital after a brief illness.

Emily Rayner, having broken her hip in a fall the year before, and on the mend, but still in the process of recovery, was moved to Mount St. Mary's Nursing home in Victoria, B.C., where she died three years later on March 17th, 1963, at the age of 91.

— MARIE FARRAR

TOM PEARCE

Tom Pearce came from England and traveled as a salesman for his father's drug company. He had been all over the world before coming to Breton. He was a friend of the Reynars and stayed with them



L. to R. Tom Pearce, Laurence Breton (Jr.), Laurence Breton (Sr.), Violet Breton, Mrs. Rayner.

until Spindlers opened the hotel in 1929; then he went to live in the hotel.

He left Breton in 1934 and moved to Comox, B.C. and lived in a hotel there until he passed away in the early 1950's.

THE EDWARD RUSTAND STORY

Eddie was born in Lamont, Alberta and I was born at Dawson Creek, B.C. I met Eddie in Lamont and we were married at Vermilion (my hometown) twenty-five years ago.

We have four daughters — all born at Lamont. We came to Breton in November, 1972. We bought a house from Fred Snell who is my husband's brother-in-law. The girls had been going to school in Warburg but started here when we moved, except for Gail who caught Johnny Kugyelka's bus and continued to go to school in Warburg, and Dale who went to the L.Y. Cairns School in Edmonton.

Eddie worked for O.J. Biever and I worked for the Drop Inn Cafe. Gail worked for Mrs. Lee at the hotel cafe after school and on weekends.

Since then, Eddie has worked for Guard Bros. Construction out of Sundre which meant weeks and weeks away from home, working up and down the edges of the mountains. Finding that very hard, he now works for Alsike Construction from home and now seldom has to go away to work.

Gail married George Ślusarczyk in June, 1974 and lives at St. Francis. She has two children — Andrew born on New Year's Eve, 1976 and Katherine born January 18, 1979.

Dale graduated from L.Y. Cairns School and works at the Chateau Lacombe Hotel in Edmonton. Wendy and Della go to Breton High School and have all their friends here.

I quit my job when Gail was married and didn't work out of my home for four years; then I became caretaker of the courthouse.

We have found Breton a friendly place to live and hope to continue living here for many more years.

- MARGARET RUSTAND

THE GEORGE REID STORY

My folks, the Griswold family, came to Alberta in September 1912 where Dad filed on a homestead in the Westlock district. Mother's folks had filed on land about 1910 in the same district. My family consisted of my father, Fred, mother Annie, brothers Warren, Fredric, Arthur and myself, Eleanor.



Gerald, Georgina, Gordon and Maynard Reid, 1978.

George's folks moved from Ontario and settled on land in the Winterburn district in 1898 where most of the family were born, George on July2, 1905. He was one of eleven children of which five are still living.

In November of 1939, George and I were married and lived in Boyle, Westlock, Barrhead and

Morinville before moving to Breton in November of 1945. He came as a mechanic for Nick Woroniuk. He had come in August of 1945 but there were no houses available so he couldn't move us until Nov. 1945.

The garage was destroyed by fire between Xmas and New Years that year. Thanks to the wonderful efforts of the citizens, we were able to save the house.

We had a family of four boys, Gordon, Gary, Maynard and Gerald and one daughter, Georgina.

Gary passed away in November of 1966.

We had some wonderful times in Breton as it had a real community spirit like all towns in those days. Everyone was in the same financial state so we all went out and enjoyed ourselves. We had two halls, the Nelson which was so cold in the winter, and the Community hall which wasn't much better. Both had projectors. George, Carl Hanson, Andy Paholka and myself ran the shows every Saturday night. I took the tickets and believe you me, nearly froze to death.



Mr. and Mrs. George Reid, 35th Wedding Anniversary.

New Year Eve dances, First of July Sports and Winfield twenty-fourth of May were the highlights of the year, especially the Winfield picnic where we all got into either a truck or lumber wagon, but no one minded. Their ball diamond was back in the bush, but then who cared! We went out to have a good time coming home in the wee small hours of the morning with cranky kids. That was the life and everyone enjoyed it.

In about 1947 I helped deliver my first, last and only baby. The district nurse needed help and I was

the closest so turned a helping hand.

I got the telephone office in April, 1947 as I had been a telephone operator for some years in Westlock before I was married. That was quite a setup I had, one long distance line when it was working and four boxes on the wall. To see who called in, you had to look up and hope you had the right one. When oil was discovered and survey crews came, it

brought business to the town and things started to prosper; more phones and long distance lines were installed, also a new board. My family were all operators on the board so I had lots of help. George worked for D.R. Fraser Lumber Co. hauling supplies to their camps at Alder Flats and I used to go with him at odd times. He always knew what camp to be at, at noon, then over to the other camp for lemon pie and coffee, then back to the main camp at three quarter time for nice fresh buns or goodies and then home. In the summer time he worked at the planer. After Frasers' closed down, he worked in the different garages here.

In 1950 the telephone office was destroyed by fire, and again the community came to our rescue and helped us build another one. They also held a fire shower, as I had lost all my fruits and pickles,

plus our good clothes.

I kept the office until we went automatic in the spring of 1965. By this time I had two mutual lines, plus about 80 subscribers, plus a switchboard in the hospital. Just before cut over took place, I was well remembered by all the subscribers as I received some beautiful gifts, which I still cherish.



Mrs. Eleanor Reid at the telephone office, early 1960's.

Curling started about 1953 and both of us joined as I had curled before. George became a very ardent curler taking in all the bonspiels around the district and usually coming home with a prize. We only had two sheets of natural ice but had lots of fun. The Breton Sports Club built the building with a club room upstairs and we sure had a lot of fun up there. It has been torn down, and Breton now has a lovely rink with three sheets of artificial ice plus a big catering kitchen and a club room upstairs. It is connected to the Recreation Center.

In Oct, 1965 I went to Ft. McMurray to work as our daughter lived there, and stayed for over five years. George joined me in the spring and worked at garage work the best part of the time. We both loved the North for it is a beautiful country, but planned on returning to Breton for retirement as that was where our roots were. We came back in the spring

of 1970, and bought the laundromat from Don Noyes. We had it until March of 1976 when we sold it, as George's health was failing. We had our own home having bought a house in 1967. George enjoyed working amongst his flowers and so did I.

All our family are married. Maynard, Shirley and boys, Sean and Troy live at Kitimat, B.C. Ellaine and her family live in Wildwood. Gordon and Ellaine's family consists of Donald, David, Lynda, Terry and Nadine. Georgina and Hal's family consists of Brant, Patti, Murray and Leslie and they live at Ft. McMurray where Hal is employed by Syncrude and Georgina works in Medical Records at the hospital. Gerald and daughter, Wendy, live in Edmonton.



Dyment family, left to right, Brant, Murray, Georgina, Hal, Patti, Leslie in front.

We have had thirty-three enjoyable years living in Breton. We have known joys and sorrows, like so many other folks, but have come through on top for Breton was home for us.

In January of 1978, George passed away at the age of 72 yr. and 6 months after a brief illness, and was buried in the Breton Cemetery. The service was held in the Community Centre and it was full, which showed how much respect he held in the district. He was a charter member of the Breton Elks and received his 20 year pin and just over a year ago received his life membership. I will be buried beside him. I have been a charter member of the Royal Purple receiving my 15 year pin and my life membership.

— ELEANOR REID

P.S. In October, Mom was admitted to the Breton General Hospital after much coaxing from friends. While in hospital she wrote this article for the book. It was the first time in hospital for Mom since the birth of Gerald. After a phone call to her doctor, it was agreed that she could travel to Ft. McMurray and stay with Hal and I until she had recovered her health. She was very excited and happy about the fact that she was coming to Ft. McMurray. Just outside of Athabasca, Mom had another heart attack and she passed away. She was buried beside Dad; a great number of people attended her funeral.

I'm sure they will both be greatly missed by their friends in Breton and district. Thank you, people of Breton, for the wonderful friendships and things you've done to make both Mom and Dad's lives so complete. I will always be proud of the fact that my hometown is Breton because of the wonderful people living there.

GEORGINA DYMENT

MIKE RATCHUK FAMILY

I was born in Smoky Lake on a farm on April 27, 1925 and attended a little country school called "Cossack". After finishing school, I worked on the family farm.

On June 20, 1945 I made my first trip to Breton to visit my uncle, Nick Raczuk, returning in November, 1946 to work for Nick Woroniuk in his grocery and hardware store — Breton Trading.

In the spring of 1947, I returned to Smoky Lake to farm. There, on June 22, 1952 I married Helen Bogdan.

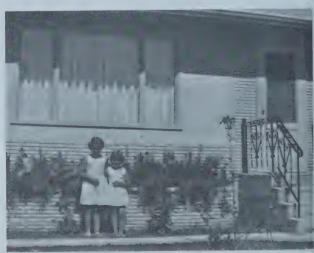


Velocity Service Truck.

We took a liking to Breton and moved back where I was employed with Velocity Services. After three months in Breton, I was transferred to Edson. In June of 1954 we moved back to Breton where I worked for Dowell as an equipment operator.

In September of 1957 I was transferred to Drayton Valley.

On January 21, 1959 Helen gave birth to our first child, Heather Marie.



Mike Ratchuk home in Breton. Heather and Karen.

We moved back to Breton on January 16, 1960 and I took over the British American Oil and Gas Bulk Station from Art Westling. That summer, we started building our new home. Also, that summer, our second child, Karen Lynn, was born on August

In the fall of 1962, my parents, John and Katherine Ratchuk, moved to Breton and stayed with our family until the completion of their home in 1963. Mother passed away in March, 1969 and Father sold their home to Tom Bevan. He then moved to Edmonton where he purchased a new home.



Ratchuk family. Left to right, Karen and Mike. Front row, Heather and Helen.

The girls attended the Breton Elementary School until May, 1969 when we sold our business and house to Mr. and Mrs. Donald Rieck. We then went back to farming at Smoky Lake.

The girls have completed their schooling at the H.A. Kostash High School in Smoky Lake. Heather is now employed at the Toronto Dominion Bank and Karen is employed at the Treasury Branch in Smoky Lake where we still live and reside on the farm.

MIKE RATCHUK

DONALD RIECK FAMILY

I was born in Wetaskiwin on October 2, 1928 to Mr. and Mrs. John Frederick Rieck. My parents migrated to Alberta from the U.S.A. My father was born in Towner County, North Dakota and my mother, Eunice Swartz, was born in Portland, Oregon. My parents, my sister, Nona, and myself moved to the Keystone area in 1932, better known

as the Alsike district now. The land we once owned, S.W. 3-49-4-W5, is now the property of the Hatt family.

For my first year of schooling, I attended Funnell School; the next seven years I was a student at Saskatoon Valley, and my last year I attended the Parkdale School in Edmonton.







Left to right, Eunice Rieck, Don and Roxy.

In my early teens, with no opportunity to further my education, I went to work in the lumber mills in the area, and when I got old enough to drive a truck I started hauling lumber.

In 1946 Bud Bogart and I applied for a job with the Hudson Bay Company. We were employed on a tug boat that pulled barges with supplies from Wrigley Harbor down the Mackenzie River, through Great Slave Lake and on to Aklavik. When we returned in the late fall, Bud and I bought two trucks and hauled pulpwood, lumber and mine props from various outfits such as Adam Burwash, Percy Neutzling, Ivan Swartz and Alex Pacholko, Karsay mills and several others. In the summer I went to work for McGregor Telephone and Power until I settled in Edmonton working for Standard Iron and Engineering.



Don Rieck and Bud Bogart hauling mine props.

On May 12, 1952 I married Oksana (Roxy) Pacholko and we made our home in Edmonton until the year 1957 when we were blessed with our chosen son, Larry Shane, born January 12, 1957. At that time we chose to raise our child in the country so we moved back to Breton and resided on Alex Pachol-ko's farm until we improved our own and built a house. I can recall going to a county council meeting in Leduc and requesting to have a road built to my farm which was a half mile off the Buck Creek road



Don and Roxy Rieck wedding, May 12, 1952.

and I was laughed right out of the room when our councillor said, "What's the use of us wasting our time because you'll starve out before long and won't need a road." Needless to say, we did get something that resembled a road and in 1958 we moved there and did mixed farming. In 1963 we were happy to announce that our chosen daughter, Debra Faith, had arrived in our home. She was born on August 25, 1963. In 1964 while still farming, I purchased an interest in a construction company, later known as Gardner and Rieck Construction Co. Ltd.



The Don Rieck family. L. to R. Roxy holding Debbie, Larry and Don.

In 1969 we purchased the B.A. Bulk Station in Breton from Mike Ratchuk and also bought his house and moved into town. In 1971 we sold our farm to Milton Lorenz. During the time I operated the garage and Bulk Station, I spent seven years on Village Council, six of these years as Mayor. During this time I'm happy to say that I was instrumental, along with my colleagues, in purchasing and de-

veloping the first phase of Breton South and getting all the ground work done for the paving of the main street.

I sold my business in 1977 to Dale Coble and Lindsay Tomlinson. I then purchased a tank truck which is contracted with Cameron Bros. in Drayton Valley and I am now employed with a construction company. Larry is, at present, employed at the Paddle River Gas Plant at Mayerthorpe and Debbie is still going to school. My mother and sister reside in Vancouver, B.C. My father passed away in 1976 at the age of 77.

ALEX AND ELIZABETH RITCHIE

Mother and Dad were married in Glasgow, Scotland on April 14th, 1932. It was Dad's second marriage. I have 3 sisters and 4 brothers from the first marriage. Two brothers are deceased, Bert in 1961 and James in 1977, leaving two brothers, Alex and John, and one sister, Peggy, in Scotland, one sister, Ann, in New Zealand and Jessie in Vancouver, B.C. There were three children from the second marriage. Our sister died at birth on April 16th, 1942 leaving my brother, Dave, and myself. We were both born in Cambuslang, Scotland, Dave in February, 1933 and myself in September, 1934.

Before coming to Canada, we lived on a large acreage where Dad grew fruit and vegetables, and as we only lived three miles from the city of Lanark, we were able to sell our produce locally. It was a pretty busy life. I worked as a clerk cashier in a store for three years. Dave worked for a tomato growing company for four years till he had to go into the Army for his two year training course, which was compulsory at that time.



Alex and Elizabeth Ritchie, 1955.

Mother, Dad and I left Lanark, Scotland February 25th, 1953 on the first leg of our journey. We travelled by train to Liverpool, England and sailed the following evening on the ship "Newfoundland". We arrived at Halifax March 6th,

then travelled by bus for 12 hours to Montreal, where we had to wait 12 hours for our train to Edmonton. It was very cold when we arrived in Edmonton that morning at 8:30 a.m. March 11th, so you can imagine what we did first; you're right, we bought some warmer clothes.

Dad had experienced cold weather before when he lived in Rosetown, Saskatchewan for seven years from 1901-1908, and in that time, had travelled back to Scotland three times, working his passage in cattle boats. He had always yearned to come back so his dream came true that morning of March 11th, 1953.

It was a wonderful experience, at least for Mother and I (I don't mean being seasick though). Dad, at 70 years, was the oldest passenger on the ship and wasn't sick for a minute. We had two storms during the eight day crossing; the worst one occurred when we were sailing from St. John's, Newfoundland to Halifax, N.S.; the ship was rolling from side to side and they had to dampen the table covers so our plates wouldn't slide off the table (that is if you weren't too sick to sit at the table).

We lived with Dad's brother, Bob, in Jasper Place till June, when Dad decided to find a place of his own, preferably in the country. They came to Breton then (I stayed in the city) and stayed with Edie Shave. Edie's aunt kept house for my Uncle Bob and later married him in 1939. She passed away in the fall of 1949. My parents stayed there till September and then bought an acre or so of land from Alex Stott, just south of town, west of the railroad tracks. It had a nice house on it so they were able to move in soon after. The day I brought the wallpaper for their house, it had rained most of the week, so you can imagine what the roads were like, not to mention the streets. By the time I walked to Miss Shave's, I had discovered my plastic overshoes were no match for the Breton mud.

There were many things that impressed Mother and I. One was being able to see for miles along the roads and highways. Another, was seeing the hitching rails and board sidewalks in the little towns, sort of like the towns we saw in Western movies.

As I was employed in the city, I was only able to be home on weekends. I was lucky in getting a job so fast, (5 days after we arrived in Edmonton). Compared to the wages I had been getting in Scotland (\$9.00 per week), I felt rich; now I was getting \$29.00 per week. It felt good to be able to buy what we wanted in the way of food. Some things were still rationed in Scotland at that time — meat, sugar and candy, to name a few. I just made a pig of myself eating chocolate bars; luckily, I didn't have a weight problem.

My brother, Dave, joined us in February, 1954. We were so happy to be together again. He worked for Fraser lumber for a year or so, then moved to Edmonton, where he worked for the same company I did, Provincial News Co. After Dad's death in

August, 1958, he moved back to Breton to be with Mother. He worked for a logging company till his marriage on June 6th, 1959 and for a few months after. He then worked for Logan Purdy, taking his mechanics apprenticeship there. He married Jessie Reid; her parents are John and Lily Reid who had lived where Harry Staudt now lives, before moving to Bentley in June, 1956. Dave, Jessie and their family moved to Red Deer in August, 1968 where he is still employed by Ultra Sales. They have three daughters and two sons, Beth, Alex, Diann, Karin and Kevin.

I married Ernie Snell on November 23rd, 1956. We lived in a trailer in John Hunter's yard for a year. Then we moved to Buck Creek for awhile, and back to Breton in April, 1958. On December 1st of that year, we moved out to the farm east and south of Breton where we still live. We have two daughters, Linda (Colleton) and Darlene (Trelford).

Dad, Mother and Dave had a car accident a few miles north of Winfield on November 3rd, 1954. The car rolled several times on loose gravel. Dad and Dave had a few minor cuts and bruises, but Mother was bruised from head to toe; she had a broken foot and was unconscious for several hours. The doctor (Boorman) didn't put her in the hospital but she had to stay in bed for over two weeks. They really appreciated their many friends who helped at that time.

Dad helped for a few years at Miss Shave's, doing odd jobs such as fencing, haying and harvesting. He also helped at George Shave's and on occasion at Ben Flesher's and Oscar Bucher's. He also enjoyed working in his garden till his failing health in 1957 forced him to take it easy. He passed away, very suddenly, on August 1st, 1958 at the age of 75.

Mother did a lot of baby-sitting in the Breton area and she also worked in the hotel (owned by Bart Kuefler then), cleaning rooms and making beds, to add to their small income. She has been a member of the U.C.W. for almost 26 years. She attended church regularly, till a few years ago, when failing eyesight forced her to give it up. She moved from the acreage into Breton in June, 1967 where she still lives alone. At the age of 81, she is still pretty active and healthy.

- RUBY (RITCHIE) SNELL

KENNETH L. SCOTT

Again, not knowing your requirements I have here added my story to a lesser degree. In this brief I shall write in the first person.

I knew how to ice skate when I came to Breton at the age of 5 and could hardly wait to prove it. The rink was in the valley behind Walter Bayne's B.A. Bulk Station. A rink was later built beyond the ball

park, across the tracks from the hotel in an area where the railroad bed indicated an end of the track

at sometime in Breton's past.

Milo was away from home during the week days, working at Highstead's camp, west of Antross. He permanently left Breton when he joined the Army. He eventually went overseas to Europe where his father was in W.W.1 just 25 years earlier.

Breton's school was just a one room school. My first year in school was the last time anyone could say that. Even so, I recall the addition of another room being added. I also remember the red barn behind the school and I have a 2" scar from a rusty nail of the barn as remembrance.

The R.C.M.P. office residence was just across the alley behind the hotel the first year or so. It was later moved to a block east which put it directly across the alley from our home. I believe George Grantham Ellis went into training for an Edmonton city policeman, but I also believe I was the first from Breton to join the R.C.M.P.



Ken Scott, R.C.M.P.

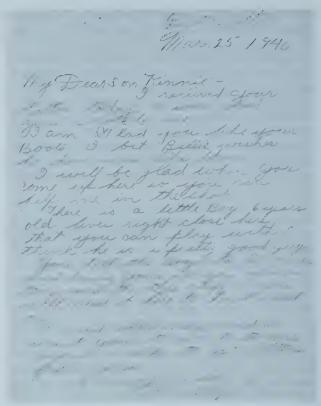
Halloweens were a great joy in Breton. We would push over outhouses like any other youths but three or four of us, probably Lyle Oulton, and Bob and Jim Seal and myself, would go around next morning and push them upright and square them. I wonder if anyone ever thought to question how we knew where the pushed-over ones were.

At various times I could be found helping my father in the shop. I do not recall if I was coerced, but I remember turning the forge blower in the old

shop and learning to weld in the new shop.

Finding a place to play was simple, maybe not always safe, but interesting. We made log forts behind the park, played in the grain elevator and went swimming in any one of about three pools in nearby streams. Of course there was baseball, softball, touch football and dodge ball, and we would skate and play hockey in the winter or tobogan or slide on homemade bob sleds.

There is one more thing I remember about school. The third classroom was a schoolhouse that was moved in from Wenham Valley. On the blackboard, across the top, were airplanes drawn in chalk by a student (Ed Hooks); also, just beheath it was the alphabet, written in capitals and small letters that no teacher could improve on; this was also done by the same student.



A letter received from Ken's Dad, 1940.

Travel in the early 40's was by bus, train, horse and wagon and some cars and trucks. Most farmers had a truck or a cut-down-car with a box added behind. Our first car was built in the shop from bits and pieces but mostly out of a Model A Ford frame and motor, but with a Model B body. That is to say, it was a Model B from the windshield back and a Model A ahead of the windshield, including the gas tank.

I'm now living in Campbell River, B.C. I married Ruth Ellis from here and we have three daughters, Heather, Beverly, and Sherrie.

- KEN SCOTT

TREASURED MEMORIES OF BRETON

Treasured memories are held within my mind from my early years as a small girl to my marriage, and until we left Breton vicinity in 1973.

My first recollections were of living in the "Webb" house near the new railroad which was started while we lived there. My mother, Mrs. Bertha Hoath, was cooking at some camp north and west of the town. She took Kathleen (about 10 years old) for company. I was four years old.

When they came back home, this is what my sister described, and my small mind tried to grasp something I had never seen, but filled me with awe. She told me about the milk called Klim, — you just mixed it with some water, and you didn't even have

to milk the cow. Then too, she told me about the amazing lamp. It had two puffy lights that made a real bright light. When you turned a knob to make it go out, it would dim and go bright, dimmer and brighter until it would go to sleep, like two tired eyes! How could I ever picture anything so astounding! I resented her boasting because I was not able to see it.

When Ward's surveying camp had left with their tents, we children immediately swarmed the place to see what was left. It was sited on the spot where the Breton Elementary School now is. What we found were odds and ends: empty sardine cans, empty large cans that had held Klim. All this was retrieved and used for dishes and utensils in our play houses.

In the year 1927, my sister Phoebe, and Martin Oelkers were married. I remember when they came back, the neighbours were throwing rice all over them. I viewed in horror, thinking they were surely

being mean to my nice sister.

This was the year of my first acquaintance with my best friend, Dorothy Thrasher, who had a very teasing brother, Lloyd. Fred Thrasher (Dorothy's father) worked out at Anthony's saw mill. Dorothy had an uncle Oscar Shantz, who was with them a lot, and also, Grandma Shantz, Mrs. Thrasher's mother. Dorothy and I were inseparable and called each other "Oldie Woman," which was supposed to have been a special pet name. The name derived its origin from the first day we met when we played with blocks left over from Thrasher's house. We didn't know what else to use as neighbour's names, as we played house with those blocks. So all our "neighbours" were called Oldie Woman.

There was Paul Theriault, who had the first livery barn in Breton. He was a favorite story teller. They had two school-age boys; Frank and Lawrence. There were Mr. & Mrs. Harry Williams, who owned the Pioneer Hotel and a barber shop. It took a very long time to get a hair cut from there, or so they said. Mr. & Mrs. George Impey lived near the creek that was close to our house, and Kathleen and I used to go to visit Mrs. Impey. She played her mandolin beautifully and told stories for us. We

could listen to her for hours.

Mr. & Mrs. Lawrence Breton owned the Red & White grocery store. They had three children Marie, (nick-named Pickey), Lawrence, and Violet. Lawrence, we nick-named "Breet," and they were

all good friends of ours.

My uncle, Bob Hoath, moved his family in from Iola the year of 1927, I think. My dad, Joe Hoath, had set up a blacksmith shop. He would come in at noon all dirty form the forge, singing "Old Black Joe." I can only remember him as a good-natured man. He passed away on April 30, 1930. My Grandma Hoath was out from Ontario at that time, and stayed with us for awhile. I used to envy Grandma Hoath, because she had such a long lap, and she always wore long dresses. She could hold

my cat so nicely on her lap. It would cuddle down comfortably. On mine, kitty just kept falling off, and it would only look mad.



Lucille and cousin Ruth, 1927.

After my father's death, Mom used to work very hard to keep the wolf from the door. She started a small bakery and turned out delicious bread, buns, pies and tarts. My job on Saturday mornings was to go around to prospective customers to take orders for buns and pies. In the late afternoon, I would have to deliver them. Mom was very busy and would work in the hot kitchen most of the time.

Mother was also active in the Community Club. In those days, much time was put into entertainment. Through the winter, the Community Club put on three-act plays, general concerts made up of vaudeville from local comedians, and songs by good singers, such as Edith Halverson and Ray Arnold; also, there were entertaining dances. Everybody got involved. These were widely advertised and a good crowd always turned out.

It was always a dread for me though, when they would start the practising. I was not old enough to be in anything and would stay home with my cat for company. Once Mr. Jack Kershaw, who was at the head of the entertainment committee, had thought up a "Cake Walk" for Dorothy Thrasher and me. But somehow it was put off and we never did get to do it. Finally, we were put into the "Northern Lights" dance. We were the short part of the aurora borealis at each end. We were certainly proud of this little achievement.

And so the family struggled on until each of us was out on our own. My schooling all took place in Breton, from the first day the school started in September, 1927 until I finished Grade XI in 1936. My teachers were Mr. Dan McLeod, Frances Hinds, Manley Nicholls, Cyril Richards, and George Crandell. There were other teachers who taught the elementary school. The high school was moved to the United Church until a high school was built.

Many things could be added about the first years in Breton, such as the struggle through the streets in the mud — especially on picnic days. But

what small town doesn't have mud on picnic days? And there was the old light plant that made such a noise—its own special tune with an oily smell on hot nights; Harry Asher's cow that strolled down the sidewalks, usually feasting on someone's flowers or a garden. But it was fun, and yet there were some sad times. But will not our children say the same thing in forty more years?

— LUCILLE SWARTZ

HERB SMITH

In the fall of 1927, Mr. and Mrs. Herb Smith made a trip from their home in Youngstown, Alberta to the hamlet of Breton.

With only a few buildings, a store and a restaurant, the hamlet was surrounded by miles of dirt roads and during wet weather, many travellers and visitors were stranded overnight in the numerous 'corduroyed' mud holes. 'Corduroy' in the district meant filling the mud holes with dozens of small trees along the roadside, and this sufficed until they sunk out of sight and more trees were piled in.

However, the Smiths looked over the three good-sized lumber mills, Anthony Bros. at Antross, Frasers at Fraspur and the Ross and Beard Co., and this, along with the fact that the railroad would likely be through Breton in the next year or two coupled with the enthusiasm of all the residents, was enough for them to make up their mind to settle in the hamlet.

The result was that the following spring they built the 'Smith Supply' store next to Dan Jamieson's hardware. 1928 proved to be a boom year in the building up of Breton and Charlie Orleans is pictured erecting his meat market.



Mrs. Smith and Svea Oslund. Early 1930's.

Enthusiasm was at a peak when the "Lacombe and Northwestern" railway finally reached Breton and this was the 'end of the line' for a year or two till the track was completed to Leduc. Mr. and Mrs. Smith ran their store with the help of two of their sons, John and Gordon, and were also active in community affairs, and along with other townspeople, were the prime movers in the building of a community hall located next to Rayner's drug store. In appreciation for their efforts, they were presented with a lovely engraved silver tray on leaving the village. They sold their store in 1941 and returned to Orillia, Ontario to retire. They are shown here when they celebrated their diamond wedding in 1957 and both lived to reach their 90's.



Mr. and Mrs. Herb Smith, Diamond Wedding, 1957.

Your writer fondly remembers the early days in Breton, Knob Hill, Rainier, Lindale, Berrymoor, Buck Lake and many other districts, when playing with the 'Merrymakers' and the 'Koppang' orchestras. Everyone knew everybody else in the several districts and would pitch in and help you at the drop of a hat. That 'good neighbor feeling' was prevalent everywhere one went and, we are happy to say, this has not entirely disappeared. Thank you, Breton old timers--we won't forget you or your town!

HARVEY SMITH FAMILY

Harvey and Elizabeth Smith moved to the Breton district in 1951 where Mr. Smith took up farming to support his growing family. At that time, they had three children, Ronald, Linda and Janet. Two years later they moved into the village of Breton where Harvey Jr. was born. Harvey and Elizabeth resided in Breton for twenty-one years where they raised their eight children — five boys and three girls.

Mr. Smith enjoyed singing in church and giving testimonies for the Lord. Occasionally, he was able to persuade his wife to join him in a duet. The children were encouraged in church activities such as Sunday School, Trail Blazers and Young Peoples, by both parents.

Mrs. Smith's main occupation was that of a housewife, but she also worked part-time for Canada Cities Service for seventeen years. When the hospital opened in Breton, she worked there for a short while. Elizabeth had a reputation for her mouth-watering homemade bread, pies and fried chicken.

Harvey and Elizabeth were always willing to go that one step further to help a friend or a stranger, and were admired for their honesty and generosity.

Mr. Smith believed that if you spared the rod, you spoiled the child. In spite of his strictness, he always had time to spend with his children whether in play or in the seriousness of school work. It was because of this love and patience from both parents, that the children were able to grow into something their parents could be proud of.

Ronald, the eldest, is married to Pat Holtz. They have a son, Ronald Jr., and farm in the Busby district. Pigs are their main interest but Pat has still

maintained her love for horses.

Linda, the oldest of the girls, is married to George Chalifoux who teaches high school French in Red Deer. They live on an acreage near Red Deer and have two boys, Darren and Joel. They are anxiously awaiting the arrival of their third child in May of 1979.

Janet, a school teacher, is married to Alex Pinnick (a businessman) and they live in Edmonton with their four children, three girls and one boy—three of which are triplets. Both she and her hus-

band are active in their church.

Harvey Jr., the most like his father in temperament and physical characteristics, is working for R. Angus Tire Service in Fort McMurray. He is earnestly stashing his money away with the hope of buying his own trucking business. Yes, girls, he's still single but maintains he plans to stay that way.

Daniel also works for R. Angus Tire Service and is a supervisor in their Edmonton location. Daniel has decided to give up his bachelorhood for marriage in June, 1979. We wish him and his new

bride-to-be all the best.

Orval, our little professor, (he earned this nickname because of a certain pair of horn-rimmed glasses) lives in Red Deer with his sister, Linda, and her husband. He is employed by Firestone Company in Red Deer.

Brian, alias Dimples, is still in school in Wetaskiwin in grade nine. Apparently all the girls love him and his mother and sister, according to him, are big bores. I guess it's "hard" living in a house with nothing but girls, especially if they are family.

Jacqueline is in grade 8 in Wetaskiwin and is her mother's shadow. Her interests lie in school

activities and her chums.

Harvey and Elizabeth moved to Wetaskiwin in 1970. Mr. Smith, sadly missed but fondly remembered by his family, passed away in November, 1977. Elizabeth still lives in Wetaskiwin where she divides her time amongst volunteer work, grand-

children, foster children and her own two youngsters.

- Mrs. Elizabeth Smith

THE JACK SYLVESTER FAMILY

Jack came with his parents to Canada from Lester, England, in 1907. He was 7 years old and the only child. They came to Saskatoon, Sask., where his father worked on the railroad. Jack's mother passed away when he was 13 years old. He was on his own from there on.



Mark Anthony's house. Emilia, Bill and Sylvia.

In 1935 Jack came to work for Anthony's Lumber at Antross. He had different jobs at the lumber mill; later on he ran the re-saw and his wage was 15¢ an hour. My mother and I did the laundry for about 40 men at the Anthony saw mill camp. It



Jack and Millie Sylvester.

was through doing the laundry, that I met Jack. I knew Jack for about two years before we were married in 1939. I can remember Jack's pay cheque was \$45.00 a month. We never went without

anything and we always had food in the house. Jack and I made our home at Antross. Our house was behind Mark Anthony's house, which was across the creek from the mill.

Jack's dad passed away and left Jack some money. With this money, we bought our furniture. If we had not received this money, we would not have been able to buy a radio, a second hand cook stove, a bed and bedding, kitchen cabinet, table and chairs. The kitchen cabinet I still have.

Our two oldest daughters Sylvia and Doreen were born at Antross. Dr. Hankin, from Thorsby, came when Sylvia was born. On that same trip he attended to Mr. Anthony who was sick. Dr. Hankin charged \$25.00 for coming to Antross and delivering the baby. Mabel McNeil and my mother came every day to help with the house work; women, in those days, stayed in bed for 10 days after

the baby was born.

Jack joined the Army in 1942 and he was in the Forestry Corp. He went overseas and returned home after one year and eleven months. When he came back to Antross, there had been a flood. During this flood the water was so swift that the house across from our place was moved off it's foundation. The cellar in my house was full of water and it came right up to the floor. McCauleys had to move out of their house as the water was about half way up to the window. Vern and Ellen Wickstrom had to move out completely as the water was over the windows. Mr. McCauley kept watch all night in case the water would rise higher.



Antross Flood, 1944.

We moved to Breton and rented the house the R.C.M.P. used for their barracks. Our rent was \$15.00 a month for eleven years. Then we bought the house and two lots for \$800.00 through the D.R. Fraser Co.

Jack worked at the Fraser planer mill for about 7 or 8 years; his job was feeding the planer. Jack was a very conscientious worker. If you had Jack working for you, the work was always well done; he would never walk, he would always run.

After Fraser's saw mill and planer operation closed down, Jack went to work for Don McCartney at the hardware store. He worked at the hardware store for 10 or 11 years. He also worked at the hotel as a bar waiter. Due to sickness, Jack had to more or less retire, so he ran the bottle depot for the A.B.A. for something to do. He operated the bottle depot for 4 or 5 years. Shortly before he passed away, he asked Mrs. Jeannette Polischuk if she would take it over. It was only a matter of two months after Mrs. Polischuk had taken over the depot, when Jack passed away.

Jack and I raised a family of 11 children. Henry the oldest boy, and Harvey the youngest boy, were the only two that were born in the hospital. The rest were all born at home. After Doreen was born, there was Henry, Johnny, Mabel, Shirley, the twins Susan and Sadie, Margaret and the last one was Harvey.

— MILLIE SYLVESTER

THE SEAL FAMILY

The Percy J. Seal family arrived in Breton during July, 1938. Percy and Annette left their children, Jimmy, Bobby and Carol with relatives while they went ahead to Breton to unpack their belongings which had been shipped in a boxcar, courtesy of the C.P.R. Percy replaced Mr. Kershaw as Breton's station agent. The Seal children still recall the way the Canadian Coachway's bus banged, shook, and rattled as it made the last lap of the journey from Leduc to Breton.

Percy used to recount that he had been, while stationed in Etzikom, Alberta, at the bottom of the seniority list for agents in the Southern Alberta Division. It was therefore a real surprise to have his bid on Breton succeed. Annette and Jimmy, who both had suffered from "hay fever," were delighted to get away from the tumble weed they supposed gave them seasonal red eyes and running noses.

Purchased from Mr. Kershaw, the Seal home was the product of the marriage of two sheds or granaries with an addition added to the west side. Percy's brother-in-law, Robert Chapman, remodelled the house and built on a porch in 1940. With further improvements made in later years the house still stands and is currently occupied by the Gordon Levers.

In 1938, the C.P.R. station consisted of three separate converted boxcars. In 1941, a new station was built. Because of the high water table in Breton, the section crews from Breton and neighboring communities dug a ditch and placed a drain that extended from the station basement to the creek valley about two blocks south.



Percy Seal's house, 1938.

Breton United Church was an important factor in the life of the Seals. Percy Seal was an elder from 1938 till his death in 1972. He served for many years as church treasurer. Annette taught the kindergarten class in Sunday School and held various offices in the Ladies Aid, W.A., and UC.W. The Seal's home was one of the "homes away from home" for the many student ministers who served Breton during the summers.



Mrs. Seal and Sunday School Class.

Percy Seal served the community and its organizations in a number of capacities. He served as secretary of the Nurse's Home Board for several years. He was the first president of the Breton Curling Club and the first Exalted Ruler of the Breton Elk's Lodge. From 1948 until 1972 he was a Justice of the Peace. A veteran of World War I, wounded at Vimy Ridge, Percy was a member of the Warburg — Breton Legion. He was a member of the Rimbey Masonic Lodge. A Town Councillor from 1963-66, Percy was Mayor from 1966-67.

Annette's community interests included the Red Cross and the Ladies' Sports Auxiliary.

After forty-three years with the C.P.R., Percy retired in 1963. Annette and Percy remained in Breton, living in the new house that they had built in 1954, until Annette's death in 1968 and Percy's death in 1972.



Left to right Ken Scott, Jim Seal, Carol Seal, Vera Weymouth, Colin Collins, Bob Seal, 1946.

When they were growing up, the Seal children used to deliver the Edmonton Journal, do chores such as hauling water for the R.C.M.P., and each working for a while in the local grocery stores. Jim had to board in Thorsby to take his grade 12. He then went to Edmonto to apprentice as an electrician. Grade twelve was offered just in time for Bob who went on to teach school at Funnell (1951-52) and in Breton (1952-54). He returned to university in 1954 to begin studies for the ministry. Carol, the only Seal to receive all of her public education in Breton, graduated from the University of Alberta in 1956 with a B.Sc. degree in Laboratory Technology.



Annette holding Grandma Seal, Kenny and Donald (Foster children), Percy Seal, 1950's.

At the time of writing this, Jim is an electrician on the maintenance staff of Southgate Shopping Centre, Edmonton. Bob is the United Church Minister in Vegreville, Alberta. Carol is on the staff of the Red Cross Blood Bank in Calgary.

Carol bought the Udell farm in the Moose Hill District in 1964, Although she still lives in Calgary, she and her husband, John Howells, have placed a trailer on a lot in Breton with a view to using it more fully when they retire.

— REV. BOB SEAL

THE SPINDLER STORY

We first came to Breton in 1928 and went out to Fraspur to build a logging camp which we ran for three winters for D.R. Fraser. Then we moved to Breton and built the Breton Hotel which we operated until we lost our little girl, Millicent, at the age of seven years. We couldn't stay in it after that happened so we sold it. Then we took over the post office and ran it until 1944, when we retired and moved to B.C.

George wasn't very old when we left Breton. He got his education at the Coast, where he graduated at U.B.C. in 1956. The Dominion Government moved him to Quebec where he studied at a university and got his doctor's degree in physics. He was living in the Embassy in Washington, B.C. for years and now is in Ottawa with his family and doing very well. He travels a great deal and was in London, England for awhile.

My eldest daughter, Dorothy, and her family live in Victoria. She has three children. Her sons are building contractors (The Campbell Bros.).



Mr. William Spindler, postmaster 1940's. Pat Campbell, post office assistant.



Dorothy Spindler, 1938.

My youngest daughter, Helen, and family live in Portland, Oregon. She also has three children; they are all married.

My step-daughter, Florrie, passed away on May 11, 1954. My husband passed away February 8,

1955. Bill, our eldest son, passed away in April, 1972. Mamie, another step-daughter, passed on in July, 1974. Our daughter, Millicent, passed away January, 1930.

As I write this history in April, 1979, I would like to mention that I celebrated my 86th birthday in the General Hospital last year. My family all came in

and we had a lovely party.

I'm home now, and feeling much better. I have my own home in Vancouver. I have a woman come in once a week to do my house-work. Sometimes I feel I'd like to take a trip back to Breton and visit all the folks I used to know.

— Mrs. William Spindler

FRED AND ETHEL SCOTT

Fred and Ethel Scott with their sons, Milo and Kenneth, moved to Breton in the spring of 1940, having bought the blacksmith shop and house next door, from Jim Norquay. Ken wasn't going to school yet when he saw his first squirrel; on their arrival his remark was, "Gee, now we can have peanut butter." The only time he had ever seen a squirrel was in a picture on a jar of peanut butter.



Ray Gerwien. Old Norquay barn in background.

Fred worked in the blacksmith shop for several years with the help of his three stepsons, Fred, Ray and Joe Gerwien. They made such things as heavy



Fred's Welding and Machine Shop, built in late 1940's.

sleighs to use for hauling logs and at one time built cars to use in a nearby coal mine to haul the coal to the surface.

Fred Scott and Fred Gerwien built the Welding Shop where Fred Hawryluk now has his autobody repair shop. They also had the John Deere Agency.

Fred had an acetylene welding outfit and used carbide to generate the gas to weld with. He was the first to have an electric welder in the area. While this was a great asset, he did not have a license and only received one after convincing the department concerned, in Edmonton, that he could not apprentice as there was no one in town with a ticket.



Milo Scott, Fred Gerwien, Ray Gerwien, Joe Gerwien, Ken Scott.

One particular talent he used, which would be called a lost art now, was making wagon wheels. They ranged from narrow buggy wheels to heavy dray wagon wheels. The next time you look at a wagon wheel, examine it closely. Just think, no bolts, no screws or pins, just good workmanship.



Fred Scott home, original home of the Bob Hoaths.

Fred had an inventive mind; one machine which contributed to the opening of the district was a brush cutter which was made to fit on the front of the crawler tractor. It had a wedge-type action and a sharp blade horizontal to the ground which would clear land very quickly, all but the larger trees. He

also made a root picker which had reasonable success.

Fred was active in the Board of Trade and other community affairs. When an organized fire brigade was formed, (after two serious fires in town) he became a volunteer fireman and kept a chemical apparatus in the shop for the town; this was to keep it from freezing.

Ethel was very active in church affairs; she did a great many crafts and was very artistic. She enjoyed playing cards and often entertained with her teacup reading.

Milo only lived in Breton a couple of years and then joined the Army and went overseas.



Fred and Ethel Scott.

About 1950, Fred, Ethel, and Ken Scott, and Fred Gerwien moved to Mayerthorpe where they had a welding shop and John Deere agency for several years. Fred and Ethel retired to Vancouver where Fred passed away at the age of 77 years on Oct. 17, 1971. Ethel passed away at the age of 79 years on June 30, 1974.

MILDRED AND TIMOTHY SEXTON

Timothy Sexton was born in County Cork, Ireland and came to Canada as a young man. He had worked in creameries there, so had no trouble getting a job as a butter maker in Alberta. He later became manager of several creameries. After we were married, he continued as manager for twelve years. Then we decided if we were ever going to make our fortune, we should get into a business that we could both work at. That's how we came to be storekeepers in Breton.

As for myself, I was born in South Dakota and moved to Alberta when I was very young. I attended public and high school at Lamont and then attended

Camrose Normal School. It was while I was teaching, that I met Timothy; we were married in 1924.

In the spring of 1937, we arrived in Breton with a truckload of belongings. Then, there was twice weekly train service and a daily bus service to Edmonton. All the freight came in by C.P.R. and was delivered around town by Mindy's dray.



Sexton's Store.

The corner grocery that we bought had been bankrupt. The shelves were depleted of stock. We had no experience in storekeeping and felt quite helpless. We hired a former clerk for a few weeks. He gave us good advice; also the salesman helped us in ordering the right things and the right quantity.

Parcels were wrapped and tied with string (no tape in use then). A ball of twine was attached to the ceiling, the end dangling down to the counter. I remember the string was so hard to break.



Molly Ott, Mildred Sexton and Bernice Hopgood. Staff 1948.

Most items came in bulk and had to be packaged. The dried fruits were so sticky to handle. Vinegar came in large barrels, one for white and one for brown. The customers brought their own containers to be filled. Cheese came in large rounds; each piece, the approximate size required, had to be cut off with a big knife. All this meant so much extra work compared to our present system.

Times were hard and money scarce. A lot of our business was by the "trade and barter" system. Supplies of meat, firewood, labor etc., were paid for in groceries. It took a lot of firewood and coal to keep that building warm. Timothy also took furs in trade — mostly squirrel, weasel and coyote, which he took to Edmonton to sell.

During the War, we had to contend with ration books. Many items were in short supply or could not be procured at all. However, we weathered the hard times the same as everyone else. With a lot of hard work, we built up a good business.

When the lumber companies moved out, it was not long before the oil rigs moved in. This made a big difference to the prosperity of the district.



Timothy and Mildred Sexton and Hank Pearson.

In January, 1958, we sold out and moved to our cottage at Mulhurst. Three years later, Timothy passed away. I moved to Edmonton to an apartment and plan to continue living here.

— MILDRED SEXTON

JOHN AND NETTIE (SMITH) GRESSEL

We landed in Breton, March 16, 1928 after living in Prince George, B.C. My husband, Johnnie, worked as a bridge engineer for the C.N. Railways for twenty years. He thought he would like to learn to be a grocer so went into partnership with his dad, Herb Smith, who owned and operated a grocery store on the main street of Breton. We built a small home in the town and things went pretty well; we made friends and tried to make the best of things. It was quite different living in Breton from the home we left.

Breton was a new town; the stores lacked paint, roads were rough and there was no water running from taps (we had to carry it from the well), and no electricity, only coal oil lamps. Johnnie got along fine in the store and we took part in activities like going to dances and weddings. There really wasn't much of anything to do in the way of community activities except visiting with folks and having a game of cards with lunch afterwards, or giving small parties in our homes.

Then came the "dirty thirties"; everyone was hard up. There was no money — people had stock, chickens, etc. but no money to buy groceries. The people were good honest folk around Breton so



Mr. and Mrs. Herb Smith in their store, 1928.

they got credit at the store for whatever they needed; they had dry goods as well as groceries. By 1934 the store had debts which ran into thousands of dollars. So Johnnie purchased a quarter of land two miles from Breton. He collected lumber, cement and stock — all on what people owed; they were good and willing to pay by doing carpenter work on the house which is still on the farm today.



Johnnie and Nettie Smith and son Roy, 1929.

Then the War broke out in 1939 so Johnnie enlisted and went overseas where he was stationed with the Forestry Corps in Scotland. He served with the Forces for almost five years, while the two boys and I lived on the farm. When the War ended he was home again, well and happy. He was offered a job as Weed Inspector with the Provincial Government. We continued to farm until 1956 when Johnnie was promoted to Field Supervisor but

we had to move to Leduc for that position. Consequently, we had a farm sale in September of 1956 and moved to Leduc. Four years later, Johnnie had surgery and five years after, passed away.

NETTIE (SMITH) GRESSEL

CHESTER AND ANN TRYON HISTORY

Chester was born January 28, 1894 at Muskoka, Ontario, the youngest of a family of eleven. In 1932, he came west to Sask. where he met and married me, Ann Schultz, on April 15, 1943. I was born at Rush Lake, Saskatchewan, February 21, 1917, the middle child of a family of seven.



Ann and Chester Tryon.

Chester and I farmed at Unity Saskatchewan until we moved to Alberta in April, 1949. We had a family of five boys and five girls. They are: Margaret born April 10, 1944; Gordon born April 1, 1945; George born July 21, 1946; Christine born Oct. 31, 1947; Martha born January 23, 1949;

Albert born February 13, 1950; Ben born May 18, 1954; Jonah born August 24, 1955; Linda born September 24, 1957 and Susan born September 23, 1961. We made several moves after arriving in Alberta and finally settled at Breton. We had hard times and good times with such a large family but we all kept quite healthy. Chester passed away February 6, 1972 and is buried in the Breton Cemetery. In August, 1972, I moved into Breton where I presently live.

Here are the whereabouts of my children and their families. Margaret married Allen Fenneman and they farm near Breton. They have two

daughters, Helen and Gale.

Gordon married Mae Martin and they live in Drayton Valley where Gordon is an auto body mechanic. They have four children, Tammy,

Donna, Joan and Douglas.

George married Connie Larsen and they live in Breton. George works in the oil field and they have three children, Charlene, Correy, and Holly.

Christine married Iver Ellis and they farm near Breton. They have two boys, Bill and Bob.

Martha married Harold Long and they farm near Kinsella, Alberta. They have three children, Carol,

Marvin, and Tyler.

Albert and Ben work at Devon and live in Breton. Jonah married Cathy Regenwetter and they live in Drayton Valley where Jonah works in the oil field. They have two boys, Jason and Erik.

Linda lives in Drayton Valley and works in a

drugstore.

Susan is still at home with me, taking grade eleven in Breton High School.

— ANN TRYON

THE FRED THRASHER FAMILY

In 1907, Alfred Earnest (Fred) Thrasher left his home in Pembroke, Ontario and headed West. The Klondike Rush was over, but there were a few gold plated rumours still afloat about great riches yet to be found in the gravel beds of the creeks of the Golden West. There was also the building of the Grand Trunk Railway from Edmonton, through the mountains, to Prince Rupert on the Coast. So Fred, a very restless and independent young man, decided to go have a look-see for himself.



Fred Thrasher, age 19 years, 1904.

In 1908, after spending some time around Edmonton, Fred filed on a homestead at Carrot Creek, Alberta, 100 miles west of Edmonton. For the next few years, he worked at a variety of jobs that included packing for the G.T.R. in the Bulkly and Skeena valleys of B.C., and a government and survey job of laying out the town of Jasper in 1912. He also worked a mineral claim on the Similkameen River in southern B.C. near Princeton.

In 1914 he was rejected by the Army because of a bad eye, a handicap that he lived with all his life. He had a land survey job in the Peace River district in 1915, commuting back to the homestead

whenever he could to try to prove it up.

In 1916 he married Martha Minerva Shantz, the eldest daughter in a family of seven; the family had also taken up land at Carrot Creek, coming west from Port Elgin, Ontario in 1910. Their belongings, farm equipment, and stock were shipped in two rail cars with the men riding and sleeping with the stock. The women rode in the day coach, preparing meals

along the way.

I was born September 12, 1918 in Prince George, B.C., where my dad was working for the C.N.R. Express Co. My dad was doing well and they had a nice home in Prince George until he gave it up to go into a sawmill partnership deal that was belly-up in no time at all. So it was back to the axe and crosscut saw again at a small mill near Penny, B.C. During this time, my mother and I were alone all day long in a log shack in the mountains. A creek ran nearby, where bears would hang around looking for spawned-out salmon. At night they would come up to the shack and look in the windows; so if you went to look out a window and saw a bear right close up, it would give you quite a start. The day I toddled out in the yard to try to make friends with two big grizzlies, was the day my mother had had enough and said, "Fred, if you don't take us out of here, I'm going to take the baby and get on the train for home!"

Then it was back to the homestead at Carrot Creek again, and in 1920, my sister, Dorothy May, was born. As there were no other kids for miles around, my sister and I played together all the time. Once or twice a year we'd get to see our cousins.

About 1925 my dad went to work for a Mr. Anthony who had a small mill on the McLeod River, 12 miles north of Carrot Creek. Access was by winter sleigh trail only. I remember staying up there for a day or two in late winter when the snow was very deep and there was a high ridge across the McLeod River from camp where wolves used to come and sit on their asses in the evening and howl their heads off at the moon.

Mr. Anthony moved his mill down to Antross (named for Anthony and Ross siding) in 1926, on the new branch rail line — the Lacombe and North Western Railway, which ended at Breton, three miles north of Antross. Dad went with the company and helped with the move. He then bought two lots

in Breton and started to build a house in his spare time, and a school was due to be completed there in 1927. When Dad came home to Carrot Creek on Christmas Eve in 1926 and broke the news to us that we would be moving to Breton in the spring, Dorothy and I were so excited that we could hardly wait for the day we'd be on our way.

When my sister and I got off the train at Breton in May, 1927 with our mother and dad, it was to be a whole new life for us. There was only about 7 or 8 families there, but already the town was growing rapidly and we were always finding new things to do. We had only been a short time in our new house (which was at that time, just a shell), when we had a real heavy hailstorm and hail punctured the rolled roofing material. After that, cold spring rains came and there was only one spot left inside where there wasn't any drips. Mrs. Hoath, our neighbor, sent her daughter, Kathleen over to tell us to come and stay with them until the storm was over. We accepted their hospitality and stayed about two days and two nights.

In those first years at Breton, we saw quite a few families move in and a lot of building taking place. Spindlers built the hotel, and the Greenwoods built a planing mill across the tracks from the hotel on the bank of the creek. A grain elevator went up and the railway was extended out to Leduc (which is the C.P.R. now). However, soon the town settled down

to a quieter pace.



Dorothy Thrasher, Oscar Shantz and Ruth Irwin. Thrasher home 1933, same location as the Breton post office. The spruce trees are still standing there.

1929 saw the great Wall Street Crash and we were into the Great Depression but somehow there remained a market for white spruce lumber and this was the salvation for Breton. It was quiet in the summer, but when the camps opened up in the fall and the men came back from harvesting, it would go again.

The winter was the joyous time for us kids. We would stay out late at night sleigh riding until our parents had to come out and haul us to bed.

Many fine people lived outside of Breton in the already settled districts of Wenham Valley, Funnell, Carnwood etc., and we got to know many of them

when they came to town to buy supplies or sell their farm produce.

A Ladies' Aid Society was formed, and all the ladies from Breton and Antross area would hold a bazaar and supper to help raise money for the needy families in the district. There were two dance halls also, and I recall a night when a dance was going full blast in both of them. Many good times were had at the dances in the 30's and people came from all over. The girls learned to dance very young and were all good dancers. There was seldom any trouble at the dances in Breton; everyone went to socialize and have a good time. Young girls danced with older guys and young boys danced with older ladies, and so it went.



Mrs. Thrasher with flowers for the pulpit.

Up to now, I have said little about my mother; it seems that the men get most of the play in this type of account. She was the greatest person in the world, always kind and thoughtful of us, putting herself last. And although she was in poor health much of



Thrasher Family. Lloyd, Mrs. and Mr. Thrasher, Dorothy.

the time, she never complained and was truly the goodwill ambassador of our small family. She had many friends in Breton over the years, but she was lucky in one way, that there weren't more like me as I guess I caused her lots of grief and misery at times. My sister, Dorothy, was different though, and was a help and comfort at all times when she was growing up. My dad was away at work all week but he generally got to me when he got home. He once presented me with a brand new bucksaw and two cords of dry twisted tamarack wood to go with it; it is needless to say how much it was appreciated.

Joe Schott lived in a shack west of Breton about 1929-1932, and what he did for a living I'll never know. He was in town every day sitting on the bench in front of Smith's store along with the rest of the liesurely old gents that used to hang out there. They'd be talking hard times, smoking pipes and listening to the record of Jimmy Rogers singing the "Bum song" and "Big Rock Candy Mountain" on the phonograph. One day when the train came in, one of the train men saw Joe leaning up against the station spitting tobacco juice through a crack in the platform and he said, "Why don't you get yourself a job, Joe?"

"Why!" answered Joe pleasantly.

"Well," said the trainman, "you get yourself a job and save your money and after awhile you'll have quite a lot of it."

"Why?" said Joe.

"So you can retire," said the trainman, "and

never have to work again."

"I am not working now," pointed out old Joe.

Jack Kershaw was the C.P.R. station agent in the town in the 30's and he contributed a lot of time and effort towards the promotion of sports and entertainment. Under his guidance, the Community Club was formed. One of the Greenwood bunkhouses was purchased for a hall as the planer had closed down and moved away. At the first fall dance of the year, in this hall, some of us kids were running around the building playing tag before the dance started and I ran smack into a barbwire fence that was nailed to the corner of the building. From it, I got a very big gash in my left cheek and one on the upper lip and I still have the scars to prove it. Soon the building was moved up onto the street near the hotel and enlarged. A six piece orchestra was formed and stage shows were put on, fashioned after the early Broadway musicals, complete with dancing girls, stage lighting and the orchestra in the pit — all done with local talent.

About 1933, a bunch of us got together and built a skating rink in the creek bottom, as getting water was a problem. But with a lot of hard work and donated help, we managed to get a fairly level spot into shape and with Dan Jamieson's pump engine we got a sheet of ice. Clarence Jamieson was the driving force behind this project and with a few strings he was able to pull, we ended up with some lumber for the fence, rink shack and lighting. If I ever had to work as hard at home as we did on that job, it would have killed me. Sometimes we'd get about 8 to 10 inches of snow to clean off and it would be piled up to 6 feet deep outside the fence by spring. Sure wish I had the energy now that I had

then.

There were some boring times for a young teenager in the early thirties as there was not enough to do in small town life, but the good times stand out the clearest in my memory and the friends that helped to make them. We used to hike down the railway tracks to the old swimming hole where the

Poplar and Modeste Creeks join together, 1½ miles from town. We would stay all day and if someone suggested going again in the evening, by car, we'd be all for it. And there were the times in the winter when the Modeste Creek would freeze to the bottom and flood over top of the snow and freeze again — a sheet of glare ice. We'd go down to the bridge at Jack Anderson's, lace on our skates and skate for miles up and down the creek by the light of the moon — a true fantasy in reality. Some of the people who did not skate would come along anyway and light a bonfire to boil coffee and roast wieners. One night, Ken Bowen broke through the ice and got soaked to his armpits. We lit a fire to thaw him out but his fun was ruined for that night. Anyway, being a good sport, he stayed awhile and let the rest of us skate as he was the driver of our ride home.



Dorothy and Lloyd Thrasher, 1934.

I got my first taste of working for a living in 1934 when I got a job at Anthony's mill picking 4 foot slab wood for the lath mill; the weather was hot and the 10 hour day was really a drag. The pay was \$20.00 a month including board, so at the end of 2 weeks, I figured on stepping into the office and asking for a cheque for \$10.00, which would be like \$300.00 today. The timekeeper, George Matton said, "Vot about all the chocolate bars and tobacco you have been drawing from the store? You tink the company going to supply you with dat stuff?" So it was a lesson in business management, but it still didn't make a business head out of me. Still, there was lots of fun working at the mill that year. Most of the guys were young and full of devilment that helped to break the monotony.

One day I had to go the bathroom — (bathroom?). While I was gone, somebody got worried that my gloves might fall into the conveyor and end up in the burner, so they fixed them so they wouldn't — to a mill timber with a 6 inch spike.

Another time, I was working away and minding my own business when a stream of water came up

through a hole in the floor and got me right in the eye. The culprit was Orman Horton; he was under the mill with a water pistol he made from a hunk of pipe and a stick wrapped with string. It was amazing what a conscientious worker he was when Mark Anthony came around the mill; but as soon as the

boss was gone, he'd be at it again.

Mr. Anthony was a very efficient business man and when he was around his mill, he kept things "Buzzing". You never knew when or where he might surface; so if you were loading lumber in the yard and saw him coming, swinging his arms up behind his back and whistling "The Irish Washer Woman", you had better start looking for some place to go, or get a sweat up real quick. He was a real fine and generous man at heart though, and did a lot for the district during the tough times, in more ways than one. The United Church at Breton stands as a monument to his generosity, as he donated most of the material and funds for the building.

Grenville Hoath had a car. He must have had a dozen of them in those days, and they ranged from old Model T Fords with no fenders or top, to some fine luxury Buicks with side curtains and a fat varnished wooden steering wheel. I once said to him, "How come Grenville, most of us have a hell of a time keeping a chunk of leather under each foot for transportation and you ride around on four

rubber tires?"

"Nothin' to it," he said, "just go harvesting in the fall and take an old car as part payment of wages, drive it home and run it till the license expires; then chop it up and make a Bennett buggy and a buzz saw out of it. In the spring the proceeds from the wood cutting and sale of the Bennett buggy will buy you another one."

I was impressed alright, but it sounded like a lot of work to me. On another occasion I was looking at his car and noticed that one of the tires was very thin. I drew his attention to it but he was

unimpressed.

"Yuh can't see the air through it yet," he said. This brings to thought about a time when Grenville was down at Anthony's mill with Floyd Graham riding as co-pilot. I was riding the carriage in the mill and they went past the mill, made the turn and went up the little hill by the cook house in a cloud of dust. Before the dust cleared, a wheel came rolling down the hill and bounced off a log at the mill skidway. The split rim parted and out popped the tube in a 22 inch bulge. Grenville and Floyd came running down the hill and pounced on it trying to keep it from bursting before they let the air out. Roy Armstrong stopped the carriage and we all broke up. Any little bit of vaudeville like this was a welcome respite to the workers on those long monotonous shifts. It made our day.

Charlie Orleans ran the poolroom in the 30's and then decided to take up barbering quite late in life. So with a 10 day course in Edmonton, he returned with a brand new diploma, complete with

a red seal of approval. He nailed it to the wall, behind the chair, and was open for business. Now, when you were in that chair all covered up with a big white cape with Charlie peering down at you with a pair of eyeballs that resembled the two halves of a hard boiled peeled egg and that razor approaching your gullet, shaking menacingly in a paw equal to that of a medium sized grizzly bear's, you wondered if this was the way it was all supposed to end, or if you should have paid your snooker bill.

One Saturday night, about 1938, four or five of us at the mill decided to go to a dance at Winfield. So with an old Model A Ford and a gallon jug of Logana wine, we started out. There had been about 6 or 8 inches of new fallen snow and with much pushing and falling down, we finally made it up to the corner at the Antross School. We piled in and took off under a full head of steam, but soon we were into the ditch in a shower of powdered snow. We tumbled out, picked up the car by the rear bumper and tossed it up onto the road; then we did the same with the front. We passed the jug around once and after a good laugh piled in again for another try at it, about a half mile down the road the same thing would happen again and twice more after that, before we got to Winfield. The driver, when questioned as to his ability to drive in snow, countered with, "You fellows didn't think you were going to be left alone in the back seat with that jug the whole way did you?" So it was all part of the fun that we made in those days, and is long remembered.



Mr. and Mrs. Thrasher, holding grandson Edwin Waddell, Lloyd Thrasher, 1942.

After World War II started, a lot of us fellows left the district in favor of an easier job to see some of the world and get in on the excitement. It was during this time, that our small family was hit with a sad blow. My sister, Dorothy, then Mrs. Vern Waddell, passed away at the birth of their first child, on May 8th, 1942, not long before her 22nd birthday.

After the War ended in Europe, it was feared that the Japanese may try to make a last gasp attack

on the West Coast of Canada and our squadron was moved from the East Coast to Patricia Bay, on Vancouver Island. It was then, from a C.P.R. train window, that I saw, for the first time in my life, the land of high mountains and tumbling rivers where I was born. It was then that I knew where I'd make my home.

After the War ended, I went to Carrot Creek, Alberta to help Mother and Dad with the building of a small house that was to be their retirement home. They had left Breton at the time as the timber at Antross was about at an end. When we finished the house, I came back to Vancouver and got a job.

In 1947 I married Violet Gairdner of Edmonton and we have raised a family of nine, all healthy and happy. They all live in the area and we

have 6 grandchildren.

My dad came out to stay with us after Mother passed away in 1949 and he later married again — Tracey Gibbs of Vancouver. They enjoyed 22 years together till his death in 1973, at the age of 88.

I was back to Breton for a day, in the fall of '77, and found many changes brought about by the sands of time. There are not many old timers left now and only a few of my generation are still there. I hope to go back again, when I have more time, and find a few more folks to say hello to.

I can't help but feel a little sad when I see that there is no more of that spruce timber left; but if we hadn't cut it, the fire would have destroyed it anyway. The four spruce trees that I planted in 1932, in front of our house, now stand 60 feet tall and 12 inches at the stump, on the south side of the Breton Post Office.

- LLOYD THRASHER

DOROTHY AND BUD WILSON

I, Dorothy May Snell, was born in Wetaskiwin on November 6, 1926 to Ed and Florence Snell. My dad and uncle had a sawmill at Battle Lake at the time.

They moved to my grandfather's farm (David Snell) in the fall of 1932. I started at Breton School in the fall of 1933 and boarded with Ray and Ina Arnolds the first year. The next year, my brother, Fred, started school so we travelled by horse or walked if Dad needed the horse. Sometimes we used one bike. We had many trying times fighting the cold winters and chasing the horse which would run away. Then there was the barn at the school with many memories of hitching and unhitching with much help; also, our passenger, Roy Smith, doing what he ought not to do. Then I remember going to the United Church which had been turned into a school. I quit school in December, 1943 in order to help my mother and dad. Shortly after this, my brother was born.

I left in 1944 for Edmonton to seek work. On

October 12, 1946 I married Hugh Harold (Bud) Wilson who operated the Low Level Service Station. Shortly after, we moved to Cooking Lake to help his folks in a small lake store. Our son, Hugh Edmund (Butch), was born in 1947. We moved to Penny, B.C. that winter and Bud worked in the bush and sawmill for two years.

In 1949 we moved back to Edmonton, Alberta where Bud started in the oil fields. Our daughter, Shirly May Katheren, was born on September 21, 1949 and this was when our trailer days began.

In 1960 we bought Willy Ostby's homestead, five miles south of Breton — S½-12-47-4-W5. We started farming and Bud also operated a battery around Buck Creek. Butch and Shirly attended Winfield School as we were on the border of the County of Wetaskiwin No. 10. Battery operating ceased so Bud farmed in the summer and went back to the oil fields in the winter.

Butch married Mary Broks in June, 1968 and bought a farm, N.E. 11-47-4-W5. They bought a small house in Edmonton and had it moved onto the farm.

Shirly married Ron Gunderson in July, 1968. They bought a trailer and moved to Drayton Valley

where he worked for M & R Trucking.

In 1970, we purchased the franchise from Macleods in Breton with Mary and Butch's help. In 1978, Butch bought a pressure truck and started working in Drayton Valley. We sold the store in the spring of 1979. That summer, we (Butch and Mary, Bud and I) held a joint sale, selling everything but the land. Butch moved to Drayton Valley to be closer to his work.

Butch and Mary have four children — three girls and one boy, Tammy, Tracy, Chad, Trina.

Ron and Shirly bought a pressure truck in Drayton Valley in 1975 and later built a house. They have three children, two boys and a girl — Glen, Darren and Jody.

While we were in the store, we built a house right behind it, and this is where we live at the

present time.

— DOROTHY WILSON

THE WYNNYKS

On a first cursory observation it appeared to us that the invitation to write in the Breton and area history book was an unwarranted honour. However, a closer scrutiny indicates that time did not remain static and that to date we have spent more time in this area than in any other previous single place — and further that we will probably continue so in days to come. The invitation, therefore, is gratefully acknowledged.

As so often happens, our story begins as two stories that merge into one. Joan was born in Edson, the eldest of two children. Joan and her brother

proved to be quite a surprise for their parents. Frank and Eileen Manuel, who had been married for 13 years and had literally "given up". Joan's father was a dispatcher for the C.N.R., concerned mainly with the Coal Branch line. The family grew up with a good knowledge of railroad jargon as "hot boxes", derailments, etc. were usually the main topics of conversation at the supper table. The children also learned early in life that school was a number one priority and that university education was one of the main goals in life. So after completing her twelve years of schooling in Edson, Joan entered the University of Alberta to begin a five year course in the degree program of nursing. In 1961, she had her B.Sc. in Public Health Nursing and so it was time to look for a job. At that time, The Leduc Strathcona Health Unit was advertising for two nurses, one for the main office in Edmonton and one for the sub-office at Thorsby. Of the six or so applicants who applied, Joan was the only one who wanted to leave the city so the job at Thorsby was offered to her. She was able to board with Mr. and Mrs. John Bilar where she soon became a part of the family. Life in Thorsby was great; the nurse was completely on her own, only reporting to the main office at two week intervals. About 1962, Joan was joined by another nurse, (now Mrs. Trudy Krauskopf of Morinville) as the area was expanding because Breton and the west area were coming under the Health Unit jurisdiction. The two nurses spent a lot of time in Breton, Lindale and Buck Creek trying to locate immunization records, doing school checkups and establishing baby clinics etc. Joan did not realize then, of course, that Breton would become her place of permanent residence.

I, Walter was born at Stry, a small rural farming community some eight miles southeast of Vilna and some thirty miles west of St. Paul, Alberta — about 3 miles west of the Saddle Lake Indian Reserve. It was on this reserve, in the Sacred Heart Church, that my parents were married when my father homesteaded in the area. At this time, the closest town was Vegreville, some 60 miles to the south. Dad farmed, ran a small post office, a small general store and, together with Mother, brought up a family of seven

children.

Being the middle child of the family and living in the isolation of a rural community had certain advantages as well as disadvantages. You had the security of home and family life, while you learned responsibility at an early age. You were unable to buy your wants and desires at every whim and had to resort to "improvisation" and "doing without", as other needs assumed priority over yours. The depression certainly emphasized this.

Raised in such a conservative, idyllic setting, with the influence of the home, the school and the church heavy upon us, we were imbued with a strong sense of self-reliance, neighborliness Victorian values and the protestant work ethic. Early in youth we learned that "there was no Santa

Claus", that one gets what one works for, and appreciates it that much more. Liquor, although not an unknown commodity at our home, had a very low priority with family members, almost in the temperance range. Certain members have since

strayed somewhat to various degrees.

Depression years plunged the communities into further economic difficulty. Pride placed welfare out of reach of most citizens. All were placed on their own resources. Grain was ground into flour and vegetables preserved for winter months, as were the wild fruits and berries. Repairing, mending and devising often provided a variation to the school homework and the long winter nights by

the coal oil lamps.

Since grade 10 was the highest level available at the local school, I went to stay with my aunt, uncle and cousins on a farm near Daysland to take my grade 11 and 12. This was followed by one year of university and a teaching job at Volunteer School in the Smoky Lake School Division. The school and teacherage were located some five miles southwest of Edward and 12 miles southeast of Smoky Lake. This school was a one room structure with an enrolment of five, grade one to eight inclusive. It was indeed an "open area" school with ample opportunity for the quicker student. Such a student would finish the assignment earlier and pay attention to the instruction at the higher level. The neighbors at this school were most neighborly and helpful. Lesson plans, paper marking, report card preparations and Christmas concert work kept one up till 2 or 3 in the morning. Your "prep. time" was after this — then bed time. At such a pace, the year passed very quickly.

Meanwhile, depressing news concerning the War was coming into Canada. It was a time when "losses on every front" characterized the struggle. So at the conclusion of the school year, I enlisted in the Canadian Army for overseas service, while my brother, Bill, who was also teaching at this time, enlisted in the RCAF. He was less fortunate than I was since he did not return. With basic training at Grande Prairie and advanced training at Vimy Barracks in Kingston, Ontario, our contingent was shipped overseas for further training in the Aldershot area of southern England. Upon completion of this training and a period of quarantine for security purposes, we embarked at Liverpool. There followed, then, an odyssey through the Atlantic evading enemy submarines, planes and surface craft that finally brought us through Gibralter and into North Africa. The major part of the War, I spent in the Mediterranean

theatre of war, in Italy.

With ceasession of hostilities and a stint in the London Canadian Wives Bureau, it was home and demobilization. Dad purchased a house in Edmonton and five of us went to live there and attend the University of Alberta. It was here I obtained my B.Sc. in 1951 and B.Ed. in 1952.

While at Summer School there, in my final year, I met Mr. Ogrodnick who was teaching in Breton in the Strawberry School Division. As this was my final year, I was interested in job opportunities within reasonable range of home in Edmonton. Mr. Ogrodnick helped me make up my mind by stories and pictures of excellent fishing and hunting in the Breton area. I applied to the Superintendent of Strawberry School Division, Mr. C. Pyrch. At the interview that followed, I was informed there was no vacancy in the comparatively larger centre, but "a vacancy exists for a principalship in Lindale — a 3 room school, grades one to eleven inclusive". The offer was concluded by "... it isn't very often that a novice fresh out of university gets the offer of a principalship." The offer was accepted and I followed Mr. Don Tarney at Lindale in the fall of 1952. Mrs. I. Tiege and Miss E. Tiege made up my staff. Speaking of 'split classes' my classes were not split; they consisted of complete grade nine, ten and eleven.



1954-55 Graduation Class. Left to right, Valera Wideman, Mark Miller, Phyllis Fedun, Lois Hooks, Kay Moorhouse, Ethel Anderson, Isabelle Goddard and Alvina Van Ember.

It was during this period that a re-organization of school division boundaries took place. Mr. Pyrch was seconded to be secretary of the Co-terminus Boundaries Commission for a two year term and Mr. John Findley took the temporary superintendency. When in 1954, Mr. B. MacDonald resigned the Breton principalship, I applied for and received the appointment, starting with the fall term of 1954. That summer, I moved into Breton into a two room suite in the teacherage at the corner of 51 Ave. and

51 St.; Mr. Ogrodnick occupied the other two rooms.

My vice-principal at the new school was Mr. James Stewart, B.A., B.Ed., originally from Ontario. My first graduating class, the class of '55, consisted of Ethel Anderson, Phyllis Fedun, Isabelle Goddard, Lois Hooks, Mark Miller, Kay Moorhouse, Alvina VanEmber and Valera Wideman. These people have since assumed positions of respect and responsibility in communities ranging from New York to Alder Flats.

At this time I perceived a need for an extra-curricular activity in the community and an Army Cadet group was organized early in 1955. A few of the original members that come to mind were Nels Ladouceur, Cecil Robinson, George Shave and Larry Wiesner. The Cadet Corps has operated and flourished without a break till the time of writing.

The early years at school presented staffing difficulties. Breton, located where it is, muddy streets, unpaved roads, lack of recreational facilities, combined with teacher shortages, resulted in a rapid teacher turn-over with consequent curriculum and timetabling problems. What recreation there was, was of the healthful self-made outdoor variety — skating, fishing, hunting and nature appreciation. Small wonder the area was soon referred to as "the garden city of the West".

Fishing was a great sport and the fish were plentiful; there was ice fishing, fly fishing and net fishing. And if this was not sufficient, Mr. Ogrodnick and I did some "hand fishing". It happened thus — the time was spring break-up when lakes were breaking open and fish were going up stream. For relaxation, we were in the habit of driving into remote areas and taking nature walks along the streams. We could see the fish in the stream but they showed no interest in our hooks and line. A snare would have worked but this would be unsportsmanlike as well as illegal. We spotted one large Northern Pike lurking in the shadows of an undercut bank. No amount of fly casting would entice him to bite. Any method that would have worked was not considered "sporty". Decision was made to use bare hands. Nick rolled his sleeves up and positioned himself roughly above the area while I crossed over to guide and direct the attack. With the co-ordination and precision reminiscent of a bomb aimer guiding the plane into final attack, it was "...left ...left ... steady, right, steady ... NOW". On that last instruction, Nick's hands shot down over the pike. There was a big splash, a sudden turbulence and murkiness of the otherwise quiet waters and Nick emerged with a large pike in his hands. "I didn't think you would do it", I congratulated Mr. Ogrodnick. "If a bear can do it so can I", replied Nick.

On another occasion, Nov. 11th day, Nick and I started early one morning on a circuitous route looking for sharp-tailed grouse. There were large flocks in the area, particularly to the southwest of

the Village. After driving in this area, then through to Alder Flats, we ended up passing through Winfield at about supper time. Now the Winfield Legion were having their annual Armistice Day banquet in the hall on main street. A dignified, dress-up, closed affair it was. Inspite of the fact that this was such and that admission was by advance ticket sales only, and urged by the pangs of hunger resulting from the long day and early breakfast, decision was made to ask admission to the banquet.



Walter Wynnyk with game birds.

Accordingly, we entered the lobby and humbly requested tickets to the banquet. The lady at the door politely informed us that such an occasion was by advanced ticket sales and reserved only for members and ex-servicemen; besides, it was just about filled up. She must have been impressed with our "lean and hungry" look for she asked whether we were ex-servicemen. Whereupon Mr. Ogrodnick immediately informed her that we were veterans of the Korean War, World War II, World War I and the Boer Wars. Duly impressed, she disappeared to make enquiries and returned with good news. "We have two places at the tables — but they are not together". Feigning indignation, Nick again regaled our hostess with " . . . we've been together for the Korean War, World War I, World War II etc.", adding two or three wars to the previous list. Back went the lady; she re-arranged a long table so that we could have two places together, and returned to inform us that all arrangements had been made to our satisfaction. By this time everybody in the room was waiting to see what all the fuss was about and who these characters were that caused such a commotion. One can imagine the

"let down" when they saw who entered. Our embarrassment almost prevented us from entering at this stage.

By the early 60's, local changes were affecting this area. The District Nurse tradition was being replaced by doctors and a new era of Health Unit Nurses appeared on the scene. We observed this with considerable interest and relish. About this time too, Mr. Frank Kozar (now Dr. Kozar) had been teaching in Thorsby and came on staff of the Breton Cadet Corps. In time, a comradiere developed through the school and cadet interests, and we visited considerably. Frank eventually married the Health Unit nurse and ceased to work with the Breton Cadets upon taking command of the Thorsby Corps.

Now there appears to exist, in some peoples' minds, an unproven, unprovable suspicion that this same Dr. Kozar — bless his heart, engaged in some serious humanitarian machinations. For there appeared on the scene a new Health Unit nurse, Joan Manuel. Frank, the perfect host, after inviting this nurse to supper at their home, co-incidentally asked me to drop in "to break the bread". The consequent developments require no telling. Joan and I were married on July 6, 1963, and after a brief

holiday in Europe returned to Breton.

The promised house was not even started — a trailer was ordered. During the ten day delivery period we lived in the cabin on the corner of 51st Ave. and 49th St. I was glad it was only ten days, for during these ten days I packed more pails of water from the neighbor's well than I did in any previous ten months. Our 10' x 36' trailer eventually arrived and we moved into the trailer court, then owned by Walter Johnson. There we spent a very quiet, but pleasant winter, alongside Lil and Ralph Hook, now of Drayton Valley, who were the only other inhabitants.

In the spring of 1964, the County of Leduc decided to build another teacherage in Breton and we were able to choose the building site. It didn't take long to decide that we would like the lots where Bob Samardzic formerly had his trailer court. The house plan was not of our choosing; it was to be built the same as the latest teacherage in Beaumont. The house was started on schedule but the spring and summer of 1964 proved to be very wet, so building did not proceed as quickly as planned.

In the meantime, our first born, Paul Francis, arrived on June 29, 1964. Finally, in November, we were able to move into our new home. On March 28, 1966, our daughter, Ann-Marie, arrived to complete our family.

We have continued to live in the same house and still feel we have a choice location. We have since purchased the house from the County of Leduc, landscaped the yard and coverted the trailer court "wash house" into a garage.

After some thought, Joan and I have decided that we will stay in Breton, even after I retire. With

the opening of the west country, paved roads, and improved town facilities, the teacher population has become fairly stable. I am now principal of the Breton Junior-Senior High School; the elementary school is a separate entity and under the principalship of Mr. Clark Landgraf. The cadet organization still occupies much of my time as we parade Mondays and Tuesdays at Breton and Alder Flats respectively. I am also a member of the Breton Elks and try to take in a Chamber of Commerce meeting when possible. Joan is currently a member of the Breton Curling Club, the Hospital Auxiliary and the Breton Library Board. Both Paul and Ann-Marie are, at the time of writing, in junior high school and are also involved in various activities of their own, including music, sports and cadets. We now own a "converted school bus camper" which has been used for many summer family outings.



Walter Wynnyk Family. Walter and Joan, Paul and Ann-Marie.

After doing a lot of travelling, we still believe that Breton, the town with a future, is a great place to live.

— WALTER AND JOAN WYNNYK



SCHOOLS



ANTROSS SCHOOL DISTRICT #4614

Location of Antross (circled), Fraspur and Norbuck in early 30's as they relate to present roads and Breton. Shaded area is Antross School District #4614. N Location of Antross (circled) Fraspur and ·E Norbuck in early 30's as they relate to Breton and roads as they are now. N SHADED AREA IS ANTROSS SCHOOL DISTRICT #4614 TOWNSHIP 48 RANGE 3 MODESTE **BRETON** TOWNSHIP LINE TO BUCK CREEK 35 33 .32 ~ ² 33 ⁻ TOWNSHIP 47 RANGE 3 ~29 25 -28 - 28 26 ANTHONY ANTHONY SIDING PLANERS & MILL 23 = 21 . 20 ANTROSS W ROSS Ε SCHOOL SIDING **ROSS PLANER** 1 AND CAMP 16 MODESTE VALLEY SCHOOL FRASER FRASPUR ŠIDING MILL & CAMP **BURROWS** NORBUCK SIDING MILL NORBUCK SCHOOL ! 33 33 36 32 34 35 **TOWNSHIP 46 RANGE 3** Highway #12 S

ANTROSS SCHOOL DISTRICT #4614

Antross School, like Antross itself, came into existence and disappeared again within the time span covered by this history book. As with many other schools of this period it was born of necessity, but perhaps the manner in which it was built was a little unique.

As is mentioned elsewhere in this book, Antross has its beginnings in the late 20's, but in the first few years the mill and camps were manned entirely either by single men or farmers from surrounding areas who came to work in the winter to supplement their income so they could develop their homestead in summer. They stayed in the camp bunkhouses while their wives and children were home on the farms.

However, by the early 30's change was in the wind. Ross & Beard Lumber Co. built a large planer at the same location as Anthony's loading siding and this nearly doubled the population of Antross. Some of the crew built shacks near the camp and brought their families. This was especially true of permanent employees that didn't return to their farms in the summer. About this time Mark and Les Anthony also moved their families from Edmonton to the mill and they had children ready to start school. It was becoming more and more apparent that some schooling would have to be provided. Mrs. Wild did teach a few children in her home but this was a temporary arrangement until a better solution could be provided. The nearest schools were in Breton and Wenham Valley which was too far for the young children.

Today, with bussing and centralized schools. the solution would be simple, but in 1933 it was not. Funds were almost impossible to get from a nearly bankrupt government. However, provision of land for a school was automatic as section 23 in each township was designated as school land by law. The first step towards a school for Antross was to make an application to the government to establish a school district. On May 8th, 1933 the request was granted and Antross School District #4614 in subdivision #5 of the Wetaskiwin School Division was finally in existence. It was comprised of section 18 in range 3 and sections 13, 14, 15, 16, 21, 22, 23, and 24 in range 4 west of 5 in township 47. A school board was elected with J.W. Ross as senior trustee and plans for the actual building were formulated. The actual site chosen was in the southwest corner of N.W. of 23-47-4-5, just about 200 yards south and east of Bob Samardzic's house on what is now Jim Musson's west quarter. This was ideal as it was only 3/4 of a mile from Anthony's mill and within walking distance of the homestead families to the east. Some of these families that come to my mind were Smiths, Impeys, Matthews, Biros, Ings and Maines. Another reason for choosing this spot was the availability of water from the spring below the hill by Samardzics, so drilling a well would not be necessary. Once the decision to build was made, the school went up quite rapidly. The two lumber mills donated the lumber and materials and the men donated the work. It was done in the evenings and on Sundays, but everyone helped willingly as that was the only way that their children would get an education. The building was finally completed in the summer of 1933 and a good building it was as it is still in use today on Roy Matheson's farm, after withstanding two moves.

The first teacher was hired for the fall term of 1933. The honor went to Miss Frances Hinds who had taught the previous year in Breton. Her first class was small but I'm sure it must have given her second thoughts about teaching. Some of us couldn't speak a word of English, others were thirteen and fourteen and just starting grade one and so on, but she seemed to sort everything out and everyone learned fast. Discipline was strict and undisputed. The strap wasn't used often but we all had a healthy fear of it. School jurisdiction extended even to the journey to and from school, and even a swear word in those circumstances would warrant the strap. Can anyone imagine trying to enforce these rules today?

Once the school was in operation its enrollment grew rapidly. By the second year, Miss Hinds had the classroom filled. Previously, I mentioned some of the farm families but there were many other families from the two mills that attended over the years. I probably can't remember them all, but among the ones I do remember were the Mark and Les Anthony children, the Ayres, Grzybs, Diestings, Dzeriks, Greys, Rivers, Bobers, Burbas, Wilds, Armstrongs, McNiels, Boss, Carsons and Freesons.

At this time I will try to describe a typical winter day in the school at that time. Usually an older student was given the responsibility to arrive early and start the wood fire at the back of the room. This had to be done well as not only the room had to be warmed up but the water bucket had to be thawed out. When the teacher arrived a couple of the boys were assigned to unharness her horse and put it in



Antross School about 1934. Back row (left to right) Ed Diesting, Violet Ing, Dorothy Ing, Lily Diesting. Third row, Donelda Grzyb, Margaret Grey, Doris Diesting, Bill Anthony, Margaret Biro, Myrtle Ing, Eleanor Anthony, Lois Anthony. Second row, Frank Smith, Jim Smith, Mina Diesting, May Impey, Dorothy Ayres, Priscilla Biro, Betty Ayres. Front row, August Diesting, Ed Grzyb, Harold Ayres, Allen Grey, Ted Grzyb, George Impey.

the small barn in the school yard. The bricks she used to keep her feet warm were brought into the school to be reheated for her five mile trip back to Breton in the evening. Classes in the winter occasionally began around the heater until the room warmed up. Since all the grades were together, the teacher had to be very skilled to be able to keep everyone working, but it also gave better students opportunities to advance much faster than under our present day segregated grades. When recess time came everyone went outside (that was our auditorium) either to play or pay a visit to our airconditioned bathrooms. We had a variety of games but certainly no sports equipment (other than a ball and bat for summer). In winter we had to amuse ourselves with snow forts, snowball fights and so on.

The noon hour was a busy time. Cocoa cans lined the stove to be warmed up. A favorite pastime was to pound the lids on tight and see if you could make the lids hit the ceiling when the cocoa got hot. Of course, it was always an accident for the teacher's benefit. A couple of pupils were always assigned to carry a pail of water from the spring at noon. At hometime the teacher's horse had to be harnessed and hooked up to the cutter, the school cleaned and so on and this was all done by students. By the time



Antross School 1936. Practising for a track meet.

we walked back home, we were too tired to raise very much cain.

In the third year we got Mr. Sam Richards for our teacher (brother to Cyril Richards who was teaching in Breton about the same time). He got us involved in softball in a big way. One of the rewards for doing well in class was that we would be allowed to walk to Breton up the railroad track for a game of softball against the Breton School. The fourth and fifth year we were taught by Allan W. Fraser. I especially remember him as he had a particular brand of discipline that we had to learn all over again, but he was a very good teacher who took a very personal interest in each and every student. I can also remember that he was our first teacher who smoked. We found this out because he used to take long walks down the road at noon and some of our spies caught him smoking on one of these walks.

It was during Mr. Fraser's second year that the train derailment occurred at the tressle 1½ miles north of the school. There was a fire and some casualties so this was a very impressionable occurrance for all us youngsters who went to see it.

I left Antross School to attend Breton the next fall as grade 8 was the top grade taught at Antross, but I will try to finish the history as best that I can remember.

I believe Sam Richards returned the sixth year for a second term and then came Mrs. Margaret Hauge. She was the wife of Anthony's sawyer at the time and I believe she taught for several years. I think these were the years of the highest enrollment and you might say the "hay days" of Antross School. About this time, the mills had pretty well cleaned out the timber and were beginning to wind down



Antross School class 1938-39. Back row (left to right) Billy Anthony, Herman Diesting, Lois Anthony, Elsie Maine, August Diesting, Ed Rivers, Ed Grzyb, Sam Richards (teacher). Third row, Effie Impey, Myrtle Maine, Florence Burba, Myrtle Ing, Danelda Grzyb, May Impey, Doris Diesting, Eleanor Anthony, Edith Matthews, Henry Bober, Dale Matthews. Second row, Shirley Anthony, Lorraine Armstrong, Renee Anthony, Bob Rivers, ? . Front row, Earl McNeil, Pat Matthews, George Anthony, Glen Armstrong, Jimmy Jeriek, ? . , Betty Impey, Alice McNeil, Glen Matthews, Sis Anthony.



Antross school class at Breton track meet, 1938.

their operations. As the population dwindled, so did the school enrollment and now the farm kids from east of Antross were the major part of the school population. In the late 30's, the road south of Antross School was opened up and for the first time, students from south of Antross were able to attend.



Antross School 1944. Front row, L. to R. Metvin Moore, Bert Smith, Donnie Freeson, Reynold Ross, Nora Jean Wilson, June Moore. Second row, Wayne Carson, Bob Freeson, Myles Carson, Faye Smith, Jessie McNeil. Third row, Pete Kanda, Gorman Deisting, Alice McNeil, Bob Moore, Earl McNeil. Fourth row, Walter Smith, George Moore, Herman Deisting, Florence Burba.

In 1938, section 19 in range 3 was added to the school district.

In 1942 Miss Mary Osypchuk took over teaching duties; in 1944 Irene Falkenstien was the teacher and the next year came Robert Swigart. In 1945 Antross School District was transferred from Wetaskiwin School Division to the Strawberry School Division and Mrs. Enna Flint of Norbuck became the teacher. I believe she taught until 1948 and was the last certified teacher to teach at Antross. In 1948 Mrs. W. Mockerman took over supervisory duties as the enrollment was now dropping very rapidly due to the mills having terminated operations. Except for brief periods when Miss Diamond and Miss Ruth Miller supervised, Mrs. Mockerman was in charge of Antross School until it finally closed for good in about 1950.

On October 24th, 1961 Antross School District #4614 was deemed to have been dissolved but the building itself was to serve a few more years. It was moved to Breton where it served for awhile as a classroom and later as an industrial arts classroom. Even when Breton's new high school was built, the old Antross School was still too sound to be wrecked, so it was sold to Roy Matheson and is still in use on his farm to this day. That's a total of 48 years of continued use. When you consider that our schools today, which are designed by professional architects, only have a life expectancy of about 30 years before they start talking about tearing them

down, I would think that the men who constructed

this building should be justly proud.

— TED GRZYB



School parade for Coronation of George VI at Breton, 1937.

THE BRETON SCHOOLS

The history of the Breton schools has been obtained from existing records and from people who have lived or still live in the area. As far as is known, the information is quite accurate though some dates for the earlier buildings have had to be approximated. We apologize for any information or names which have been omitted or wrongly recorded.

It seems that Breton really began to exist as a hamlet around 1926-27. The railroad was here and was being extended to Leduc, a downtown area was making its appearance and more settlers were moving into the district. The education of the children had to be considered, so in 1927 a one room school was erected on the same location as the present Breton Elementary Schools. Mr. Dan McLeod was the first teacher and he had a class of 27 pupils. Because it was the first school, it is noteworthy to name those pupils who attended in 1927 —

Phyllis Bond
Merl Bond
Jack Bogart
Ilene Bogart
Louise Bogart
Lawrence Bogart
Lawrence Breton
Marie Breton
Mabel Fadden
Jim Fadden
Grenville Hoath
Merrit Hoath
Kathleen Hoath
Lucille Hoath

Victoria Hooks Rosella Hooks Catherine Hooks Richard Hooks Marquis Hooks Clarence Jamieson Dorothy McLeod Gwen McLeod Margaret Oslin Lloyd Thrasher Dorothy Thrasher Alvena Webb Albert Zantjer



Breton Senior Class (United Church) 1933-34. Manley Nichols (teacher). Back row (left to right), Carl Hanson, Ted Greenwood, Viola Anderson, Ellen Hernberg, Mabel Hoath, Marie Breton, Pearl Hoath, Dorothy Spindler, Lloyd Thrasher, Lawrence Breton. Front row, Norman Jamieson, Kenny Levers, Irene Levers, Beatrice Hooks, Helen Spindler, Lucille Hoath, Dorothy Thrasher.

In 1935, the school population had increased enough to warrant two rooms (junior and senior). The junior room remained in the one room school and the senior class was moved into the United Church (located where the Treasury Branch is now). The pews on one side of the church were removed and desks took their place.



Breton School grades 1 - 5, 1937-38. Lily Stevens (teacher).



Breton School picnic, 1939.

About 1941, the Modeste Valley School (also known as the Wenham Valley School) was moved into Breton near the one room school. The senior class was then housed in this building.

On September 29, 1938, the Breton School District No. 4277 was divided into Subdivision No. 5 of the Wetaskiwin School Division No. 36.

On November 18, 1942, the Breton School District No. 4277 was transferred from the Wetaskiwin Division No. 36 into Subdivision No. 2 of the Strawberry School Division No. 49.



Breton School Senior Class 1941-42. Mr. Cork (teacher).

The following lists will contain names of teachers only.

1927-1930 Dan McLeod 1930-1933 Frances Hinds

1933-1934 Manley Nichols 1934-1935 Cyril Richards



Lily Stevens - Teacher at Breton School (junior room), 1936-1939.

1935-1936 Cyril Richards Frances Roulston

1936-1937

George Crandall Lily Stevens

1937-1938

Wilbert Stevens Lily Stevens

1938-1939

Wilbert Stevens Lily Stevens

1939-1940

Wilbert Stevens Nadin Timofeeff

1940-1941

Albert Puchinsky Hazel P. Moore

1941-1942

Mr. Cork O.R. Boychuk

1942-1943

Mr. Swagart C. Jean Fleshman



Breton School 1930, Back Row L. to R. Lawrence Breton, Lloyd Thrasher, Gordon Levers, Angus Derry, Frances Hinds (Teacher), Marie Breton, Dorothy Spindler, Pearl Hoath, Viola Neutzling, Mabel Hoath, Birdie Hoath. Second Row, Millie Spindler, Irene Levers, Beatrice Hooks, Margaret Beatty, Peggy Akeg, Lillian Donald, Helen Spindler, Ruth Hoath, Violet Breton, Viola Anderson. Seated: Dorothy Thrasher, Lucille Hoath, Jack Akey, Kenneth Levers, Roddy Anderson, Norman Jamieson, Stuart Beatty, Elgin Hoath, Billy Akey, Lyle Levers.



Breton School 1939-40. Back row (left to right), Dorothy Snell, Beatrice Hooks, Goldie Weymouth, Ted Grzyb, Leona Anderson, June Hallgren, Marjorie Mond, Helen Spindler, Muriel Huntley, Joyce Levers.

Front row, Earl Johnson, Jimmy Radford, Harry Delitzoy, Eddie Hooks, Lloyd Levers, Paul Ponich, Billy Adair, Bobby Levers.



Breton School 1941-42. Back row (left to right), Jimmy Seal, Kenneth Gillespie, Bill Adair, Lorna Webster, Danelda Grzyb, Myrtle Main, Susann Pyrcz, Yvonne Anderson, Audrey Delitzoy, Gordon Webster. Middle row, Fred Snell, Stanley Anderson, Phyllis Myles, Betty Jamieson, Gladys Myrtle Nadya Pyrcz, Ethel Loomis, Margaret Loomis, Elaine Miller, Louise Levers, Julius Cassie, Benny Flesher. Front row - kneeling, Walter Gillespie, Roy Delitzoy, Henry Bober, Dorothy Snell, Joyce Levers, Annie Dick, Lucille Chardon, Helen Ross, Grace Wild, Anna Ringborg, Bobby Seal, Lee Miller.

1943-1944

William Henkel C. Jean Fleshman

1944-1945

William Henkel Dixie Herbert

1945-1946

William Henkel Dixie Herbert Mary E. Wilson

1946-1947

William Henkel Dixie Herbert Mary E. Wilson

1947-1948

Emory Gruninger Mary E. Wilson Kay McCormick

1948-1949

Watcil Bolick
Mrs. M. Bolick
Mabel McCartney
Helen D. Menzies
Kay McCormick
(part of year)
June Justin
(part of year)

1949-1950

Watcil Bolick Mrs. M. Bolick Mabel McCartney Helen M. Ciz Rose Marie Blust

1950-1951

Joe Melnychuk Mrs. O. Melnychuk Nick Ogrodnick Helen M. Ciz Rose Marie Blust

1951-1952

Joe Melnychuk Mrs. O. Melnychuk Nick Ogrodnick Lucille A. McKellar Margaret Eisel Phyllis M. Campbell

1952-1953

Joe Melnychuk Mrs. O. Melnychuk Nick Ogrodnick James Stuart A. Robert Seal Kay Wolfenber (Ogrodnick)



Breton School Senior Class 1947-48. Emory Gruninger (teacher). First row, John Sobon, Steve Ross, Annie Woroniuk, Sophie Sobon, Velma Covar, Wayne Carson. Second row, George Hopgood, Billy Flesher, Ken Scott, Bob Freeson, Joan Ross, Vera Weymouth, Lorne Belanger. Third row, Lloyd Conradson, Jean Woroniuk, Jessie McNiel, Don Lauber, Faye Smith, Carol Seal, Annie Impey. Fourth row, George Ellis, Alice McNiel, Lyle Oulton, Francis Ross, Bob Moore, Bud Impey, Leona Anderson, Walter Grzyb, Ronald Anderson, Bob Seal, Gary Reid, David Torbett, Bobby Myles.



Breton Schools 1948, Carol Seal and Vera Moore



Breton School Senior Class 1946-47. Mr. Wm. Henkel (teacher).



Teachers' Institute at Winfield in 1948 - Strawberry School Division.

In the spring or summer of 1945, an addition (to the north) to the one room school was started; this was completed about December, 1945. Another teacher, Mary E. Wilson, was then hired and Miss Herbert (now Mrs. Henkel) was relieved of about one half of her fifty some pupils.

In 1947-48, the present two room grade one school was constructed.

The Antross School was moved into Breton around 1949-50. This school was used as a regular classroom for a few years and then as an industrial arts shop until 1964.

In 1952, construction began on the first stage of the present larger Breton Elementary School. This building contained two larger classrooms, two smaller rooms and a basement.

The first addition to this school was erected in 1953 (to the south) and this added two more classrooms and a few smaller rooms; the basement was also enlarged. The students now took their classes in the two permanent buildings, the Modeste Valley School and the Antross School.



Breton School teaching staff 1948-49. (left to right) Kay McCormick, Helen Menzies, Mabel McCartney, Mrs. M. Bolick, Watcil Bolick.



Breton School 1949. Front Row, L. to R. Mark Miller, Wayne Anderson, Dot Hopgood, Bernice Oelkers, George Horvath, Joe Robinson, Ken Maines, Joe Sobon. Centre Row, Eli Miles, Billy Covar, Mary Horvath, Beatrice Williams. Betty Raczuk, Don Freeson. Last Row, Bill Smith, Phyllis Fedun, Johnny Torbett, Glenn Birchill, Colin Collins, Charlie Marks. Standing, Lily Miller, Lois Smith, Mrs. McCormick (teacher).



Breton school teachers 1952-53 — top to bottom, Mr. Melnychuk, Mr. Stewart, Mrs. Ogrodnick, Mrs. Melnychuk, Mrs. Campbell, Mr. Seal, Mr. Ogrodnick.

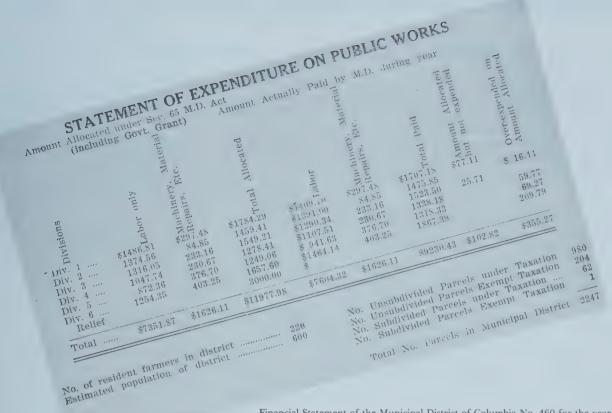
Breton School 1950. Back row, L. to R. Don Freeson, Joe Sobon, Vivian Ross, Jean Neutzling, Joyce Delitzoy, Elsie Neutzling, Mr. Ogrodnick (teacher), Mark Miller. Second row, Charlie Marks, Jim Aldous, Joe Robinson, John Torbett, Tom Impey, Ken Flesher, Arnald Norman, Wayne Anderson, Billy Smith, Eli Myles, Colin Collins. Front row, Betty Raczuk, Mary Horvath, Kathleen Farrell, Lois Smith, Beatrice Williams, Bernice Oelkers, Dorothy Hopgood, Edith Clark, Lily Miller, Phyllis Fedun, Mary Impey.





Breton School 1952-53. Mr. Robert Seal (teacher) and his class.

FINANCIA	TAT	EMENT	
FINANCIA	LUZZZZ	Payments	- 42
		nding Cheques and, or, Over- t Dec. 31st, 1930	960.42
Receipts \$ 118	3.18 Outsta	nding Cheques and, or, ort g	
Receipts \$ 118 Cash on hand, Dec. 31st, 1930	0.59 draf	t Dec. out	1000.00
Cash on hand, Dec. 21st. 1930	Admit	nistration— aries—Secretary-Treasurer	100.00
	6.63 Sal	aries—Secretary-Treasurer Assessor	85.00 20.00
Deceipts on Accounting Costs	1	979 - 0.03	58.39
	10.00	and	2.00
	39.90 Fle	nd Expenses Expenses	103.24
Relief (chargeable to person) 1: Relief	00.80 80	izure Expenses T. O. Postage, Stationery	256.62
Relief Charles 1 Relief Gas Tax Refunds Commissions, Etc.—	1.	T. O	9.67
	4.82 Pr	inting, Postage, Star	190.00
	31.28 E	T. O. postage. Stationery mining, Postage. Stationery schange frice Expenses frice Expenses	20.00
Interest and Exchange	43.64 0	ffice Expenses	487.00
Fines, Fees, and Exchange Interest and Exchange Seizure or T.R. Costs Solo Surplus	232.58 D	rchange ffice Expenses elegates' Expenses (Meetings)	
Seizure or T.R. Costs	("	elegates' Expenses ouncil Fees (Meetings)	29.00
Loans————————————————————————————————————	2000.00 1	ests and Relief, Etc.	530.03
School	Gr	ants, Alu allowance	155.40
	24.50	ants, Ald allowance Mothers' Allowance Old Age Pensions Relief	599.45
Poundage Excess	10.00		
Poundage Excess Roads Land Sales	100.00 P	Aid and Repairs and Repairs	2107.97
Roads Land Sales Sale of Logs Public Works Trust Monies Received	3237.00	Labor Machinery and Repairs Material Lees (Road supervision)	1408.85 424.70
Sale of Loss Works		Material (Road supervision) Council Fees (Road supervision) Council Fees (Road supervision)	51.41
Trust Monies Received Educational	507.49	Material Sees (Road supervision) Council Fees (Road supervision) Workmen's Compensation Board Workmen Road Allowance	81.20
Trust Monies	3077.19	Workmen's Compelisation	10.00
Transfer	4027.51	Workmen's Compensation Board Purchase Road Allowance Refund Land Purchase	
Wild Lanus School Hail Insurance Hail Insurance (less Com.) Arrs. (less Com.)	14.01		
Hail Insurance Reported School Arrs. (less Com.) Reported School Arrs. overdraft at Dec.	1995.90	, Int .	
Hail Insurance Reported School Arrs. (less Com.) Cheques or overdraft at Dec. Outstanding Cheques	. 31, 1331	Municipal—Principal and Int School—Principal and Int	
Outstanding Cheques or overdraft as Mun. Ac. Outstanding cheques	235.22		
Mun. Ac. Overdraft	184.86		
	253.35	Trust Monies Remitted— Supp. Revenue	3153.92
Mun. At. Overdraft Provincial Taxes	233.25	Supp. Revenue Educational	, 14.01
Provincial Taxes School		Educational Wild Lands	7132,99
School Relief		Wild Lands To Hail Board School Districts: Requisitions "Reported Arrear	
		Balances Dec. 31st, 1931— Municipal Account (on hand) Municipal Taxes Trust Account	965.15
			327.12
		Provincial Account	278.33
		Tax Trust Account School Taxes Trust Account Relief	155.32 313.39
		Bolief	313.35
	\$54670 F	Tax 11455 55	Financial Statemen
	204010	Distric	t of Columbia No. 460
Total		306	



Financial Statement of the Municipal District of Columbia No. 460 for the year 1931.

of Dist.	\$6	·	SCHOOL TAX STATEMENTS Collections						EI 80	37.8 1	Paid to S.D.'s During Year		S.D.'s Dec. 31 Arrears
\$\frac{\sigma}{2} \frac{\sigma}{2} \frac	\$ 984.44 622.83 985.56 157.91 1272.71 912.01 570.56 741.02 1045.85 949.28 428.44 90.44	0861 TE COUNTY TO THE COUNTY THE	89 80 0 Te pu d. e \$222.28 \$22.28 \$2.90 160.75 52.10 162.22 149.68 67.43 110.57 137.31 115.27 36.02 3.01 23.08 11.88	\$3256.64 1529.72 1772.09 720.62 2954.38 2731.91 1483.60 1981.42 2606.63 851.62 93.45	\$663.65 585.71 882.77 133.74 539.22 598.10 431.11 507.41 690.83 373.38 355.39 30.14	\$ 52.88 122.12 51.92	\$ 76.11 5.00 49.30 77.04	*2.64 4.59 2.61	\$2592.89 944.01 \$13.21 \$586.88 2410.14 2084.51 1975.45 1474.01 1915.80 1622.97 480.97 63.31	\$ 800.00 460.00 800.00 145.00 700.00 125.54 600.00 808.20 900.00 808.20 338.45	\$ 800.00 460.00 800.00 145.00 700.00 700.00 526.54 600.00 808.20 900.00 808.20 338.45 55.80	\$ 50.24 117.53	Ilai. Die S.
Breron, 4277		239.85	21.98	261.83 822793 16	\$5794.25	\$226.92	\$259.91		\$15964.15	\$7132.99	87132.99	\$167.77	\$49.32
Land Buildings	and Improve		9293.70	72210010	QUI (A)	- 10 - 10 - 10 - 10 - 10 - 10 - 10 - 10	Munici	e Lands	ssment, Acres		98.70 58,475.11		

Financial Statement of the Municipal District of Columbia No. 460 for the year 1931.

Quotations from the "School Reporter" — 1945

Breton's Future

If the people of Breton pull together Breton has a chance of being a very prosperous town. There will be only a few small mills and the people will all be turning to mixed farming. Breton will produce the best grass and clover seed in Canada.

In ten years Breton will be a farming town. The stores will be on a larger scale. There will be fewer lumberjacks in town. Breton will develop if the Government Clearing project goes through. Breton will have gravel streets and cement sidewalks.

By F. Reid

By N. Jamieson

BRETON'S SENIOR ROOM PUPILS FUTURE IN TEN YEARS

David Torbett Bernard Hopkins Leona Anderson Frances Ross Gary Reid **Buddy Impey** Walter Grzyb

Robert Moore

Ruth Williams

Bobby Myles George Ellis

Joe Hopkins Daisy Maine Gordon Reid

Albert Hauptman Betty Jamieson Margaret Loomis Helen Ross

Alice McNeill Anna Ringberg Bobby Seal Stanley Anderson

Lyle Oulton

Bennie Flesher Jimmie Seal

Bill Burris Nina Burris

Lorna Webster

Annie Dick

Mr. William Henkel

I'll be a regular old farmer.

I'll be in the good old Navy (I hope).

I'm going to be an air hostess.

I'm going to be a secretary to some great man. I want to be a mean and tough policeman.

I'm going to be an adventurer. I'll try to be an electrical engineer.

I'm going to be riding a motorcycle around the

I want to be a missionary and go help the natives in Africa.

I'll likely be a regular old bum.

I'm going to be a horse rancher. I'm going to

breed pure bred Palominos.

I'm going to be a good old truck driver. I want to be married by that time.

I'm going to be with the Mounties in the Yukon getting scalps as souvenirs for my wife and two

I guess I'll be going through Varsity then. I'll no doubt be a nice pretty medical missionary. I'll be a good efficient nurse.

I'll be busy working as a stenographer in some

I'm going to be a nice cheerful and pretty nurse. I'll be either on the farm or in the air force. I'm going to be a construction engineer.

I'm going to own some small business as a store,

I'm going to be a geometry teacher and own a share in the Oulton Bros. Co.

I'll be having hay seed in my hair.

Breaking my neck flying and I don't mean on my own wings.

I'll be dealing with mixed farming.

Oh I suppose I'll be doing what the average woman of 27 does.

I know what I want to do but if I get it is another thing.

I guess I'll be still looking for a man although I might have a good job doing something.

I'll be getting the Old Age Pension by then.

Breton will continue to grow for five years that is until the lumber business is finished. Then for the next two vears Breton will stand still till farmers get a hold. As soon as this happens Breton will again start to grow.

Farmers will grow clover and peas, no heavy grains, and there will be very little heavy machinery. There will be poultry and dairy cattle.

There will be no dairy in Breton for many years as there is not enough cream and milk to keep it operating the year round and even if they were to start one some farmers will still ship cream to places where prices are better.

By P. Seal

Breton will become a dairy and sheep farming country with forage feed and seed crops and the process will be slow because of the cost of clearing. The residential part of Breton will deteriorate for a few years until other businesses grow up and give occupation to all due, the mechanics, mechanical farming and repair shops.

By R. Burris

When Teddy was asked if Breton would be any smaller than it is now he replied "Oh maybe if the mills go out". When asked if Breton would ever be big enough to own street cars he said, "Oh maybe someday if it's ever a city". We asked him if he would always like to live in Breton and he answered "Yep".

By Teddy Chapin, Grade I

The Breton district will be a mixed farming country. After the camps are through more farmland will be cleared and more farming will be started. The town of Breton will have graveled streets, newer houses, larger and more stores and business places.

By L. Webster, Grade XI

The sawmills will soon leave and then there will be a large increase in dairy farming but there will not be much grain grown. They might get a cheese factory or something like that. There will be more houses and buildings and better sanitation in Breton.

By Billy Flesher, Grade VII

I SAW TODAY WEDNESDAY **IUNE 12**

The two Hanson boys sons of Verma and Nels were seen sitting in front of the cafe eating up the profits by means of ice cream.

The mail bag must be bulging as many were seen rushing to the train to mail numerous letters.

Mr. A. Dick walking up the tracks following the train. Why didn't he

Audrey Delitzoy coming off the Muskeg Special.

Anne Chomyszyn and Ted Grzyb were cleaning up the Nelson Hall for their wedding dance which is to be held June 18.

Kate Cholak running to the store for spuds for dinner.

Three soldiers and one airman riding up the street in an army jeep.

Frank Lyon cranking his old jalopy in front of Jamieson's hardware store.

Mr. Hill wheeling a wheelbarrow up the street while Mr. Baynes and Mr. Brotchie observed his technique.

VISIT TO FRASER'S **PLANER**

As we approach this masterpiece of man's ability to harness nature's energy to do his work, we see a line of full loaded lumber wagons about two hundred feet from the mill. This lumber having been loaded previously by men down in the yard and hauled up to its present position, will soon be put through the planer. As we enter the building we see two resaws which saw the two inch pieces of lumber into two one inch pieces, one of these saws being bigger than the other. Back of them we see the two planers. The bigger one being used more than the smaller. Beside the planer is the sawdust blower with pipes leading to all the saws in the mill and also the two planers. Next to the sawdust blowers

Mrs. Geo. Reid on seeing us girls gave us an imitation of a curtsy and a

is the trim saw which saws up fire wood. Behind this is an edger and one resaw. The edger is to take off the rough edges of lumber. The resaw is a circular type while the other mentioned are of the band saw type. Let us follow a piece of lumber two inches thick and twelve inches wide and see where it goes to. It is hauled into the mill and put on a three wheeled truck wagon where it is hauled over to the circular resaw and sawed in half. Again it is put on this wagon and hauled over to the planer where its rough covering is taken off. Once again it is put on one of these wagons and pulled over to the box car. Here it is loaded in the box car and shipped away to be built into buildings of many kinds. Judging from the speed this machinery is running we can well say that this mill must plane about seventy five thousand feet of lumber a day.

Lyle Oulton



One of Breton's first school graduations, 1955.



One of Breton's first school graduations, 1955.

District School Holds Graduation

BRETON - The Breton High School auditorium was the scene

Graduating were: grade 12 reen Sobon, Elizabeth Sobon, Syl- Eylmer McCartney replied on Ember commented on the fleet- son's Hall.

via Sylvester, Elizabeth Vidok behalf of the parents. and Bunny Plunkie.

out in the school colors of blue jum where to the strains of "O and gold, about 106 guests, com- Welt, Ich Muss Dich Lassen," by a talk by E. Hodgson, superinprising graduates, their parents Brahms, the procession of grad-tendent of schools. Mr. Hodgson and teachers' were served.

of a banquet in honor of the W. Wynnyk, principal, P. Seal rounding district organizations, phy of life to add stability in graduating class of 1955 recently, proposed a toast to the grad-were presented to the graduates uates. Ethel Anderson, president by C. King. of the students' union, replied. Ethel Anderson, Phyllis Fedun, Following a toast to the school medlies by the Breton High cation were drawn to the atten-Isabelle Goddard, Lois Hooks, by Mark Miller, J. Stewart com- School chorus and a solo by Lois tion of the guests and the audi-Kay Moorhouse, Mark Miller, Al- mented on certain trends in Hooks. vina Van Ember and Valera present educational tendencies. Barbara Flesher introduced the With the presentation of Wideman, Grade nine—Michael Elizabeth Vidok in a toast to grade nine class and gave the scrolls and a recessional to Of-Campbell, Barbara Flesher, Ber- the parents expressed gratitude class history, while Phyllis Fedun fenbach's "Bacarolle," the actha Herman, Ronnie McCartney, for the opportunities provided to was the class historian for grade tivities of the evening passed on Lois Prentice, George Shave, Do- the students by their parents. 12. Valedictorian Alvina Van to the graduation ball at Nel-

Within the dining hall, decked guests adjourned to the auditor- years will present to this class. uates took its place on the plat- pointed out to the graduating After a toast to the queen by form. Flowers, donated by sur-

The program consisted of song

Barbara Flesher introduced the

ing years of their school days Following the banquet, the and the challenge the next few

The climax of the evening was class the necessity of a philosotimes of uncertainty and insecurity. The responsibilities that accompany the privilege of edu-

With the presentation

1953-1954

Bernie MacDonald James Stuart Nick Ogrodnick A. Robert Seal Irene Tiege Betty Tiege Phyllis M. Campbell

1954-1955

Walter Wynnyk James Stuart Nick Ogrodnick Irene Tiege Kay Ogrodnick Betty Mandell Doris West Phyllis Campbell

1955-1956

Walter Wynnyk James Stuart Nick Ogrodnick Lyle Oulton Dorothy Engert Signe Clark Kay Ogrodnick Phyllis Campbell

1956-1957

Walter Wynnyk James Stuart Nick Ogrodnick Lyle Oulton Victoria Calder Dorothy Engert Valera Wideman Mary Misiewich Signe Clark Phyllis Campbell

1957-1958

Walter Wynnyk
James Stuart
Nick Ogrodnick
Lyle Oulton
Dorothy Engert
Erna Biever
Valera Wideman
Signe Clark
Ellen Steen
Lois Robinson
Phyllis Campbell
Muriel Walker

1958-1959

Walter Wynnyk Jack Bullock Edna Bullock



Breton School 1955-56. Back row L. to R. Lyle Oulton (teacher), Johnny Sylvester, Alex Horvath, Harvie Nelson, Keith Heighington, Gerald Lachance, Gordon Snell, John Moorhouse, Alvin Kropp, Edward Larsen, Lester Winn, Melvin Hough, Gerald Reid. Middle row, Fay Ollenberg, Ilene Raczuk, Shirley Fink, Doreen Reid, Phyllis Ladouceur, Anna Hanson, Marilyn Greenwood, Carol Hanson, Phyllis Rae, Judy Moorhouse. Bottom row, Shirley Shave, Vera Shaw, Marilyn Swartz, Judy Irvine, Eileen Gower, Linda Gunderson, Shirley Hanson, Diane Gerwien, Dick Kranounberg, Ronald Gunderson, Duane Turnquist, Edward Robinson, Allan Turnquist, ? Peterson, Lorne Hoff.



Breton School teaching staff 1960-61. Back row (left to right) Floyd Stauffer, Nick Ogrodnick, Lyle Oulton, Jim Montney, Jack Bullock, Jack Malloy, Walter Wynnyk. Front row, Mary Nelson, Kay Ogrodnick, Edna Bullock, Elaine Zeiner, Erna Biever, Frances Gruninger, Ethel Gillies, Mildred McAllister.

Nick Ogrodnick Lyle Oulton Mabel McCartney Mary Reaume Pat Sheridan Erna Biever Lois Robinson Mary Nelson Rose Blake Margaret Wyllie Phyllis Campbell

1959-1960

Walter Wynnyk
Jack Bullock
Edna Bullock
Nick Ogrodnick
Lyle Oulton
George Browne
Kay Ogrodnick
Mary Reaume
Pat Sheridan
Frances Campbell

Mary Nelson
Lois Robinson
Rose Blake
Phyllis Campbell
Florence Maygaard
1960-1961
Walter Wynnyk
Jack Bullock
Edna Bullock
Nick Ogrodnick
Lyle Oulton



Breton School Teaching Staff 1957-58. Back row (left to right) Walter Wynnyk, James Stuart, Valera Wideman, Muriel Walker, Dorothy Engert, Nick Ogrodnick, Lyle Oulton. Front row, Erna Biever, Phyllis Campbell, Lois Robinson, Ellen Steen, Signe Clark.

In the course of 1954-55, when Superintendent Cyril Pyrch was still with the Co-terminus Boundaries Commission, Superintendent John Findley received a permanent posting and the Strawberry School Division superintendent vacancy was filled by the late Dr. Earnest Hodgson. Dr. Hodgson surveyed the school needs and purchased some 10 acres of the Huntley estate, east of the village, for school expansion. The first 3 rooms of the present high school were then built and used as an elementary school.

On January 1, 1956, part of the Strawberry School Division, including the Breton area, came under the jurisdiction of the Leduc School Division.

In 1958 a major addition was added to the present high school — some 4 classrooms, a library, gymnasium and administration area. The elementary grades, i.e. 1 to 6, now occupied the original school at the south end of the village, while grades 7 to 12 came to the building currently in use. Shop students still commuted to the original Antross School building — no Home Economics as yet. This addition was erected by G.J. Forest Construction with Mr. E. Olekshy as architect.

On January 1, 1964, the Leduc School Division changed to county status. To this date, the Breton schools are under the jurisdiction of the County of Leduc No. 25.

Addition number three, to the junior-senior high school, was constructed in 1964. This consisted

Jim Montney
Kay Ogrodnick
Erna Biever
Jack Malloy
Floyd Stauffer
Elaine Ziener
Frances Gruninger
Mary Nelson
Mildred McAllister
Isobel Malloy
(part of year)

Ethel Gillies (part of year)

1961-1962

Walter Wynnyk
Myrna McMechan
Jack Bullock
Edna Bullock
Nick Ogrodnick
Lyle Oulton
Erna Biever

of 3 classrooms, a science laboratory, a shop and dressing rooms.

In 1965, the Breton Elementary School received its third and final addition to date — 4 classrooms, washrooms and an administrative area.

The school term, 1966-67, will be part of history as the Breton Elementary School and the Breton Junior-Senior High School became separate entities under two different principalships, as they remain today.

In 1967, the fourth and final addition, to date, was made to the junior-senior high school — a Home Economics laboratory, 1 classroom, a general purpose room, an infirmary and a teachers' work room.

Jack Malloy
Leo Goltz
Frances Gruninger
Mildred McAllister
Elaine Ziener
Lorraine Prunica
Mary Nelson
Kay Ogrodnick
Mae Astle

1962-1963

Walter Wynnyk Myrna McMechan **Tack Bullock** Edna Bullock Nick Ogrodnick Lyle Oulton Erna Biever **Jack Malloy** Leo Goltz Frances Gruninger Mary Nelson Lorraine Prunica Mildred McAllister Phyllis Roth Kay Ogrodnick Mae Astle

1963-1964

Walter Wynnyk
Myrna McMechan
Nick Ogrodnick
Edna Bullock
Fred Wesenberg
Lyle Oulton
Erna Biever
Jack Malloy
Uriah McAmmond
Mabel McCartney
Helen Gordon
Tidfil Watt
Teresa Hakstol
Kay Ogrodnick

Mae Astle 1964-1965 Walter Wynnyk Myrna McMechan Nick Ogrodnick Fred Wesenberg **James Montney** Erna Biever Lyle Oulton Garry Schrader Oswald Huebner Uriah McAmmond Teresa Hakstol E.R. Fester Paul Hawryluk Kay Ogrodnick Mildred McAllister Mae Astle

Mildred McAllister

1965-1966

Walter Wynnyk Myrna McMechan Nick Ogrodnick James Montney Fred Wesenberg Lyle Oulton Erna Biever Keith Fullerton Oswald Huebner Frank Miller Uriah McAmmond E.R. Fester William Jenkins Balbir Purba Mildred McAllister Kay Ogrodnick **Iessie Clemens** Marlene Soch Sylvia Sharko (part of year) Teresa Hakstol (part of year)



Breton School - Elementary Staff 1965-66. Back row (left to right) Kay Ogrodnick, Mrs. Fester (not a teacher), E.R. Fester, Mildred McAllister. Middle row, Balbir Purba, Myrna McMechan, Jessie Clemens. Front row, Sylvia Sharko, Marlene Soch.

Junior-Senior High Elementary 1966-1967

Walter Wynnyk Nick Ogrodnick Keith Oberle Oswald Huebner Lyle Oulton Erna Biever James Montney Victor Nordlund Judy Stenger Carol Hanson Jan Janett

John Davidson
Eva Sturtz
Eleanor Nordlund
Kay Ogrodnick
Sylvia Ollenberg
Valera Martin
Ida Wilson
(2 weeks)
Mildred McAllister
Blanche Davidson
Mary Nelson

Junior-Senior High 1967-1968

Elementary 968

Walter Wynnyk
Roy Stout
James Montney
Keith Oberle
Sybil Jackson
Juliet Valeriano
Lyle Oulton
Erna Biever
Victor Nordlund
Judy Stenger
Carol Hanson
L. Anderson
(½ time)

John Davidson Albert Morrison (part of year) Lorraine Kurley (part of year) Paul Kanton (part of year) Eleanor Nordlund Aida Fernandez Teresita Pascual Blanche Davidson Mildred McAllister Luz Burgos (part of year) Irene Grzyb (part of year) Frances Ekstrom (part of year)



Breton School - Grade One Class. Back row (left to right) Mrs.
Mildred McAllister, Sandra Kugyelka, Brian Grotty, Heather
Ratchuk, Dianne Filewich, Arlene Carson. Middle row, Alvin
Fenneman, Randy Bevan, Don Hawryluk, Linda Coombes, Lorraine
Hanson, Janet Lindberg. Front row, Marilyn Stephenson, Penny
Williams, Robin Murray, Carolyn Biever, Beth Ritchie, Roberta
Westling.

Junior-Senior High Elementary 1968-1969

Walter Wynnyk Roy Stout James Musson Gerald Oberg Sybil Jackson Juliet Valeriano Lyle Oulton Erna Biever Judy Stenger Norm Lavallee Roman Hohol Dawn Seabrook John Davidson
Victor Nordlund
Luz Burgos
Eleanor Nordlund
Aida Fernandez
Blanche Davidson
Mildred McAllister
Gloria Musson

Junior-Senior High 1969-1970

Elementary

Walter Wynnyk Roy Stout James Musson Orest Olesky Sybil Jackson Juliet Valeriano Lyle Oulton Judy Stenger George Chalifoux Erna Biever Eugene Poholka Dawn Seabrook John Davidson Luz Burgos Eleanor Nordlund Teresita Pascual Aida Fernandez Blanche Davidson Mildred McAllister Gloria Musson

Junior-Senior High Elementary 1970-1971

Walter Wynnyk Roy Stout Orest Olesky Betty Gibbs Sybil Jackson Juliet Valeriano Lyle Oulton Judy Stenger Brian Mittelsteadt John Davidson Eugene Poholka Luz Burgos Teresita Pascual Eleanor Nordlund Mary Nelson Blanche Davidson Aida Fernandez

Dawn Seabrook **Junior-Senior High** 1971-1972

George Chalifoux

James Muller

Elementary

Walter Wynnyk Roy Stout Orest Olesky Betty Gibbs Sybil Jackson Juliet Valeriano Lyle Oulton Judy Stenger Brian Mittelsteadt Ralph Dickau James Muller Doug Fleming Dawn Seabrook

Leslie Vaala Eugene Poholka Luz Burgos Robert Swanson Aida Fernandez Eleanor Nordlund Mary Nelson Betty Lee

Junior-Senior High Elementary 1972-1973

Walter Wynnyk Roy Stout Alex Waldron Betty Gibbs Juliet Krachy Lyle Oulton Carol Petrie

Leslie Vaala Eugene Poholka Robert Swanson Luz Burgos Eleanor Nordlund Aida Fernandez Betty Lee

Brian Mittelsteadt Ralph Dickau James Muller

Doug Fleming Dawn Seabrook

Elementary

Junior-Senior High 1973-1974

Walter Wynnyk Roy Stout Alex Waldron Betty Gibbs Juliet Krachy Lyle Oulton Carol Petrie Terry Buchan Ralph Dickau James Muller Elvin Strand Olga Reade

Clark Landgraf Eugene Poholka Ronald Flanders Douglas Falk Eleanor Nordlund Aida Fernandez Jeanette Buchan Betty Paukstat (½ Time) **Judy Nelson** (part of year) Elsie Fehlauer (part of year)

Junior-Senior High Elementary 1974-1975

Walter Wynnyk Roy Stout Alex Waldron Marvin Fryer Lyle Oulton Olga Reade Elvin Strand Ted Boyda **Greg Stewart** Carol Petrie Terry Buchan Gary Rose

Clark Landgraf Eugene Poholka Eleanor Nordlund Ronald Flanders Douglas Falk Betty Paukstat Gloria Musson Jeanette Buchan Bonnie Freeman (part of year) Wendy Fisher (part of year) Mr. Farafontoff (part of year) Elsie Fehlauer (part of year)

Junior-Senior High 1975-1976

Clark Landgraf Eugene Poholka Eleanor Nordlund Pam Mitchell Ronald Flanders Donna Brown Mike Cochrane Betty Paukstat Gloria Musson Jeanette Buchan

Elementary

Marvin Fryer Kurt Hanneman Lyle Oulton Carol Petrie Olga Reade Greg Stewart Elvin Strand Alex Waldron **Iack Hilker**

Walter Wynnyk

Terry Buchan

Roy Stout

Ted Boyda

Junior-Senior High Elementary 1976-1977

Walter Wynnyk Roy Stout Terry Buchan Kurt Hanneman Clifford Hanson Tack Hilker Lyle Oulton Carol Petrie Olga Reade Ioanne Robertson Elvin Strand Alex Waldron

Clark Landgraf Eugene Poholka Eleanor Nordlund Ronald Flanders Thomas Gray Pam Mitchell Mike Cochrane Betty Paukstat Gloria Musson Mary Sieben (1 mo.) Gwen Hooks



Junior-Senior High Elementary

Walter Wynnyk
Roy Stout
Alex Waldron
Laurie Pewtress
Lyle Oulton
Carol Petrie
Terry Buchan
Jack Hilker
Elvin Strand
Olga Reade
Kurt Hanneman
Clifford Hanson

Clark Landgraf
Eugene Poholka
Eleanor Nordlund
Gwen Hooks
Ronald Flanders
Thomas Gray
Pam Mitchell
Betty Paukstat
Donna Brown
Gloria Musson
Bonnie Freeman
(½ time)

Junior-Senior High 1978-1979

Elementary

Glark Landgraf

Walter Wynnyk
Roy Stout
Alex Waldron
Laurie Pewtress
Lyle Oulton
Carol Petrie
Terry Buchan
Jack Hilker
Elvin Strand
Olga Reade
Kurt Hanneman
Clifford Hanson

Clark Landgraf
Eugene Poholka
Eleanor Nordlund
Gwen Hooks
Ronald Flanders
Thomas Gray
Pam Mitchell
Betty Paukstat
Donna Brown
Gloria Musson
Diane Labossiere
(½ time)

Junior-Senior High 1979-1980

Elementary

Walter Wynnyk Roy Stout Alex Waldron Laurie Pewtress Lyle Oulton Carol Petrie Terry Buchan Jack Hilker Elvin Strand Olga Reade Kurt Hanneman Clifford Hanson Clark Landgraf
Eugene Poholka
Eleanor Nordlund
Gary Hill
Ronald Flanders
Thomas Gray
Pam Mitchell
Donna Brown
Betty Paukstat
Valorie Steinle
Eldean O'Hearn
Barbara Hanson



Breton Elementary School, 1980.

The elementary school and the junior-senior high school both employ a secretary and a part-time library clerk. This year, the Breton Junior-Senior High School has an enrolment of 215 students. The Breton Elementary School has an enrolment of 212 students; kindergarten classes are also conducted at the elementary school — two classes with a total of 27 pre-schoolers.

The Breton Elementary School is hoping for a much needed addition in the near future; this would include a gymnasium and classrooms.

WILBERT AND VERA STEVENS

My first introduction to the Breton area was in the summer of 1909 when our family moved from Wetaskiwin to our homestead, the N.W. ¼-14-47-3-W5, the farm later to be occupied by the Gillies'. My father had filed on the homestead the year before and had built a log house. I well remember a visit to



Nadin Timofeeff, W. Stevens, V. Stevens, 1940.

our house the following year after we had moved back to Wetaskiwin. Mr. Gillies, our visitor, was interested in knowing if we had planned to abandon the homestead. He offered my father \$35.00 for the house if we were not planning on returning. The offer was accepted and the Gillies' came to stay. But of all my childhood years, that summer of 1909 stands out as one of the happiest. For me, it was full of adventure and excitement.

My second contact with the Breton area was when I returned to teach the senior room in 1937 following George Crandall, in the Breton School. My sister, Lily, was teaching the junior room and she had informed me that the senior room required a teacher.

During those three years at Breton my wife, Vera, and I made many friends and had many, many kindnesses shown to us. I can sincerely say that those few years were amongst the best and most rewarding of my life. The people were kind and friendly and no one could ask for better students than those the parents sent to our school.



Local teachers, 1940. W. Stevens, N. Timofeeff, Stella Sewallis, Sam Richards.

LILY STEVENS

I was a teacher in the Breton School for three years, from 1936-39. When I began, I had grades one to six. As the enrollment increased, grade six was taken over by the senior room which was taught in the United Church building. In the year 1938-39, I had over thirty pupils in grades one to five.

My first year there, I boarded with Mrs. Bertha Hoath. The second year my brother, Wilbert Stevens, and I lived in the Hoath house and the last year I boarded with my brother and sister-in-law.

I remember teaching Beatrice and Edward Hooks, and their mother was a dear lady and friend. I often think of them.

- MRS. FRED PEGG (NEE LILY STEVENS)

BRETON SCHOOL . SENIOR ROOM (1936-37)



George Crandall.

The senior class of Breton School 1936-37, was held in the United Church — grades 7 to 11 inclusive. Both pupils and parents cooperated to make a successful school year. I cannot recall all of the pupils' names but some of them were: Lloyd Thrasher, Beatrice Hooks, Velma Huntley, Verma Huntley, Muriel Huntley, Shang Fong, Ruth Hoath, Ted Greenwood, Jean Bowen, Helen Spindler, Ladic Ponich, Lucille Hoath and Norman Jamieson. I stayed at the home of Mrs. Bertha Hoath. I still remember that she always had homemade bread for the household.

Some memorable events were as follows:

- The school Christmas program held jointly (Junior and Senior rooms) in the Community Hall a packed audience and all children taking part songs, recitations, dialogues, drills, etc.
- 2. Coronation of King George VI all nearby schools taking part in the parade.
- 3. The bush fire that threatened to burn the town. The R.C.M.P. came and asked that the school be closed for the day so the teacher could help to control the fire. I had some difficulty convincing the officers that some of the older high school boys could fight fire as well as I. Finally, it was agreed that the emergency warranted the need of their help and several of the boys went with me into the smoke and patrolled the fire about one mile or so from town.
- 4. The train wreck. One real cold day the passenger coach of the mixed train rolled over by the trestle south of town. It was reported that the rails spread, allowing the wheels to go between them and then the car of passengers rolled down the embankment. The hot heaters in each end of the car quickly set the car on fire, blocking the exits. The passengers, badly bruised, had to break windows to get out. Mr. Wingblade, member of the Legislature at the time, had his head bandaged when he got to town. Many were injured but the people of Breton gave them first aid and provided them with lodging and medical supplies. I remember helping to carry a badly injured man on an improvised stretcher upstairs to a room in the hotel. He died during the night.
- 5. Halloween Night when nearly all of the small buildings in town took different positions. The R.C.M.P. came to school next morning to get the boys to clean up the mess. They all went to help except one, who refused to go, on the grounds that he did no damage. A familiar sight was Dan Jamieson's cow which wandered around town at leisure. After Halloween, the cow carried letters in large print for many days.

At present, 1979, I am farming west of Wetaskiwin — and raise range cattle.

— GEORGE CRANDALL

BILL AND DIXIE HENKEL EARLY HISTORY

I was born in Norka, Russia, one of several German settlements in that part of Russia. In 1925 I came to Canada with my parents and settled in the Duffield district located about thirty-five (35) miles west of the City of Edmonton or roughly about thirty (30) miles northeast of Breton.

My early education was received in a one-room country school. I took my grade twelve subjects by correspondence. After high school I attended Normal School in Edmonton, which institution, along with other normal schools, were subsumed shortly after 1943 under the Department of Education.

In November, 1943 İ came to Breton. Because of the muddy conditions of the roads at the time, the bus was not travelling. I arrived by train in the afternoon of the Monday that school was to open. Many students were at the station to meet the new teacher as their room had not opened pending the arrival of whomever it was. I clearly recall the students scrutinizing those who disembarked to see if they could pick out the teacher. I am not sure what attributes categorized one as being an educator but I do recall someone saying, "There he is."

The school at that time consisted of two rooms in separate buildings. I was hired by the Superintendent of Schools, John Scofield of Wetaskiwin, to teach the senior room at eleven hundred dollars a

year.

STRAWBERRY SCHOOL DIVISION NO. 49

Office of The Secretary

THORSBY ALBERTA

Kay 15, 1945

Mr. Wm. Henkel, Breton, Alta.

Dear Sir:

I received your letter of May 10th regarding pay for water carrying for Breton School.

The allowance for carrying water has bee 10% per day for the past year ar more. You will understand however, that the regular pay for lanitors for one room is \$8.00 for 5 winter months and \$5.00 for remaining 5 months. Besides this, if they do the cleening they receive \$6.00 for summer cleaning and cleening they receive \$6.00 for summer cleanings, which is \$14.00 each for Christmas and Easter cleanings, which is \$14.00. Then with 10% a day for carrying water, where this is done making an additional \$20.00, their total for the year is \$99.00.

At Breton the janitor receives \$120.00 per year for one room, which is \$21.00 more than the regular pay, so that it would not seem unreasonable to expect them to carry the water. This, I feel sure, was the understanding at the time that the arrangement for pay at Breton was made.

Our circular letter of January 26th, 1945, which you no doubt received, sets forth the rates of pay for jenitors in one room, along with their duties, etc. I am enclosing one which you are at liberty to show your janitor, so that he will not feel he is not show your gas much for his work as other janitors in the division.

Yours truly.

3.0 Sammons Secretary-Treasurer.

5/5

While on the subject of salary, the attached letter₍₁₎ dated May 15, 1945, from the Secretary-Treasurer of the Strawberry School Division, may be of interest. It deals with payment for the carrying of water to the school and wages for janitorial work. Though this is not ancient history, it does show the change from then to now in a short space of time.

Jean Fleshman, who had taught at Breton the previous year, taught the junior room. At the end of the 1943-44 school year, Jean Fleshman left Breton to teach closer to her parents' home in the Lacombe district.

Dixie (Herbert) Henkel who taught the previous year at Lindale, came to Breton for the school term 1944-45.

A third room was added to take care of the increased enrollment. Mrs. Wilson came to teach this room which I believe to have been the school term 1945-46. The room housed grades one, two, and three. Attached is Superintendent C. Pyrch's resume of the rooms and enrollment₍₂₎ at the time.

Dixie and I remained in Breton until 1947 at which time I returned to the University of Alberta to get a Bachelor of Education degree and Dixie took an instruction position at the Correspondence School Branch. After obtaining my degree, we only taught one full school term, after which I entered Law to formally end my teaching career.

MORE ABOUT THE YEARS AT BRETON

The academic standards of all students were always satisfactory and to this date I still have as a prized possession about ten essays and poems written by some of the students. In addition to the regular academic activities, we had many other interesting and rewarding experiences in sports, track and attempts at drama. A play, though probably not remembered or written up in historical drama journals will long be remembered for sheer entertainment and enjoyment. The play was "Hans Von Smash." In addition to a local showing, we put on the play (along with one or two other short plays) in Thorsby and Winfield. At Winfield, because of a comedy of errors, one of the main actors in the play, "Hans Von Smash," fell from the stage into the audience. After all were satisfied that no injury resulted, a burst of laughter came from the audience and actors alike. Luckily, "Hans Von Smash" was a

During the spring of one of the years some of the students and I went down to the railway station to see German prisoners of war put on the train after having worked in the lumber camps during the winter. They were extremely young looking.

Another highlight was the "Great Debate." Students teamed up with adults of the district and were matched against other students and adults. Students and adults alike were enthusiastic.

While at Breton, at a Divisional teachers' banquet of the Strawberry School Division held at Breton, the guest speaker was Dr. Gard. He had come to Alberta, I believe, from the Rockefeller Foundation, U.S.A. to collect and compile early Alberta Folklore and historical events for future reference for writers. Dr. Gard later wrote the book "Johnny Chinook." He gave, in a humorous way, much of the early history of Alberta in his speech.

In those years, right after the war, the National Film Board would arrive on a prearranged date and for that occasion the school could order educational films from the Department of Education, Edmonton. The delightful and helpful person from the Film Board, who did the showing, was a former

member of the Air Force, Mel Bell.

As mentioned earlier, Superintendent John Scofield, was the Superintendent for the then Strawberry School Division. He also was the Superintendent for the Wetaskiwin School Division. Thus to help with the overload, he had sent Superintendent Miller from Provost. This was a bit of a surprise. Fortunately, before I concluded that he was a salesman and asked the help of the more robust students to help me throw him out, I realized he was a Superintenent of Schools assisting Mr. Scofield.

Dixie and I spent a combined seven years of teaching in Breton. These years were congenial, interesting and memorable. We enjoyed the fellowship of students and parents of the community and were happy to have been in a small measure, a part

of the history of that area of Alberta.

- BILL HENKEL

A TEACHER'S MEMORIES

The third year of my teaching career commenced at Breton Elementary, teaching grades 5 and 6. The year was 1955. The town was not new to me, since I was born on a farm some 8½ miles north and west of the hamlet. However, its face had changed a great deal since I was a little girl, who, with her father, made a monthly or bi-monthly trek "to town" with a wagon and team of horses in summer or team and sleigh in winter. I can still hear the sounds of four, or perhaps more, sets of sleigh bells in the distance, as other farmers made the same pilgrimage "to town". Each set of bells had its own unique sound and everyone could be recognized a long time before actually becoming visible.

In the year 1955, the town had expanded with a very large mobile home park, with inhabitants from near and as far away as Oklahoma and Texas. Huge trucks with drill pipe, partial derricks and huge storage tanks lined the streets or were seen passing through town. The oil boom was in full swing.

My students were from many different places, (some had seen snow for the first time), and shared a variety of experiences since their parents were GOVERNMENT OF THE PROVINCE OF ALBERTA-DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION

REPORT OF INSPECTOR OR SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS

8.D. Ereton No. 4277 School Division Strawberry No. 49

Enrolment: I IS ; II IS ; III 7 ; IV I4 ; V II ; VI IB ; VII 5

VIII 9 ; IX 8 ; X 5 ; XI 5 ; Total 98 No. of Rooms 5

Accommodation Equipment General Organization

The organization since the opening of the third room is as follows:

Rlementary Room ---- Grades I to III --- 55 pupils-Wrs, M.Wilson Junior Room------Grades IV to VI --- 57 pupils- Miss. Herbert. Intermediate and --Grades VII to II -- 28 pupils- Mr. Henkel. High School.

The separate huilding houses Grades 7 to II; while the two-room building Grades I to 6. The third room is not completed inside; neither is it painted on the outside. A supposed and an enterprise table needed for this room,

All three rooms are heated by old type wood stoves in the classroom.

There is no besement under either of the buildings.

A few double desksare still in use. These should be replaced as soon as possible.

Some minimum science equipment for Physics I should be added to the senior room. Also, a table is needed for experimental work in science.

In the senior room Mr. Henkel uses his own little radio for the the oral part of the French course which the High School students are taking by Correspondence.

Date Toba III. 1946 Taperter we approximately of Schools.

Inspector's Report, 1949.

usually always involved in some aspect of the oil industry. One experience we all shared during this period, was a typhoid epidemic. Our district health nurse, Mrs. Faulkner, and her helpers, were kept very busy immunizing every man, woman and child in the town and surrounding district. Some of our students were not partial to needles and one of my



Class picnic, June, 1958.



Dorothy Engert, 1955.

little girls had to be held by two nurses and myself before succumbing to this great injustice.

On another occasion, a year end picnic was scheduled at the lake. One stipulation was that no one should go swimming as only one or two pupils could swim and none of the chaperones were swimmers. However, one of my more adventurous students found a raft and decided to go for a sail. Unfortunately, as he got out a ways, he got panicky and started calling for help. Then he lost his pole; so the only boy in the class who was able to swim, had to go out and haul the raft and a very frightened boy back to shore.

My years in Breton, as a teacher, were very pleasant and memorable, and I remember all my students with a fondness only a teacher could understand.

— DOROTHY (ENGERT) KELLS



BUCK CREEK SCHOOL

This is a picture of the log school that was built in 1930 or 1932 at Buck Creek. This was a community project. Some cut and hauled the logs, but the main crew of men peeled, evened and hued the logs and made such perfectly fitted corners and raised the building. That was very hard work and was really appreciated by everyone.

There had to be two men on each log — on the northeast corner was Bert Conradson, on the northwest corner was Henning Hallgren, on the southeast, Sven Lind, and on the southwest was Charlie Conradson. We used to watch them work and marvel at what a perfect job was being done so quickly — those logs were very heavy.

I think this school is one of the nicest buildings in Buck Creek and a good local landmark. Everyone used to say, "Go to the school, then north or south or whichever," to direct someone to a certain farm.

The school was used as a school, a meeting place, or for dances or socials. For dancing, we used to go before dark, dance all night and drive home in the daylight. It was real fun and the whole family



The original Buck Creek School, built in the early thirties.

went. The music was supplied by local young men and I am sure there is nothing like it these days. For music, we had a banjo, violin, guitar and Floyd Graham played the saxaphone. Charlie and Bert Conradson played and sometimes there was other local talent.

A box social was often held at the dance and some boxes sold for a nice price. All was well unless a younger brother told how the box was fancied up or marked — then the wrong man bought it. I was embarrassed one time when mine was sold to an older man from the local sawmill; of course one had to eat with the one who bought your box no matter how much you blushed or got teased.

— MAGGIE (ISH) LARSON

THE FUNNELL SCHOOL DISTRICT #2638

Funnell School was built in 1912 but we could not find a record of the school opening in 1912; the first teacher came in 1913.



The Funnell School #2638.

In earlier years the school was often closed in the winter because roads were impassable and the children lacked the proper clothing for the cold, cold weather. Often it was hard to get a teacher for the area and often a teacher only taught a few months of the year.

The first teacher that taught at Funnell was Victor Emmanuel Nordlund. Mr. Nordlund came from Texas to New Norway, Alberta. He attended college at Camrose. Mr. Nordlund taught at Funnell in 1913 and 1914. He has often told of walking from



The Funnell School class, 1918.

Funnell to his home in Camrose and vice versa. Sometimes he walked to Edmonton. There were no roads, only trails, and the trips were real ordeals.

Mr. Nordlund Sr. was the father of Victor Nordlund who taught at the Breton High School many years later. Mr. Nordlund Sr. has now retired from teaching and lives in New Westminster, B.C.

Other teachers at Funnell were David Hunter, 1916; Mrs. Brooks, 1918, 1919, 1920; 1922, 1924, 1927.

Jesse Jones

Mr. Jones taught at Funnell School when he was in his late teens and early twenties. He boarded with Mr. and Mrs. King Jr. His home was in Edmonton and he tells many tales of traveling back and forth, mostly on foot, between Funnell and Edmonton. He usually left school Friday to walk to Edmonton. He would spend a few hours at home and then begin the lonely trip back to school again. Jesse Jones was very athletically inclined so he spent much of his traveling time jogging.

One of his favorite sports was hunting and wild game was plentiful in the area. Being interested in sports he organized a basketball team while teaching

at Funnell that he felt was 'tops'.

Mr. Jones is married and he and his wife, Ruth, live in Edmonton. They are both very musical and under Jesse's direction, they formed an orchestra called the Harlem Aces, which did much entertaining in Edmonton. They also formed a singing group which performed before the Social Credit Govern-

ment, when it came into power.

Jesse and Ruth had a family of eight children, Shirly, Lionel, Marlene, Jesse, Patricia, Sharon, Robert and Mickey. Lionel is a provincial judge. Marlene is an assistant secretary for Wild Life of Canada. Jesse is a pianist and a singer. At one time he appeared on television, channel 3, in Sugar Beat. He is now working with telethons in western Canada. Patricia teaches sciences and physical education at Killarney Junior High School. Robert is a social worker in B.C. and Mickey is a mechanic.

Jesse and Ruth retired in August, 1969 but they still enjoy life in their home in Edmonton.

George Argue taught in 1923, his students were Robert and Lottie McClelon, Alvena Webb, Swea, Gerda and Margaret Ostlund, Mildred and Ella Ramsey, Prince Ford, Geneva Webb, Victoria, Catherine, Rosella and Elmer Hooks, Charlie and Ernest Ross, Anna, Dorothy and Charlie Oelkers and Arrie Forgl.

William Chesser taught. in 1925, 1926. Wm. Whillans 1926, Mrs. B.M. Payne 1927, Augusta Goodhand 1928, 1929, William Thompson 1929,

William Marcolin 1930, 1931, 1932.

The following teachers taught between 1932 and 1942 — Cyril Richards, Jim Myles, Mrs. Clinansmith, Albert Prince, E. Hillman and Agnes Leffler.



Funnell School 1934, Cyril Richards (teacher).



Funnell School 1939. Back Row L. to R. Teacher, Irene Benson, Theo Westling, Harvey Wolfe, Gordon Webster, Donald Jackson, Bill Heighington, Cecil Ellis, Leif Stalsburg, Norman Proctor. Third Row, Jim Nelson, Willy Ostby, Russell Webster, Clara Wolf, Leona Thomas, Lorna Webster, Annie Chomyszyn, Wilma Ellis. Second Row, Georgina Thomas, Lois Wolfe, Grace Ellis, Beulah Fenneman, Lorna Wolfe. Front Row, Leonard Proctor, George Ellis, Leo Thomas, Frank Proctor, Iver Ellis, Norman Chomyszyn, Bill Nelson.



Bill Heighington and Ann Chomyszyn (Grzyb) at the end of the grade 9 term.



Funnell School Class — late 1940's. Back row, L. to R. May McKittrick, Helen Kugyelka, Dwayne Fenneman, Frank Proctor, Ernie Jackson. Middle row, Corrine Jackson, Barbara Jackson, Thelma McKittrick, Kathaleen Fenneman, Wallace Fenneman, Kay Moorhouse, Addie Proctor, Allen Fenneman, John Kugyelka, Clifford Meade. Front row, Leonard Meade, Donnie Meade.

Mrs. Agnes Chaney, nee Leffler, taught for one year in the early forties. She boarded with Ellis and Willie Hooks. Agnes has retired now. She and her daughter live in Edmonton where she is still active in church work.

Lenora Gimbel taught from October, 1942 to March, 1943. Violette D. Andrea 1943, Ed Krukowski February, 1944 - June, 1945, R.H. Ohrne 1945-1946, Gwendolyn Hooks (nee Day) 1946-1950, Mr. Dornan 1950-1951, Bobby Seal 1951-1952, Gwendolyn Hooks 1952-1954. In 1954 the school was closed due to centralization and the children then attended school in Breton.

Funnell School is now the Funnell Community Centre.

FUNNELL SCHOOL DISTRICT

I was Secretary-Treasurer of the Funnell School District from about 1933 to the time the large districts were formed and the children were bussed to centralized schools.

To begin with, we could not pay the note at the bank and consequently were told that our credit wasn't any good.

With no markets for farm products, it was very difficult to pay taxes. We had \$5,000.00 of tax arrears on the books as practically everyone owed taxes. The ratepayers could, in rotation, deliver firewood to the school and get a receipt, partially paying their taxes.

The schoolhouse was built on hewn logs which became warped and rotten, so the school floor was wavy and the desks and seats were wobbly. The School Inspector threatened to condemn the



Trustees of Funnell School Board. L. to R. Alfred McCartney, Ordie Wolfe, Annie Westling (Gibbs), Stanley Jackson, Tom McKittrick.

school, so with plenty of material and available skills in the district, a cement foundation and new floor were put in. Those supplying material and labor on the schoolhouse received a credit on their school taxes.

As there was not enough school grant to pay the teacher, this also presented a problem until we hired Jim Miles. He was a married man with two children and took farm products and stock from different ratepayers as partial payment of salary:

Somewhere along the line the bank, to whom we owed, I think \$150.00, heard tell of what we were doing and sent us a threatening letter, maintaining that arrears of taxes was their security for the loan, and what they were not going to do to us was not worth doing! We did not want to argue the point so with more belt tightening, we paid the note off.

Eventually, there came a time when two representatives of the Department of Education had us call a meeting, where they told us we could borrow all the money we needed and the Government would back us. We told them we were running the school for the benefit of the people — not the bank.

- ALFRED J. McCartney

TEACHING AT FUNNELL SCHOOL



Gwen Hooks. Teacher at Funnell School.

I began teaching at Funnell in September, 1946. When I applied for the school, Mr. Pyrch, the Superintendent, classed Funnell as a hard to manage school, so naturally there was a bonus for teaching there. I enjoyed teaching at Funnell; everyone played steal sticks or ball at recess and noon and there were no major problems. The next year, I lost the bonus.

Some of the highlights were the Christmas concerts. The school was usually so crowded that Santa had to come in the window. We also had a Mothers' Day tea and many parents would attend. The parents cooperated with the school beautifully. Every Wednesday, during the winter, was "Soup Day". The parents took turns sending homemade soup. All of the soup was delicious but Mrs. Proctor's soup was superb. Everyone looked forward to Mrs. Proctor's turn.

I'll never forget the time one of my beginners broke away from the circle of children outside the school door and came running into school shouting, "They're going to get you something for Christmas," before the older ones grabbed him. Of course I pretended I didn't know what he said.

Field trips from Funnell to Buck Creek, Moose Hill and Strawberry Ridge to play ball, were fascinating. Steve Kugyelka was usually our chauffeur. We were transported in a wagon pulled by a tractor and were we dusty when we arrived at our destination! It was worth it though, for we felt our ball team was the best school team in the west. Of course the other schools felt the same about their teams.

From 1950 to 1952, I took time off to raise a family. While at home, some of the children gave a surprise birthday party for me at our home. I was really surprised and pleased; such gestures make a person realize that their work was appreciated. The next term I returned to Funnell and taught until the school was closed in 1954, due to centralization. Teaching at Funnell School is a phase of my teaching career I shall always cherish.

— Gwen Hooks

THE J.W.S. MILES FAMILY

My dad, J.W.S. Miles or Jim Miles, taught at Funnell School in the years 1933 to 1935. He also taught in the Brownlee School from 1936 to '38. He lived in the area with his young family — my mother, Mae, my brother, Teddy, who had the dubious honor of being taught by my father, and my self, the baby of the family, Shirley Ann. We lived in a rented farmhouse and later in a log cabin.

Mother remembers how Dad taught the students to make various knots and how to make rope. One year they were asked to put on a demonstration and a display at the Edmonton Exhibition. It was a great success. The only problem was that they sold the rope as fast as they made it and had a hard time keeping some for their display. They also constructed a miniature log dollhouse which they used as an exhibit one year. A collection of wild seeds and grains that the students made and suitably labeled and framed was sent to Leduc and hung in the



Mae and Jim and Teddy Miles, 1932.

assessment office for many years. The children of Brownlee School also planted evergreen trees around the schoolyard under Dad's supervision. The school itself is gone, but the trees are still there when he made a visit back in 1960. They had grown very tall and Mom said walking beneath them was like walking in a cathedral.

Dad was greatly interested in calisthenics and often had the students swinging Indian clubs (these clubs are shaped like bowling pins and make quite an effective display when, with one in each hand, they are swung in unison or when they are used for forming human pyramids). Gymnastics always played a part in their sports days and school picnics. Mom, particularly, remembers one school picnic when they piled the kids into their Model A Ford and took them swimming at Pigeon Lake. Some of the children had never seen a lake and a number of them didn't have bathing suits. It wasn't long, though, before they were all in the water and having a good time. One young fellow went into the water



Jim Miles and students at Brownlee School.

in his winter underwear. What a time they had getting it dry in time to go home!

Dad often told us the story of the skunk. He had just started lessons one day when the unmistakable, sharp aroma of skunk invaded the schoolroom. The children were delighted to have an early recess and some of the older boys helped in the search for the skunk. At last, the search was abandoned and Dad resigned himself to closing the school for the day. Then one student who had searched most diligently, turned to my Dad and said, "Gee Mr. Miles, it sure has been a day for skunks. First I have to kick one off the path on the way to school and now there's one in the school!" Needless to say, it wasn't

long before the source of the skunk aroma was sent home to bath.

Dad loved mathematics and drilled his class until they could do multiple problems combining addition, substraction, multiplication and division in their heads. They often came up with the answer seconds after Dad finished giving them a long problem. They always amazed the school inspector when he came around, with their mental dexterity.

My mother, being a nurse, came in for her share of adventures. She was often called on for advice and help. The nearest doctor was in Thorsby - so she quite often had to fill-in and sometimes found herself delivering a baby. Once, when she made a return visit to a new mother, the next day, she found her out in the garden hoeing.

For entertainment, they had box socials, dances, Christmas concerts and picnics. The school was the center for a number of things. Dad showed movies at the Buck Creek School. They were sent out from the library in Edmonton. The Buck Creek School was a log school and it was heated by a small stove. A person had the choice of burning up on one side of the room or freezing on the other. The old log walls really didn't keep the winter wind out.

People travelled on corduroy roads. That's because a lot of the roads turned to gumbo after a rain and they needed the logs laid crossways in the road for traction. It was very easy to be stranded because

the roads were impassable.

The rabbits were really plentiful one year. Everywhere you looked there were rabbits. People were even hunting them with the aid of a flashlight at night. Money was scarce so things were bartered. Dad didn't receive much in the way of wages but they had vegetables from their garden and kept a milk cow. Mom said it wasn't unusual to find fresh eggs or a sack of potatoes or even a load of wood or coal on the doorstep. They were also never forgotten whenever anyone butchered. We always received some of the fresh meat. Clothes were another matter. Once Dad had to threaten to close the school because he had worn out his only pair of good pants; but the school board met and awarded him ten dollars to keep him decent. When we needed something like feed for the cow that had to be paid for in cash, they would have the people apply the price against their school taxes. One man charged 5¢ a bundle for oats and when he learned he was dealing with the school teacher, he got very mad. "If I had known, I would have charged 8¢!"

My mother is still living and spends her time visiting her sisters, Mrs. Evelyn Fullbrook and Miss Helen Burling in White Rock, B.C. and my brother, who has a home in Victoria, B.C. Ted is married. He and his wife, Cindy, have three children — the oldest, a boy, Jim and two girls, Debbie and Kim. She also spends time with my husband, Ben, and myself in Calgary. We have two boys, Angus and Edward.

- SHIRLEY ANN GORDON (NEE MILES)

NEW MOOSE HILL SCHOOL

In 1930 a meeting was held at Frank Compton's to discuss the building of a schoolhouse. It was agreed to go ahead and a delegation went to Edmonton. The delegates were Ted Manning, Foster Sutherland, Bill Bogart Sr. and Frank Compton. The Department of Education granted permission



New Moose Hill School when it was first built, 1931.

to go ahead. The New Moose Hill School District No. 4453 came into being and its location was S.W. 13-48-5-W5.

The logs were cut locally and hauled by some of the homesteaders. This broadaxe work, standing



Miss Mary Hunka, the first teacher at the New Moose Hill School.

today, was done by Mr. S. Sorgaard, G. Hoiem and S. Graftas. The rest of the work was done by the people of the district who volunteered their time and effort. The William Anthony Lumber Company donated some of the lumber. Mr. Sorgaard made the desks which seated two pupils each. The fence around the schoolyard was built by Jack Bogart. The school well was dug, by hand, by John and Tom Hill.



New Moose Hill School class. Back row, L. to R. Evelyn and Hazel Sutherland, Louise Laurence, Bill and Lois Bogart, Dorothy and Gordon Udell, Norma Moen, Miss Mary Hunka (teacher).



The group at the school picnic at the New Moose Hill School, June,

The new school opened in March, 1932, and Miss Mary Hunka was the first teacher to be hired; she taught here for a few years. The first school bus for the district was a jeep, driven by Roy Prenctice Sr.

The first year, the school operated all summer and the holidays were held in the winter months of January and February. This arrangement was found to be unsatisfactory as the summer class was too hot and mosquitoes and black flies were bad. The children could not work. The next year it was decided to start holidays in the summer. There were only ten children at that time.

Though money was scarce, we always managed to have some good times — dances and always a picnic in the summer. For the Christmas concerts, Anthony's Lumber donated oranges, candies and gifts for the children. For some of these entertainments, Leo Manning with his fiddle and Pete Leginsky on his guitar, supplied the music.

The first school reunion was held on August 25, 1974. There were 22 former pupils there.

Louise Hough



The New Moose Hill School class.



The girls at the reunion of the New Moose Hill School students, 1974. Back row, L. to R. Roxy Rieck (Pacholka), Alice Bogart (Clark), Margaret Kubejko (Jackson), Lois Blackmore (Bogart), Ella Prentice, Annie Glubish (Pacholka), Vera Kuhn (Halushka). Front row, Lois Bogart (Prentice), Kathleen Staudt (Sutherland), Louise Hough (Bogart), Ruth Signer (Williams), Irene Gillispie (Sutherland).



The boys at the reunion of the New Moose Hill School students, 1974. Back row, L. to R. Andrew Pacholka, Bert Riner (teacher), Bill Sutherland, Ray Ellis, Lawrence Bogart, Cecil Ellis, Myron Halushka. Front row, Alex Pacholka, Willard Bogart, Ronnie Ellis, Ross Williams, Bob Bogart.

NORBUCK SCHOOL DISTRICT #2551

The name Norbuck came from the fact that its site was on the North Buck Lake trail.

The settlers were much in need of a school for their children. They organized with the people from Antross and a school was planned but by then, both communities had enough of a population for their own schools. In 1930 the school was built with volunteer help. The local lumber companies donated the lumber; Art Jones was in charge of construction and Mabel Burris took their team and hauled the lumber.

The first pupils were children of the Jones, Burris, Ingbretson and Hagemark families. The teachers were Mr. French, Mr. Stuart, Mr. Rife, Miss Olive Code (3 years), Miss Lobb, Mrs. Clinansmith, Miss Marilyn Oynischuck, Miss Marilyn Micklejohn, Miss McIlroy and Mr. William Smith. Miss Irene Micklejohn came out from summer school as a student teacher. She was accompanied by her sister.

Our school boasted a piano which the settlers raised money to buy. We had many a fine Christmas concert with the teachers, students and parents working to make them a success. The year that the King and Queen visited Edmonton, we took our concert, under the able direction of Miss Oynischuck, to Winfield. We raised enough money to take our students by train to see the Royal couple.

Money was raised by dances, box socials, pie socials ad shadow socials — also generous donations from the local lumberjacks; then, Mrs. Bill (Alice) Fraser would go to Edmonton and spend many hours buying gifts and treats for each child.

The school was always the focal point for all our entertainment. It served as a school, church, funeral home and dance hall, etc.

When the lumber camp moved away, the school was forced to close in 1943.

— NINA GRZYB



Norbuck School - Class of 1935-36. Back row (left to right), Roy Burris, Sydney Jones, Cecil Powell. Third row, Ruth Burris, Russell Barker, Miss Olive Code (teacher). Second row, Maggie Grgich, Ruth Inglebretson, Irene Satchwell, Donna Fraser, Ernest Burris. Front row, Pearl Chapin, Barbara Weston, Thelma Prentice, Nina Burris, Milton Prentice.



Norbuck School 1939. Back row (left to right), Pearl Chapin, Irene Satchwell, Joan Miller, Ernest Burris, Miss Onyschuk (teacher), Inez Sherwood, Sidney Jones, Donna Fraser, Yvonne Anderson, Menz Sherwood. Third row, Bobby Crown, Ileana Sherwood, Barbara Weston, Nina Burris, Irene Sherwood. Second row, Bill Burris, Elaine Miller, Joyce Chapin, Donald Nelson, Lea Miller. Front row, Edward Satchwell, Ina Crown, Peggy Sherwood, Jean Crown, Jack Nelson.



Norbuck School Christmas Concert 1939. Back row, L. to R. Irene Satchwell, Inez Sherwood, Yvonne Anderson, Donna Fraser, Joan Miller, Bobby Crown, Irene Sherwood. Front row, Peggy Sherwood, Peggy Weston, Edward Satchwell, Ina Crown.



School Christmas Concert, left to right, Yvonne Anderson, Joan Miller, Inez Sherwood, Irene Satchwell, Donna Fraser.



Christmas Concert Skit - 1937 "Rheum-a-tiz Song". Back row (left to right), Barbara Weston, Milton Prentice, Nina Burris, Bill Burris.

Front row, Thelma Prentice, Lorne Jones.

SASKATOON VALLEY SCHOOL

The Saskatoon Valley School District was formed in 1935 and was located on government land on S.W. 16-49-4-W5. In December of the same year a free timber permit was given to the school district by the C.P.R. to cut logs on Sec. 16-49-4-W5 which were to be used to build the school. Floyd Hayes, Tim Bilar, Richard and Ernie Hatt, Art Laventure, and George Biever cut the logs whenever they had time. When enough logs were cut, Hans Peterson sawed them free of charge. The same day that the logs were sawed they were hauled to the school site and construction of the school began.

4-inch x 6-inch squared timbers were used for the walls. They were pinned together with 8-inch spikes which were donated by a merchant. The planed lumber used for the floor and ceiling of this 24-ft. x 32-ft. one-room building was donated by Wm. Anthony. A grant of \$175.00 was available but the stipulation was that the roof had to be on the school before this sum could be granted. As soon as the roof was completed Mr. Scoffield, the school inspector, came out to inspect the building but as the windows and doorways hadn't been cut out, he was unable to get into the building to inspect it. Nevertheless, with some indignation, he granted the \$175.00. This money was used to buy the 4 large windows on the east side of the school, the 2 tiny windows high up on the west side, and the homemade desks made by Oscar Johnson. The stove was made of a 45-gal. gas barrel.

The school was opened right after Easter in 1937. Miss Lydia Pituskin, just out of university, was the first teacher and her first class totalled 12. These students were: Helen, Eleanor and Edward Stec; Inez and Vera Laventure; Eddice Owens; Nellie, Elizabeth, La Verne and La Gene Hayes; and Orvil and Dorreen Biever.

There were no roads then so the students either walked or rode horseback through the bush trails, some of them having a distance of 4 miles to the school. The hilly trails were quite scenic and it didn't take the students long to name all the hills, choosing names like "The Red Hill" and "The Crooked Hill". There was no well at the school the first 2 years so some of the students carried water from their homes in 10-lb. syrup pails.

Soft ball was the most popular summer sport. However, the school yard was so small that ¾ of the noon hour was spent hunting for the ball in the bush. "Run Sheep Run" was another popular game and there was plenty of room in the surrounding bush for them to run.

Skiing down the steep hill on cardboard or rolling down the hill were popular winter sports. There was also a skating pond near the school and two students who had skates passed them around to the entire class, no matter if the skates were too big or too small, and by the end of the winter all 12 students knew how to skate.

The next year Winona and Donald Rieck, Cleveland and Orval Hayes, Dorothy Engert and Mae McKittrick joined the happy group. Donald Rieck had a bicycle — the only bicycle in the school — and this too was passed around to all the students. Thus all the students, from the youngest to the oldest, learned to ride. Almost every noon hour one boy was late for class because each one had to try going down the big hill and up again not realizing he would have to push the bicycle most of the way up the hill because it was so steep and this took considerably longer than he anticipated. There wasn't much left of Don's bicycle after that year so the next year he and his sister rode a grey horse to school.

Miss Pituskin watched the attendance very closely. If a student was absent for 2 or 3 days, she would walk to his home or borrow a horse and go on horseback to see why he had been absent. Occasionally a "hooky player" was discovered. Miss Pituskin left after completing the second full school term.

During the summer holidays of that year a well was drilled by Emil Skoye. The well had a pump on it but it took a lot of hard pumping to bring the water to the surface.

Miss Melsko was the teacher the next term and Clifford and Bruce Whitelock were the new students. Clifford and Bruce rode 2 very lively, well-matched, Pinto ponies, which was an excitement for the entire class as no one else had Pintos.

That fall a barn was built to shelter the horses. The roof was covered with boards which proved to be a good sliding area for the boys. The odd nail sticking out was often the reason for a child going home with torn pants, or having a sole ripped off his shoes.

Each year, right from the first year that the school was in operation, there was a Christmas concert. This was always the big event of the year. Some of the men came to build the stage and brought the tree which the students decorated. The students brought bed sheets for curtains for the stage. Noon hours were spent rehearing for the concert. After the concert there was an exchange of gifts and candy bags were given to the students and pre-school children. The candies, nuts, apples and oranges were donated by the local stores. After the concert there was a dance, lasting until daylight. The whole family, from infants to grandparents, was in attendance and the young children were put to sleep on blankets on desks, while the older children joined in the dancing with the adults. The school was also used for all their community dances.

During the fifth year that the school was in operation Mrs. Turner, the teacher, arrived at school one fall morning but found the school was no longer there — it had burned to the ground during the night. After that classes were held in the Don Turner house until another school was built.

The new school was built one mile east of the original school site. This school was built of lumber and the outside was stuccoed. The interior was com-

pletely finished and as well as a large classroom, there was a small science room or teacher's work room, and a full-sized basement with a coal furnace. The total cost of the building was \$9000.00. This was the most modern school in the west end of the Strawberry School Division. A barn was built that

Throughout these years, new families moved into the district and these children, as well as younger brothers and sisters of the students already in attendance, started attending school. These students included: John, Walter, Leo and Vicky Stec; Alan Whitelock; Delores and Thelma Biever; Henry and Shirly Engert; Beaty, Vant, and Lloyd Hayes; Barbara and David Mc Mechan; Alec Hatt; Nellie and George Paul; Ronald and Willie Hatt; Polly and John Borosrwich; Betty, Bertha and Evelyn Herman; and Benny, Alan and David Petrie.

Mrs. Helen Merna Mc Mechan was the first teacher in the new school but she stayed only one year. The following year Mrs. Lois Smith, a correspondence supervisor, was there until the end of April when Miss Erna Klatt, right out of university,

came to finish off the year.

That summer in 1951, a two-room teacherage was built on the school grounds. Miss Klatt taught grades one to nine the following two years. Miss Geneve Ronneberg was there the following year. After that came Mrs. Helen Leckelt who stayed for two years. An elderly lady, whose name we can't recall, started off the term in the fall of 1956 until Mr. James Murray came. He taught to the end of the school term and the end of that term, June 30, 1957, the school was closed.

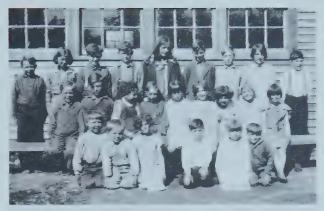
The teacherage was moved to Lindale. The barn was bought by Mr. Ellis. Several years later the school was bought by Joe Kerekes, who moved it to his farm.

This history of the Saskatoon Valley School was written as recalled by Ernie and Eleanor Hatt and Orvil and Erna Biever. If any names have been omitted or any dates are incorrect, we sincerely apologize.

RONALD AND MERNA McMECHAN FAMILY

My introduction to the Breton area was in the autumn of 1931, when as a young person, I accepted a teaching position at the Brownlee School situated a few miles northeast of Breton or approximately two and one half miles south of the Roy Kvarnberg farm, then owned by Emil Spitz. At that time the country had very little cleared land but mostly trees and heavy brush. Roads consisted of dirt with a good deal of clay. Main roads were straight but there were many trails through people's land, thus travel was done by horses.

My brother and I rode horseback about 18 miles from my parent's home in the Telfordville



Pupils beside Brownlee School, 1932. Merna David (teacher).

district so that I could apply for Brownlee School teaching position. After I had received an acceptance letter from the Board, I felt that my good fortune was due to the fact that I had horse riding experience which enabled me to make the daily ride from my boarding place to school, about 2½ miles

one way.

As a first year, inexperienced teacher, I soon learned that my duties consisted of not only the teaching of grades 1 to 6 classes but a great deal of strong discipline was required as well. Only one teacher had preceded me in this school so many of my pupils had not received any education until they were ten years or older. At that time text books were a non entity so fortunately I could make use of the various materials and projects prepared at Normal School. We had a very limited supply of library books — many of them were the old Alexandra Readers. There was ample blackboard space and plenty of chalk so after school hours or early morning hours were spent writing out all the assignments and materials on the blackboard. The small library grant furnished the readers for all the pupils. Our large one- room school was heated with a 45 gallon drum placed on its side. The oldest boy in the district was the janitor and he arrived early each school morning to start the fire and put in huge blocks of wood during the day. Needless to say, everything froze in the school every night in the winter.

However, those were enjoyable times together and I think that teacher and pupils had a better relationship than what exists in today's schools. The school was the centre of the social activities for the district. Parents, pupils and teacher always looked forward to the annual Christmas concert and dance afterwards. The music was often supplied by one of the district men who played the violin, and sometimes he had a partner accompany him on the accordion. In June, school always closed with the end of the year school picnic. The children had an enjoyable time running races and playing softball, while the adults visited or played ball as well. A small booth was set up for the purchase of bars, watermelon, gum, lemonade and usually home-made ice cream was free.



Our house on our farm, 1954.

Due to the "depression years" teachers' salaries were only paid when taxes were collected or the small operational grant arrived. I taught two years at Brownlee School before I was married and moved to Saskatchewan.

Our return to the Breton district was in the fall of 1939, after purchasing a quarter section of homestead land about 2½ miles northwest of the present Alsike Store. There was just a wagon trail from the store to our homestead. When it rained for days there were deep ruts in the trails and the horses pulling the wagon would flounder knee-deep in mud and mire. Those were difficult farming years, since prices for grain, livestock, poultry, etc., were very low in comparison to machinery costs. The weather, same as today, played a controlling factor in farming. Heavy spring rains often flooded fields so that farmers could not get their grain sown early or perhaps not at all. Summer hailstorms and early fall frost often took their toll of the crops. The dependable income was the weekly cream cheque. Transportation to Breton was with the horses and wagon in the early years on the homestead.

I returned to teaching in the Strawberry Ridge School in October, 1942, when I was requested by the School Superintendent to take over the classroom after a city teacher, hired in September, refused to teach any longer in the country. At this



Ronald (Micky) cutting grain with the horses and binder in 1942.

David and Barbara are behind the binder.

time, it was difficult to secure a replacement teacher since this was during World War II. Our two children and myself travelled to this school either by horseback or team and buggy, leaving my husband with most of the chores and farming. I continued teaching at Strawberry Ridge until 1945 and during the following years I taught at Saskatoon Valley and Warburg Elementary. Then we made a temporary move to Calgary where I taught five years in the Calgary Public School system from 1956 to 1961. After this time we decided to return to farming again on our old farm in the Breton area. Our two older children were now married, so my husband, Linda and I chose to live in a rented house in Breton. This provided a good opportunity for me to accept the vice principalship at Breton Elementary School, and my husband could drive the daily trip out to the farm. He raised some beef cattle, a few sheep and grew some grain crops as well as legumes.

We sold our farm in 1965 and returned to Calgary to live a year later. My husband worked in the construction industry in the city while again I taught in the Calgary Public Schools until early retirement seven years later.

Although we have made our home in the city now, we have many fond memories of the Breton district.

— MERNA MCMECHAN

HISTORY OF MODESTE VALLEY SCHOOL #2956

When asked to help write a history of the Modeste Valley School, my first reaction was to ask, "Does it belong in this Breton history book?" Then thinking about it further, I could clearly see how it must be included as another 'rung' in the "Ladder of Time". Many, now living in the Breton area, had attended this one room school for their early education; others, who had taught there, and many relatives or friends are now in the Breton district.

When the attendance of Modeste Valley had diminished to five pupils living within distance of this school, a bus route was started for them and all others along the road to come into Breton School. The bus was driven by George Shave Sr.; he had children of school age too, and I believe arrived at Breton with twelve pupils. The route was started in 1950 and from that beginning, grew into a route that saw him driving a 54 passenger bus, sometimes with an overload of ten or so. Very few by then, were from the Modeste Valley School as the population had disappeared from that area. George Shave continued to drive this route until his retirement, a few years ago, when his son, Robert, took over as the driver.

Another factor justifying Modeste Valley being included in this Breton history, was the moving of the original one-roomed school to Breton for an

extra classroom when Breton School became overcrowded. It was used until a larger school was built and then was sold to be moved onto a farm adjoining Highway 57, west.

When Modeste Valley School was moved into Breton, it brought memories of the years, I and others, had spent in that one-roomed schoolhouse—beginning grade one there and ending with the completion of Grade VIII Departmental exams at that time.

The school was built in 1913 and 14, when the district had enough pupils of school age to warrant forming a school district. It was named Modeste Valley #2956 as it was one half mile from that creek which ran to the northwest and joined the Poplar Creek south of Breton. The land on SE 16-47-3 W5, was donated by John Bowman — later a veteran of the First World War. He also served many years, after discharge from the Army, as the Forest Ranger for a large territory, extending west, to the Saskatchewan River.

The first teacher, Miss Fraser, came from Ontario to visit the Goodhands who were early settlers in that area. Her nephew, Irving, who accompanied her west, also went to school which opened in the spring of 1914 with around 18 pupils in all grades, attending. The families living in the district at that time were the Jones, Gillies, Goodhands, Chapmans, Gambles, Laushways, Williams, Russells, Saunders, McLaritys, Wenhams and a number of single men who had homesteaded around there. These men, almost to a man, joined the Army when the War broke out. Many never

returned, but their land was left for new settlers who moved in eventually and increased the school population.

The great trouble in operating the school lay in the difficulty of hiring teachers who would come out to such a far away district, without roads or other facilities. It resulted in many teachers coming and only remaining a few months. During the winter months, the school had to be closed due to cold weather. It was a frame building, without insulation or double windows, and had a very inadequate heating system called a Waterbury Furnace. It was a big cast-iron heater encased in a huge jacket which seemed to keep any heat from reaching a pupil who arrived there half frozen. The lunch buckets were all placed as close as possible around it, but by noon, the sandwiches were still frozen. If by chance any ink-wells were left overnight with ink, they would be bulging open with ice the next morning. So if our days of readin', writin' and 'rithmetic were brief and far apart, we probably gained much knowledge of survival under the primitive conditions of that time. That must be fact; or we were extremely hardy to still be here recording these stories, sixty-five years later.

Teachers, I remember, came as follows — Ben Bunney, who was later called into the Army only to be killed soon after reaching France. His sister, Madge, teaching on a permit, finished the term and taught until leaving to marry Bernard Nowells (Bill), a son of the Yeoford storekeeper and postmaster. Later came Miss Augusta Goodhand, whose folks lived in the district. She came back and



Wenham Valley School, 1932. Left to right, back row, Anna Moyer (teacher), Shirley Hill, Mary Reid, Amelia Diesting, Kathleen Bunney, Ellen Snell, Lue Bunney, Don Gillies, Richard Wheale, Joe Baynes, Colin Gillies. 2nd row, Richarda Husband (substitute teacher for her sister Lenore who was sick), Ruth Bunney, Lillian Diesting, Alberta Bunney, Pauline Rathgeber, Annie Skoglund, Gwen McLeod, Alma Reid, Christine Snell, Mary Baynes. 3rd row, Sam Wheale, Adolph Rathgeber, George Impey, Stanley Hunter, Eddy Diesting, Alice Wheale, Pauline McLeod, Mina Diesting, Carrie Bunney, Mary Rathgeber. 4th row, Effie Bowman, Christine Nicholson, Alfred Snell, August Diesting, Maye Impey, Irene Wheale, Signe Skoglund, Alvena McLeod.



Modeste Valley School #2956, 1927. Teacher, Nora (Schenfield)
Impey. Back row, L. to R. Lue Bunney, Louise Snell, Margaret
Nicholson, Shirley Hill, Bill Rathgeber. Back row, Nellie Baynes,
Ellen Snell, Don Gillies, Bill Wheale, Ted Fowler, Joe Baynes,
Malcom Nicholson. Front row, Alberta Bunney, Amelia Diesting,
Willah Jones, Mary Baynes, Alice Wheale, Christine Snell, Ruth
Bunney, Lillian Deisting, ? , Colin Gillies, Floyd Wagar, Fred
Rathgeber, Ed Deisting, Bill Deisting.

taught later but I am not certain of the exact time. In 1918, Agnes Koenen, just out of Normal School, came to teach and boarded with the W.A. Jones family. Shortly after the War, a Mrs. Markwick taught a term. Her husband had taken a homestead and built a small house; this place was later owned by the John Wheale Sr. family. During one term, a



Modeste Valley School 2956, 1922. Teacher, L. D. Moore. Back row, L. to R. Lenard Wenham, Phillip Gamble. Second row, Jack Roulston, Wallace Bunney, Bill Wenham, Edith Jones, Elsie Jones, Leona Gillies. Front row, Laura Johnson, Janice Bunney, Frances Roulston, Annie Snell, Lue Bunney, Robert Gillies, Dugald Gillies.

Miss Ethel Austin and Miss Poole came, only to leave after a short time and it was finished by a Mr. L.D. Moore, whom I believe, was there for about a year. In February, 1923, Mr. E.P. Beckett took over Modeste Valley School with enrollment increased to twenty-seven pupils in grades I to VIII. Several new families had arrived in the district by this time, and new pupils attending were, Impey, Roulstons, Wheales, Anonson, Eatons, Bunneys, Snells and Nicholsons, as well as younger children of school age. Mabel Jarvis taught part of a term in 1923 and 24 and was followed by F.G. McNaughton and Virginia Mendenhall in 1926; I believe Augusta Goodhand taught for some time again. Then Phyllis Fear and Annie Patton brought the time up to 1928. Alice Bentley began in 1928 for two months, left, and Nora (Schenfield) Impey, finished the term

with the attendance at thirty pupils in all grades. A Mr. Charles Edgett taught for two months in 1929 and the term was finished by Glen Carmichael who taught grades 1 to 10. When in 1931-32, another room was added to accommodate the new pupils coming into the district, Miss Lenore (Husband) Olson taught the senior room. New comers to the area were, the Reids, Shepherds, Cambridge, Bolts, McLeods, Impeys and Hunter. At this time, the name, Modeste Valley, was changed to Wenham Valley; that being the name of the local post office. Miss Lenore Husband stayed on and taught the senior room while Miss Anna (Moyer) Wickstrom had the junior room during 1933-34. In 1934-35, Miss Augusta Goodhand taught again, followed by Hildor White in 1935-36 and Jean Fullerton in 1936-37. By this time, the school was back to a one room operation as people gradually moved away. After this, Elsie (Jans) Bunney and Isabell Zarowski taught a couple of terms. There were others that I do not remember and a supervisor, Miss Effie (Bowman) Rathgeber, brought the time up to 1950. The few remaining pupils were bused to Breton and Winfield schools.

— ELSIE(JONES) FLESHER

FOOTNOTES TO MODESTE VALLEY SCHOOL HISTORY

I wish to thank all who gave me information and pictures that made it possible to write this history. Special thanks to Don and Alma (Reid) Gillies and John and Ellen (Snell) Hunter for the old school register; also to Nora (Schenfield) Impey, a teacher of 1928-29, my sister, Edith (Jones) Thorne and Miss Margaret Gillies. I left Modeste Valley School in 1923 and left the district in 1929 when I married B.F. Flesher and came to live in the Breton area. If there are mistakes or omissions near the conclusion of this story, that is the reason. If there are questions about the name, Modeste Valley, it is explained thus —

A mistake was apparently made in some early maps of the areas, resulting in the 'Modeste' being called 'Poplar' and vice-versa. In early years, we knew the Poplar Creek as coming from west of Winfield and past Norbuck and northwest to join with the Modeste Creek, south of Breton. From there, it went northwestwards to the Buck Creek and eventually into the Saskatchewan River. There was also a school, west of Winfield, named the Poplar Valley School #4531 as was the community in that area. This school must have been in operation during the 1920's and the last record I find of it was in 1944. There is not a trace of either school now, but a number of us, who remember them, still hope to see these two creeks being called by their original or correct names.

— ELSIE (JONES) FLESHER

FARMING



THE BRETON EXPERIMENTAL PLOTS — 1929 - 1979

It would not be right for the Breton History Book to be published without including mention of the Breton Experimental Plots in some part. These plots could be said to be responsible for many of the histories recorded in this book: for without them, it is very doubtful if all those writing histories would still be in this "grey wooded soils" area to carry on a farming operation. It was only through the untiring efforts of those first men and others who started the plots and continued the experiments through the years, that so much was learned in the management of this particular soil area. The fact that the fiftieth anniversary of the Breton plots will be held in 1979, gives them the right to be classed as "Old-timers" of this district.

In 1929, Dr. F.A. Wyatt and other men from the Dept. of Soils at the University came to the Flesher farm, N.E. 25-47-4-W5, in search of a piece of land typical of the "grey wooded soil". They required about 10 acres of land, cultivated, but untreated with any fertilizers etc., that could be leased for several years. Ben Flesher gladly leased the 10 acres in the northeast corner of the farm, for by this time, he was thoroughly discouraged with trying to grow crops on this land. Having come to the district from the prairies ten years earlier and being used to the good crops grown there when the moisture was sufficient, made it difficult for him to understand how, with all the rain and using the same cultivation, such poor crops could result. It was impossible to raise enough hay and grain for any amount of livestock or to grow hay for the horses required in the farming operation.



Dr. Wyatt and Mr. Flesher, Breton Plots, 1933.

In July, 1930, the first Field Day was held at these plots — with around thirty-five in attendance, including Dr. Wyatt, Dr. Newton and the men, women and children from neighboring farms. The interest shown in the results of work done so far, encouraged those men to increase the size of the plots and use more rotations of grain and clovers, experimenting with any new fertilizers

as they became available. Whenever possible, an annual Field Day was held on the second Friday of July each year. From a very small start, it has grown into a most interesting event with visitors coming from all over the province to hear the speakers and tour the plots. In 1960 a stone cairn was built on the plots, commemorating Dr. Wyatt, Dr. Newton and the work carried on for the past thirty years. Many who had been associated with this earlier, came to attend this anniversary and were astonished to see the progress made. Hay yields had been increased from one half ton to three tons per acre.



First field day, 1931, at Breton Plots.

Oats increased from around 12 bus. to over 100 bushels per acre. Barley increased from 15 bushels to an average of 50 bushels. Even 50 bushels of wheat had been realized on one of the better plots. There is no doubt that the plots have made available much of the information needed to farm this soil area. Newcomers to the district can easily get this information through district D.A.'s or the Soils Dept. of the University or by a visit to these Experimental Plots.



Inscription of plaque that is on the cairn, U. of A. plots on B. Flesher farm.

In June, 1978 the plots were host to the XI Congress of I.S.S.S., "International Society of Soil Science". For three days, this was carried on with over two hundred men and women coming in bus loads of fifty each time. They toured the plots and listened to the lectures in the large tent each day.

There were people from all over the world — Great Britain, Europe, Africa, Pakistan, Japan and the United States. Among the guests were Dr. Ignalieff and Dr. J.D. Newton and many others who had been connected earlier with work on the plots.



Ben Flesher, in U. of A. Plots, July 1960.

This year, 1979, being the fiftieth anniversary of the plots, the Soils Dept., under Dr. Robertson, is hoping to have an interesting program for the Field Day. They have been to Breton with video-tape equipment and have interviewed the Fleshers and Mr. Lou Hendrigan of Winfield. These films and interviews are for the University Archives and some may be used for the Field Day anniversary.

- Elsie Flesher

THE JOHN ANDERSON FAMILY

We arrived in this country from Camrose on January 14, 1926. We stayed at Pete Anderson's place, which is now Lyle Oulton's place. We had two children, Roderick and Viola, aged 5½ and 4 years.

We stayed at Pete's until spring; then after the spring flood had receded enough to allow us to cross at the ford, we moved into a log shack with a sod roof and a solid birch lumber floor. We would have been better off if the house was turned over because as it stood, we had problems every time it rained; the roof would leak and the floor would hold water. John decided the only thing to do was to drill holes

in the floor to let the water go through. We had so much rain that year too.

We got our groceries from George Impey as he carried a few groceries at his place. This place is now owned by Lloyd Polischuk. There was no railroad or post office. Mr. Ramsay was carrying mail from Yeoford and Pete had a box for his mail, so that is where we got our mail. The railroad came to Breton in the fall of that year and the town of Breton started.



Mrs. Helen Anderson, Viola, Jack Anderson, Rod, 1926.

We were fortunate to have lots of berries — strawberries and blueberries were just outside the door; moss cranberries could be picked by the flour sacks full. We were able to shoot lots of partridges and the creek had fish. Rabbits were plentiful that year but couldn't be eaten because they tasted like spruce bark.



Rod, Viola, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Anderson, 1926.

The fall of 1926, Anthonys opened a sawmill at Antross within three miles of our place so the men were able to work. Part of the wages were paid to John by giving him a team of horses which were dearly needed. We traded tamarack logs for a yearling calf and John built a barn for Ben Flesher and got a nice milk cow for his work. That is how we got our start.

In the fall of 1926, the railroad came as far as Breton. John did some carpenter work for 35¢ an hour; then a shopping bag of groceries only cost around \$1.00 or \$1.50.

Usually in the spring the creek would rise and this made it impossible for us to cross. So, before it got that high, we would cross over and stay with Pete Hopkins until the water receded. Several times, Johnny made a raft of logs nailed together and went across to get some groceries. One time, on his way back, he piled the parcels and groceries on the raft, but in midstream he tipped over and he was so busy catching his parcels, he lost his raft. He wasn't a swimmer, but that day he managed very well.

We were the only ones living on the west side of the creek for the first few years. Oslands were our closest neighbors; they lived where John Repu-

takowski now lives.

We had two more children in the early thirties, Stanley and Leona. The War came and Viola joined the Airforce. Johnny passed away in June, 1944 and Roddy had passed away at the age of 14. Stanley, Leona and myself went to live in Vancouver for a year but found we would be better off on the farm so returned in May, 1945. I now live in the town of Breton, Viola is in St. Albert, Stanley in Kitscotty and Leona in Drayton Valley.

— HELEN ANDERSON

FERN ANDERSON 1928 — 1952

My husband, Percy, two year old daughter, Yvonne, and I came to Breton in July 1928 from Kimberley, B.C. My husband's brother had lost an eye and a hand in the First Great War, so needed help on his bush farm. I believe in those days, the returned men got what was called a soldier's grant. It had been a rainy summer and with just a trail cut through the bush and several deep mud holes, our 1924 Overland touring car had to be left in town. We went by team and wagon to my brother-in-law's farm, about a mile northeast of Breton. Later the car was brought out by a long way round, a distance of eight or ten miles. Part of the road was graded; the remaining trail was higher ground and the mud holes had dried up.



Our log home built in 1928.

By Christmas we moved into our 18 x 24 log home. It was well chinked on the outside and lined

with a heavy beige coloured building paper. I did not care for the one other available colour of paper — light blue. The roof was shingled, our bedroom was curtained off, and we had an open-beam ceiling! Wood was our fuel, being more than plentiful for just the cutting and hauling home. It was so clean, and no ashes to speak of. Coal oil, or kerosene was our fuel for lamps. When we did get a gas lamp, I was afraid to light it.

Breton was the end of the railway from Lacombe. A couple of years later the rail was laid from Leduc to Breton. My husband hauled railway culverts for that. We were at Calmar a couple of months for that job. Mr. Breton was one of the storekeepers. Mr. & Mrs. Ramsey had the post

office — they were coloured folk.

One winter, my husband hauled lumber from Greenwood's lumber mill, about ten miles west of Breton, into town. Each trip took a full day, like about twelve hours. It was a dreadfully cold winter. In the extreme cold the horses nostrils began freezing so they had a day or two off till the weather abated a bit. There were other saw mills — Anthony's south of town, Frasers' south of Anthony's, and Ross and Beard's farther west.

Most years there was fruit for the picking. Raspberries were the easiest to pick. I particularly liked the moss cranberries which grew in the muskeg. They were just like the ones we buy now in the store, When green, they had a gooseberry flavor. There was also the small high bush cranberry. One year they didn't jell but the syrup was delicious on pancakes. Their stone was flat and heart-shaped. But soon more settlers came and fences were put up, and that of course meant "keep out" and rightly so.

In 1933 our first son was born. The log cabin was his birthplace. Dr. Hankin came from Thorsby and my husband's mother was my nurse. When six months old he got whooping cough. Yvonne had started school and no doubt was the carrier. She had it too but not as severe. I think we would have lost him except my husband's mother was with us. Mr. Nicholls was Yvonne's teacher in grade 1. Mr.

McLeod was Breton's first teacher.

July 1st was Breton's Sports Day. One year the baseball team came from Conjuring Creek to play against Breton. Actually Breton and Anthony's mill went together to make a team. These two teams were equally good. The umpire was Charlie King. a highly respected coloured man of the Breton community. There was a lot of dissatisfaction among the players and they argued a lot with Mr. King. I don't remember the final score, or who won. However, they agreed to play again one month later at Conjuring Creek with the same players in the same positions, with a bet of one hundred dollars. Two Edmonton umpires were hired at ten dollars each. They played fourteen innings to break a tie, the score being 2 to 1, or 1 to 0. As the game ended it began to rain, and rained all the way home. The car

top leaked badly but who cared? — Breton had won.

My husband played short stop that day.

It was an evening in March 1934 when a bright light flashed in the eastern sky. A couple of days later, we learned a meteor had fallen in a field east of Wetaskiwin. That same summer, the potato tops froze in July. Not just a touch of frost, they were black and flattened. We had marbles that year. Another year hail knocked the blossoms off the peas but they bloomed again and produced well.

Just once I saw prairie chickens dance. We were going through the hay meadow early in the morning. There they were strutting round and round in a circle. There were a few wall flowers sitting on a nearby log. They were all quite unaware that we were watching them. On another occasion when living right in Breton, I saw prairie chickens marching — round a corner they went and on for about a block before taking flight. Deer, too, were plentiful. We saw seven one early morning hour in a small clearing. They, too, did not hurry into the bush. It was said there were quagmires too, and that local animals were aware of them, but animals brought into the area were not aware and could disappear into one. Those, too, were the days of horseflies, house flies, mosquitoes and "no-seeums". The latter was the worst though they never came inside a building. That was a blessing, because no screen could keep them out. They were a small black speck, but so alive!

One sunny summer day, I was going to clean house and started on the plant shelf at the south window. There was probably a dozen large plants to move. On picking up the first plant a coil arose from under the plant — a snake. I hollered and my husband's mother saw it and called my husband. Meanwhile I simply froze — my husband loosened my fingers from the plant and took me outside and shook me very hard. Finally, tears came but it took

all day for that shock to wear off.

In 1934 my brother-in-law left his farm. In 1935 we left also. The depression had come to stay, or so it seemed. Butter was 10¢ a pound, eggs 8¢ a dozen, and a 3 gallon can of cream was worth a dollar. We sold our household effects to the second hand dealer, Art Vrolson, but left our piano with the Thrasher family. In six months we came back. The grass wasn't greener anywhere else. My husband got work at Fraser's lumber mill. I lived in Breton for a few months. For the use of the piano, Mr. Gaetz, the druggist's wife, gave Yvonne lessons. Finally, my husband managed to buy a small house at Norbuck, about a mile from Fraser's mill. Frank Rath had the post office at Norbuck, and a small store. Duncan's larger country store was two miles east. I carried quite a few groceries from Duncan's that first winter. Yvonne attended Norbuck School. Saturday afternoons, two young ladies came from Winfield to hold Sunday school. They stayed Saturday nights at our house, not that we had any extra room but they survived on a couch in the small front room. One of those young ladies taught Yvonne piano. I marvelled how provision was made for Yvonne's music.

With no well at our house and insufficient snow to melt, I carried water from a neighbor — quarter of a mile. In the spring, we moved to another house, half a mile from my husband's work. We were beside the main road which ran between Breton and Winfield. Just after moving, there was an outbreak of fires. They burned slowly for several days and then the wind increased. The smoke made it necessary for several to leave their homes, us included. The men, of course, were fighting fire, but women and children went to Winfield. A bridge on the road to Breton had been burned out, making it impossible for us to go there. We spent most of a night and a day in the lobby of the Winfield hotel, wondering if our homes had burned. But the wind changed and the dwellings were spared. However, Fraser's lumber piles were burned and their houses too. The cookhouse and the sawmill were left.

On a winter bus trip to Edmonton, we once spent a whole day from 8:00 a.m. to 6:00 p.m. A blizzard came up. After lunch at Calmar, the men shovelled most of the way from Calmar to Leduc—about eleven miles. There were trucks, too, with cattle, pigs and chickens. Ed Collins was the driver

on that bus route for many years.

During the summer of 1940, a real tramp came to our door. He was the most ragged and dirty person I had ever seen, and grossly overweight. He had the cutest, long-haired, small black dog. He was not in the least hesitant to ask for a ham sandwich for himself and a bone for his little mongrel. I had no lunch meat but gave him home-made bread, and butter, and home-made cookies. He said he had not eaten that day — it was at least 4:00 p.m. We learned he had eaten three times. A few days later, Yvonne and Ronald were coming home from a neighbours; they had given them fresh garden peas in a paper bag. They met the tramp. It was fortunate Yvonne had seen him before. He asked her what she had in the bag — on learning the peas weren't shelled he didn't want any.

Mr. Lohndorf was engineer at Fraser's. One Sunday, he took us to Buck Lake. The men caught fish and we had a lovely meal. On the way home, the steering wheel came loose. The rough dirt road was graded quite high but we weren't going very fast and Mr. Lohndorf soon brought the car to a stop. Then there was the stranger in the one seater Ford—he needed gas. My husband was at work; I didn't mind giving the fellow some gas but had no idea how to get it out of our car's gas tank, but without hesitation he just punctured the gas tank and drained it! He took our name and address.

In June 1939, there was a special train to Edmonton, the occasion being to see King George VI and Queen Elizabeth. Yvonne had the pleasure of that trip.

Autumn 1940, Frasers mill moved to northwest

of Breton and the planing mill was moved to town. My husband followed his work and we moved to Breton. Ronald started school. We lived in Mrs. Bertha Hoath's house across from Jamieson's hardware. We now had two more boys, Wayne and James. One Saturday morning about two I was up with one of the children—I heard a voice calling but couldn't discern what was being said. On going to the door it was little Mrs. Harry Asher calling "Fi-re, fi-re, fi-re". The fire was Nikiforuk's General Store. The bucket brigade did their best but to no avail. Mr. Nikiforuk soon had a new supply and set up shop in Nelson's hall until he had a new store built. There were several fires in Breton through the years but that was the only one I saw.

The year 1940-41, the United Church was used for high school — grade nine. Yvonne attended

there. Albert Pushinsky was teaching.

In 1943 we moved to Edmonton. A little more than a year later my husband passed away. In 1947, the boys and I went back to Breton. It seemed more like home; besides it was more convenient to attend the little Mission Church, and I had a sister-in-law there, Helen Anderson. Our bus trip to Breton was noteworthy. It began raining about the time we got to Leduc and continued until well after midnight, which was before we got to Breton. A tractor helped the bus up one of the Strawberry hills and also from the six mile corner into town. Those roads when wet, and with no gravel, were just like grease. Ed Collins was still driving.

I had a Mother's Allowance for the boys and the Family Allowance started in 1945. They were a help,

but I did various work to make ends meet.

One evening, at dusk, when coming home from Helen Anderson's, we were on the bridge and heard a splash. Looking, we saw a mother beaver swimming towards the bank, but Baby Beaver ignored the warning and swam right down centre stream under the bridge and on around the bend.

The first building I remember seeing when we came to Breton, was the Sam Hooks' home. It was a large two storey house, adjacent to the town; they were coloured folk. Mrs. Hooks told me they had had a walnut grove in Oklahoma. There had been quite a large settlement of coloured folk at Keystone—north of Breton. Many had died in the flu epidemic of 1918, so theirs was the first cemetery. Mr. Fadden was the first white person buried at Breton. As there was no cemetery for whites, Mrs. Fadden gave a piece of their land. That was January 1929. My husband and others dug the grave. It was a bitterly cold day.

STEWART BADKE FAMILY

Stewart Badke came from Stony Plain in 1953 with the Movalds. His first home was a tent on a wagon which he parked on his homestead while he built a log house and a small barn.

Every spring Stewart was called on to shear sheep in the area. He did this for nearly twenty years before retiring from the job.



Stewart Badke shearing sheep.

Stewart married Ernestine Wilkerson from Edmonton in 1959. They have six children, Lucy, Muriel, Martin, Sampson, Lyle and Denise.

The old-fashioned art of quilting is making a come-back these days but probably few people process their own wool for the comforters.

I, Ernestine Badke, of Carnwood make wool quilts using wool that is produced and processed on the Badke farm. We have kept a few sheep for quite a few years, largely for the meat as the wool does not bring a high price. It was having the wool, with not much market for it, that led to the making of quilts for sale. The making of the quilts is a family affair.

One sheep will produce approximately enough wool for one quilt. Washing the wool is an important step. Water temperature is also important. Water that is too hot will remove too much of the natural oil and the wool will shrink. Drying the wool may take a day or two, depending on the sun and wind.

Wool at this point is something of a lumpy tangle and must be carded before using. Carding is essentially a combing process which smooths the wool fibres into batts about seven by fifteen inches and a quarter to half an inch thick. After carding, there is usually one final wash and rinse of the wool.

Finally the wool is ready for use. The material is stretched on the quilting frame which is four long wooden shafts clamped together and propped on chair backs. The wool batts are spread over the material and covered with the second piece of fabric. At regular intervals the quilt is tied with bits of yarn. The tying is what keeps the wool from shifting and matting inside the covering. This is the stage

where the children are most actively involved. The two older ones, Martin and Muriel, do most of the sewing. Sam, Lyle and Denise tie the knots. Denise also enjoys helping with the carding.

From start to finish, except for washing the wool, one quilt would take about ten hours.

THE BROKS STORY

Gerardus and Paulina Broks and their three small children, John, Elizabeth and Leo came to Canada from Lieshout, Holland in an old army ship. The voyage took nine days after which they docked at Quebec City. They then went by train to Wetaskiwin; this took another five days. They arrived May 13, 1949 and were met by Martin Broks (brother) in a 1928 Chev which they later purchased. Their sponsors were Adolph and Ruth Holmlund of Falun who provided them with a small house and small wage for a year's labor.

In August, 1949, Mary was born at the Wetaskiwin Hospital. A nurse brought Paulina two babies and asked her to choose. She could not speak English so pointed at the fair child as the other was an Indian baby. The nurse laughed and nodded.

The first winter in Canada seemed very cold and the amount of snow was astounding. One of their first purchases was winter boots as there were no such things in Holland. (At this time immigrants were only allowed to bring over \$120. for adults and \$60. per child so they brought over a lot of extra clothes and all their furniture as they knew they couldn't afford to buy for a long time.)

The following year in April, 1950, they moved to Winfield where Gerardus was employed by the Alberta Box Factory. He often worked sixteen hours a day trying to save enough money to buy a farm.

In 1951 he bought the S.W.¼ of 2-47-4-W5 from Mr. Louis (Tiny) McCabe. In February, 1952, Martin was born. On March 9, 1953 they moved a house onto their farm and moved into it March 19, 1953. They were now residents of Norbuck, where at times the road was impassable and they had to drive through an old bush trail to get to town.

When the sixth child, Corry, was born in June, 1953, Gerardus became a full-time farmer. They only had seven head of cattle and a team of horses (Tony and King) with which he did all the farming.

Frank Rath had a general store on the S.W. 34-46-4-W5 where most of the groceries were purchased. In 1953 Marvin and Faye Burris started a hardware and feed store in their home right across the road from Broks'. That fall, the 1928 Chev broke down so they bought a 1946 Chev which he still has. In the spring of 1954, he bought a Case tractor but still did most of the farming with horses.

August, 1955, Carla was born. That year, Ralph and Mabel Burris took over the store from their son

and daughter-in-law who moved to Edmonton. It became a general store and post office as Frank Rath decided to retire. This made things very convenient.



Gerardus and Paulina Broks and family on their 35th Wedding Anniversary, 1978.

The children all went to and graduated from Winfield School. The first month they went to school, the bus wouldn't pick them up so they had to go with their dad early in the morning when he went to work and wait till he was finished at night before they could come home. Later, they had to walk three quarters of a mile to the corner. In 1958 the bus started coming by the gate, weather permitting.

February, 1959, Gerry, the last child, was born. A community club was formed at the old Norbuck School and provided most of the social entertainment for the families' growing up years.

The children have now all gone their separate ways. John is an instrument man (surveyor) for the Department of Highways. He married Ann Williams of New Moose Hill in 1966. They have one daughter, Lisa, and live in Edmonton. Elizabeth Broks worked at Calgary Power, married Ron McWhinnie in 1978, has one child, Cory, and lives in Calgary. Leo, Martin and Corry all graduated from the U of A as civil engineers. Leo started his own firm, Al Terra Engineering, and Corry works for him. Martin works for an engineering firm in Calgary. Leo married Vivian Ogrodnick of Holden in 1971; they have three sons - Ian, Michael and Kyle; they live in Sherwood Park. Martin married Linda Wennerstrom of Alder Flats in 1975: he has two sons, Tyler and Kevin, and lives in Calgary. Corry married Gayle Becker of Winfield in 1974; he has two sons, Paul and Greg, and lives in Sherwood Park. Mary worked in Edmonton and married Hugh (Butch) Wilson, also of Norbuck, in 1968. They lived on their farm, N.E. 11-47-4-W5, from 1968 to 1979 and have now moved to Drayton Valley where Butch owns and operates his own pressure truck. They have four children, Tammy, Tracy, Trina and Chad. Carla worked in Edmonton and married Eldon Fiddler of Edmonton in 1977; she has two sons, Dwayne and Conrad, and lives in Breton. Gerry is attending the University of Alberta and intends to become a teacher.

Dad and Mom Broks still live on their farm but have since expanded. They are still farming and marvel at the changes that have occurred in this area in the last quarter of a century.

— MARY WILSON

JOHN BANAS

I have known John Banas personally since about 1934 when my parents used to visit him and I was a youngster myself. But in order to write this story, I visited him in West Pine Lodge and had him fill me on his earlier years. He reminisced for a couple of hours and it was fascinating listening, but I will try to condense it into the space available.

John was born in 1901 in Zembrzyce, Poland. He attended school briefly in 1913-14. He spent his early youth working around a sawmill as this was a lumbering town near the mountains in the south of Poland. In 1919 when he was 18 years of age, he was drafted into the Polish Army. Released in 1921 after the compulsory two year stint, he came home and got a job on the railroad. However, in 1923, due to the general unrest in eastern Europe, he was again recalled into the Army. When he was released in 1925, he began to make serious plans about going to Canada. You may wonder why Canada. It was mostly because the C.P.R. was advertizing the prairies as the "land of milk and honey" and unlimited opportunity. Of course, they were mostly interested in the business for the railroad.

In 1926 all immigration obstacles were overcome and he set out for Canada landing in Halifax in March. After clearing immigration, he departed for the west and the promised opportunity. This turned out to be Mundare, Alberta where he got a job clearing land on Mr. Samatiuk's farm. After two months here, he decided to try something different. However, on arriving in Leduc, he found that clearing land was about the only kind of work there was around in this area also. While working around Leduc, he met another immigrant in the person of Ted Kubanski. They started working together clearing land by the acre on contract. They gradually worked their way west as there was more bush in that direction. Ten dollars an acre was the going price and you had to board yourself. One of their bigger jobs was for Andrew Sych by Calmar and Jablonski's, north of Thorsby. Later in the 1950's he was to return to work for Andrew Sych under much better circumstances.

By 1930 they had worked their way as far as Breton. There was work in the bush camps in winter but the depression had arrived and it was impossible to find work in this area in summer. To overcome this, both John and Ted Kubanski decided to take out homesteads to work on in summer. John took

S.E. of 1-48-5-W5 and Ted, the one north of it. The first summer was spent building a log cabin and clearing a yard. I first remember him about 1934 grubbing big poplar trees that seemed about three feet in diameter and a 100 feet high to us youngsters. Most of each summer was spent this way. The winters were spent working in logging camps mostly for Jack Gibson who used to "jippo" for Anthony Lumber Co. John's usual job was decking logs or else bull roping on the loading jammer crew.

Things went along in this manner for several years. In the early spring of 1937, there were terrible forest fires and all the men were called out to fight fire. On May 1st, while John was fighting fire near Buck Creek, his own buildings burned to the ground. Ironically, on the 4th of May, three inches of snow fell and the fires went out but the damage was already done. Much of the best timber and many homesteaders' buildings had fallen prev to the fires. John mentioned one incident where Percy Neutzling drove through the fire along Joe Lauber's farm and the box on his old truck caught fire. There was no water anywhere so Percy calmly kept driving and drove right into John Kubejko's yard with the truck on fire, stopped at the water trough by the well and proceeded to put out the fire.

After the 1937 fire, John rebuilt his house, but this time out of lumber. Over the next few years, he cleared and broke most of this farm. Much of the breaking was done with four horses by his neighbor, John Kubejko, but in the late 1940's, I broke some of it with my dad's 15-30 tractor.

In 1939 John got married but this didn't work out well and they were divorced after a short time.



John Banas wedding celebration, 1939. Back row, left to right, Mike Halushka, Mrs. Halushka, Ted Kubanski, Mrs. Bober, Mrs. Joe Burba, Joe Burba. Front row, Mrs. Kubanski, John Banas, Mrs. S. Grzyb, Steve Grzyb, Mrs. John Banas, John Kubejko, probably Halushka boys.

He says nothing was like the independence of bachelorhood. He continued to farm one way or another until 1965. Part of the time he rented to John Kubejko and worked out himself. The last few years I rented from him until he finally sold it to Metro Maday. Actually, he traded it for a house in Calmar where he moved and lived until 1977.

However, while in Calmar, he was often plagued with bad health and finally decided to move into a senior citizens' lodge. West Pine Lodge in Winfield was his choice, being closest to his friends and his home of thirty-five years. His farm was resold a second time and is presently owned by Ron and Shirley Ball. John is now 78 and still living at West Pine Lodge.

TED GRZYB

MR. & MRS. GEORGE BIEVER & FAMILY

Dad, George Peter Biever, was born April 26, 1906 in Terrie, South Dakota where his parents had settled after emigrating from Germany. When he was just 1 year old, his parents moved to a homestead 14 miles south of Provost, Alberta.

Mom, the former Ludvina (Victoria) Schultz, was born July 18, 1907 in one of the northeastern states of the United States where her parents had settled after emigrating from Austria. Her family moved to a homestead about 14 miles south of Hayter, Alberta shortly after her birth.

Dad and Mom were married at Provost in 1928. They farmed on a rented quarter of land which was situated between Provost and Hayter. Their first two children — Orvil, and less than 2 years later, Dorreen — were born at Hayter.

Dad and Mom wanted to get a farm of their own so about 1933, they moved to a CPR quarter of land north of the Strawberry Ridge School. Here, Dad worked at a sawmill for Hans Peterson and he did logging on the CPR quarter whenever he had

While they lived on the CPR land, they bought their groceries at Mirand's Store in St. Francis. Dad now, laughingly, relates the story of the time he walked to the store for a 100-lb. bag of flour. It was a distance of 4½ miles each way and on the way home it started to rain. The road soon became muddy and slippery and Dad dropped the bag of flour in the mud numerous times. However, little flour was wasted as just a thin outer layer got soaked and it formed a thin outer crust when it dried, leaving the rest of the flour unharmed.

After living on the CPR land for about a year, Dad and Mom filed for a homestead 2 miles west and 4 miles north of the present Alsike Store. On February 20, 1934, for a fee of \$10.00, they obtained the right-of-entry to this homestead, SE-28-49-4-W5. In addition to the \$10.00 fee, they had to clear 15 acres of land in 5 years and pay an additional sum of \$40.00 in order to obtain the title to the land.

There was no house on the homestead, so they continued to live on the CPR land so Dad could work at the sawmill to get lumber to build the house. Most of his wages were taken in lumber or for getting his own logs sawn, but some was paid in cash —

about \$2.50 per day for his job as canter. That winter, Dad started building the house on the homestead. To cut down travelling time, he stayed with the Tim Bilar family who lived ½ mile south of the homestead. Dad got the outside of their three room house completed that winter.

In spring Dad, Mom, and their 3 children moved to their new house on the homestead. Their third child, Delores, had been born while they were

on the CPR land.

This was during the years of depression so times were difficult. Mom and Dad worked side by side clearing the land with an axe and grub hoe. Dad did the heavier work of swinging the axe or grub hoe while Mom used the horse to pull out the stumps. They had brought a cow and 2 horses with them when they came from Provost but only 1 horse had survived the first winter.

Mom did her housework and laundry at night after a hard day's work of clearing land. Doing laundry on the scrub board was no easy task but Mom always managed to keep her family in clean, starched and pressed clothes. She did most of the sewing for her family and even found time for knitting, crocheting, tatting, and embroidering. While she was doing all these things, Dad was working on the interior of the house.

Mom and Dad always had a big garden, both for fresh eating and for canning. The whole family would go berry-picking and Mom would can a couple hundred jars of fruit, jams and jellies, and veget-

ables each year.

While land was cleared in summer, logging was done in winter. As well as doing his own logging, Dad worked for Anthony's a few years, felling trees for the sawmill. Later, he was sawyer for Cartiers sawmill. His wages were still taken mostly in lumber but if the sale of lumber was good, he was paid in

Dad and Johnny Broullette, a neighbour and good friend, with whom he had worked while on the CPR land, got permits to cut tamarack rails on crown land. With horses and sleighs they hauled the tamarack rails, as well as lumber, to Leduc where they exchanged them for groceries. Although the trip took several days, having someone like Johnny to tell jokes made the trip seem almost enjoyable.

Although Mom and Dad had plenty of clearing to do on their own homestead, they cleared 13 acres of land by hand for Ed Owens in exchange for a team of horses so they could break their own land with the team of horses and a walking plow. Mom and Dad always took us children to the field or clearing sites with them, so we were within range of their supervision.

During the first few years at the homestead, most of the groceries were bought at Mr. and Mrs. Buffalo's store, the present Alsike Store. As there were no good roads then, the long round-about trails made it a distance of 8 miles to the store. If they went to Breton or Warburg, a distance of 14

miles, it would take almost a day with the horses.

Times of sickness were probably the most trying times of all as the nearest doctor was at Thorsby. If it was impossible to move the patient, a neighbour would drive to Thorsby and ask Dr. Hankin to come. Dad still recalls the time when their baby was about to be born so a dispatcher was sent to get Dr. Hankin who headed out at once. Unfortunately, Dr. Hankin got stuck in some bush trail between the Horvath and Ayres farms and spent the night in his car. In the morning, Mr. Horvath discovered him and took him to Mom's and Dad's home. Needless to say, he was a little late to perform the duty for which he had been summoned but fortunately a nurse was staying at the Swanse home and she had come to the rescue.

About 4 or 5 years after Mom and Dad had moved to the homestead, the community got together and decided a school had to be built. Mr. Hayes, Mr. Laventure, Mr. Johns, and Dad built the log schoolhouse. They dug a well but they couldn't get any water so every day Orvil and Dorreen each carried a gallon of water to school, a distance of 3½ miles. This, as well as lighting the old barrel heater, was part of the janitor's job. Miss Lydia Pitushkin was the first teacher at this school.

Dad bought his first sawmill from Coutte's Machinery in Edmonton for about \$900.00. He made a down payment and paid the rest off in installments whenever he sold lumber. He and Frank Whitelock sawed lumber together for several years. Most of all, the sawing was done as a community group. Dad would saw lumber for Mr. and Mrs. Ed Owens, Ernest Hatt, the John Stec family, Mr. and Mrs. McIntyre, Tim and Bert Bilar and family, Bill Johns, and Mr. Hayes. They, in turn, would help Dad saw his own lumber.

However, life was not all work. Dad used to pitch on the baseball team at various sports days and play the violin for the dances at night. Mom and we children always went along — there were 4 of us children by now as another daughter, Thelma, had been born.

Dad had a rather impressive history with his baseball. He started playing as a young boy and soon became quite an outstanding pitcher. At the age of 17 he was asked to join a farm team in the U.S.A. but his dad wouldn't let him go so he just kept on playing with the various local teams. After he and Mom were married, he still took time to play baseball and was always asked to pitch for a team even as far away as Calmar. Very often he pitched two entire games in one day at a tournament.

Playing the violin was another of Dad's talents. He took a very early interest in playing the violin by watching Herman Johnson who was a violin player in an orchestra. When Herman came down to visit, he would bring his violin along and play to the family. Meanwhile Dad, a young child then, would accompany him with his own violin — a stove poker and a stick. At the age of 12 his dad bought him a

violin. Dad played for his first dance when he was 14. After that he was asked to play at all the local dances. By the time he was 18, he had a four-piece band. After Mom and Dad were at the homestead for a few years, Dad and Ordie Wolfe, who played the guitar, and Ordie's brother-in-law, who played the washboard, played for the school dances. When Orvil was in his late teens, he started accompanying Dad with the Hawaiian guitar at the school dances. Although none of us children learned to play the violin, most of us learned to play the guitar so we could accompany Dad on the violin.

While Dad was talented in many things, so was Mom. We often marvel how, during the "hungry years", she could start with so little and end up with such a good meal. Her housekeeping and needle-

work equalled her talents in cooking.

Our family spent many evenings at home playing the violin and guitar and singing. Playing cards as a family, or with neighbours, also consumed many hours of the long evenings or Sunday afternoon. Christmas was spent with the McKittrick and Oelkers families for many years.

As the years went by, more land was cleared and more livestock was obtained. Their first tractor, a Fordson, was bought about 1944. All the neighbours knew they had one as you could hear it howl 3 miles away. Soon after that a car, an Essex, was bought which made life easier both in times of sickness and in health. They were now able to get groceries more often and were able to attend church regularly.



The George Biever family, 1952. Mr. Biever standing behind Delores, Mrs. Biever with Milton standing in front, George Herceg, Dorreen, Orvil with Thelma standing in front.

Then their fifth child, Milton, was born. Mom now spent most of her time in the house which had an additional 2 rooms built on, and she had a wringer washing machine so taking care of a baby was much easier than it had been in the past.

Although mixed farming became the chief source of their livelihood, Dad stayed with his saw-mill until the last year before they moved from the homestead. After 3 consecutive years of a total crop loss because of hailstorms, Mom and Dad became discouraged and in 1952 they and the two youngest children, Thelma and Milton, moved to Edmonton. Dorreen and Delores were already married and Orvil stayed on the farm.



Mr. and Mrs. George Biever after retirement, 1965.

After moving to Edmonton, Dad worked at several factories and stores until his retirement in 1965.

All of their children are married now. Orvil and Erna live in Breton and have 3 children and 3 grandchildren. Dorreen and George Herceg live in Kelowna and have 4 children and 3 grandchildren. Delores and Frank Fritz live in Kelowna and had 6 children. Thelma and Joe Fritz live in Warburg and had 5 daughters and have 2 grandchildren. Milton and Beverly live in Leduc and have 4 sons.

Mom passed away December 24, 1972. She was predeceased by 2 grandchildren.

In 1974 Dad moved to Kelowna where he is presently living. He is still enjoying good health and is active in senior citizens' activities.

— ORVIL & ERNA

THE BLIZE STORY

Lua was born in the Millet district in 1907, where his father farmed. He attended school at Coal Lake, east of Millet. At the young age of 15, he quit school to help his father who drilled water wells around the Millet district, and soon after owned his own drilling rig.

Cema was born in 1917 at Bonny Glen, south of Wizard Lake, where her father farmed. Cema attended Canyon Creek School.

Lua married Cema in 1937. As a young couple, they lived at Wizard Lake. Lua's well drilling career

continued until the year 1967 after which he did light well work, covering an area from Hay Lakes to as far west as Lodgepole. In the early days the rig was moved from job to job by a team of horses, sometimes driving twenty to thirty miles to and from work each day. Putting in these very long hours, his young wife, Cema, was left to do the chores and keep house.



Mr. Blize with well drilling outfit, which he built himself. Kenny Knull seated in foreground.

During the winter Lua delivered coal from Pete and Joe Gilles' coal mine to Thorsby, by horse and sleigh, again driving about forty miles per day.

During the war years, four babies were born; Cema remembers having to go to Edmonton for a



Harold riding a cow, with Jerry holding its tail and Marie watching.

doctor as at that time Dr. Hankin was in the Army. To get to Edmonton, Cema would have to drive with horses and a wagon, accompanied by at least one of the older children, as far as Thorsby. Once in Thorsby, the team would have to be left at a livery barn — then she would proceed on to Edmonton by bus.

From Wizard Lake the young family moved to Breton where they rented a farm, living there for two years. Allen and Harold attended school at Strawberry Ridge. Travelling eight miles each day, their only transportation was by horseback. This wasn't always fun as boys will be boys; sometimes they would fall off the horse for some reason or another. Harold, being too small to mount the horse, would have to proceed home by foot, along-side the horse, with only Allen riding.

During the spring of 1946, Lua and his two sons, then only eight and nine, built a new house on a newly acquired farm in the St. Francis district.

Living only a quarter mile from Rainier School, Lua was janitor until the little two-roomed, red, brick building was closed in 1958.

As Lua was always fond of hunting deer, moose and fur animals, his sons, Allen and Harold, were now old enough to help their father during the winter.

Now travelling was made much easier with a Model T Ford and the horses were replaced by a tractor. In the years of drilling, Lua drilled through many different types of soils; one well he especially remembers is the one where he had oil come gushing out like a fountain.

Each spring the swamp near the house was covered with buttercups which were picked by the small children for Mothers' Day.

This was home for the whole family as this is where each member of the family had lived at some time during their life. The children now began leaving home to make a living of their own.

In August, 1963, Lua moved once again to Breton, to another farm of his own which is three miles



Sawing lumber on Blize farm by Warburg. Left to right, Allan Blize, ? , ? , Alfred and Mr. Blize, Lionel Hyland and Bill Johnson.

from town. In 1967 Cema began working at the Breton General Hospital and continued there until 1976.

Lua and Cema are now retired, but they never really retired in spirit, with all the activities of entertaining their twelve children and their families.



Blize Family Reunion, 1976. Back row, left to right, Allan, Marie, Harold, Shirley, Leona, Doreen, Keith, Louise, Jerry and Ron. Front row, Sandra, Mr. and Mrs. Blize, Alfred.

When they aren't entertaining, they enjoy travelling. They have travelled extensively throughout Alberta and British Columbia and into Saskatchewan and the northern U.S. In 1973 they travelled to Europe, visiting six countries, while their daughter and her family were stationed in Germany.

Allen married Verna Wager from Conjuring Lake and has lived in Ft. St. John for the last sixteen years where he works as a pipeline inspector and owns his own farm; Verna is a store clerk. They have a daughter and three sons.

Harold married Barbara Robinson from Kinuso. After becoming manager of a Loblaw store, at the age of twenty-four, he then owned his own store at Alsike before going into partnership with his brother, Ron. They own the Blize Wireline business. They have a daughter and son and live in Swan Hills.

Doreen is married to Hubert Leeder from Telfordville. They have lived in Buck Creek for the past seven years with their two daughters and two sons. They own a dairy farm and Hubert works as a mechanic.

Marie is married to Bernie Theriault from Malartic, Que. Marie is a Certified Nursing Aide and Bernie has been a member of the Canadian Armed Forces for the last twenty years. They have lived throughout Canada and have also spent five years in Germany. They have two daughters and are presently living in Edmonton.

Jerry married Adell Block from Devon and they are living in Elk Point with their daughter and two sons. Jerry is a heavy-duty mechanic and travels throughout northern Alberta.

Shirley is married to Leslie Stenger from Warburg and they are living in Ardrossen with their son

and three daughters. Shirley is a hair dresser and Leslie is an engineer consultant.

Leona is married to Bruce Stadnick from Mundare and they live in Tofield with their daughter and two sons, on a farm. Leona is a secretary.

Ronald married Cathy Cooper from Ét. St. John; they are now living in Whitecourt with their daughter and two sons. Ronald is in partnership with Harold and works for Blize Wireline.

Alfred married Cheryl Arden from Edmonton; they live in Brooks with their daughter and two

sons, where Alfred is a bank manager.

Louise is married to Jim Robinson from Kinuso and they live in Fox Creek with their daughter and son. Jim works for McClelland Oil Well Service.



Mr. and Mrs. Blize, Wedding Anniversary.

Keith married Betty Maser from Sunnybrook and they live near Breton with their son. Keith works as a grader operator for a construction firm in Edmonton.

Sandra is taking art classes; we all wish her good luck.

THE PAUL BACHKOWSKI FAMILY

On May 24, 1927 I left Poland bound for Canada on the boat, Canadian Pacific, and landed in Quebec. From Quebec I went to Winnipeg. My ticket was paid to Winnipeg and from there I had to pay my own transportation. I arrived in South Edmonton in the middle of June, where the agent asked us to sign our names, which we did. Then we were sent from the passenger cars to boxcars which were equipped with bunks for sleeping. We stayed there for a few days waiting for some job opportunities to show up. Farmers used to come and hire men, but they didn't pay very much. Some

of the men took some of these farm jobs, while other waited for something better. There were twelve men in this particular group. A few of us were told to go to Smoky Lake where we worked for farmers in that district.

In 1929 I got a section job for the C.N.R. but was laid off after only six weeks of work. I then returned to Smoky Lake where I continued to work for farmers.

In 1932 I went to Delph, Alberta which was about 15 miles southwest of Smoky Lake. I stayed in this area for four years, working as a farm laborer during the summer and batching during the winter. This is where I met Stella Gabinet, who later became my wife.

Stella was born in Delph, Alberta, the third oldest in a family of twelve children — nine girls and three boys. At the age of 18 years, Stella was left with the responsibility of caring for and raising her younger sisters and brothers due to the sudden and untimely death of her mother. The two youngest girls were 1½ years and 3 years old while the two eldest had married and left home. Stella remained at her home helping her father care for the family until the two little ones reached school age.

When the Social Credit Government came into power, Aberhart promised 40¢ per hour to the laborers, so I decided to go to Edmonton and try for a job. When I arrived in the city, there were no jobs to be had, but was told to register at the Parliament Buildings and wait. I stayed and waited for seven weeks, but no jobs were given out by the government to the laborers. Only experienced men were given jobs. After seven weeks, I went to the employment office where I saw written on the board, "Experienced milker wanted, \$20 per month". I asked the agent about the people who required this 'experienced milker'. I was told they were from Nova Scotia and spoke nothing but English. I took the job. One of the reasons was because I wanted to learn to speak the English language. I was told to be at a certain place on a Sunday morning and I would be taken to the place of my new job. The place turned out to be Rimbey, Alberta. We arrived Sunday evening where I found an elderly couple who were very happy to get a young man to help out with the work. Monday morning my new boss and I went out to milk the cows. My boss had milked two cows and I was still sitting under the first one. I tried my best, but I was having a terrible time getting the milk from the cow. By the time the boss had finished milking the third cow and I was still under the first, I decided to move on and try a second cow. After the boss finished milking the rest of the cows, he stood in the hallway of the barn with the stool in one hand and the pail in the other, thinking. He decided to go back and finish milking the two cows that I had been working on. He got more the second time than I did the first time! I carried all of the milk to the basement of the house, where I turned the cream separator. As the

lady of the house was pouring the milk into the separator bowl for me, she told me to get my suitcase packed and her husband would take me to the railway station.

She said, "You are supposed to be an experienced milker, but you don't know how to milk cows."

She was right. I didn't know how to milk cows, but I was willing to learn.

I told her that it had been a long time since I had milked cows and I was out of practice and my wrists were very sore. I asked for just a few days to get back into practice. They let me stay and gave me another chance. That weekend their son-in-law, who was a good milker, came from the city. We both went to milk and he challenged me to a race to see who was the best milker. He couldn't beat me. I was as good as he was!

I stayed with this family for two months. They were very nice people, good to work for and they were glad to have me. They wanted me to stay with them as long as I liked, but because they weren't able to pay very much I just had to leave to find a job that would pay more. I decided I would go harvesting.

On my way to Edmonton, by train, we passed through Winfield where I saw sawmills, planing mills and a lot of equipment. I was very interested in what was going on. In Winfield a man boarded the train, also on his way to Edmonton. I inquired about jobs and the pay at these mills. At this particular time, a number of men had quit to go harvesting so he was sure I could get a job if I went to see Frasers, the owners of the mill. When I arrived in Edmonton, I found out that the place I was to go harvesting to, was hailed out, so I didn't go. Instead I found myself a friend and we both went back to Fraspur where the D.R. Fraser Lumber Co. was located. There we met Big Bill Fraser and asked for a job. He looked us over and said that they really didn't need any more men because the sale for lumber at that time was very poor, and so the mill wasn't working steadily. However, after talking with him for awhile, and he found out we were both farm laborers, he hired us on the spot.

"You're hired boys. Get your suitcases, go to the bunkhouse and see the cook for something to eat", were his instructions. Needless to say, we were both very happy to get the job. This was the middle of August, 1936. In the fall of 1936 there was a big bush fire in the area. All the mills were shut down and every available man had to go to fight fire. The fires were very widespread. Frasers and the other lumber companies lost a lot of timber.

As the fires neared the camp, Frasers decided to make a back fire, but after they did, the wind switched and the fire was so strong that there was nothing anybody could do. The fire reached the camp and some of the buildings were on fire, when Little Bill Fraser went to the engine room, blew the whistle, and ordered everyone out of camp.

Everyone went. I had all my belongings packed, but I didn't leave. Instead I put a water pack on my back and went to put out some small fires behind the bunkhouses and cook house. I stood and looked around. I was all alone and the fire was very hot. I took my belongings and headed for the road.

On the west side of the creek were situated all the camps, the cook house, the new office, and homes of the staff members, where all of the Frasers lived. On the east side of the creek was the sawmill and planer mill all under one roof, as well as all of the lumber piles. The fire was coming from the west.

When I crossed the bridge and reached the top of the hill, I met Big Bill and a couple of men. Big Bill was very anxious to know how everything was on the west side of the creek. I reported to him about the small fires I had extinguished, but also had to tell him that his house, Don Fraser's house, the McIntyre house and the new office were all on fire. The roof of the engine room was also burning.

Bill then said, "O.K. Paul, let's go to the engine room and tell Lars, the night watchman, to leave." When we got there, Lars wouldn't go; Instead, he started a waterpump, gave Big Bill the hose, and told him to put the fire out. While Big Bill poured water on the roof, the two men and I went around the lumber piles and put out the small fires which were being started by flying sparks. Finally we were able to put out all the small fires and saved a million and a half feet of lumber. The sawmill and planer were saved too. After the fire, Big Bill said that if they had lost the mill and planer, Frasers would have been wiped out because their insurance was so low. They were insured for only \$9.00 a thousand, which was exactly what it cost them to manufacture the lumber

In 1937, Stella and I planned to get married, so I asked Big Bill for permission to build a small house. He promised to talk to the rest of the shareholders on my behalf. I was given permission to build, and was told to pick a spot that I liked. The news made me very happy. I immediately cleared a spot, ordered the lumber and built a small house. On July 15, 1937, Stella and I were married at Delph, Alberta. Two weeks after our marriage, I brought Stella to Fraspur, to our new home. In 1939 we were blessed with a little girl, Rosemarie.

The years we spent at Fraspur were the happiest of our lives. We built a barn, bought a cow, and spaded a piece of land for a garden and flowers. We raised all the potatoes and vegetables we needed. We raised a hog, butchered, pickled, and smoked the meat. We had our own milk, cream, butter and cheese. There were a lot of wild strawberries, raspberries and blueberries which we picked. Frasers always let me use the camp horses free of charge to haul firewood.

In 1942, Frasers moved the planing mill, all the equipment and all of the homes into Breton where the planing mill was relocated. We moved too. We

bought two lots in Breton, moved our house onto the lots, and built an addition to it. We lived in town until 1945.



Paul Bachkowski's house moved to Breton, 1942.

On August 14, 1945 we bought a farm from Albert Scott, just one mile south of Breton. We sold our house to Don Weymouth, and moved to the farm in October. I continued to work for Frasers until the fall of 1946.

I hurt my back. An operation was required and I spent the whole winter in the hospital. The following spring, I wasn't able to put my crop in, so I rented the land to my neighbor. We didn't receive much in return because he seeded late, after his own crop was in, and our crop froze. I had some clover for seed. The seed was good and so was the price, but the wind came and rolled all the windrows away so there wasn't too much clover seed left.



Plowing with sulky plow. Stella sitting on the plow, 1948.

In the fall of 1947, I hired a big 'Cat' and cleared all the remaining bush off our land, about 80 acres. I broke all the land, and raised hogs and cattle.

The old slab and log buildings were torn down one by one and replaced with new ones. In 1962 we built a new home. The same year our daughter, Rosemarie, was married. Later on in the year we were hailed out 100%.

We continued to farm until we sold in May, 1974 to Frank Laczo. We bought a home in Warburg and moved there in the fall of 1974.

In the fall of 1977, Stella and I made a trip to Poland to see the home and remaining members of my family whom I had left 50 years earlier. It was so nice to see the country and home place where I was born. My parents, two brothers, and one sister had passed away, but I still have 2 brothers and 1 sister living. We enjoyed the trip very much and plan to return for another visit.



Cutting grain with binder, 1948.



Bachkowski family. Stella, Rosemarie, Paul, and grandchildren Gerald and Karen.

Rosemarie attended university and took teacher training. She is married to Stan Zurek who is Vice-principal of Thorsby High School. They live in Thorsby and have a family of three children — Gerald, Karen and Brian.

— PAUL AND STELLA BACHKOWSKI

JOE AND ELIZABETH BELL

My husband and I were raised on homesteads in Alberta. Joe, east of Red Deer near Lousana and I, in the Buffalo Hills east of High River. In 1934 we filed on the southeast quarter of 4-48-3-W5. It had been my brother-in-law's, Arthur Cuffe's, homestead so there was a one room log shack and a

partially finished barn which cost us an extra ten dollars. My sister, Edith, had married Oscar Bucher and abandoned the homestead.

We trekked to the homestead from Vulcan, Alberta leaving on a Good Friday. Our outfit consisted of four horses, a three decker box wagon, a democrat with all our belongings including a dog in a crate on top of the load. It took us two weeks to make the journey. We didn't follow the main road because our horses were unshod. We camped along the way in farmyards, schoolhouses or beside the road. We had a tent but never took time to set it up. Our main concern was water for the horses. We carried feed for them, buying it along the way.

In an empty granary, we had unrolled our tent and bedded down when I felt something tug my hair; so I made a grab. I'm terrified of mice so guess what I'd caught! A mouse! No more sleep for me

that night.

After leaving Lacombe, we were in bush country. Often there was just a trail through the tall trees for a road with very few signs of human beings. One noon it was very hot and sultry and we stopped by a slough. The horses wouldn't touch the water but we built a fire and boiled some of it. I've tasted better coffee.

On nearing Bentley, we met a boy and asked him for directions. He was very helpful. "Go two miles north and a mile west and — oh hell, just keep doing that but never cross the river." His directions landed us near Wenham Valley, not far from home.

The final short leg of our journey was on corduroy, over muskeg. Our prairie horses became almost unmanageable. The wagon lurched and swayed dangerously. I panicked and leaped from my high perch on top of the wagon. The muskeg made a soft landing pad. I followed on foot the rest of the way. Our horses never did venture near that part of the homestead in their efforts to return to their prairie home.

Our family of two girls were born at Thorsby in 1937 and 1939. In the spring of 1937, there were bad fires that burned from Battle Lake to Breton. A watchman at a lumber camp near Fern Creek had stopped at our place on his way to Breton to report this fire. All the lumber was burned and he later died from smoke inhalation. I heard this while at Thorsby, so spent some uneasy hours. Our milk cows were trapped by this fire and had hairless tails and sore feet all summer.

We had a nice herd of milk cows which we expected would keep us fed and clothed. However, the second spring, we lost all but one cow from prenatal paralysis due to the poor quality of feed.

With the loss of our cows, we turned to selling firewood. A double wagon box of neatly stacked blocks sold for two dollars, often in trade for groceries. We also sold boxcar loads of neatly packed firewood, again in blocks for forty dollars. A good many loads of fire logs had to be sawed into blocks to fill a boxcar.

I often worked along side Joe, clearing land, when an extra pair of hands was needed. I also helped fell trees for lumber and helped skid and deck logs. One winter we took out 10,000 feet of spruce lumber. I felt I had become an expert on the end of a six or eight foot crosscut saw.

Some falls, Joe would take a team and bundle rack and look for a job on a threshing outfit where there were larger farms. Our own threshing was done from stacks. I didn't mind the work I had to do, but I did worry about having a serious accident. We had no telephones and often I didn't know where Joe found a job.

I never worried about the little girls getting lost in the heavy bush as our dog, Bob, was an excellent baby-sitter. Some of the stories they told me of their escapades, I should have worried — like the time Merle fell in a deep waterhole over her head. Nelda grabbed her hair and pulled her out. She had dried her clothes on some bushes before coming home.

The floor in our shack was made from wide green lumber, so developed wide cracks. When Nelda became an active toddler, she poked everything that would pass, down these cracks. I was forever pulling up a board to retrieve articles. Knives and forks were her favorites, so up would come some boards when it was time to eat. We laid another floor as soon as we could afford one.

I found the home nursing course I had taken at Olds Agriculture College served me well on the homestead for many of the accidents and some of the illnesses; like the time Frenchie jumped from the roof of a house he was building to be followed by his keen double-bitted ax. The ax had slashed his leg just above the knee to the bone. He did go to a doctor but my first aid had been adequate. Another time, my dad, Mr. J.K. Goldthorpe, almost severed a thumb while splitting wood. I wasn't able to join the sinews but splinted the thumb and it healed, though it was stiff. He never saw a doctor about the accident.

What I think of most often of our homestead days is the good fellowship we had with our neighbors regardless of color, creed or nationality. During the Dirty Thirties, no one had much money but we had joyous times together and there were

always helping hands when needed.

In 1944 we had decided to move as there was no school near enough for our children to attend and no school buses at that time. Before we got moved, Joe spent two months in an Edmonton hospital. This was the start of a long battle with cancer. We had title to our homestead so sold it and bought a house in Calgary in 1945. Joe passed away in 1972. I am still in my own home. Nelda is Mrs. Fred Lyczewski of Beiseker. She has a boy, Darryl, and a girl, Dorothy. Merle is Mrs. Ed Schmaltz and lives in Calgary. She has two boys, Douglas and Gordon. Nelda worked for Canadian Western Natural Gas before she married a farmer. Merle taught school.

For the last few years I have been a school

volunteer helper. I tell the children about my days as a homesteader's daughter and as a wife.

BLUEBERRY PICKING

I'd spent all my life on the prairie where saskatoons and strawberries were the only wild fruits. My sister took me with her to pick blueberries as they were plentiful the first year we were on the homestead. As an introduction she said, "I never put the fat white ones in my pail. I eat them." Naturally, I did as my big sister did and ate the white ones without question.

The next time, I went picking alone. When my pail and tummy were full, I thought I'd see if there was a reason for those white berries, so opened several. Oh indeed there was a reason! Everyone contained a nice juicy worm. I don't care much for

blueberries to this day.

MUSKEG

One day we were grabbing and pulling stumps beside the road. We saw a neighbor, Mr. Snell Sr., go by with a pony and an Anderson cart (the Anderson cart was two wheels from a car with a box built on the axle. The Bennett buggy was the four wheel car chassis with a box).

Later we heard someone yelling. Mr. Snell was running towards us. "Come quick," he shouted,

"I'm stuck."

Joe took the team and a logging chain. When we arrived at the corduroy road, all we could see was

the mired cart and the pony's head.

The men were able to unhook the pony and pull the cart away. The logging chain was fastened around the pony's neck so it wouldn't slip over the head or tighten. We were able to pull her out, and after giving her a good rub down with grass, she got to her feet. Mr. Snell drove home, not finishing his errand.

Joe used a technique he'd learned as a boy pulling animals out of soup holes at Lousana.

— ELIZABETH BELL

HENRI (FRENCHIE) MEYER AND JOE YOUNG

Two of our neighbors, who might be forgotten, are Henri (Frenchie) Meyer and Joe Young. Both these men filed on the quarter section north of us, N.E. 4-48-3-W5.

Frenchie was a short, dark, heavy set man raised in Montreal. The only way out from his place was through our yard. He found it very lonely and spent a lot of time at our place. He helped us build another log room onto our shack. He did excellent work with an axe. One day when he was away to Thorsby, with a load of lumber to buy windows for the house he was building, a fire swept through and burned everything. We hadn't even noticed any

undue smoke. He went to work at Antross and we never heard from him again.

Joe Young filed on N.E. 4-48-3-W5, after Frenchie left. He had no buildings, so made his home with us while he did a bit of clearing. He also trucked lumber for Frasers. In the winter, he provided banjo music for many of our house parties. He and his wife, Freda, now reside at Bowden.

- ELIZABETH BELL

CHRISTINE (NICHOLSON) BECKER

In 1919 my parents, Don and Isobel Nicholson, moved to a farm in the Wenham Valley district.

Community dances and picnics were about the only entertainment we had. I remember another girl and I used to dance every dance (we were only about six or seven years). We probably got in everyone else's way but we thought we were doing very well. Picnics were held at Knob Hill and we were allowed a nickel or a dime — sometimes even a quarter. Margaret and I usually spent ours immediately but Malcolm quite often came home with his. I remember one time I was begging Dad for more money for a pop but he said, "No." Finally, he broke down and said he'd get a cocoanut. We drank the milk from that and still had the rest to eat.

We travelled by team and wagon or sleigh when we attended dances at Fern Creek, Breton or elsewhere. One time, travelling to Fern Creek took us four hours. The snow was so deep at times that the boys broke trail for the horses. But it was a very good dance when we finally got there and I think we returned home at 8 a.m. Orchestras used to play until three or four o'clock in the morning.



Sawing wood, 1945. Colin Gillies, Malcolm Nicholson. Roy Wold and Don Gillies by the saw.

One time Dad, Mom and I went to visit a neighbor and we were bringing back this circular saw for cutting wood into blocks. It was in the spring of the year and there was not enough snow for a sleigh so we used this high-wheeled wagon. Coming across Gillies' field, there were snowbanks and ruts. Anyway, over went the wagon and we all went flying. No

one was hurt except for a few bruises. Thankfully, the saw had sailed on further over our heads. The wagon was righted onto its wheels and we carried on.



After sawing a winter's supply of wood. L. to R. Dougald Gillies, Clarence Reid, Ruth Bunney, Dan Nicholson, Colin Gillies, Malcolm Nicholson.

Blueberries and other wild fruit were plentiful most years and we used to go out and pick them, taking sandwiches along and spending the day. I think I ate most of the berries I picked before I got home. One time, we took the wagon and went up by Keystone and picked cranberries in a swamp. They were large and grew on a tiny hair, as we called it. They were taken home and canned and were delicious with thick cows' cream.

Dad built an addition onto the house and we had a small store and the post office. Mail was brought out from Winfield on Tuesdays and Saturdays. You looked forward to those days as people would walk or come by horseback to pick up the mail and you had someone to talk to for awhile. Later on, a few cars appeared on the scene. Dad bought a truck with a large box on the back and everyone would come to our place on a Sunday. We'd all go to Pigeon Lake and have a picnic as everyone had brought some goodies under their arms.

Dad and Malcolm used to go out threshing in the fall and Margaret and I were left to look after the farm. Sometimes we milked as many as 12 to 15 cows, night and morning, and fed the pigs, etc.; lots of times they didn't get home till 10 or 11 at night and if they were too far away, wouldn't come home till the job was finished.

Highlights of the summer were the 24th of May and 1st of July picnics at Winfield and Breton. But, of course, those were the days when rows upon rows of potatoes had to be planted or hoed, so there was much planning and conniving to do that another day. Sometimes that didn't work out too well but everyone managed to get to the dance in the evening. For a few years we had quite a good girls'

softball team and used to play other teams from the surrounding areas.

My mother passed away in 1935 when I was only 11 years old. My sister, Margaret, finally went out to work and ended up in B.C. She worked for Boeings, Boyles and now works for the Teachers' Federation and lives in Vancouver. Dad also moved to Vancouver and passed away out there in 1952. Malcolm took over the farm and he and his wife. Blanche (Hamel), lived there for a few more years and then moved to Dawson Creek. They had two girls and a boy. Malcolm passed away in 1977. I went to work at Buck Lake and then worked in a cafe in Winfield where I met my husband, Dale Becker, We travelled about a lot for the first few years as he was in the construction business — so you went wherever there was work. We've been here in the Edmonton area for the last 28 years. The children finally started going to school so we tried to stay in one place. We have two boys and a girl.



Margaret Nicholson by our old house, 1958.

It's nice to go to the community reunions and see everyone and talk over old times. We occasionally drive past the old farm, but it makes us sad. Some buildings have fallen down and others are no longer there. I'm sure everyone feels the same when they go to see their old homes. It didn't matter that they were perhaps old and sort of dilapidated, there was always a warm welcome to anyone who came to your door. Deep in our hearts, they were all palaces when you think back on the hardships and work your parents put into making a home.

— CHRISTINE (NICHOLSON) BECKER

BUCHANAN FAMILY

George Buchanan was born in Riding Mountain, Manitoba on May 1st 1906. I first met him when he moved southeast of Breton on the John Biro farm with Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Maine in 1939. At this time, George worked for Anthony's at Antross and in the lumber camps in the winter. We were married in Winfield, Alberta in February 1941.

That summer, George worked in Nystrom's camp southwest of Carnwood. After he built a shack, I went out with him. The Nystrom brothers went home for harvesting in the fall and we stayed to look after the horses. Prairie chickens and partridges were plentiful and we ate our share.



The Buchanans, Dorothy holding Reg, George holding Bill.

In the late fall, we bought a lot in Breton where John Reputakowski now lives, and moved the shack onto it. In February 1942 our first son Bill was born. We lived in town until April 1943 when we bought the Charlie Broton quarter SW1-48-4 West of the 5th. We moved the shack from town and built on a bedroom. George's dad, William Andrew Buchanan, sold his blacksmith shop 10 miles west of Millet, so he and brother Jack, from Coleman, came to live with us. We cleaned up the little shack Mr. Broton had lived in to have a place for them to sleep. The men started building a house in the summer and finished it in the fall. In October 1943, our second son, Reginald, was born.



Jack and Tina Buchanan.

We bought another farm, the McNeil place SW1-48-5-W5. We moved there as Jack married Tina Pacholka in December. Mr. McNeil had kept the building neat. He had white washed the outside

of the log house and chickenhouse. Part of the house was slab and plaster over the logs inside. It had quite big windows for a log house; also it had a brick chimney which I was very glad of as I am afraid of fires and was left by myself with the children in the winter while George worked away from home. George built a fence of slabs to keep the children in because two Moose Creeks ran one on each side of us.



Lloyd and Reg, 1945.

Our third son, Lloyd, was born in March 1945; then Edward in March 1950. When Bill started school, he stayed in town with Mr. and Mrs. Alf Benson. The next year, Roy Prentice drove the school bus and our second son, Reg, started school. The boys had to walk 2 miles to Kubejkos west corner to catch the bus. They left home at 7:30 in the morning and I would worry that they would miss the bus or freeze going to it. The bus brought them home around 5 in the afternoon, a long day for a couple of small boys. Jack and Tina decided to move to Edmonton, so we moved to their place as the bus would pick them up there.



Ed and Judy Buchanan

We had a house in Breton across from Cleve Carson where we lived in the winter as George worked away from home all winter. In the summer, we went back to the farm. We later sold that house to Mr. and Mrs. Jake Waunch. George started working as a pipefitter in the oilfield at Camrose so we all moved there for the summer and fall. Before winter, we moved back to Breton. Our only daughter, Judy, was born December 1952.

In August 1954, we moved to Edgewater, B.C. where George worked in the planer mill, and in

latter years, in Kootney National Park. We moved back to Breton in July 1969 as Jack was very sick. We lived with Jack but his house was too small so we bought the Roos house close to the high school.

The family have all left home. Bill married Judy Kenney and they have four children. He works in the Alberta Correspondence Branch and they live at Alberta Beach, Alta. Reg married Carol Serridge and they have two children. He is a computer operator and lives in Fernie, B.C., Lloyd works as caretaker for the Wood Haven School in Spruce Grove and he lives at Alberta Beach, Alta. Edward is Master Corporal in the Airforce at Cold Lake, Alta. Judy married Bernard Tetreau and they have one son and live in Vegreville, Alta.



George holding Bill, Jack, Wm. A. Buchanan.

George's dad, William Andrew, passed away May 1948, Tina April 1967 and Jack April 1974. George was very sick for over a year. He passed away September 1975. I live alone in my home. My family visits me whenever they can and I am very thankful for all my friends.

— DOROTHY BUCHANAN

MIKE BLOCK

Mike Block was born on March 2, 1896, in Poland. After several years of shuttling back and forth through the countries of France, Germany, and Poland, Mike decided he had had enough of the troubled times in Europe. He heard that in Canada they were wanting farmers. He took his medical and on September 12, 1928 he landed in Quebec and then went on to Winnipeg.

Mike left Winnipeg for Yorkton, Saskatchewan where he got a job threshing. Then he went back to Winnipeg to cut cord wood. The following spring he returned to Saskatchewan to work on a wheat farm. His brother-in-law told him that there was a lot of work in Alberta, so he came to Edmonton.

In the spring of 1931, he filed on a homestead N.W. 12-47-4-W5. Here he built a small house. A brush fire in 1937 burnt everything he had, so he left that place and filed on S.W. 13-47-4-W5.

There were several lumber industries in the area, so Mike took jobs in the bush camps. Some of the lumber mills he worked in were: Oulton's, Ross and Beard's, Fraser's, and Carroll Bros. After the lumber industry shut down, Mike went to work brushing for pipe lines around Buck Creek and

In 1943, Mike married Elizabeth Impey, a widow with seven children — George, May, Effie, Betty, Ann, Mary, and Jim. Mike didn't have a large enough house on his homestead so he rented his brother-in-law's farm west of Breton. In 1944, Frank was born and their second, Shirley, was born in 1945. In January of 1948, Walter was born. That spring the family moved back to Mike's homestead.

In 1966, Elizabeth passed away after several years of illness. Mike remained on the farm until the spring of 1972 when he purchased a home in Breton. He remained in Breton until the fall of 1976, and now resides at the West Pine Lodge in Winfield.

Frank married Linda Armour and they have two children, Trevor and Nichole. They are carrying on the farming operation on the family farm. Shirley resides at Fort McMurray with her daughter, Norma. Walter married Irene Ostby and they have three girls, Karen, Carolyn, and Janice.

- FRANK BLOCK

THE WILLARD BOGART FAMILY

Willard (Bill) Bogart was born at Wetaskiwin July 1, 1921. He moved to the New Moose Hill district with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Bogart, in 1924. When he first came to this district, there was no Breton and no railroad. They got their mail at Keystone Post Office where Mark Hooks lives now. The Postmaster was Mr. R. Ramsey.

Bill remembers when they built the New Moose Hill School in 1931. His father and brother, Jack, helped build it. The logs were cut from the N.E. 1-48-5-W5, now owned by Allan Smith. Bill received all his education in this school. The school is now the New Moose Hill Hall, owned and operated by the New Moose Hill Community Club.

Bill worked in the sawmills around this area in winter, and helped his father on the farm in summer.

In 1947 he married Alice Clark from Berrymoor. Alice was a teacher at New Moose Hill. They have four sons.

In May, 1956 they moved to Erskine to run a garage. In October, 1960 they sold the garage and moved back to his farm in the New Moose Hill district where Bill still farms and saws lumber.

Their four sons still live in the Breton district. Laurie was born in Edmonton in 1948. He has worked on oil rigs and driven big trucks all over Alberta. He now owns his own Kenworth. He married Darlene Barsalow in 1970. They have two sons, Rory and Terry. He lives 5 miles west and a half mile north of Breton.



Mother Bogart, Willard, James, Jerry and Barry, 1970.

James (Jim) was also born in Edmonton, in 1950. He has worked with his father on the farm and in the sawmill most of the time. He married Diane Vande Voorde in 1975. They have two daughters, Brenda and Debbie. He lives $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles northwest of Breton.

Jerry was also born in Edmonton, in 1954. He has worked on trucks and other jobs in the oil field and now works out of Drayton Valley. He married Terry Marks in 1976. They have one daughter, Becky. He lives 3½ miles northwest of Breton, just across the road from Jim.

Barry, our youngest, was born in Rimbey in 1955. He has worked on and driven big trucks, and is now working out of Edmonton. He married Cindy Zubot in 1976; they have two sons, Barry Jr. and Elvin. They live in his father's yard now but will soon live 4½ miles northwest of Breton.



Willard and Alice Bogart, Silver Anniversary, 1972.

Bill and Alice celebrated their Silver Wedding Anniversary in 1972 with many relatives and friends present at their farm. Bill and Alice live 5 miles west and 1 mile north of Breton.

REG AND VERMA (NEE HUNTLEY) CARSON STORY

I first came to this district in 1937 with my family. Moving here from Mirror, we settled at Norbuck.

Verma first came to the Breton area in 1936 with her family from Mossleigh, Alberta.



Norbuck Cafe 1939, Marion and Mrs. Thorkelson, proprietors.

Norbuck at that time was quite a busy little place having a store, post office, restaurant, and school. Also the Fred Dohlmans had their trucking camp there. Burrows' Lumber Co. was operating there then. If you were outside on a cold, frosty morning at 7:00 in 1939 at Norbuck, you could hear seven mills starting up. They all had their own steam whistles, and each one had a different tone, so you could tell them apart. First you could hear three mills from Winfield starting. They were



Hauling Pulpwood from west of Breton, 10 cords to load, Reg Carson, trucker.

McDougall's, Carroll's, and Alberta Box Co. Then Art Burrows' mill from Norbuck would start up, followed by Fraser's at Fraspur and then two mills from Antross; those being Anthony's and Ross Bros. There were other smaller mills in the district but I believe those mentioned above were the big ones at the time. Wages at that time were \$37.50 per month (60 hr. a week, 7 A.M. to 6 P.M. six days a week). Verma remembers working at the Herb Smith Store in Breton (1940) for \$15.00 per month.

Forest fires were always a threat back then. A very bad one burned through west of Norbuck in 1940. I think there was almost as much timber lost to fires as was logged in this area. It sure was a shame.

Sports was a big thing then, especially baseball and hockey. Some of the mill owners Les and Mark Anthony, Cecil Ross, Hank Pearson, and Little Bill Fraser were all avid sportsmen. There was always a friendly feud between Antross and Breton. They had some very good teams then and games were

sure taken seriously.

I first pitched ball for Norbuck in 1940. Their ball diamond was on John Kanda's home place, just north of his buildings. Afterwards I played for Antross. They had their own ball diamond and also their own hockey rink which was built on the creek. The Creek was dammed up then so the water was much higher than it is now. They even had lights hooked up from the mill, (really modern). I later pitched ball and played hockey for Breton for many years. I also coached many boys' teams and I can honestly say I enjoyed working with the younger

In the early years they had two very good umpires in this area, Hank Goltz from Winfield and Tiny Gilchrist from Breton. Both were real good old time ball players and both were huge men. I can remember more than one batter getting picked up and gently placed over the fence when they argued just a bit too long with their call.

Players on Breton's ball team that I can recall when I first started playing for their team were: Vern Waddell, Judd Ladd, Hank Pearson, Harry Asher, Fred Greenwood, Ted Greenwood, and Ron

Delameter. That was around 1941.

Breton in the early years had two halls, the Community Hall and Nelson's Hall; each showed a movie every Saturday night. A lot of us kids would go to the Nelson Hall as Mr. Nelson would say he was having a 'rip roaring' western movie. It was a bit more exciting there because the roof used to leak quite badly. If it happened to rain, which it usually did, we would have to keep jumping from seat to seat to miss the drops. Also the projector had a habit of breaking down before the show ended. When that happened you might have been lucky enough to get your ticket refunded. Boy, for 25¢ we sure saw a lot of 'rip roaring' westerns. But as often as not, we never saw the end of the show and we were always left wondering whether the good guys or the bad guys won the battle.

I later spent three years in the Navy, mostly on the Atlantic Ocean, escorting convoys of Merchant Ships overseas. I served aboard the Corvette's H.M.C.S. Matapedia and H.M.C.S. Hespeler. When the war in Europe ended I volunteered to go to the Pacific Ocean. I served aboard the battle cruiser H.M.C.S. Uganda when the war ended against the Japanese. I was then discharged and came home to Antross in November, 1945.

Verma owned and operated two different cafes

in Breton during the forties.

In the spring of 1949, the government sent a small Allis Chalmers road grader out to Breton, probably the first one ever out in this area. Stan Taylor, who was Fraser's road boss, asked me if I'd like to drive it, and I said, "Sure, where do I grade?" "Oh," he said, "You go west to Buck Creek and north to the Berrymoor Ferry, and east to Pigeon Lake". That was quite a territory. It took three or fours days no matter which direction I went. I decided I'd have to build a small caboose and pull it behind to sleep and eat in. Everything went fine until one trip east around Pigeon Lake I had taken my younger brother, Myles, along. It took us about three days to do all the roads there. Then we started back home early one morning coming back towards Yeoford on the old Wetaskiwin highway. Myles kept bugging me, wanting to drive the grader. Since we didn't have to grade the highway, I said, "Okay, you drive as far as Yeoford, and I'll go back to the caboose and cook us some breakfast." I forgot one thing, the big hill about a mile east of Yeoford. Sure enough, when Myles got to the top he decided to shift gears, only to miss and got into neutral instead. Boy, we were really moving coming down the hill; the caboose had steel wheels, which I swear, left the ground two feet every bump he hit. I had a pot of coffee in one hand and a pan of bacon and eggs in the other and was trying to hold down the bed and stove with my feet. What a relief when we got to the bottom and everything settled down!

Verma and I were married in the fall of 1949. After living in Edmonton for a year, we moved back to the farm, S.E. ¼-30-47-3-W5, and have been

living there ever since.

Verma has been working at the Breton General Hospital since it opened on Sept. 23, 1963. the official opening was 2 days later on September 25, 1963.

Verma and her first husband, Nels Hanson who passed away June 15, 1948, had two sons Harold and Stewart. Harold and his wife, Brigitte (nee Freier) live at Breton. Harold owns and operates a mobile steamer and a vacuum truck. Stewart, his wife Donna (nee Sopko), and their two sons Randy and Dallas presently live in Edmonton. Stewart is employed by Provident Resources as a battery operator in the Lodge Pole area.

Verma and I also have two sons, Dennis and Kevin. Dennis and Shelli (nee Barnett) have a son, Marty and a daughter, Sandra and are also living in Edmonton. Dennis graduated from the University of Alberta with a Bachelor of Science Degree and is employed by the Alberta Research Council. Kevin, the youngest, is not married as yet and is living at home. Kevin is employed by Northwestern Utilities Gas Co.

- REG CARSON

TOM CREIGHTON

Dad, Tom Creighton, shipped a carload of settler's effects from Nanton to Breton in the spring of 1935. Nanton, being an old settled area, had no land available there. He had moved there from a dried-out district. He corresponded with Jack (Johnny) Anderson, who homesteaded west of Breton. Mr. Anderson had informed Dad there was land to be had at Breton. On arriving at Breton, he was given permission by Charlie King to use the buildings on what was known as the "Seath place". Later on, a rental agreement was worked out.

When Social Credit came into power, Dad was appointed as road foreman over the Local Improvement District which took in Breton, Buck Creek, Carnwood, Lindale, Onion Creek, Ber-

rymoor and points east.

The Social Credit Government found the treasury as bare as Mother Hubbard's cupboard; therefore, it was necessary to work out a program to ease the situation. "Scrip" or "Funny Money" was issued and delivered to Dad by the Dept. of Public Works, to be handed out to men who worked on the road, in lieu of money.

I helped Dad make out the pay sheets and got to know most of the names in the Local Improvement

District.

I, myself, came to Breton from Coronation in the summer of 1935, with my three year old son, George. We came across the country by hired car, via Pigeon Lake. It rained from there to Breton; we plowed mud all the way with a trailer hitched behind the car containing a crate of pure-bred Bufforpingten chickens, a dog, a cat, house plants and various boxes etc. We were met by Grenville Hoath, who directed us to Joe Walter's cafe as we were cold, tired and hungry. Dad had asked Grenville to direct us to where he was staying. A delegation of bachelors were at the cafe, as I recall; they were, Dick Impey, Bert Knight, Elmer Sabin, Ray Smith and Floyd Graham. They asked if we intended settling at Breton. I was, in fact, en route to a place called Moon Lake to a homestead, and was to be met at Breton where I was to pick up more of my effects consisting of two cows, a calf, a driving horse, and some machinery which Dad had shipped along with his effects. However, due to unforseen circumstances, I was unable to carry through on my plans and was stranded at Breton, where I stayed to keep house for Dad. I had \$30 after paying the car

hire. I had three \$10 bills left when a man came selling beef. However, as he was not able to change a \$10 bill, I couldn't buy any. He said it was doubtful if anyone in Breton could change it. A few days later, I went into Breton and bought 100 pounds of flour and groceries from Herb Smith's store for \$10. This was enough to last a month.

In April, 1942, I married Alvin Ellis. He enlisted in the Armed Forces shortly afterwards and was in the Army for four years, but never left Canada. In June, 1943 our daughter, Sheila, was born. While in the Army, Alvin had legally adopted my son, George. In 1949 our son, Gerald, was born.

Prior to going into the Army, Dad, Alvin and I formed a partnership with each of us contributing an equal value. The agreement was drawn up by the magistrate from Leduc. We bought the S.W. 13-48-4-W5th, known as the Ben Briscoe place, from the Tax Recovery Branch of the Government. The title was issued in our three names.

After the war, Alvin took out a V.L.A. homestead lease on the W. ½ of 11-48-4-W5 (school land). A discovery oil well was drilled on Stan Jackson's place. A man named "Tweed" came out from Edmonton as he had the mineral rights on our place, S.W. 13-48-4-W5. We sold it to him and built a house on the N.W. ¼ of 11-48-4-W5 and moved there. Dad had the N.E. ¼ of 10-48-4-W5, which he later sold to Eli and Lila Myles.

Alvin found new interests and we were divorced in 1964, at which time he signed a transfer of his equity to me, and title to the W. ½ of 11 was issued in my name by the Land Titles Office. Later on, I sold the S.W. ¼ to Eli and Lila Myles and bought a house which was formerly moved from Antross onto a lot in Breton, known as the "Walter Rae" house, and which was formerly owned by Les Anthony.

After Gerald finished school, I sold the N.W. ¼, the home place, to Willard and Marie Robinson, and I moved into Breton.

Dad, Tom Creighton, passed away in 1968 which left me, the only remaining partner.

- LELA ELLIS

PATRICIA M. WAY (NEE CAMPBELL)

My parents moved into the Breton district in 1935. The farm they settled on was 2 miles straight north of Breton. It was originally known as the "old Keystone place"; the reason for this was because the Keystone Post Office had operated from there in previous years. I do not know the exact dates.

We moved from a farm one mile south of Thorsby, which had been my father's homestead. When we moved to Breton, we had a few cows and a team of horses. My memory of the move was a "great day of fun"; two of the neighbor children and myself drove the cows the forty mile distance along

the then dirt road. Sometimes we rode in the hayrack pulled by the horses, and sometimes we trudged behind keeping the cows in line. We had a packed lunch, and a couple of thermoses, and, to me, it was a "day-long" picnic. We left the Thorsby farm at about 7:30 a.m., and arrived at the Breton destination at around 7:30 that evening. My mother and father had arrived earlier, having ridden in the truck which brought our furniture.



Mrs. Campbell.

It was the month of April, about the middle, if my memory serves me correctly. There was an old log house on the farm, and this is where we made our home until Father was able to find us a frame house to live in. I understand the old log house was the original Keystone Post Office as well.



Mr. Campbell, Pat. Part of the Keystone post office in the background.

As I grew up, I treasured fond memories of good times we had at dances held in the Funnell

School. This is where I learned to dance, a pastime I still get a lot of pleasure out of today. We did go further to dance, to places like Carnwood and Lindale, and I can remember pleasant trips to those dances in a one-horse cutter-sleigh, with the jingle bells on. We would be all wrapped up in blankets to keep warm, as the distance was sometimes a radius of 20 miles or more, one way.

The farm is directly east of the Funnell School, across country, and this is the way I went when I attended Funnell School, across our farm, and across the neighboring farm, inhabited at that time

by a family named Wolfe.

Later, after I had to stop going to school because of the tuition expense, I spent a couple of years working on the farm with my dad, who was getting on in years at that time. Being an only child, I was supposed to have been a boy; as a matter of fact my name was "Kenneth John" before I was born. It would have been much more beneficial to my dad had I been a boy — but I'm sure he never really minded. We had fun working together, and had lots of good serious talks while we worked. He was a very quiet man, and probably would be considered anti-social in today's standards; but he had plenty of words of wisdom for me, and I know my education was furthered through our various discussions.



Pat Campbell, 1940.

My mother belonged to a ladies' group fondly called "The Mothers' Club". They met once a month at the various homes, and this was another source of great pleasure to me. I looked forward to those monthly meetings, for many reasons. I enjoyed people and company — and other than my close association with my parents, I was a "loner" most of my life, through circumstances — not my choice! My mom and I were great pals, and we used to spend the winter evenings playing cards; later when I got older, a boy friend used to come to call, and the

three of us would have great fun with the card games. My father always went to bed very early, so

he did not join in.

The time came when Mother felt that I should be out on my own, although this was not Father's sentiment. He would have had me stay at home forever, but my mom could see that it was necessary I should go. My first job was at Pete's Trading Store in Breton. This was the new store; the first one had burned down previously. I enjoyed every minute of this completely "new" existence, although we sometimes worked from 8:00 a.m. to 8:00 p.m., and on Saturdays until 12:00 midnight, (after the weekly show was over). I met many wonderful people during my days in the store.

From here on . . . my life was not in Breton, I ventured into the BIG city (Edmonton) and found

work there . . .

My parents lived on the farm until May of 1948, when my father passed away in the Colonel Mewburn Hospital in Edmonton, after a 5 month illness. My mother was forced to sell the farm, and came to live with me in the city. She passed away in October of 1957, at the age of 78. She loved the country life, and the farm, and I can remember many times she would say to me, "If I could only do it I would be back on the farm." She loved the life, although she spent a good part of her life in England, and had never even been close to a cow before she married my father.

My memories of my life in the Breton area are all very happy ones, and I am very glad that this history of Breton is to be printed for posterity.

— PAT (CAMPBELL) WAY

DALE COBLE FAMILY

In 1961, Shirley and Dale Coble purchased a half section of land. It is located eight miles west and one mile south of Breton, Alberta. For two years before actually moving out, they spent their weekends working on their homestead.

In 1963, they bought a small house from the City of Edmonton for \$15.00. They chopped out a space amongst the trees and moved it in. At that time, there were only two children, Brenda and

Greg.

Dale dug a well by hand and they used a gas plant for power. There were hundreds of rabbits back then and one fell in the well, so Dale had to dig another one.

In May, two months after moving out, another

daughter, Debbie, was born.

Little by little, the land was cleared and then began the hard work of breaking the land. They picked rocks and roots, using an old steel-wheeled tractor, which was their only piece of machinery at that time.

In November of '65 while finishing up the har-

vest, Dale had to rush Shirley to Edmonton where she gave birth to another daughter, Gail.

In 1967, Brenda started school, walking one mile to the main road to catch the bus. By this time, a lot of the land was cleared and a small herd of two cows grazed the pastures. Also in 1967, Dale began making a reality, the dream of a new house. By 1969 the family had moved into the new house and Shirley brought home a new baby, Janet, shortly afterwards.

By 1972, the Coble family had all the land they required, cleared, and the cattle herd had grown to

approximately 75.

In 1975, Dale began driving the school bus for the Breton schools. This was a long awaited opportunity. Now, Dale could work on his farm everyday instead of just after work and holidays.

In 1977, Dale and Shirley, along with Dale's sister, Sally, and her husband, Lindsay Thomlinson,

bought the Gulf Service Station in Breton.

In 1978, the Cobles surprised everyone by selling the garage, bus and farm implements before anyone could think twice about it. They had purchased a house and an apartment building in Kelowna, B.C.

In July, 1979, Dale sold the farm to Les Huber.

In December, 1978 their eldest daughter, Brenda, married Raymond Marks of Breton. They are now living in the Coble house and expecting a family of their own in January, 1980. The rest of the Coble children moved to Kelowna, along with Shirley and Dale.

— Brenda (Coble) Marks

HARRY CHOMYSZYN

My father was born in the Ukraine on November 4, 1893. At the age of 33, he left his family and friends and came to Canada to seek a better way of life. Not knowing where he was going or what he was going to do, he left my mother and I behind. When he arrived in Canada he headed West, even though he had family in Toronto, one brother and two sisters. Some friends had told him he might get a job in the Camrose area, on the railroad.

He was one of the fortunate ones, for he did manage to get work on the CPR railroad gang. The pay was not much and work was hard, but it was a job, a place to stay and something to eat. He stayed and worked with the train gang as it gradually worked its way toward Calgary where the job ended. Fortunately, again he managed to get some work in the roundhouse in Calgary. He stayed and worked at whatever he could until he had saved enough money to buy some land and bring my mother and I to Canada.

We arrived in Canada on June 30, 1930 and headed for Calgary, where we met my dad. After a day, we took the train to Breton. Although I was just

a little over five years old, I can recall the disappointment on my mother's face when we came to the farm. There was a log house on it, completely grown up with grass and trees. People living in the old country had said Canada was like a land of plenty and fortune, and the conditions of the homestead were not as we had expected. It was summer and the weather was warm, which was fortunate as the house had to be plastered. It was no small task to tackle the job of getting the house liveable with nothing to work with but your two bare hands. By



Mr. and Mrs. H. Chomyszyn in Calgary, 1952.

winter I remember my parents had it all plastered and white-washed, and had acquired the bare necessities of a stove, a table, chairs and bed. It didn't take long to spend what little money my dad had managed to save. I recall my mother picking all kinds of blueberries and raspberries and canning them for the winter, because for our family like many others, money was scarce. By the end of the second year, there was no money left so my dad applied for a job on the railroad in Breton. Jobs were just about impossible to get, but being he had a little seniority, he was able to get a few days work a month. I can remember he had to walk to town every morning. A year or so later, he purchased a bike which made it a little easier. The work was very hard on the railroad in those days. Everything was done by hand. With the money he made on the railroad, the folks managed to buy a couple of cows and a team of horses. I recall my parents saying they paid ten dollars each for the cows. Once they had the cows, there was milk, butter and cottage cheese. They also had a few chickens and a pig or two. The cream was shipped and I remember my mother getting somewhere from \$1.75 to \$1.90 for a can of cream. That bought all our groceries which were just the bare necessities. What Dad made working on the railroad was spent on what little improvement they would make for themselves on the farm. While my dad worked away from home, I had to help my mother with all the chores. During the summer the hay was put up by hand and had to be cut with a sycthe, raked and put in piles to be hauled into the barn later. There was also the never ending chore of getting wood and water.

On June 16, 1931, my brother, Norman, was born. I had started school at Funnell by this time. Going to school during spring and fall wasn't bad, but in winter, that $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles seemed endless, especially when it had snowed heavily.

After my parents were on the farm a couple of years, several other European families had moved into the district, and it wasn't long before they were getting together to talk over the memories of their homelands and the families they had left behind. They often talked of all the hardships most of them were going through. My childhood memories of Sundays are of days when neighbors would come to our home, or my parents would visit with others. It was one way of getting away from the loneliness that I'm sure most of them must have felt in those days.

As time went on, my parents managed to clear the few acres again, that had grown up in bush around the house. Everything was done by hand and one team of horses.

I can remember one year when my parents had a crop of wheat and our neighbor, Mr. Art Westling, did the threshing. He had a steamer, a threshing machine and several men hauled the bundles. I recall my parents selling the wheat for 20¢ a bushel.

It was around then, I can remember times were really hard for everyone. We lived along the main road and many times transient people would stop, begging for a cup of coffee and something to eat.



Mr. and Mrs. H. Chomyszyn on their farm at Breton, 1930's.

People seemed so desperate. I remember seeing the train go by with people going back and forth, they themselves not knowing where they could find something to do and eat. I look back with admiration at how people managed in those days. Some made their own coffee and porridge, and wheat was traded for flour. There was enough garden grown that it lasted through the winter, and there was always wild meat; I recall eating a lot of prairie

chicken. It was remarkable how people seemed to make meals out of hardly anything.

One day, February 20, 1936, my second brother Fred was born, and I think it was about this time that things were toughest for my folks.



The Chomyszyn children 1940. Fred, Ann and Norman.

Although Dad was working a little more on the railroad and we were milking two or three cows and had some pigs, it was hard to make any progress. Like most people in those days, they plugged along and managed to exist. I finished grade nine and could not see much prospect for further education with no money, so I decided to get a job. After two little jobs helping out some friends, I came back home in the spring of 1942 to work for Pete's Trading, a general store, where I worked for almost three years.

About this time my mother developed health problems. To get medical help in those days, when there was no one nearby, was certainly not the easiest, especially when there was no money. It was about this time that my father received word that they were hiring men in the roundhouse in Calgary again. The world was at war and jobs were a little easier to get. Dad looked into it and decided he would go back to the CPR for the money seemed much surer. In 1943 they held a sale and sold everything but the land. They even sold a little better house that they had scraped up for and bought.

The sale did not bring in a great deal of money, but they did manage to buy a small house in Calgary. Dad worked steadily at the CPR roundhouse, a place where they overhauled steam engines at that time. The boys finished school and both got jobs with the CPR. Things went a little better for them, for they did not work as hard as they did during the hard times on the farm.

On June 18, 1946, Ted and I were married and bought the property on which we still farm today. I think my parents found they enjoyed city life. For the first time in their lives, they had a little money to get little extra comforts of life rather than just the bare necessities. Things did not remain that good, for in June of 1954, my mother suffered a stroke. A month later, on July 13, 1954, she passed away.

Dad continued working at the CPR shop until he retired at the age of 65. He bought and improved several houses till he finally acquired a home he liked. In the spring of 1973 his health failed and after a short illness, he passed away on August 28, 1973. It is with respect and admiration that I look back on my parents' lives as I reminisce about all the rough times they endured in those depression years.

— ANN GRZYB

THE WILMA COLBY (ELLIS) STORY

I was one of nine children (7 boys and 2 girls) born to George and Olga Ellis of Breton. We lived on a farm about 5½ miles northwest of the town-more specifically, N.W. 17-48-4-W5.

This was quite a large family at a time when money for food and clothing was very scarce. Most winters, Dad worked in lumber camps for only a few dollars. Other times, when Dad was home, he and the older boys would cut and skid logs from the farm corners of our land and saw them into stovelength pieces. The older boys would saw the logs with a crosscut saw and we smaller kids got to sit on the log to hold it "somewhat" still, and we all took part in piling it into the sleigh box. Dad would then haul it, by the sleigh box full, into Breton to sell for \$2.00 to \$3.00 per load and return home with groceries.

We walked 3½ miles to attend Funnell School-a one room school with cloak rooms and at the back was a big pot-bellied stove, surrounded on three sides by a tin wall for protection against possible burns to the pupils. On nice days it was a pleasant walk, with all the talking and laughing with the neighbor kids. Then there were the bad days - rainy days, when we were mud to our knees and soaking wet all through, and the cold winter days when we could barely see the road through our toques and scarves which we wrapped around in an attempt to keep warm.

Mom made a lot of our clothes from dyed flour sacks. We envied the Fenneman kids in their big wool socks that their mother made from sheeps' wool that she spun into yarn.

One winter day I froze two fingers, which was probably the worst thing that happened to me. Occasionally we would get a ride, at least part of the way to or from school, either with a neighbor or with Dad if he happened to be going our way at the time. Sometimes he would be with the hayrack or the sleigh on his way to haul hay or straw from some distant friend. On off school days, I really liked to go with him on these trips and tramp down the load as he pitched it on the rack.

Being the oldest girl, I got to make our school lunches. There were usually four of us going at the same time, so that was quite a chore every morning.

I made a lot of 'cocoa' sandwiches which were made by mixing cocoa, sugar and vanilla and water together and boiling it. These we carried to school in a three pound lard pail with our name scratched on the lid with a nail. In winter months, we would leave home in the dark (7:30 a.m.) and get home in the

dark (5 p.m.).

Mom baked thirteen loaves of bread every second day. One of my fondest memories was to come home from school to homemade bread and homemade butter on the table. We would have time for a couple slices of bread and butter, then it was away to find the cows. We didn't have our land fenced so the cows and horses wandered to wherever they could find good pasture. After school it was our job to go and fetch them. Sometimes these were reasonably short trips and other times they could be very long trips, especially when there was a rainstorm with thunder and lightning. We were not only scared, but it was almost impossible to hear the cowbells to tell what direction they were. We were usually bare-footed on these trips so if a foot suddenly got warm we were sure we were getting close! I didn't like it when the cows were in the swamp. The very tall pine trees were scary and the moss was hard to walk in. On at least a couple of occasions, a cow would be mired in a swamp hole with only her head and back showing. We would have to go all the way back home to get Dad. With the help of our horse and a chain around the cow's neck. Dad would pull the cow out. We had a similar problem with a horse a few years later. It fell into an abandoned well which was a dug-out about 15 feet deep. Our neighbor, Ray Gerwien, came and helped Dad and the boys dug out the side of the well at a slant, and using a rope and pulley tied to a tree, we pulled the horse out. The horse had been there a few days but the water hadn't covered its back so in a few days he was back to normal.

We really looked forward to the Christmas concerts at our school. Not only was it a lot of fun, but was also one of the few occasions we got new clothes. We spent a lot of time practicing for the plays. Ray and I were usually given the longest parts because we were good at memorizing. We would practice on the way to and from school. The concert would last about two hours. Then Santa Claus would come and pass candy bags out to all the kids, including the pre-schoolers. Next, a big box of the most delicious apples was passed to everyone in the audience. It was the biggest event of the whole winter and people from miles around came to see our concert.

Gwen Mills wore high-heeled shoes to school a lot and I was sure happy when she would let me borrow them to wear till next recess or noon hour. One winter the teacher kept us girls busy with some quilt making. We each brought a shoebox of quilt scraps and mixed them for good variety. We sewed the pieces by hand to a washed sugar sack which, of course, was made from cloth in those days. This made one quilt block and four of these were to make

a doll quilt. I continued mine at home and made it into a full-sized quilt which Grace and I were to have on our bed for years to come.

We kids picked a lot of wild berries in those days. We preferred picking blueberries and saskatoons because they didn't settle in the pail as raspberries and strawberries did. Kenny Scott, who was visiting our neighbors, went with us to pick strawberries one time in a field by the white house. We were told not to eat the berries while we picked them. A short while after we got started, we could hear Kenny spitting out the hulls. When we yelled at him for it, he'd say, "Oh I wasn't eating any", but what we had heard was so obvious; we had a lot of laughs about it over the years. One fall Mom said that we could sell any blueberries we picked, after she got 100 quarts canned. You never saw such eager beavers in the berry patch. We sold enough, at 25¢ per pound, to buy some of our winter clothes. This included our long underwear which was necessary in the winter. We did a lot of praying that a bear wouldn't come along to the berry patch and we were fortunate none ever did; neighbors did see the odd



Grace and Wilma Ellis clowning on wash day.

We had a lot of fun times. There were always enough of us kids to play 'team' games such as, steal sticks, run-sheep-run, or play scrub using trees or a stick as bases. We also played a lot on stilts. Lloyd made them for us from long poles or 2 by 4's, with a piece of wood nailed on each, about knee-high. We put our feet on these pieces with the poles back of our arms. With a lot of practice, we even learned to run a short distance on them. I always wanted a tricycle, but of course there wasn't money for such things, so when I was about ten, Lloyd made one for me completely out of wood except for the axles. Even the wheels were cut from a board. I spent a lot of happy hours on it. We also played a little danger-

ously with a pair of buggy wheels on an axle. Someone would sit on the axle and start rolling at the top of the hill between the house and the barn. One time I had those aluminum hair curlers in my hair and about halfway down the hill, I went over backwards and flattened all the curlers at the back of my head. I saw stars for awhile.

There was a very big and long horse trough that Grandpa Ellis and Dad made by hewing out a log. In summer we kids would dip our heads into it to cool off

We made our own playhouse by going to a spot where the willow trees were really thick. We cut down all the trees in the middle, in about a six foot diameter circle, then bound in the tops of the surrounding trees and tied them together with a rope, leaving a narrow opening for the doorway. We brought a couple of wooden orange crates from the yard to use as cupboards for the dishes and as chairs. We pretended to have guests in for a meal and served them leaves, twigs, and dirt and imaginary tea or coffee in tin cans, for cups.

Many an evening, I walked with Dad to Chris Myrby's place to hear the 'fights' on their radio. Dad carried a coal oil lantern to light our way. Actually, the light extended about three feet forward, backward, and to each side of us. I was about ten years old and the coyotes howling would really scare me, but Dad assured me that the lantern light would keep them away. Occasionally, the wind would blow the lantern flame out and we would have to stop and relight it with a match.

The whole family was fascinated when Alvin bought our first radio, complete with a big power battery. He got Leo Manning to come and help hook it up. It made for a lot of pleasant listening to Don Messer, Pepper Young's Family, Ma Perkins, Ed and Zeb, Amos and Andy and the Lone Ranger, to name a few.

Lloyd made his first violin. I think Don Messer was his inspiration. Later, he bought a banjo and a guitar. Each one of us tried to learn to play one or the other, but only Grace, Ernie and Ronnie succeeded. Lloyd played a lot at school dances in the surrounding areas for \$3.00 a night. That was from dusk till dawn. Almost everyone around went to the dances, even those with babies and small children. The little ones were put to sleep in coats and, or, blankets on the school desks near the walls; thus, we all learned to dance at a very young age.

As we got older we had saddle ponies to ride, to fetch the cows. One was a flighty little mare named "Dot". One night I rode her to get the cows and about one mile from home, the saddle seemed to be coming loose. Something was happening that I didn't recognize till I went sailing through the air. I landed on my fanny on the plowed field. I sat up to see Dot going over the five-pole-gate with the saddle slipping under her belly. Anyway, I chased the cows the rest of the way on foot. I was nearly home when I met a couple of brothers leading Dot, minus her

saddle. They were coming to see what happened to me and the saddle. We walked back a quarter of a mile and found it in the bush next to a tree which was probably responsible for the saddle's presence in that spot.

I guess Mom was glad when I got old enough to help with the cooking and washing clothes. There seemed to be huge mounds of dirty clothes for washday, done, of course, on the old wooden washboard in a tub of water. We used rain water in summer, heated on the stove in a boiler and in the winter it was melted snow.

The cooking was quite a job too, especially when we had the threshers or wood sawers there for meals. This included perhaps three or four neighbors who each had a big pile of logs skidded up to their yards in winter. Lloyd had the motor-driven saw by now and moved from one farm to the next sawing their piles of wood. We kids liked to split these stove length pieces and pile them neatly in cords to dry out. On one occasion, Cecil was splitting the wood and accidentally split Ivor's foot with the axe. We didn't go the doctor in those days, especially when the closest one was in Thorsby, about thirty miles away. With horses, that would be a long trip. Nellie Thomas happened to be visiting us at the time and poured a whole lot of pepper on the cut which sent Ivor into screams. However, it did heal the foot.

Lloyd was the only brother who smoked cigarettes and Grace and I took to sneaking bits of his tobacco and papers and trying out the habit. It was going fine till Mom caught us in the act, behind the house. Of course, we stomped out the cigarette and took off running. She sent Ray and Cecil after us. They caught up to us at the main road north, a quarter of a mile away. They brought us back for a mouthful of Dad's snuff and a sound whipping with a belt before we were turned loose. Were we sick! We were hanging onto the grass to keep from falling off the ground.

At the age of 14, I started sewing on Mom's old Singer sewing machine, practicing on scraps at first, then making house dresses for Mom, Grace and myself. As I got better at it and also a little braver, I made tailored suits for Mom and Grace. They looked real nice to us.

At the age of 16, green as grass from the farm, I went by train to Sovereign, Saskatchewan to visit cousins - then on to Nottingham, Saskatchewan, where Grandpa Ellis and family had once lived. I worked there to help out another cousin during harvesting.

I helped Dad corduroy a stretch of road south of Stan and Olive Jackson's place, a mile or so from Breton. This was done by taking all the mud from the road with a sloup pulled by a team of horses. Then we cut down trees, topped and limbed them and laid them crosswise on the road; then we used the sloup again to cover the logs with dry dirt and a lot of sand. Once packed down good, from traffic, it was like a new road once again.

I started working away from home as soon as I finished school, at the age of fifteen years, usually for a month or two at a time when people had lumber sawers at their place, during harvest time or after a new baby. These places included — Jessie Abram's in Edmonton, two days at the Misericordia Hospital in Edmonton, (the nuns' long black gowns scared me), Joe and Jean Herceg's and Elmer and Hazel Johnson's at Alsike, Wyman and Este Fullerton's at Carnwood, Dr. and Mrs. Fleming's in Wetaskiwin, Ray Gardner's in Wetaskiwin, Jack and Millie Sylvester's in Breton, Breton Hotel, Vic and Jean Anderson's, Frank and Lila Colby's, Ed and Lila Goddard's at Carnwood, Cecil and Earl Jacobson's, just north of our farm. My wages were \$20.00 a month.

We had quite a flood in the area in 1944, while I was working at Goddard's. I went home on a weekend to see our Aunt Clara who had come from Saskatchewan for a visit. I don't think she was impressed with our bread pans, lard pails and "what have you", placed at strategic places about the house to catch the rain that made its way through our board roof. Our local roads were, at times, almost impossible in any bad rainstorm, much less this flood.

I went to most of the country dances around the Breton, Carnwood, Lindale, Strawberry Ridge, Saskatoon Valley and Moose Hill areas. The admission to the dance was 25¢ for men and the ladies would bring a lunch, which was shared by all at midnight. Most of the time I went with Mom, Dad and my brothers or sometimes with the Sutherland girls, Irene and Kathleen, our friends and close neighbors about a half mile from us. Those winter cutter rides were mighty cold. We would sometimes get out and run behind while holding onto the back of the cutter in an attempt to work up some body heat to get warm. Other times, we would heat the old 'sad irons' on the kitchen stove, really hot, then wrap them in gunny sacks and place them at our feet in the cutter or sleigh box. I helped Mom to make some patchwork quilts to put over our laps. We always enjoyed hearing the sleigh bells on the horses' harness. They could be heard for miles away on a cold crisp winter night. It was at one of those dances, at Liberton School (now Carnwood Community Centre), that I first met Gordon Colby. My first impression was that his singing and vodeling were a little too loud and I never did figure out why he was crawling up and over the partition which divided the cloakrooms from the dancing area. However, I liked his brown eyes, black wavy hair and his red peaked cap, and shortly thereafter, he came a-courting on horseback every Sunday.

When I worked for Frank and Lila, Gordon stayed there awhile, too, helping to drill a well. We would often walk to Marie and Tom Fleming's in an evening to play cards. One very dark night, Gordon carried a flashlight to light our way. When we came to the field, there were several rows of new plowing

and since I was wearing open sandles and didn't want the dirt to get in, Gordon, very gallantly, picked me up to carry me across. Well about halfway across the furrows, he tripped and dropped me and the flashlight. The light went out, of course, and we spent a few minutes laughing and searching on our hands and knees, before we found the flashlight. After a few months, we decided to get married. Dot Gerwien had a shower for me. Also, Kathleen Sutherland held one in Breton and Jean Anderson had one in Lindale. Gordon and I were married on Iune 24th, 1949, in Edmonton, with Grace as my bridesmaid and Eddie Van Ember as best man. We had a wedding dance at Lindale the next night. About 250 people attended and danced to the music of Pete and Sally Hernberg on their violin and guitar. A hat was passed at midnight, for collection, and we received \$50.00. This paid for the music (\$25.00) and the hall rental and clean up; I think that was \$4.00.

The house had two rooms with wide board floors. I liked to scrub the floors on my hands and knees with hot water, laundry soap and a scrub brush. It was a real challenge to see how clean I could get the boards. We had a big garden and Gordon did some farming with our horses plus a team he borrowed from Maurice LaChance. He put up a lot of hay in the shed for winter. He also worked in bush camps, cutting pulpwood with his brother, Bruce, and Chuck Roy.



The Sr. Colby farm home where we started out our married life, 1949.

Our first son, Terry, was born while we lived there. It was a lonely place to live. Our closest neighbors were a half mile away and I didn't even know them. Our nearest store was eight miles away and we had to cross a creek to get there. At times that was a scary adventure to say the least! The water came up into the buggy box while we crossed it. A few times, when the beavers had made a dam up the creek, the water was just too deep, so Gordon unhooked the horses and separated them. He took Terry and rode Barney across the creek, put Terry on the bank and came back and took me across. Then he went back and rehooked the horses to the buggy and rode across standing up in the box, picked Terry and me up and went on to the store for groceries. On the

return trip, we would repeat the whole procedure. Ken Badgerow said we crossed that creek when it wasn't safe to shoot across it.

From there, we moved to Edmonton for a year or so, then back out to rent Foster Sutherland's farm for three years, again hauling water and scrubbing board floors. In winter, of course, the water would freeze in the barrels. Washday meant I took the hatchet to chip away at the ice and melt it to get enough water (two tubs full) to wash and rinse clothes. I scrubbed clothes on the scrub board with a bar of Sunlite soap until I brought our second son, Milo, home and found a nice surprise. Gordon had bought a brand new gas washing machine. Gordon was still working away from home a lot, sometimes just getting home on weekends. One weekend, in particular, I was sure glad when he arrived. I had taken ill and had to get to a hospital in a hurry. He brought the Lindale district nurse first, then he got Frank Cox, in the night, to take the nurse and me to an Edmonton hospital (75 miles away) where I had a four-in-one operation almost immediately.

Aunt Phoebe, from Michigan, visited us on the farm and accompanied the little boys and me on our trips into Breton to sell the cream and to get groceries. I drove the team on the rubber tired wagon and flat deck. Aunty sat on a chair in the middle, holding Milo on her knee. The mud from the horses' feet was flying back on us. Auntie said, "Mercy, how can you stand all this mud?" I said, "Oh, we don't mind it

a bit. We grew up with it." We rented two more places and then moved to a small house in Edmonton at 5924 - 104 Street, which then was at the city limits. Then it was back again to a piece of land on Vic Anderson's farm in Lindale. This was truly our mansion on the hill. Our home was three granaries pushed together. Gordon's sisters helped to paper the rooms with white building paper and then we painted over it. One granary was our living room, boys' room, bedroom and eating area combined. It was heated by an oil stove. The middle room was our kitchen with room only for a homemade cupboard and wood box which also held the water pails. The kitchen stove adorned this room, too. The other end (granary) was our "master bedroom" which was so-o-o cold in winter that I would wear Gordon's wool underwear to bed. George Van Ember gave us a frozen turkey that year about a week before Christmas. Since we would be away for Christmas, we threw it under our bed where it staved very solidly frozen until I cooked it New Year's Day.

Our third son, Douglas, was born while we lived there. He passed away in his second year from staphylococcal pneumonia. Four moves later our fourth son, Harris, was born at Sangudo where we lived for a year. Two moves later, we added three daughters to our family — Susan, Lisa and Connie. Now it was time to think of buying a house.

Mom and Dad gave us \$1000.00 and we had saved \$500.00 ourselves. This was our down payment on a little old semi-bungalow on 150th Street in Edmonton. The rooms were very small and we were cramped but it was home for six years, at which time we doubled our investment by trading it in on our present house at 14815 - 93 Avenue. It has plenty of room for all our family and many friends join us for the occasional house party.

Terry married Judy Carlsen in 1975 and they live in Edmonton. At this writing, Terry is apprenticing in mechanics, Milo and Harris are apprenticing in carpentry, Susan has earned her certificate in hairdressing, Lisa has one more year of hairdressing training and Connie will be twelve years old this

year and goes into grade seven.

My hobbies include bowling (for 11 years), custom sewing (for 10 years and I make all my clothes), macrame and last but not least, bingo which has netted me around \$7,000.00 in the last five years. I had no trouble finding places for it to be enjoyed by all our family.

I have fourteen albums full of pictures taken from the time I was about fifteen years old to the present time. We get a lot of pleasure in sitting down together, looking over the pictures and reminiscing about the wonderful years of both good times and hard times and realizing that with God's blessings and a host of relatives and dear friends, we truly have a lot to be thankful for.

TED AND DOREEN CHAPIN

We purchased the farm from Mr. M. Oelkers and moved onto it in the fall of 1967. We started farming, part-time hobby-style, as Ted owned and operated the Honeyboy Bread business from 1966-77. Our nephew, Mitchell Anthony, has taken over the bread business since 1977.



Bread truck, Debbie and Cheryl.

We have two daughters, Cheryl and Debbie, both born in Edmonton and a son, Dwayne, born in Breton in 1968, a year after we were on the farm. Ted had lived in Breton previously, in the mid forties, and attended the Breton Elementary School. Good remembrances of Ted's young days in Breton include, watching movies on the hard benches in the Nelson Hall and the Community Hall, Webster's Feed Mill, Scott's Blacksmith Shop, and riding on Mindy Anderson's dray.



Threshing at Chapin's, 1968.

The first year, Ted harvested his grain with a threshing machine (1968) and had Mr. W. Day, Mr. Robertson, and Floyd Stenseth pitching bundles. Our little girls enjoyed sitting and watching the straw pile up in a large stack.



Left to right, Doreen, Debbie, Dwayne, Cheryl, Ted.

Since we've lived in the Breton area, we have owned the Breton Trailer Court and an adjoining quarter, previously owned by Mr. W. Johnson. As the years have gone by, we've accumulated more land and built our farm into a self-sufficient business.

— DOREEN CHAPIN

TED AND HETTY CHAPIN

My father, Mr. James Ing, arrived at Norbuck in 1931. He got a job at Nelson's mill and worked all summer. In the fall he came back to the prairie and

told us what a nice country it was here, so we decided to come up to Norbuck, too. You could get homsteads here at that time and my dad had applied for his before he came back.

My husband, Ted Chapin Sr., and my dad brought all the stock and the household things by train and landed at Norbuck. There was an old log house on one side of the canvon about three miles east of Norbuck and a barn where we could put our stock on the other side of the canyon. He inquired about the farm with the log house and found he could get it, but a cancellation had to go against it and it would be ninety days before we could legally locate on it. We had planned to move into the house as the man who owned it lived in the States and didn't want it anyway. In the meantime, another family (Lawrence Prentice's) moved in. We had no place to go except to a little shack, about ten by twelve, on Mr. Duncan's farm. So that winter my dad and mother, Ted, our two little girls and myself, all lived in that little shack. We had a bed on each side of the table and some shelves above the beds for the children and our suitcases etc. Our little girl, Pearl, called it our suitcase house. We had a cookstove, an air-tight heater and a barrel of water at the other end of the shack. I can remember I had four feet of space to work in. My mother had to sit on the bed most of the time and play with the children.

It was about one mile from the shack up to the barn where we had the stock, so we often said we had to kiss the men good-bye when they went to the barn.



Chapin's log house and garden at Norbuck.

The next April, the cancellation came through and Ted filed on the homestead with the log house. We moved into that house and Prentices moved into the shack we had moved out of. Ted took a load of furniture both ways.

The big deep canyon was just down back of the house. I have often heard it referred to as the 'Chapin Canyon'. I'm sure many of the old timers will remember it as many were stuck in the mud

going up the hill. Sometimes after a rain, we kept a team harnessed just in case someone needed a pull.

In the late fall of 1932, Ted went back to the prairie and brought his dad, George Chapin, to Norbuck. They drove all the way with two wagons and hayracks. They brought some horses and cattle and camped out on the way. It took them over a week to get home from Altario, our town near the Saskatchewan border. We sure were glad to see them.

We had one very bad time when the fires were so near. One Sunday the fire came just across the road. Then on Tuesday, it swept down the canyon and our whole yard was on fire. We kept one man hauling water from a spring and pumped water on the old log house trying to save it. Fraser's and Burrows' mills sent cars up to get anyone who would go where it had burned over before as it was safe there. We stayed as long as we could but finally had to leave. We went over to O'Brian's across the road and later were surprised to see the house still standing. When it became dark, it looked like a town; every stump in the yard was on fire. We went back to the house but didn't sleep very much; we were afraid the fire might start up again.

Our two girls, Pearl and Joyce, were quite small when we first came to Norbuck. The school was built soon after and Pearl's first teacher was Mr. Stewart. Norbuck was our closest post office and store and it was three miles away. I often carried groceries and Joyce, when she was a baby, all that way home.

We had many good times with concerts and dances in the Norbuck School. We also went to Knob Hill and Wenham Valley. We drove with horses and sleigh or wagon if there was no snow.



Pearl and Joyce Chapin, going to school in a Bennett buggy, in the thirties.

Mr. Duncan and Alex Hays, both bachelors, were close neighbors. Mr. Duncan later had a store where we could get a few groceries. This is the farm Walter Ings bought and lived on until just recently; they built a new house in Breton and live there now.

Roads began to get better and farming got easier as time went on. But hauling logs, sawdust, and lumber were the main jobs men could get wages for. Our son, Ted Jr., was born while we were still on the farm. He was born in the Rimbey Hospital and was one and half years old when his dad joined the Army and was sent overseas. George Chapin died

just before Ted left. I was left to look after the family and do the farming so had to hire some help.

Later the Norbuck School was closed down as there weren't enough children to keep it open. I had to move to Breton to get the children to school. First we lived over the drugstore which was in Breton at that time. Then I bought a house from Frasers and had it hauled into town on the lot I bought just across the street from Scott's blacksmith shop. We lived there for several years till after the War ended and Ted came back. Then we moved to Edmonton and later to Calgary where we lived for four years in the soldiers' P.M.Q.'s. We returned to Edmonton where I have lived ever since. Ted Sr. passed away in January, 1960.



Left to right, Pearl, Mr. Ted Chapin, Joyce, Mrs. Hetty Chapin holding Teddy.

Ted Jr. bought the old Loomis farm one half mile north of Breton where he and Doreen and their children Cheryl, Debbie, and Dwayne now live; so I often go out there. I still feel Breton is my old hometown. Our daughter, Pearl, married Floyd Stenseth and they live near me in Edmonton. They have two children, both married. Linda married Peter Hartum and they have three boys. Larry and his wife, Lynn, have a girl. Joyce married Bill Anthony and they live at Valemount, B.C. Their family includes David, Edward, Douglas, Mitchell, Donna and Ross.

I am a grandmother and great grandmother. I own my own home here in Edmonton and have a lady companion who rooms here while she teaches music in a music school. I have been a widow for nineteen years.

— HETTIE CHAPIN

THE DELITZOY FAMILY

I am writing this history of our family as I remember it. My father, Mike, was born in Romania, May 8, 1892 and my mother, Mary, was born in Andrew, August 1, 1898. They were married Feb. 18, 1919. They farmed around Andrew, Alta. for a few years. The four oldest children were born on the farm in Andrew. The three younger children were born at Breton.

My father was not too happy about farming. When he heard about the good wages and the logging in British Columbia, he decided to go to B.C. He sold the farm machinery and cattle and we moved to Hope, B.C. Things were not too good there either, so we headed back to Alberta. He heard that you could buy a homestead in Alberta for \$10.00 and there was also good logging in the area. He filed on a homestead, N.E. 32-47-4- W 5th. The family moved to Breton in the spring of 1928. My dad bought a car before we started to Breton; I do not remember what kind it was.

Dad and Mother and four children started out on our journey to Breton. I believe it rained all the the time we were travelling, and I do not know how many times we were stuck in the mud holes between Thorsby and Breton. When we just got to where the Nelson family live now, we got stuck again! It was getting late in the evening so we spent the night in the car. Early in the morning, my dad walked to Breton and hired a team to get the car pulled out of the mud hole. The road sure was bad to Breton, but we managed to get to Breton at lunch time. We did have a house to move into. I do not know how my mother managed with four children. Breton at that time was a small place, just main street and a few homes. We children were happy to be at Breton as there were children to play with. After being on the road for one week, it was a change to be in a house again.

My dad got a job in a lumber camp at Anthony's at Antross. He worked there until Anthony's were through with lumbering and logging. On the weekends my father built a house for our family at the farm. For the first few years, there was no floor, we just had a dirt floor. Later on, we finally got a floor put in. As the years went by our roof began to leak. I remember many times when we had all our pots and pans over the floor catching all the rain coming in via the roof. We moved to the farm in the spring of 1930. The family put up with many hardships on the farm. When we first moved to the farm there were hardly any families living near us. There was a lot of bush and the road was just a wagon trail. When we reached our farm all of us started to cry, including my mother. Everyone thought at first we had come to the end of the world. Our closest neighbour was a bachelor, Mr. Campbell. Some of our other neighbours were the Joe Lauber family and the Walter Williams family. I remember listening to Mr. Campbell at night playing the violin. We really missed listening to him in the winter as he went to work in a coal mine in the south country.

Mother faced many hardships being alone on the farm with us children. We had no water well, so she had to pack water from a spring, which seemed to me to be far away from the house. She also had to cut wood by herself with a cross-cut saw. She had double the trouble in the winter getting the wood, as we had no coal, so we had to burn more wood to keep warm. Believe me, our house was not very warm. I remember many days on end we could not see out the windows due to all the frost. The first garden that we had on the farm, my mother spaded it. There were no horses so it was the only way to get a garden worked up. One of our neighbours, Mr. Williams, let my mother plant potatoes on his place. We were very thankful for that kind deed.

After a few years on the farm, Mr. Oscar Bucher was breaking some land for Mr. Campbell, so my father got Oscar to break some land so we could put in a garden. When my brothers got older and went out to work, they had more land broken for us. This enabled us to put in some crop.

My dad bought a cow after a year or two on the farm. It sure helped out for milk, butter, cream, and cottage cheese. Mother then got a setting hen and we had some eggs hatched and thus got a start in chickens.

My dad did some brush cutting for Mr. James Nelson and we got another cow. We then traded one cow for one horse. I remember my mother walking to town many times and packing flour home on her back.

My parents cut hay in the slough for our cattle and horse for years. They cut the hay with a scythe and a home made rake. This was slow and very hard work. The wild berries were very plentiful and we kids used to pack a lunch and go out in the woods and pick all the berries we could. I remember selling blueberries for 5 and 10 cents per pound.

I started school when I was 10 years, the reason being that there was no bridge across the creek west of Breton. All of us went to school at Breton. We walked three and one-half miles all the time. Sometimes we were lucky and would get a ride. I remember going to school in the winter, fighting the snow which would many times be up to your knees. When we got to school, we would be soaked and there would be no fire made at the school yet. Sometimes we missed a lot of school in the winter because it was too cold.

For entertainment, there was always a good old fashioned Christmass Concert, hockey, baseball, dances, and house parties at the neighbours.

Our dances would last until 4 or 5 in the morning.

In later years my brothers built us a new home and we got a water well. This sure was appreciated by my mother. She surely did deserve this, as she lived many years in such a small house.

To make extra money, she used to wash clothes for the men in the lumber camps. She washed all those clothes by hand. Most of the time, in the winter, she would melt snow to wash these clothes. Our grocery money was obtained by milking cows and shipping cream.

My mother now lives in the village of Breton and boy does she ever enjoy all the modern conveniences in her home there!

My father passed away in Feb. 1959.



Delitzoy family, 1947. Willie, Lena, Roy, Harry, Dorothy, Audrey, front row, Mother and Joyce.



Delitzoy sisters, Lena, Joyce, Audrey and Dorothy.

There were seven children in our family; mother has 17 grandchildren and nine great grandchildren. Dorothy, married Hans Hanson and she has 2 daughters and one son. She lives on a farm east and south of Breton. Lena, married Carl Hanson. She has 3 daughters and 2 sons. Carl is now deceased. Lena lives in Leduc. Harry is not married and lives on the home place west of Breton. Audrey, married Ted. Oulton. She had 3 sons and 1 daughter. Audrey is now deceased. Roy is not married and he lives on a farm west and south of Breton. Willie, married Bev Platz and he has 2 sons and lives in Burns Lake, B.C. Joyce married Ken Midwinter and she has 3 daughters and lives at St. Lina, Alberta on a farm.

— DOROTHY HANSON

ELMER AND EVA DURSTLING

At the age of 3½ years, I came with my parents, Fred and Alice Fenneman, sister Lucille, and brothers, Laurel, Chester, and Warren to the homestead from Edmonton where I was born on September 27, 1923. We travelled from Edmonton to the homestead by horse and wagon. I don't remember too much about the trip, but there are two incidents I do recall.

One night we stopped near Buford at a shack owned by Jack Hughes. The door was locked so we were all sleeping outside when it started to rain. Dad had to climb through the window of the shack to open the door from the inside so we could sleep where it was dry. The next morning, I woke up just when it was time to leave. Mom made me a fried egg sandwich and Dad put me and the sandwich on top of the load in the wagon, while the rest had to walk. I still love sandwiches.

Eventually we got to the Sunnybrook hill where we stayed for a few days, camping on the east side of the creek. Warren, who was $3\frac{1}{2}$ years older than I, liked to explore and I liked to follow him. In a manger, he found an old piece of hide and began to chase me with it. I ran full speed across the footbridge on the creek to Mom, screaming at the top of my voice. I think he felt the feeling of brotherly revenge when he moved to New Zealand.

I took my nine years of schooling at Funnell School. I also helped Mom and Dad on the farm by doing chores and helping care for the younger children, Beulah, Kathleen, Duane, Allen, and Wallace. During my eighth year at school, my friend, Mary, and I had a very strange experience. We both wore new, girl style slacks and blouses to school which made us feel quite dressed up. One noon hour, our lady teacher informed us that if we wore slacks again, we would fail our grade. We did not heed her warning and when our reports came out in June, we had both failed; the teacher had burned our exam papers! I was only 14 years of age so had to go back to school for another year. There were only two of us in grade eight the following year, so we had a ball. I spent hours helping our teacher, Alfred Price, by writing notes on the blackboard and teaching with flash cards and readers to grades one and two. I also did the janitor work at school for many years and this extra bit of money helped to pay the school taxes. I really enjoyed life, helping out at home and at the neighbors when needed.

In April, 1939 a handsome, dark haired, brown-eyed bachelor by the name of Elmer Durstling moved into the Funnell district. Elmer was well respected and very active in sports and community affairs. He coached the mens and school soft ball teams for a number of years, taking kids to different schools by horse or tractor and wagon. He made many friends miles away while doing custom grain grinding and wood sawing.

In November, 1943, I became Elmer's wife after a long courtship. He was then living on Lazel Campbell's farm where John Meinczinger Jr. now lives.

On June 25, 1945 our first daughter, Shirley Bernice, was born. She married Fred Meade on July 21, 1962 and they live on a farm west of Breton. They have three children, Jeffrey Allen, Gaylene Ruth, and Maynard Bradley.

On May 19, 1946 our house was destroyed by fire. Elmer had bought the Mill's quarter, NE-15-48-4-5, that spring and we moved there.

On October 4, 1948 Yvonne Rose made her appearance. She is now Mrs. Omer Bruyere and lives in the Green Acres Trailer Court northeast of Edmonton. Omer works in the city repairing

transport trailers etc. They have two sons, Elmer Jason Omer and Louis James Camiel. Yvonne also

has two step-sons and two step-daughters.

On November 23, 1954, Murl Roberta arrived. She is now Mrs. Vernon Werning and has two children, Roxanne Lee and Kirsten Patrick. Murl also has four step-sons. Vernon works in a lumber mill at Winterburn and they live in Primrose Gardens in Edmonton.



Eva, Elmer, Shirley, Yvonne, Murl.

Because well water was very scarce during the summer of 1950, Elmer and Jack Moorhouse decided to go into partnership and buy a water drilling outfit from Cecil Ellis. After many hours of building and repairing etc., we all had new wells with good drinking water. They continued custom drilling for ten years and had over 200 water wells to their credit in the districts of Carnwood, Buck Creek, Winfield, Breton and Funnell. By then, both were in poor health so they sold the rig. Elmer worked around the farm until his death on March 18, 1964.

Shirley was married so this left Yvonne, Murl and I on the farm. We stayed there for 5½ years until Yvonne went away to work. On October 1, 1969 Murl and I moved into Breton. After Elmer's passing, my mother lived with me for nine years. I sold the farm to Norman Jackson two years ago.

I still reside in Breton and my family comes home often. Through the years, I have done a lot of babysitting and janitor work in Funnell and Breton. I have lived in the Breton district for 51½ years and I am the only one of the Fenneman clan who has not changed their address or lived away for more than a month.

Though the road was hard and rough sometimes—

Darling let's turn back the years
And go back to yesterday
Let's pretend that time has stopped
And you didn't go away
We had our love to keep us happy
It wasn't meant for tears
Love like ours should never die
So darling, let's turn back the years.

— EVA DURSTLING

THE ART DAVIES FAMILY

Art and I, Gloria, and our three children, Shawn, Dawn and Scott (3 mos. old), moved to Breton in July, 1963 from the Fort Saskatchewan district where we were born. We acquired our homestead, the south half of section 21-47-5-W5 in 1961.



The Davies moving to Breton, 1963.

The things I remember most about that first year was the bear Art shot just outside the house and the fire that came in from the community pasture. It burned all around us and stayed burning in the ground all winter, then starting up again the next spring. The next two years were wet.



Art Davies right with bear shot in front of their house.

We just had a trail for the last half mile till 1966 when it was finished and graveled for the school bus. In 1967 we got the N.W.¼ of section 21 and moved our house onto it and we finally got the power and a well. There were many years of breaking land along with picking roots and rocks. There were good neighbours to help when anything went wrong.

In 1973, our youngest son, Grant, was born in Breton. In 1977 we sold the west half and moved to the east quarter. There we had to have another road



The Art Davies family. Left to right, Scott, Shawn and Dawn, Gloria, Art and Grant.

built and power put in again. We were there for two years and then moved to Kelowna, B.C.

— GLORIA DAVIES

LLOYD MILTON ELLIS

I, Lloyd Milton Ellis, was born on October 29, 1922 at S4-T5-R11-W2nd near the little prairie town of Midale, Saskatchewan, to Olga and George Ellis. When I was two, we moved by train to a rented farm north of Lacombe, Alberta. January 19, 1926 we moved again to the farm of Mrs. Matilda King, namely S.E. 17, 48, 4, W5. Although I was only four years old at the time, there are two things that I remember after fifty-three years. Our home for the move was a hayrack with a canvas over it. The hayrack was made of spruce poles hewn on two sides instead of the usual two by fours and this rack had two standards at each end instead of the usual one. I still remember the inside of it by the light of the coal oil barn lantern. I wore a blue coat and had lost a button off the front of it. When we stopped for the night at a farm, the lady there sewed a button on for me. I have no idea where this was or who the lady was.



Grandmother Ellis' birthday party in the 1930's.

Mother always said that I was stubborn as a mule because she could set me on the pot and I wouldn't do a thing until she had me fully dressed, no matter how long it took. I spent quite a bit of time

with my grandparents, Thomas and Harriet Ellis. Grandmother was very hard of hearing and one day I decided to take advantage of it. I got Grandfather's accordion out of the box under the bed and tried it out, just a little. Well, Grandmother could hear just a little better than I had anticipated and wouldn't let me put it away again. I got a different kind of punishment before that incident was settled. I had my hands tied behind my back with a twisted leather lace. When I was finally freed, I went home in high gear.

One day when Grandfather was cutting hay on the homestead, I got into the matches which were stored in a place that was very handy to children; this wasn't the case at home. I had lots of fun lighting fires here and there and never looking back, I didn't even know the barn was burning until I heard Grandfather shouting, "Who's burning my barn!

Who's burning my barn!



Harriett and Thomas Ellis, 1930's.

I attended school at Funnell #2638 though I couldn't see why a growing boy should waste time in school when there were lots of interesting things to do. I didn't set any records in school as I spent two terms in each of grades 4, 5, 6, plus two extra months — until my birthday. Our teacher that year was Alfred Price from Calgary. With school out of the way, I started to do what I considered more important — things like building a shingle mill. I couldn't see why, in a country blessed with trees everywhere, we should put up with leaky roofs and having pots and cans to catch drips day or night. I started dreaming up a blueprint and made a mill all from metal. It took me about a year and one thing I soon learned was how to sharpen a drill bit. I drilled many, many holes by hand as the whole machine was put together with bolts.

We used to have lots of dances in the lean years. Some were held in haylofts at Foster Sutherland's, Art Westling's, Mr. Kunsman's and one upstairs in our log house (these are the ones I can remember). I used to wonder if the ceiling was going to come



Lloyd Ellis with his homemade violin.

down. On some occasions, our organ was loaded up and taken along to be used for the music. I always liked the music and wanted very much to be able to play the violin. There weren't many of them in the country and we couldn't afford to buy one so at the age of sixteen, I cut down a large birch tree and made what we called, a dug out violin. I didn't even wait for the wood to season. I later sold it to Mrs. Laughlin of Breton and bought one from Eaton's mail order catalogue for three dollars and ninetyfive cents. On September 2nd, 1974, Eugene Poholka took me to Heritage Park in Calgary where he had entered the C.F.A.C. Old Time Fiddling contest. This was the first time that I ever saw a good old time fiddler in action and there were several there that day, including Alfie Myre, John Kushneryk and Al Cherny.

I began to take fiddling seriously and at the time of this writing, I have entered thirty contests at such places as Lake View, Red Barn, Onoway, Vegreville, Stettler, Rimbey, Calgary, Lloydminster and Swift Current, Saskatchewan. On July 29, 1978, I won first prize at the Medicine Hat Exhibition and Stampede. I have six trophies now and have won prize money where there were no trophies. I have come a long way since 1938 and I owe a lot to Eugene Poholka for taking me with him to Calgary, and also for the tips he has given me since.



Lloyd Ellis with his shingle mill.

On March 23, 1943, I enlisted in the Canadian Army at #13 district depot in Edmonton. I took my basic training in Camrose, Alberta and was drafted to Camp Borden, Ontario for advance. I was categorized C.I. and was stuck there for the duration.

I have always liked repairing and building new things, so I have many inventions. Therefore, I decided to go for a welding license. All I got from the welding inspectors was discouragement. I was told that I was too old and didn't have enough education and this made me kind of hot under the collar so I decided to get it the hard way. After twelve weeks' training at the Southern Alberta Institute of Technology and two years' work at Brant Welding Co., in Edmonton, I got my Certificate of Proficiency. On one school examination, I got 100% and in theory I made 96%. In the government theory exam, I was given 85% and told that I was way above average. I started a welding business on Dad's farm in March, 1963, and I am still welding and fiddling at the time of this writing.

August 29, 1964, I married Edna Mooney of Cartwright, Manitoba and a year later we moved to our acreage, P.T. S.W. 15-48-4-W5.

LLOYD M. ELLIS

RAY ELLIS HISTORY

Thomas Gillman Ellis and his wife, Harriet (nee Wiltse), settled on N.W.16-48-4-W5th. They farmed about five acres with one horse and had a few cows. Eventually they homesteaded the adjoining quarter to the north, S.W. 21-48-4-W5th. He made a deal with his son, George, and the boys; they were to clear and break enough land to prove up the homestead and in turn he would give them a young horse which he had raised from Old Molly.



Thomas Ellis and housekeeper Mabel Broderick, 1930's.

I recall on the way home from school, we grandchildren, would often stop in, especially in winter, to absorb some of Grandma's loving warmth and handrubs. At the same time we would take on some fresh baked homemade bread and butter. The bread was always in round slices as it had been baked in various sizes of baking powder cans.

In 1931, Harriet had a very bad fall and broke her hip and as a result she was bedridden until 1934 when she passed away. Thomas stayed on the farm along with the housekeeper for a few years; eventually he gave up and went to stay with his son, George, and family. Later he went to stay with the Walter Williams family, where he passed away sometime in the 1940's.

Son George Washington Ellis and wife Olga, along with three sons — Alvin, Lloyd and Ray, arrived in this area in early 1926 with four horses, a few cows and some chickens. We rented S.E. 17-48-4-W5th from the King family while shelter was being erected on George's homestead — N.W. 17-48-4-W5th. Through the years, George and Olga accumulated six more young ones, Cecil, Wilma, Iver, Grace, Ernest and Ronald — a family ball team. They raised this large family through the "dirty thirties" by nip and tuck and did a remarkable job of it.



George and Olga, wedding, June, 1920.

Olga suffered a very bád stroke on January 27, 1973 and passed away February 9, 1973. George then lived with Ray and Edna.

I, Ray Ellis, was born at Morningside, Alberta and took most of my schooling at Funnell where the pupils numbered in the 30's with only one teacher. For one year, in 1934, I attended New Moose Hill School.



Family ball team, Iver, Ron, Cecil, Ernie, Ray, Grace, Lloyd, Wilma, Alvin.

While at home I did a lot of cow hunting and cow milking. In the summer holidays of 1933, Dad and a couple of us boys skidded logs for Charlie Broughton on the farm where Doug and Kay Smith now live. Bill Case and Gordon Levers were part of the crew sawing the lumber.

I started working out, harvesting, in the fall of 1939 and through the years I harvested at Breton, Warburg, Thorsby, Conjuring Creek, Wetaskiwin, Bentley and Didsbury.

In 1941, I started horse trading. I traded a bay mare with a wire cut foot to Jim Ferris of Carnwood for a Model T Ford Roadster. After learning to operate this 'animal', I also learned it was wise to take along enough help to 'crank and push' as this was quite often essential. I worked for Adolf Smestad at Buck Creek, hauling logs with his equipment and 'the old T' was our means of transportation. That summer I traded it to Henry Wieting for a Jersey cow.



George and Olga, 50th Anniversary.

I worked at D.R. Fraser Lumber Co. in the winters of 1943 through to 1946. I also worked on a 7-man jippo skidding gang: three men each with a skid horse, two men preparing the log hitches in the bush and two men loading the sleighs. We brought the logs from where they were felled to the sleigh and loaded them with a jammer for, I believe, 9¢ per log. The first couple of winters we hitch-hiked home on week-ends and vice versa.

One incident that sticks with me for some reason is when some of us young 'whipper snappers' decided to attend a dance at Breton. Ralph Myrhaugen operated a one ton Ford with a steel box for the Company and this was to be our transportation. It seems Ralph was so busy he had no time to warm up 'Old Lizzy' and boy, it was some 40 degrees below zero. When time came to head back to camp, poor Ralph had a frozen up truck. Trying to start it by pulling it with a lumber truck, seemed fruitless. We ended up riding in the lumber truck with the cab full and about three of us left over. Guess where we rode? Yes, on the flat deck behind the cab, wearing our 'going dancing' clothes. Heavens to Betsy, I'm sure it was 140° below when we reached camp! We were so cold and stiff that we were afraid to bend for fear of breaking. It was so cold with camp being down on the creek bottom and smog filling the valley, we drove right through camp and didn't realized it until we stopped on the hill on

the other side. We decided that the only way to get down to camp would be to crawl on our hands and

knees to keep under the fog.

I bunked in one of the smaller bunkhouses with about 16 men. It seems one regular visitor I had nearly every evening after supper was Tom Martin of Lindale who stayed in one of the larger bunkhouses. We liked to try to out talk each other though this quite often ended up a tie. The lights were out at 9 P.M. sharp and it seemed about a half hour before lights went out, we would go a bit further with wrestling and squabbling etc.; my poor folding steel cot would be everything but what it should be; the lights would go out, Tom would go back to his bunkhouse and I was left to reassemble in the dark.

In the winter of 1944-45, my brother, Cecil, purchased an Essex sedan. Tom Martin and I would hitch a ride to dances, shows etc. from camp. On March 8, 1945 we ventured to Lindale Hall for a show and dance and, to this day, I am very pleased to have attended this event. It seems there was a young lady there with a sparkle in her eye and a 'come and get me look' about her, so I did; her name was Janet Robb. I didn't miss too many events in that area after that.

In the spring of 1946, after a day or two stopover at the Robb residence with a team of horses (outlaws) and a democrat, I started for home with instructions from Mr. Robb, who was the road foreman for this portion of the M.D. of Leduc, to take along a walking plow and a two-horse scraper and fill in a hole at the edge of Jawbone Bridge. While plowing dirt with these 'high-flying outlaws', I discovered my doubletree from the democrat was not suitable for this job. I walked up the hill to Sandy Sunderland's and borrowed a set that held them. Requiring about one more load to complete the job, my team spotted a strange (to them) object coming down the road — Reg Gillespie on a bicycle. When the team decided he was close enough they turned around, knocked me down and dragged me some 100 yards before leaving me free. I recall for a split second; a horse hoof pounding ground very close to my 'smeller'. Coming to my feet again and not knowing what I was doing, I took a 'strip' off Reg; I recall Reg asking me if I was hurt but at that time I didn't know. He said, "I'll go after your team." While following him for a half mile, I discovered that I had an injured shoulder. Being at the Municipal Nurse's gate, I stopped in. After seeing a note which read "At Berrymoor School", I went on to Victor Anderson's store. I met Reg with my team and informed him that I needed medical attention. I asked Victor to take me to the nurse. He said, "Lie down awhile, she will be back soon." But with an injury and shock etc., this suggestion didn't go over too well. Because of a leaking gas tank, he didn't like to gas up. After waiting for an hour or so, I asked again for the third time; he finally took me and we arrived just when the nurse was leaving the school. After checking my situation she said, "Come to my office." From there, Victor and the nurse took me to Dr. Hankin at Thorsby and he drove me to the Royal Alexandra Hospital in Edmonton. After a few days there, I returned home, less a portion of one shoulder. What an episode!



Ray and Janet going for their first joy ride.

Before long, I purchased a Model A Ford converted truck from Ross Williams of Breton; oh, what a difference! Did I ever put on the miles until August 7th, 1946 — the day Janet and I met before the Minister. Again, oh, what a difference! It rained all day the night before and all that day; the roads were a mess and we were obligated to provide transportation for the Minister from Breton to the George Ellis residence. I sent our best man, my brother Lloyd, on this journey with the Model A; I had decided to stay with my bride-to-be so I wouldn't miss our wedding.

Janet was born at Rainier, Alberta where her parents, Peter and Elizabeth Robb, had a farm on the banks of the Bow River. At a very young age she, along with the rest of the Robb family, moved to Lindale in 1927. She took most of her schooling at Lindale and the balance at Berrymoor and Breton. Until 1946, she spent most of her time climbing hills in search of cows and milking them to get a bit of cream to ship; this cream was shipped in cans by

truck to Edmonton.

In the fall of 1946 Janet and I pooled our belongings and took up residence on S.W. 20-48-4-W5th. I had bought this land from Mrs. Zborovski. We lived in her log house until 1960 when we moved into a house we bought and moved out from Breton.

In the late fall of 1954 I worked on a brushing gang in the Buck Creek area for Sparling Davis; this was in the center of the oil activity.

In the winters of 1954-55 and 1955-56 I was employed at D.R. Fraser Lumber Co. Camp 8, southwest of Alder Flats. These were the last years they operated a sawmill. In spring breakup I helped dismantle the camp.

I came home Saturday nights and returned to camp Sunday night or Monday morning. Through the week, Janet did the chores and took care of the two children. One Saturday night when I arrived home, I found Janet had pneumonia and had 'toughed it out' till that night. I got Frank Cox to take us to Rimbey where she stayed in the hospital

until she recuperated. My sister, Grace, held down

the fort until things got back to normal.

In the fall of 1956 I hired on with Phillips Construction on the brush gang, clearing leases, building firewalls etc., in the Breton area. After working for a week, I was elected foreman and held this position for three years. At this time, work petered out and Phillips moved to Swan Hills. I was asked to carry on with them but after discussing it with Janet, we decided to stay on our farm.

In 1962, I was approached to take the position as buying agent for the Blindman Valley Livestock Co-op at Breton, replacing Don Day of Winfield. This meant I would act as buying agent every second Tuesday in Breton and sometimes on alternating Tuesdays at Winfield. After five years of being employed at Breton, this yard was closed down. Then I was asked to take over at Warburg, replacing Joe Hum. After three years at Warburg, this yard was also closed down. These yards were closed due to major changes in the livestock buying system. Fewer and larger gathering points were required.

At Breton I experienced some rather frustrating moments. Sometimes the hogs or lambs got away, usually due to crowding while loading into the boxcars. We loaded a lower and an upper deck. When loading the upper deck, the last climb was so steep the hogs hestitated to co-operate and crowding was so great that the side gates couldn't take it. The hogs were free and the chase was on. John Wheale and his son, Jim, will recall their chase through the streets of Breton after some loose hogs. The best I could do was to treat them to a cafe dinner in return.

Another day it was terribly hot and I had some 'hot hogs' on the loose. One of the men who worked on the railroad, Mr. Chomiak, captured one in a cooling off water hole until I came to take over. One wasn't captured in time for that shipment so I phoned my boss, Glenn Wright, at Bentley. His suggestion was to keep it for two weeks or take it to Verigans at Thorsby; so I tied his feet together, threw him in the trunk of our Plymouth and took

off to Verigan's.

In 1963 I became leader of the Breton 4-H Field Crops and Garden Club; I held this position for ten years for which I have a five and a ten year certificate. As well, I was assistant leader in the Royal Western Dairy 4-H Club for two years. We entered our 4-H floats in the Breton Sports Day Parade each year and always came out with a prize. Janet lead the garden portion for 7 years for which she has a five year certificate. She was also assistant leader in the Carnwood Cloth Cutters 4-H Club for two years. The last year I was leader and the year following, I was also president of the Leduc 4-H Council. Janet and I donated a good many hours and miles to the 4-H movement; we enjoyed this very much and we certainly learned a lot.

The Funnell Mutual Telephone Co. was

formed in 1958 and dissolved in 1975. I was elected Secretary-Treasurer in 1963 and remained in this position until the end — January, 1975. I was also elected Trouble Shooter or Serviceman from 1968 to 1974 at which time A.G.T. took over and we were switched to underground cable. For much of the same time, I also serviced the Breton Mutual Telephone Co. and I was presented with a very nice electrical clock in appreciation for my services.



Ray and Janet unveiling 4-H Cairn, July 1st, 1967, at Breton General Hospital.

The Funnell Community Centre was formed in 1960; I was elected Secretary-Treasurer in 1964 and still hold this position to date. Janet was elected janitor for this Centre in 1969 and also holds that position to date.

In October of 1975 Janet and I hired on at the Breton Recreation Centre as caretakers, janitors

and ice makers etc.

In the fall of 1967 Janet entered a contest on C.F.C.W. radio, which required a name and address in one envelope; she entered hers in one and mine in another. One of the prizes was a radio which she felt we could use. As a result, my name was drawn and Lo and Behold, I was the winner of an all expense paid trip to the Royal Winter Fair at Toronto via C.N. train plus 79 dollars spending money. I couldn't see how I could get away and then a phone call came from the C.N.R., in Edmonton, informing us that we could get a special rate for Janet so she could go too. After much discussion, Janet suggested I should go and she would hold the fort down; we had three children attending school and chores had to be done, and this was a once-in-a-lifetime trip. I took this wonderful trip alone but it would certainly have been better with Janet along.

The first requirement was to go to C.F.C.W. for an interview and answer a skill testing question.

While there, I was interviewed by the farm director, Chuck Greg, over the air. Chuck said, "Do you realize we were just talking to fifty thousand people?" Chuck treated my family to a dinner of our choice and informed me that he would be my guide on this trip. The dinner was compliments of C.F.C.W.

Among the persons going to the fair were winners from other radio stations and elderly people who made this an annual event. We left Edmonton at 7 P.M. on November 7th and arrived back on Nov. 18th. We stayed at the Westbury Hotel; from here we took many bus tours as well as many streetcar rides to the fair. One of the bus tours was to Brights Winery en route to Niagara Falls. At Niagara Falls we had supper in the Skylon Cafe, 520 feet above ground, which made a complete revolution every hour. There were tours to Casa Loma, Massey Ferguson Experimental Farms and the Toronto Dominion Bank Building which is 56 stories high. We walked across the street to Maple Leaf Gardens to watch a hockey game between Toronto and Boston. We toured the subway and we rode it from one end to the other. It was a wonderful trip!

In 1946, the year we were married, Janet's mother stayed with us from November until June 1947, after coming from the hospital. She was bedridden from January till June and again was taken to hospital where, shortly after, she passed away. In 1958 her father passed away on the street in Edmonton while on a trip to that city with a local

trucker, Freddy Bijou.



Four generations, George, Ray, David and Dwight Ellis.

In March, 1949 we became proud parents of a son, David. He took his schooling, including grade 12, at Breton. He went to NAIT where he received his degree in Radio and T.V. Electronics. He was a member of the Breton 4-H Field Crops Club and the Royal Western Dairy Club for several years at the same time. He participated in the public speaking project where he placed second, one year, at the County level. As leader of the Breton Club, I had a bit of difficulty talking someone into entering this speak-off. When David came off the school bus that day he informed me that he would enter. I said,

"Without any practice?" He said, "Sure." So we went to the speak-off that night and he placed second. His topic was about internal combustion engines; while speaking, his gestures certainly kept the audience alert. He married Dixie Gladstone of Lindale in 1976. They have one son, Dwight, and lost an infant son, Delwood. David is also very handy with electric and gas welding which is a great asset to our farming operation.

In 1951 along came a daughter, Elizabeth. She took her schooling, including grade 12, at Breton. She was a member of the Breton 4-H Multi Club, some years in the field crops portion and some in the garden portion. She was also a member of the Royal Western 4-H Dairy Club and a member of the Carnwood 4-H Cloth Cutters Club. Eventually she was assistant leader for the Breton 4-H Multi Club. She also participated in public speaking at both club and County levels. She has had several years experience in the banking business. To date she is still single and owns her second new car; this is a great asset when we needed transportation. Both she and David are capable of taking over should we decide to take off.

In March, 1957 a son, Elmer, arrived. He also took his schooling, including grade twelve, at Breton. He was very active on the school basketball team. He was also a member in the Breton 4-H Multi Club for 3 years. Elmer took a course in refrigeration and air conditioning at SAIT. He married Lorraine Belanger of Lindale in 1978; they make their home at Drayton Valley where they are both employed.

We lost an infant son, Dale, in April, 1961.

Another son, Timothy, arrived in April, 1964 and to date he has taken his schooling at Breton, presently taking grade nine. Tim is very sports minded. He played PeeWee hockey for two winters and after a serious injury, landing on his backside, he broke his lower back. This, after being out of any rough sports for one year, has deprived him of playing future hockey. He has settled for curling and baseball. He has a trophy as a result of being on the winning team of the Men's Round Robin Curling in 1977-78. He received the Most Valuable Player Trophy in the Beaver Division of baseball in 1976.

In 1976 we arranged to finally go on our belated honeymoon, for one week. We went as far as Cypress Hills; of course we made many stops along the way, including Janet's homesite at Rainier Wherever we stopped, the hospitality was really great. Mind you, this honeymoon would, no doubt, have been different in 1946 but we certainly

enjoyed it anyway.

Janet and I have worked hard on our farm — milking cows, shipping cream, raising weaner pigs for sale and along with working out, we have so far, managed to keep the wolf away from the door; we have seen many coyotes near our doorstep but never a wolt. We have nearly always had sheep and

still have 200 ewes, a full line of machinery and 250 acres under cultivation. Our four children and two daughters-in-law appreciate us as much as we appreciate them.

— RAY ELLIS

ALLAN AND FRANCES (GRUNINGER)EKSTROM

I was born at Sunnybrook, Alberta where I attended school for nine years with my five brothers and sisters. Later we were bused to Thorsby where I completed my high school. After I finished university, Mr. Wynnyk invited me to teach grade four at Breton School in 1961. It was a dream come true as I had always wanted to be a teacher since I was ten years old. I was very excited with my new adventure and could hardly wait to get up every morning to greet 42 bright little faces. Although I was only 18 at the time and found my first year exasperating, I enjoyed teaching school very much and stayed in Breton for three years where I met many nice people. I lived in the teacherage located across the street from the Gulf Service Station with two other teachers, Miss Zeiner and Miss Sheridan. In 1962, Miss Sheridan left and Miss Prunica came to stay with us. The last year Miss Zeiner got married and Miss Roth stayed with us. The teacherage was terribly cold in the winter time and we nearly froze. I remember coming back after a long weekend and finding the teacherage flooded. The doors had swelled shut and we had a hard time getting in and out. There was water all over and newspapers floating in it. The water lines under the building had frozen and cracked as the building on one end was wide open, exposing all the water lines. When it warmed up, all the lines thawed and flooded the building. After that we had a linoleum which buckled up and down all over like waves. Every summer we were plagued with mice that nibbled on all the goodies in the cupboards. Nevertheless, we had enjoyable times living there. I also taught in Didsbury one year and then Thorsby one year.

Allan's parents live in Buford, Alberta where he was raised on a farm. He worked in the "oil patch" when he graduated from high school.

It was at a friend's wedding in August, 1964, where I met Allan Ekstrom, a lean, tall Swede, who asked me for a dance. Needless to say, I accepted and our romance began. We were married one year later in August, 1965.

It was funny how we were both in the same districts at the same time and yet our paths never crossed till 1964. He was working in the Breton, Sundre and Thorsby areas the same year I taught school in those districts.

Our first home was at Whitecourt, Alberta where Allan drilled for Lohmann-Johnson. We lived in a trailer about 70 miles from the lease which

was located in the Virginia Hills. It was rather lonely as Al could only get home occasionally. To me it seemed that all it ever did up north was rain! And everytime it did, I knew he wouldn't be home. Once Al took me out to the camp where I could visit everybody for a day. But it turned out that it rained so hard, I had to stay there for a week. But the wives were a nice bunch of people and we still visit them.

Shortly after, Al moved the trailer from White-court to Virgin City where we could be together more often. The first night after Al left, a black bear poked around in my garbage barrel which was located directly under my kitchen window. He sure scared me when our eyes met in the dark! Later the Ekstrom twins, Barry and Barb, came out and stayed with me for company.



The Ekstrom twins, Barbara and Barry at Virgin City.

On Al's time off we did lots of fishing on the Freeman River. You could just see the fish jumping like horseshoes out of the water.

After the rig shut down in the Virginia Hills, we moved our trailer to James River Bridge. I will never forget the beautiful autumn we had that year. On October 23rd, it was 78°F. and every day, splashed with color, seemed to be more beautiful than the last.

We moved five times in the next five months. Our next move was to Eckville. A month later we moved back to Whitecourt and the next month it was Eckville again. All we did was stuff pillows in the cupboards, tape the doors shut and off we went pulling the trailer with us. Once we forgot a pail, nearly full of water, on the cupboard and when we settled in the new location, there was the pail of water, still on the cupboard without a drop spilled.

We stayed with the rigs off and on till August 21, 1966 when we moved our trailer from Virgin City to the Breton trailer court. It was owned by Walter Johnson at that time. On his time off, Allan would work out at his homestead west of Breton. Allan got his homestead in 1957 when he was 14 years old (nine years before I married him). I remember the first time I saw the homestead. There it was - windrow after windrow of huge brush piles and roots, roots and more roots! The purple fireweeds bloomed profusely between the rows and the hills to the west were a mass of solid purple! It looked like endless work - one whole section of

windrows and only a few acres cleared. I remember, too, driving out to the homestead with the car and the baby to bring the men dinner and getting stuck; then trying to walk to Bogart's with my boots so heavy with clay I could hardly walk! But seeing Al's smiling, but dirt covered face, when I finally got there, made it all seem worthwhile.

In August, 1968 we moved to our homestead quarter with the trailer. We were so happy and excited and were finally getting settled in the place which was to be our permanent home. In the next

few years we planted over 1,000 trees.

Our daughter, Cindy, was born in March, 1967. After losing our first baby in 1966, she really was a welcome little bundle. In June, 1968 we had another girl, Kimberly. 1968 was also the year of the ground fires at the homestead. Because the men fought fires for three weeks, we were unable to put in a crop until June.



The Allan Ekstroms. Allan holding Cindy and Frances holding Kim.

In 1969, I planted our first garden. On June 11th we had a heavy frost and it literally killed everything. Even the poplar trees were left with black tops. The temperature recorded at the Edmonton International Airport that night was $21^{\circ}F$. That same winter, we had a cold spell with the temperature plunging to $-40^{\circ}F$. which lasted three solid weeks. What a cold winter that was!

In July, 1969, we built our new home. It was a beautiful winter that year with no snow till the new year and even then it was mild most of the winter. During the time we were building, we sold our trailer and rented a house from Walter Johnson till we could move into the new house. It wasn't a very comfortable place to rent as we could hear mice crawl down between the walls every night and then spin around on the slippery floor trying to get their feet under them so they could scurry away.

In 1970, our son, Dallas, was born. When he was two months old, we moved into the house we built. That same year, Al's brother, Barry, drowned in a boating accident up north. It was a sad time for everybody.



Ekstrom children. Kimberly, Dallas and Cindy.

One thing I clearly remember and probably will never forget is the lightning storm of July, 1972. It was the worst lightning storm we've ever experienced. The thunder and lightning struck almost simultaneously and we could hear the lightning hiss and snap along the ground. The hired man, Ernest Erickson, told us the next morning that it looked like our house was on fire all night. The lightning struck our power pole and splintered it. Fence posts and telephone poles were split apart. The next morning we saw three to four foot splinters lying all over the ground along the road.

Life on the homestead was lots of work and there were always lots of hungry men to feed. Dennis MacDonald worked with us a lot, along with Al's family. They were all very nice. Dennis MacDonald or "Big Mac" as we always called him, kept everybody's spirits going by making jokes about the hard work. He always said, "lots of tears and lots of beers is what it takes to open up the west". And that

it did!

— Frances (Gruninger) Ekstrom

EKSTROMS

The Ekstroms arrived in the Breton district on the advice of our neighbor, John Babiak. Where we came from, the Buford district, John and my father, Oscar, grew up, went to school together and both being sons of pioneer families, farmed the original homesteads they and their fathers carved out of the wilderness. So homesteading was not a new thing in our family. When John told my father he'd bought a section of Hudson Bay land southwest of Breton and there was lots of fertile homestead land west of his, we headed west. We walked this land of bush and creeks the summer of 1955 and my father agreed with John that this land had a lot of potential. With a large family of four sons and three daughters, this land was just what my dad was looking for. With the boys being too young, my mother filed on the first homestead, S.W. 23-47-5-W5, in 1956 and I (George, the eldest son) filed on the adjacent half section in June of 1957, when I turned eighteen and graduated from Calmar High School. The homestead agreement was called a homestead sale in those day. The price for my half section was \$1,280.00 and I had to break eighty acres within ten

years.

Another friend from south of Calmar, Dennis MacDonald, took a half section north of mine the same year. The first three years out of high school, I worked in the Northwest Territories for a construction firm and the Federal Government. The second eldest son, Allan, filed on a quarter when he turned eighteen in 1960, graduating from Calmar High School the same year. For the first few acres of clearing and breaking, we hired Clint Gardener, but we soon bought our own cat, a TD14, in the early sixties. Allan and I worked in the oil fields then, to obtain enough money to develop the land. When time and weather permitted, we would clear and break a few acres.



The George Ekstroms, George, Donna and Joelle, 1979.

In those early years, the whole family would help with the picking of rocks and endless acres of roots; as the girls grew older, each married and went different ways, but ours truly was a family operation.

Later Allan and I bought a D8 cat with Dennis MacDonald as a partner, so we cleared and broke most of the remaining land. Our brother, Clarence, bought a quarter from Clarence Hughes in 1966 but sold it to my dad when he took over the homeplace at Buford, and Father and Mother retired to Leduc in 1969. My dad's quarter was to be for our youngest brother, Barry, who unfortunately drowned while working for Imperial Oil at Norman Wells, N.W.T. on September 20, 1970 at the age of seventeen years. Allan and I bought Dennis MacDonald's land in 1972 and acquired two more quarters in the later years. In 1974 Clarence bought another quarter too, from Allen Hughes, for pasture.

Allan and I have been members of the Canadian Seed Growers' Association since 1963, growing mainly registered oats as well as some registered fall rye, barley, winter wheat, timothy and clover grass seeds. But this country lends itself to cattle with all its moisture, water supply and great grass growth, so cattle is our main enterprise now.

It was not always work and no play either. When I came back from the N.W.T., Clarence and I played baseball for a number of years for the Calmar Cubs. The team was made up of mainly brothers, the Munns, the Karboniks, Halwas, Chimerias, Brian and Don Sarnecki. Don had a twin sister who used to tag along, and to make a long story short, I married her on July 25, 1969. Donna gave up a career as steno with the Department of Lands and Forests, to become a homesteader's wife and today we are blessed with one daughter, Joelle.

Allan was married August 7, 1965 to Frances Gruninger, a school teacher from Sunnybrook, and they have two daughters, Cindy and Kim, and a son, Dallas.

- George Ekstrom

JOSEPH ENGERT FAMILY

I left my native Germany on July 29, 1928 with a cousin seeking the "riches of America", where, we were told, the streets were lined with gold. We landed in Halifax in early August and were sent West by train to Saskatchewan, in time for the harvest.

Our first job was stooking on a farm, working from 6 A.M. to 7 P.M. for \$4 per day; then later driving a team for \$6 a day. When harvest was over, the farmer "paid us off" and we were on our own. As there was no more work in Saskatchewan, we went to Calgary, Alberta, and were not successful in finding any work for two weeks. The next stop was Edmonton. Jobs in lumber camps were available, but sheepherders from Germany were not very good prospective lumberjacks. My cousin and I decided to rent a farm near Wetaskiwin for the winter. The land agent, however, advised us to buy the land since we had a little money. The farm was 4 miles north of Wetaskiwin and we made our living by hauling firewood into Wetaskiwin to the flour mill and steam laundry. In the spring, my cousin left for B.C. to find work and I tried farming on my own, planting my first crop with borrowed seed from my neighbors. I stayed for 2 years, but the harvest was poor and payments, interest and taxes couldn't be paid; the landowner decided to take the land back and I was rooked into giving up the land for \$1.00 because I wasn't aware of the laws and didn't know the language very well.

Next, I rented a farm nearby for a year. At this time I met Annemarie and we were married on November 23, 1931. I also met a neighbor, John

Rieck, who persuaded me to "go out West", to look for a homestead. The best homesteads were gone, so we each bought a C.P.R. quarter section. With the help of some neighbors, we built our first house (shack). The first years I hauled tamaracks to Millet, and hauled logs for Mudrey Lumber Co., furnishing my own team, hay and board for \$3 per day. On December 23, 1932, our eldest daughter, Dorothy, was born in this shack. In 1935 our son, Hank, was born, but the times were still pretty grim.



Joe Engert harvesting in 1937, Dorothy and Hank.

In order to make some extra money, I hauled tamaracks to Millet in exchange for oats which I hauled back to Anthony's camp for 20 cents per bushel. John Rieck and I also logged together. I hauled planed lumber to Millet for \$10 per thousand, after paying \$3 per thousand for sawing and \$2.50 per thousand for planing. My land was up for tax sale in 1936 but the C.P.R. inspector, Mr. Sheppard, said the taxes could be consolidated and I could stay as long as I remained and improved the land.



Joe and Dorothy, 1935.

War broke out and prices were better; I had more land under cultivation and things were much better. In 1942, our third child, Shirley, was born on October 5. Hank and Dorothy took most of their elementary education in the old Saskatoon Valley School, going by horseback — 2½ miles in the

summer's heat and very cold winters. When the old school burned down, a temporary school was set up in Ken McMechan's farmhouse until the new school could be built. Dorothy took grades 9 and 10 in Warburg, boarding out, and then in grade 11 the school bus from Thorsby came as far west as Alsike store. Both Hank and Dorothy could ride their bicycles as far as Alsike, before boarding the school bus for a 22 miles ride to Thorsby.



Shirley Engert and Bertha Herman's birthday party.

After graduating from grade 12, Dorothy went on to the U of A and became a teacher. Hank quit school early and went to work for Ajax Oil Co. and after marrying the former Sharon Marfleet on October 3, 1959, he went to work for Canadian Fina in Windfall. From Windfall, Hank and his family moved to Cochrane, then Fox Creek and then to Red Deer where he, Sharon and their three children now reside.

Dorothy taught school at Winfield, Breton and New Sarepta. On Aug. 8, 1959, she married Constable John Kells, R.C.M.P., and moved to Rocky Mountain House. She and John and their three children have lived in Derwent, Edmonton and St. Albert. They are currently in Edmonton.



Joe and John Kugyelka with their "catch".

Shirley took her elementary schooling in Saskatoon Valley, Warburg and then junior high school and high school in Breton. She went on to the

U of A and graduated with a degree in Pharmacy. She married Collin Gibb and has resided in Calgary ever since with their two children.

I continued farming and realized my ambition of once again raising sheep. In 1974, at the age of 71, I finally decided to retire and sold my farm, which now amounted to a half section almost completely cleared, to the Ernie Hatt family. We moved to Warburg in July, 1974, where we enjoy being active in the Senior Citizens' Club, the Fish and Game Association, the W.I. and other community efforts. Anne and I have made 4 trips back to Germany since leaving there so many years ago and, at present, are enjoying reasonably good health.

ABE AND MOLLY FREESON SAGA

I went to Stettler to work at the age of 15. I continued to work in that district for three years. When I was 19, I obtained a job at McKenna's, near Malmo. While I was working there, I met Abe Freeson. We were married at Warburg, January 19th, 1933 by Ira Benham. Abe was born in Chortitz, Manitoba in 1901.

Abe was employed by Tony Greiner of Malmo the first year we were married, so we lived on his place until Robert Beno was born in late November.



Abe and Molly Freeson, 1934. Molly holding Robert.



Alex Mitchell and Abe Freeson.

We then returned to Warburg and lived with my parents while Abe and Alex built us a log cabin nearby. They used manure and straw to chink the logs. Ma and Dad's house was very small so we were impatient to have our own home and to move into it soon. The smell of the drying manure in the chinking on those cold January days almost drove us out. We lived in the log cabin until 1937, when Donald Dean was born. Due to my ill health, we moved back with my parents for three years. When my health improved, we bought an acreage from George Saubak and lived there for two years. Bob attended school at Strawberry Ridge. He often got a ride with the Sabo family when the weather was cold.

During this time, Abe was working at Antross, south of Breton, at Anthony's mill. He was away all week and walked home on week-ends. In 1942 he began working for Ross' mill so we decided to move to Antross. When Abe received his first pay cheque from Ross', it was nearly 3 times that of what he had received at Anthony's! We thought there must have been a mistake made; but on inquiring, we learned that wages had gone up drastically within a very short time because of the War.

At Antross, we lived next door to Frank Little who was Anthony's yard foreman. His housekeeper's name was Anna Hansen; her husband had been killed in a logging accident. They later moved to Golden, B.C. but both passed away years ago. George Matton was Anthony's time keeper.

Bob and Donald attended Antross School. Their teachers during this period were, Miss Ostapchuk, Miss Falkenstein and Mr. Swigart. Boys being boys, they enjoyed pretending they lived in the "Wild West", rodeoing and playing cowboys and Indians. The teacherage was the building where the "bad guys" were holed up, so the boys were riding around it, firing off their .22's occasionally to bring a little realism into the game. Suddenly, one of the boys said, "Hey, I heard something! I think there really is someone in there!" An investigation revealed the newly arrived and very scared teacher! School began again.



Freeson family, Robert, Nancy and Donald, Mr. and Mrs. Freeson.

The year 1945 saw the end of Antross. Abe and I were the last to leave as Abe had the job of selling buildings etc. Many of the houses were moved to Breton, "ours" included! Stan Taylor came with a cat and moved it to our lot in the Village of Breton. That lot is now owned by Mrs. Mary Mockerman.

There were very few wells in Breton at that time. So one of the first things Abe did, was dig a well. Many of our neighbors drew water from that well. We finally decided to move out of town and bought this quarter, SE 36-47-4 W5.

One cold frosty, early morning in March in 1949, "The Hanson Boys" arrived with their caterpillars and moved our house to the quarter section southeast of town where we still live. I didn't pack any dishes or even let the stove go out before they moved us! On arrival at the farm, we all had a breakfast of bacon and eggs! We still remember their kindness. Blueberries were quite plentiful in those first years. Donald picked blueberries and sold them to buy his school books each fall.

1952 saw the birth of our daughter, Nancy Lynda. Abe also built an addition onto the house

that year to bring it to its present size.

In 1964, Bob married Glada McCulloch. They have two sons, Wade and Clayton. Donald married Shirley Ronnie in 1958 and they had two girls, Karen and Wendy. They were later divorced. Then in 1965, he married Hilda Rigby. They have three children, Cindy, Shane, and Melanie. Nancy married Gary Matthews in 1970. They have three children, Sheryl, Shawna and Shelby. The two boys live at Breton and Nancy lives at Drayton Valley.

The oil boom came around 1964 and we were able to put our first good shingles on our house. We are still residing on our quarter and enjoying the old age pension.

So ends the saga of the Freeson family.

TOLD by MOLLY FREESON

THE FENNEMANS

Fred Fenneman and Alice Benns were both born in Iowa, U.S.A. before the turn of the century. While still children, both their families moved to North Dakota. Fred and Alice were married on November 23, 1913 and three children were born — Lucille on November 12, 1914, Laurel on June 20, 1916 and Chester on January 5, 1918.

After farming in North Dakota for a few years, they immigrated to Alberta in 1920. Warren was born on April 21, 1920 and Eva on September 27, 1923. Mr. Fenneman worked and made friends in Edmonton but he wanted land of his own so took up a homestead, N.E. 16-48-4-W5, in the Funnell area. After moving to the farm, a second family of five more children were born — Beulah on July 12, 1931, Duane on August 8, 1933, Allen on March 25, 1935, Wallace on October 8, 1936 and Kathaleen on April 29, 1938.

Mr. Fenneman and Laurel came out in April and cut down a few trees so they could erect a shelter for the family and two horses he had acquired. Then they went back to the city for the family. We moved from Edmonton with furniture, clothing, bedding, Dad and Mother and five children and, I

think, a few chickens on a wagon with a high box. The wagon was overloaded and the going was slow. The roads were not much to write home about either.

When we reached Sunnybrook hill, we stayed in a small deserted log house, which was to be overnight, but dragged on for three days. Dad left part of the load and family there while he took the bulk of the load to the new home, then came back for the rest of the things and the family. We arrived to stay at our new destination on May 23, 1927.

Camping out in the middle of May was fun on the nice days but cool at nights or when it rained. Cooking over a campfire was a new experience, especially when we ran out of bread. There was a store and post office at Sunnybrook, but no bread to buy so Mom whipped up some biscuits and cooked them in the frying pan over the campfire. While waiting there at Sunnybrook, Mom taught me how to play crib. I had a perfect hand but was too young to appreciate it and I haven't had one since.

Because it was too late in the spring to get any land ready for a garden, Mr. King let us plant one in his field across the road from our yard. From then on, there was never time for any idle hands. Most of the wood burned was sawed by hand and we needed lots of it. Berries of all kinds were plentiful, so they were picked by the bucketfuls and Mom did a lot of canning. I remember taking 10 pounds of wild strawberries into town to sell for 10¢ a pound, then getting a 10 pound bag of sugar for 95¢. A few years later, Mom and the younger children picked and sold enough blueberries to finance a trip back to her home in North Dakota.



The Fenneman family, Christmas 1946. Back row, Duane, Eva, Laurel, Beulah, Mr. Fenneman, Lucille. Middle row, Kathleen, Allen, Mrs. Fenneman. Front row, Chester Wallace, Warren.

Mr. and Mrs. Fenneman were both active in community affairs. Fred was a member of the school board for many years; he kept the community bull, helped on the threshing outfits, helped saw wood and in the summer he worked with his team on the roads which in those days was all horse and man power, not machinery work. In the winter he hauled lumber from the sawmills in the Buck Creek area to the railroad siding at Antross. He scaled so many

thousand feet of lumber for Ross and Beard, until his death, that he just looked at a piece of lumber and knew the number of board feet in it.

Alice was a member of the Funnell Mothers' Club from its beginning in 1931 until her death. When a neighbor was ill or in need of help of any

kind, she was always there to help.

All ten children attended Funnell School for at least part of their education; the older children took some of their schooling in Edmonton. Kathaleen was still in school when Funnell was closed and the pupils were all bused to Breton. Laurel and Warren served in the Canadian Army and were overseas for five years, returning after the Armistice. Chester was in the Airforce but he stayed in Canada.

Mr. Fred Fenneman passed away on June 6, 1951 and Alice on October 16, 1975, leaving a family of ten children, 28 grandchildren and 24

great grandchildren.

Mrs. Alfred Jackson (Lucille) of Breton has two sons and one daughter — Ernie, Richard and Corinne. Laurel and Betty (nee Gall) of Wainwright have two daughters and two sons — Laura, Janet, Fred and Alvin.

Chester and Edith (nee Hamilton) of London, Ontario, have one daughter, Mary, and one son, David

Warren and Fae (nee Hankins) of Rotorua, New Zealand, have three daughters and three sons — Sylvia, Annetta, Donna, Randy, Vernon and Kent. Mrs. Elmer Durstling (Eva) of Breton has three daughters — Shirley, Yvonne and Murl.

Mrs. Hakon Ostby (Beulah) of Breton has three

daughters — Alice, Irene and Elaine.

Duane and Mavis (nee Durstling) of Alsike have one son, William.

Allen and Margaret (nee Tryon) of Breton have two daughters — Helen and Gale.

Wallace and Helen (nee Dunham) of Breton have two daughters — Margaret and Donna.

Mrs. Ernie Ellis (Kathaleen) of Breton has two daughters, Carol and Nancy and one son, Clifford.

Money was practically nonexistent but our parents raised a big happy family. We girls always seemed to have a new print dress and the boys a new pair of bib overalls for the first day of school, each fall.

- LUCILLE JACKSON

ALLEN FENNEMAN STORY

I was born March 25, 1935 on the farm my parents, Alice and Fred Fenneman, homesteaded in 1927. I was #8 of ten children. I went to Funnell School for 8 years and Liberton for one year. In the fall of 1941, I went to live with Elmer Durstling where I stayed until 1947. I then returned home to live with my parents. In 1951, when my father passed away, I quit school and stayed on the farm with my



Allen and Margaret Fenneman, wedding day, family home in background.

mother, younger brother and sister and worked at odd jobs in the area.

On July 20, 1963 I married Margaret Tryon. Our wedding and reception were in the farmhouse and our dance was held in the Funnell Hall.

Margaret was born April 10, 1944 in Armstrong, B.C. the oldest of ten children of Chester and Ann Tryon. We stayed on the farm until Oct. 1967. Our two girls were born by then in the Breton Hospital — Helen Louise born March 29, 1964 and Gale Lynn born April 18, 1967.



Allen, Margaret, Helen and Gale, Niagara Falls, 1975.

In Oct. 1967 we moved to Ryley, Alberta to work on a feedlot for eight months and then returned to the farm until Oct. 1969. We then went to Beaumont, Alta. where I worked on a feedlot for 8 years. Margaret had baby-sitting jobs until the girls were in school and then got other part-time jobs. In the fall of 1973, my mother, Alice Fenneman, came to Beaumont where she lived with us until her passing Oct. 16, 1975. In August, 1977 we took up residence back on the farm where we live now and raise cattle and pigs.

— ALLEN AND MARGARET

LAUREL AND BETTY FENNEMAN

Laurel came to Canada in 1920 with his parents, sister Lucille and brother Chester. They lived in Edmonton until 1927 when they moved to

Breton. He was 10 years old at this time.

His father acquired a quarter section of land in the Funnell district so Laurel, along with his brothers and sisters, attended Funnell School. He worked at various jobs after finishing school; these included mill work, threshing in the fall and bush work in the winter.

In Dec., 1941, he enlisted in the Canadian Army and served overseas from May, 1942 until Dec., 1945 when he returned to await his discharge from the Army. This he obtained in January, 1946. During his Army service, he was in several countries including Italy and N. Africa.

Laurel and I met while he was on leave in Glasgow, Scotland in 1943 and we were married there in August, 1945. I was not able to join him until July, 1946 as there was a long list of "war

brides" waiting to join their husbands.

We started farming on a half section of land which Laurel obtained under V.L.A. Laurel still worked in the lumber mill part-time and later on drove oil trucks for several different companies. Our four children were born while we lived on the farm; Laura, who is now Mrs. Brian Ward, lives in Singapore with her husband and 2 children, Michael and Marina. Janet, now Mrs. Ronald Gilbert, lives in Edson with Ron and their children, Maureen and Donald. Our sons, Fred of Valley View and Alvin of Edmonton, are both, as yet, unmarried.

During our years on the farm, I worked in Tim Sexton's store for over four years. My mother, Mrs. Gall, who had come from Scotland to live with us in 1950, helped during this time while I was at work.

In 1965, we sold the farm and bought a house in Breton. We stayed there until 1967, during which time I worked in the post office as a part-time helper and Laurel worked in oil field construction.



Laurel and Betty Fenneman.

In 1967 we sold the house and moved to Wainwright where Laurel had obtained a job with the Canadian Corps of Commissionaires, on the Army base. For awhile I also worked in the Base

Snack Bar as a waitress and then as a supervisor.

We visit Breton as often as possible, and although we do enjoy living in Wainwright, we are looking forward to returning to Breton in 1981 on our retirement and spending our remaining years there.

— BETTY FENNEMAN

THE EDWARD GRZYB FAMILY

It's been many years since I left Antross. However, going down there about two years ago for a snowmobile ride brought back many memories. I will put some of them together in this story.

In the year 1932, my mother, my brother, Ted, my sister, Donalda, and myself (I was seven years old) left Poland on our way to Canada. You will read, in more detail, of our arrival in the history of my father and mother. Our destination was Antross.

Antross was a lumber company three miles south of Breton. It got its name from two companies, Anthony and Ross.

We arrived at Antross in December, 1932 and were met at the train by my dad who was here

already and working at the lumber camp.

Our first home in Canada, or in Antross, was partway down to camp from the railway track on the south side of the Lynn road. I will just mention what a Lynn was as they do not exist anymore. A Lynn was a huge truck equipped with caterpillar tracks. It was used by the Ross Lumber Company to haul lumber. It was impressive to watch, as it pulled in fifty thousand board feet of sawed lumber in one trip.

There were three roads to the camp from the siding, two were dirt and the other was sawdust. The sawdust road was considered an all-weather road, that is, it never got muddy. When it needed repair, they would just haul more sawdust onto it. For sure, it was never designed for bicycle travel as it was

always too soft.

We stayed in this place till summer and then moved. The place later became the Antross store and post office. It was owned by Frank Ried.

We moved into Mark Anthony's house, across the creek from the sawmill. Mark Anthony was soon to move his family from Edmonton, so we moved again, farther north, into a garage Dad fixed into a home. Here, in September, 1933 by brother, Walter, was born.

With the growing number of children in camp and the surrounding area, there now was a demand for a school. A school started to take shape in the spring of 1933, a half mile east of the railway track on the southwest corner of N.W. 23-47-4-W5, and the school district number was 4614. The lumber for the school was donated by the lumber company.

By now the lumber industry had expanded.

The new families that moved in had a problem

finding a place to live.

It was decided by Mr. William Anthony that we would be moved to a more permanent place where we could keep some cows and have a garden. Mr. Fred Thrasher, the company's bush foreman, had the task of moving a 12 x 20 foot building, and after a big struggle with four horse power, it got to its place three-quarters of a mile south of Antross on S.W. 24-47-4-W5. This land was leased by the company.

A kitchen and bedrooms were added to this building; a barn and chicken house were also built. Anyone working for the company could get all the lumber they wanted for building. It didn't cost anything. The Walter Mockerman family was now our

closest neighbor.

Living here by the creek, my brother and I did a lot of swimming, fishing and hunting. In winter we had a skating rink on the creek by our house. We also kept a skating rink clean for the kids at the camp. Mr. Frank Bober, the camp night watchman, gave us a helping hand, many times, to keep the ice clean.



Skating on Poplar Creek, Antross, 1937. Ed, Danelda, Walter, Mrs. Grzyb.

I will have to mention here that in the early years, up to about 1936, there was a full-size hockey rink at Antross with side boards. It was not unusual to see a different colored hockey uniform on a Sunday in Antross for a good game of hockey.

However, it was not all fun in those days. In the summer holidays my brother, Ted, had to cut hay for the cows with a scythe. The scythe made a thick swath so I had to go with him and spread out the windrow so it would dry. My mother had the task of making the hay coils.

anything. Most of our hay was cut on N.W. 15-47-4-

The hay in the 1930's was cut on crown land most anywhere you could find it and did not cost

W5. This land was crown land until about 1960 when it was bought by Ordie Mockerman who later sold to Charles Marks.

The cows in those days had open range. It was my job, most of the time, to bring them home for milking. Sometimes it was hard to hear the cowbell over the puff of the steam engine which could be heard for one mile. Sometimes they would be found easily, sometimes I'd get home with them way after dark.

I was never, in those days, really without money. On my way home from school I had one job that gave me \$2.00 a month and took twenty minutes each day. You would do almost anything in the thirties to make a few cents. One winter my brother and I loaded up a bobsled of frozen rabbits and set out for Breton to load them in a boxcar for fox meat. The load was four feet high, twelve feet long, and the width of a rabbit. I never saw anything harder to haul than that load of frozen rabbits. We upset and reloaded five times before we got to Breton. We sure earned our money.

Delivering the milk we sold to people in camp was done after dark in the winter months, about three times a week. I never did mind this milk carrying. At the camp I would meet up with my chum, Billy Anthony. Billy and I were friends most of our boyhood days; however, on several occasions we

were not on speaking terms.

Billy and I had a lot of fun around the camp as well as getting into a little trouble. One time we were playing in the company's pig house and let all the pigs out. I will always remember Mr. Simon Hernberg, the camp bull cook, saying, "By golly those

kids, by golly those kids."

Billy and I had our favourite hangouts, like Lars Vicsitter's and Jack Sylvester's shack. Next night it would be Jimmy Printice's shack. Jimmy Printice was the head teamster and also the barn boss. His shack was right beside the barn. I do not remember who the other fellow was that stayed with

Jimmy Printice.

Jimmy was a great snuff chewer. One night he gave me a try — I think I was about twelve at the time. I got so sick I was almost not able to walk home. That was the first and last chew of snuff I ever had. I'll never forget Jimmy Printice.

In 1940 my dad decided we should get some land of our own. We bought the N.E. 26-47-4-W5, one mile south of Breton. I think the price was

\$1000.00.

In the spring of 1941, we moved. The same year I finished school at Antross.

The coming winter, my brother, Ted, operated a small commissary — selling mitts, overalls, socks, candy and tobacco at Thrasher's logging camp. Dad continued to work in the sawmill. Since the farm was badly in need of a barn, we got some timber on Frank Ried's farm on share basis. The logging kept me busy that winter.

The barn was built in the summer of 1942. The





Mrs. Steve Grzyb stooking, 1943.

Grain stacks, 1942. Steve Grzyb farm.

war was well on its way now. My brother, Ted, joined the RCAF.

I was now left to do what farm work there was. In winter I also went to Antross to work. The wages were now starting to rise and between the farm and working out, we managed to buy another farm northeast of Breton — N.W. 12-48-4-W5. Mr. Joe Burba was previous owner of this land.

In the winter of 1944 there were better wages to be made cutting logs in Grande Prairie. I spent the winter there, and on my return home I met Nina Burris. She was attending high school in Breton.

Nina and I were married on June 21st, 1948 in Breton and made our home on the farm northeast of town. I now went to work for the D.R. Fraser Lumber Company in the winter months. You came home only on weekends as the distance was far and travel was limited.



Ed Grzyb ploughing with 1928 McCormick Deering Tractor, 1946.

Nina had the task of feeding cows, getting the water and making sure the old hungry stove had a steady supply of wood.

Farming a small acreage at this time, I also worked for George Horvath, operated my portable sawmill, worked in the oil field and helped my dad in haying season.

In 1959 I rented the home farm from Dad on share basis. Three years later, I bought the farm and my parents retired to a new home in the village of Breton.

Nina and I have four children — Jerry, Lorraine, Marian and Leonard. Jerry was born on October 13, 1949 and is now married to Margie Reich. He is a welder and lives in Breton. They have a son, Stephen.

Lorraine was born May 25, 1951 and lives at Greencourt.

Marian was born on November 1, 1956. She is an accountant and is employed in Calgary.



Ed Grzyb family. Back row, Ed, Jerry. Front row, Lorraine, Marian, Nina holding Leonard.

Leonard was born in the new hospital in Breton on July 27, 1964. He attends school in Breton, and is still home with us on the farm, one mile south of Breton.

— EDWARD GRZYB

TED AND ANN GRZYB FAMILY

In my parents' story I mentioned briefly that I was born in Janow, Poland in May of 1923. Recollections of the first nine years of my life spent in Poland are only very sketchy. I know my father left for Canada in 1928 when I was five, but my memory of this isn't clear: I do remember starting school at the age of seven. School there was very strict and had a generous sprinkling of religious education thrown into it. Life as a youngster in Janow was much different than it is for my children here twenty years later. Like here, forty years ago, there was no running water and plumbing. Part of every child's chores was bringing in the water supply from a pump in the middle of the village. However, in spite of poverty and hardship, I can remember the usual games and good times that kids engage in. Every house had a little orchard in the backyard and the neighbours' apples were always better than your own. A little creek back of our village had fish and lobster and the boys spent a lot of time there. Any toys that kids used were invariably homemade, and the kids had no problem inventing games for entertainment.

At the end of my second year of school in 1932, my father had completed arrangements for us to

join him in Canada, and by September we were ready to leave. My brother, Edward (7), sister, Danelda (5) my mother, and myself set out by train by way of Germany and France to embark from the port of Cherbourg in France for the Atlantic crossing. The trip across lasted eight days. All I can remember of it is that the weather was very stormy and the ocean very rough. Many people were very seasick but the kids fared about the best. I mentioned our train trip across Canada and our arrival in Antross in my parents' story so I won't go into it again here. The eight years at Antross were typical growing-up years. The first five were spent attending elementary school. I remember the first year being particularly difficult as I had to learn the language. Fortunately, all my efforts could be channelled in this direction as the other school work came very easily because of my previous two years of schooling back in Poland. I also have to give a lot of credit to my first teacher, Miss Frances Hinds. Her task must have been monumental with half of her class not even able to speak a word of English. My other teachers at Antross were Sam Richards and Wesley Frazer. Mr. Frazer I remember especially for his very strict discipline and his dedication to his job and the students' welfare.

Apart from school, life around the sawmill for us children was probably better than for most of the farm kids. We were always welcome in the camp cookhouse for a piece of pie or donuts. In the winter, we always had a skating rink on the creek. Tobogganing, skiing, sleigh riding, and skating were participated in by everyone. In the summer, softball and fishing seemed to occupy a lot of our time. However, it wasn't all play. When we got older, we all had part-time jobs around the mill. I remember one summer holiday clearing an acre of land for five dollars. There were so many trees on it that my father had to help finish it at the end of the summer holidays. In general, however, I would say that this was probably the most carefree part of my life even though I rarely saw any money. I remember selling the Edmonton Bulletin for a couple of years trying to earn money to buy a bicycle, but as nearly as I can remember, this ended in some sort of a bankruptcy when the Bulletin's credit people came all the way to Antross to collect \$3.00 that I owed them.

In the fall of 1937 I started walking to school in Breton as there was no grade nine in Antross. Classmates that walked part of the way with me on occasion were Florence Hernberg and Anna Ringborg. Our teacher that year and the next was Mr. Wilbert Stevens. He was a good teacher but also had his heart in politics and if he had stayed in Breton much longer, I'm sure he would have made politicians out of some of us. I won't try to name all my classmates as there are pictures of our class elsewhere in this book. Many of us still live in this area. Our high school was the United Church on main street (the Treasury Branch is on that location now) and our ball diamond was the main street right in front of it.

There were no students' cars around the school, or on the street for that matter. If you owned a bike to ride to school, you were almost considered wealthy.

It was while I was in my second year of school in Breton High that a little student from the neighbouring school of Funnell caught my eye. She had come to buy some of my grade 9 books. Her name was Ann Chomyszyn and I think I must have made up my mind right then to change it to something else.

I think perhaps right here, would be a good time to bring Ann's story up to date, although my information on it is a little more sketchy. She was born in Tarnopol, Poland in February of 1924. In 1930, Ann and her mother immigrated to Canada to join her father who had come three years earlier. He had worked for a short time for farmers and then got a job for the C.P.R. in Calgary. In 1930, he bought S.E. of 14-48-4-5. There was already a log home there (still standing) from a previous owner and this is where Ann and her mother came to live. Ann's brothers, Norman and Red, were born on this farm and this is where the Chomyszyns lived until their return to Calgary in 1944.

Ann started school in Funnell in 1930. There were very few roads at that time so she usually took a short cut through the bush by way of Ordie Wolfe's farm. Pat Campbell often walked with her as they lived on the next farm to the north. This is now Mark Hooks' farm. Ann hasn't told me too much about her school days, but from the comments of some of her classmates, she managed to get into the usual amount of mischief. After finishing the available schooling at Funnell, she went out on her first job to Calmar and later in Edmonton. About 1941, she returned to Breton and started working for Pete's Trading as a grocery clerk. Some of the other people on staff with her were Oscar Shauntz, Pat Campbell, Ted Myles and John Soldon. It's about this time that Ann and I started courting more seriously. I had finished school, and was working in Fred Thrasher's bush camp. I was helper to the "Bull cook" in the daytime and operated a commissary for Pete Nikiforuk in the evenings. It was about this time that my parents moved to their newly acquired farm and in the spring, we started farming in earnest. I worked at Anthony's mill, operating a resaw and helped with the farm work as well. Saturday evening was shopping and movie night and everyone went to town. Unlike nowadays, the grocery store stayed open until midnight on Saturdays so everyone could pick up their orders after the show. Ann often wasn't through work until one o'clock A.M. There wasn't time left to raise very much hell that time of the night.

The War was now in its third year, and I was nineteen so I decided to enlist in the R.C.A.F. In late 1942, I was called to the war emergency training school in Edmonton and took a three month course in basics on airplane engines. From there we were sent to #1 Manning Depot in Toronto where they

were supposed to change us from "stubble jumpers" to airmen. After six weeks, they gave up and sent us to St. Thomas, Ontario on a more advanced course on areo-engines. From there, a few of us were sent to Dorval, Quebec, which at that time was a ferry command station. Here I took a special course on American-made bombers which were being ferried to England by way of Dorval, Gander Bay and so on.



Ted Grzyb and Ann Chomyszyn, 1943, on spillway of dam on Poplar Creek in Antross.

On completion of this course, we were to go to England to service the same planes there, but in the meantime #10 Bombing and Gunnery School was being opened in P.E.I. and I was one of the few sent there to staff the new school. I spent over two years there and got to see and know most of the Maritimes and Newfoundland. When the War ended, I was sent back to Ontario to help close up several stations, among them Mt. Hope and Centrelia from where I was finally discharged in February, 1946.



Ted and Ann Grzyb, 1946. Wedding cars on street in front of church in Warburg.

In the meantime, Ann had changed jobs and during most of my time in the R.C.A.F. she worked in Buroughs Department Store in Lacombe. During this time, outside of a few visits home on furlough, we kept in touch by letter. In the spring of 1946 when I returned home, Ann again came back to work in Breton, this time for Nick Woroniuk who had purchased Pete Nikiforuk's grocery. Nick Raczuk, who later opened Breton Cash Store, was bookkeeper there at the same time. Later that spring on June 18th, Ann and I were married in the Warburg Catholic Church. The ceremony had been planned for Winfield but due to much rain, the road in that direction was impassable. It was almost as bad to

Warburg, as some cars didn't make it all the way there either.

After a few days in Banff, we settled in what used to be Mr. Kunsman's house just west of my father's farm. We had no utilities and Ann had to carry all our water from the creek at the bottom of the hill. She spent many long days alone, and even the odd night, as I started shipping pulpwood and mineprops for a living and many times had to work all night to finish loading a car. Next spring in March, our first daughter, Irene, was born. About this time we decided to buy a farm of our own. We finally bought N.E. 34-47-4-W5 from Mr. Dan Iamieson and this is where we still live. It might be of interest, that V.L.A. which was assisting us to buy it, considered it such poor land that they valued it at only two thousand dollars. We sold the house we had been living in to Gunnar Hanson and he moved it to his farm, while we moved a shack in from Antross to live in on our farm. The next fall our second daughter, Doreen, was born. By this time, we were getting pretty desperate for more room. We built a bigger shack and moved into it in the fall of 1948. The next five years we put in a crop each spring, and as regularly, got hailed out each summer. To be able to put in a crop each spring, I had to spend every winter shipping firewood or else cutting trees for Fraser's or Pearson's. We acquired a few cattle and pigs, chickens etc., and tried to keep going the best we could. Our main form of entertainment was going to a Hop-a-long Cassidy movie on Saturday night in Nelson's Hall. If his light plant didn't quit or the drips from the roof didn't get you, you saw the whole show.



Doreen, Teresa and Irene Grzyb, 1962.

By 1954 we had built up a small dairy herd, had a bit of old machinery, and a car, but decided to sell nearly all of it to get into the school bus business. I started in the Funnell area and I'm still operating there to this day. At first things were pretty rough as the roads were poor and we still had no electricity on the farm. In very cold weather, I had to get up and start the bus at 3:00 A.M. so I would be sure it would start in the morning. However, we plugged along and gradually built up another dairy herd. By 1960, when our youngest daughter, Terry, was born we were milking in a fairly big way. Electricity had come in the late fifties, and things were gradually impro-

ving. We built some new barns and other buildings and in 1964 we finally moved into a new home. We also purchased 160 acres of swamp to the east of us and had a go at making farmland out of it. Our girls attended Breton schools and were very active in 4-H club work. Irene went to the U of A after high school and received her degree in Education, and Doreen went to business school and went to work in a bank. With our helpers leaving home, and us not getting any younger, we decided that maybe it was time for another change. In 1967 we sold most of our dairy herd and bought the grocery store from Mrs. Lou Burkholder. There was very little business at first, but it grew quickly so in 1968 we had to build on. We settled into 10 years of grocery business. It was hard work and not always a bed of roses. Doreen worked in the store the first couple of years, and Terry as soon as she was old enough. My wife, having previously worked in groceries, fell into the routine easily. We made many friends and enjoyed our ten years of serving the public very much. We will always be grateful for the support all the people of this area gave us, and will cherish the friendships we made forever.

Since retiring from the store, we have continued farming and operating the school bus. We still seem to have plenty to do, but perhaps it's partly because it takes us twice as long to do the same work. However, for the first time we both manage to find time to curl and take part in many other activities that we didn't have time for before.

Our family are all away now and making their own niche. Terry, who missed the farm experience and practically grew up in the store, is now attending nursing school in the Foothills Hospital in Calgary. Irene married Emil Knopp in 1968 and is living in Thorsby. Emil operates a tire shop and Irene is teaching school there full-time. Irene has two children who are our only grandchildren so far. Doreen married a classmate, Wally Koziara, in May of 1972. They worked in Edmonton for a time, Doreen in the bank, and later for an advertising firm and Walter drafting for the government, and later working for a survey company. However, they returned to Breton in 1975 and purchased the Imperial Bulk Agency where they are presently.

As for ourselves, we have no plans to move from this area. I'm on my 25th year of school bussing and I don't know if I could get along without those kids, even if at times I wonder how I can stand it! When we finally retire from this and active farming, we will probably continue to live on our farm as long as health permits.

TED GRZYB

FRED AND VELMA GREENWOOD FAMILY

Fred Greenwood started his life in Toronto, Ontario where he was born during the war, in 1916. After a few weeks, Mother and son came back to Spring Coulee, Alberta to their home. His father was in the Army at this time and was stationed overseas. Fred took all his schooling in Spring Coulee. Cardston and Woolford in southern Alberta. He had to ride a horse four or five miles for most of his school days.

I, Velma, was born in High River, Alberta. I went to school in Elmdale, Mossleigh and Herronton, also in southern Alberta — before moving to the Breton area where I finished my schooling.

Our family moved to Breton in the fall of 1936. My father, Harry Huntley, and brother, Wilfred, had moved earlier from the south country where we had been dried out, blown out and hailed out, etc. I came with Mother, two sisters, Verma and Muriel, and a brother, Elwood. We lived one mile north of

Fred moved in the spring of 1933 with his family — Tiny (Fred's step-father), Mother and brother Ted. They also came from dried out, blown out, etc., Spring Coulee, Alberta. They came by C.P.R. Fred and a friend, Bill Jones, came on the train with the livestock (cows and horses) and household furnishings. They settled two miles east of Breton on a raw quarter.

Tiny and the boys played a lot of hard ball. Every Sunday there were ball games and on July 1st they played at many, many places such as Warburg, Genesee, Tomahawk, Winfield, Pigeon Lake, etc. They had many good times and have lots of happy

memories of those days.

Fred worked in the lumber camps and mills; he also sawed firewood for many neighbors around here.



Rose Merenich and Freida Greenwood age 3 years, in front of Pete's store.

In July, 1939 we were married. Fred was working for Pearson Bros. that summer. We built a very small house and in the fall we went to the bush. We also moved our house which was loaded onto a big truck. He worked on the trim saw with a friend, Gordon Welda, and Henry Pearson in the mill all winter. There were only two women in camp, Mary Pearson and myself. Fred's wages were \$60.00 a month and, of course, we boarded ourselves. Many men received \$35.00 to \$37.50 after the government initiated a wage scale which helped very much.

	If presented for payment within 30 days from the date, this cheque is negotiable without charge at Any Branch of the Imperial Bank of Canada of at Any Branch of Any Chartered Bank in Alberta. No. 02132 The Workmen's Compensation Board					
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Compensation cheque received by Fred Greenwood, 1941.

Before this, the men were paid about \$1.00 a day. Many young people of today couldn't imagine such a thing.

In the summer of 1941, we moved to the farm where we have been since. This farm, N.E. 31-47-3-W5, is located two miles east of Breton.

One summer Fred worked for Ringborg Brothers, just south of us. He also worked for Pearson Bros. on the planer in town. The first years on the farm were very bad. We would ship a three gallon can of cream for 90ϕ and we also sold eggs to the stores; that was our grocery money (there was no need for a grocery list as you bought only the staples).

The winter of 1941, Fred hurt his hand and was put on compensation; we kept this cheque for a souvenir.

Fred rode the horse to town and drove truck for D.R. Frasers', hauling groceries to the camps in the winter and bringing back a load of lathe to the mill in town. Also, he drove Dad's team in the planer mill, hauling rough lumber up to the planer.

In 1945 Fred had an operation on his back after which he didn't work for a year. He was flat on his back, in a cast, and in the hospital for two months. That's when I learned to harness a team and hook them to a sleigh or buggy. I took care of the chores during this time — milking and feeding cows. We also kept a number of pigs which also kept me very busy; we were grateful to very kind neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Morety, who dropped in regularly to make sure we were all right and to see if we needed any help. Freida was only 3 years old then. My dad and Tiny would drop in often to see us — this was very difficult for them as they both worked for Frasers.

Fred and Elwood Huntley combined for several farmers, mostly clover in those days. Fred kept working for Frasers taking time off to put his crop in, as did so many men in this country. Some of the men would work in the bush camps all winter and stay home in summer to do their farm work. Thus, many of the wives did a lot of chores in the cold winter, but this was so very necessary.

When Frasers' finished their mill and planing operation, many of their employees went to other jobs. Fred started on the road grader working for

the County of Leduc. He graded roads from Buck Creek to east of Warburg.

In the 60's, Fred helped with 4-H work in the Royal Western Dairy Club. He was on the adult executive for some time for which he received his five year Leadership Award. Fred enjoyed his 4-H time.

The last several years, we have been farming and raising Angus cattle.



The Greenwood family. Fred and Velma Greenwood, Freida Durocher, Marilyn Goldthorpe, Russell Greenwood, Janice Jabusch.

We raised four children: Freida, the eldest, is married to Albert Durocher. They have two daughters, Debra and Susanne, and they live in Edmonton. Marilyn, the second daughter, is married to Leonard Goldthorpe; they have one daughter, Sheryl, and two sons, Chuck and Craig. They are farming at Warburg, Alberta. Russell, our only son, is married to Edyth Colby. They have one daughter, Denise, and one son, Jeffrey, and they are farming near Carnwood, Alberta. Janice, our youngest daughter, is married to Gerald Jabusch and they live in Edmonton, also. She is a Certified Nursing Aide. The children took all their schooling in Breton.

— VELMA GREENWOOD

THE RAY AND DOROTHY GERWIEN HISTORY

Will Raymond Gerwien was born Nov. 6, 1914 in White Earth, North Dakota; he was the second son of Fredrick and Ethel Gerwien. When Ray was about four years old, his father drowned while

crossing a river with some horses. This left his mother with three small boys, Fred, Ray and Joe. Eventually she married Fred Scott. There were two more boys born — Milo and Kenneth.

The family moved to Winnifred in southern Alberta. When Ray was about fourteen years old, he left home and worked on several different farm jobs. Then he started riding in the rodeo circuit all through the Northern United States and Alberta. An accident put an end to his rodeoing. His parents had moved to Brant by this time, so he stayed there to convalesce. It was then that he met Dorothy.

Dorothy Alexandria Withey was born May 14, 1921 in Beckington, Sommerset England, the fourth child of Edward and Nancy Withey. When Dorothy was three years old, the family moved to Blackie, Alberta where they owned and operated a livery stable and boarding house for many years.

In 1939 Ray and Dorothy met and became engaged. Ray's dad had bought the Breton blacksmith shop in Jan., 1940 and his mother and two youngest brothers moved to Breton in April, 1940. After visiting Ray's parents that spring, Ray and Dorothy decided they would like to try homesteading. They married on Aug. 3, 1940 and moved to Breton late that fall having filed on a homestead, S.W. 17-48-4-W5. This has been their home to the present day. They lived in Breton until the spring of 1941. Their oldest daughter, Frances Ethel, was born in a little two room house in Breton on March 29, 1941. The nearest doctor was in Thorsby so the baby was delivered by a midwife, Mrs. Walter Baynes.

They then moved to the farm; the only building was a little one room log cabin with cracks wide enough to throw a cat through. There was no land under cultivation — not even a garden spot and in those days all the clearing was done with an axe. An old German fellow named Levi Snow had lived on the land previously. Brothers Joe and Fred and Fred's wife, Opal, also moved to the farm and the three men started clearing the land.

Ray had a full line of farm machinery he had brought with him from the south country. The first land he rented and put into crops was where the Breton ball diamond is now.

In 1942, Ray had his hand smashed in a farm accident. The closest hospital was in Wetaskiwin. The roads were nothing but a ribbon of mud; it seemed to rain constantly that summer so it took 24 hours to get him to the hospital where one finger had to be amputated and his little one has been of little use to him since.

Ray did various jobs to make a living such as logging, selling fire wood, fence posts, Christmas trees, breaking land for neighbors and he worked for the Municipality, building roads. From 1956 to 1973, he worked as a battery operator for Cities Service.

Through the years, Ray acquired four quarters of land and a nice herd of cattle.

A total of five daughters were born to Ray and Dorothy. They were Frances Ethel, March 29, 1941; Gloria Dawn Carol, Dec. 15, 1943; Marjorie Diane, July 1, 1945; Lois Louise, Sept. 25, 1954 and Loretta Jane, March 15, 1956.



The Gerwien family, 1977. Left to right, Fran, Lois, Dot, Ray, Gloria, Loretta and Diane.

Frances married Donald LaChance of Lindale. They have four children, Allen, Lorraine, Irvin and Jim.

Gloria married Herman Berry of Berrymoor. They have four daughters — Joan, Wendy, Karen and Roxane; another daughter, Anita, died at 5½ months

Diane married Albert Jenik. They have a son, Chris, and lost a baby, Tony, at seven weeks of age.

Lois married Gerald Dyck of Pierceland, Sask. They have three children — Jamie, Juanita and Jody.

Loretta married Bruce Findlay of 100 Mile House, B.C. They have one son, Westley.

The years have been good to the Gerwien family. There have been many happy times to remember along with a few sad times. Ray is starting to think about retiring, so Lois and Gerry Dyck and family have moved to the farm. Each fall, Ray goes hunting with his friends and he does a lot of fishing. Even though he doesn't always bring home the fish, he brings home lots of fish stories. He is a member of the Breton Elks.

Dorothy is an active member of the Funnell Mothers' Club having joined in 1943. She is also a member of the Breton Order of the Royal Purple.

— DOROTHY GERWIEN

SOME GERWIEN FAMILY MEMORIES

Remember the mixed passenger and freight train? It took from noon to 8 o'clock to go from

Breton to Lacombe. The train stopped to load lumber or pigs or anything and everything along the way, or stopped just to shovel cinders off onto the track. We always missed the connection with the train to Calgary, so we would sleep in the coach overnight and catch the next train about 6 a.m.

Remember the ration books during the war—also making homemade soap? Remember knitting socks and sweaters for the soldiers and sending

parcels overseas to them?

Remember the Saturday night shows at Nelson's hall? The stores always stayed open until nine o'clock so we could buy our groceries. There was usually a continued show to make sure we would

go again next week.

Remember when we had no electricity and running water? We carried the water from the well, heated it on a wood stove and washed clothes on a wash board and hung them outside on the line to dry. In the winter we would bring in sheets and towels and everything frozen stiff to finish drying in the house. Remember ironing with the old sad iron that had to be heated on the stove?

Remember bathing in that same round wash tub we washed our clothes in?

Remember when there were no undertakers in this area? Fred Scott made several wooden coffins; Ethel Scott lined them with white satin and friends and neighbors got the body ready for burial.

Remember the starting of the Funnell Mutual Telephone Line? It started with about 6 or 7 customers and ended up with more than 20 homes connected on the one line. We learned to use the crank and ring for whichever neighbor we wished to talk to, knowing full well there would be several more listening in.

Remember the dances at Funnell, Moose Hill and Carnwood? The orchestra was made up of local musicians such as, Ellis', Mannings, Wolfes, Hernbergs and others. There were no amplifiers

then to break the eardrums.

Remember sawing those huge piles of firewood? Elmer Durstling was one that had a saw outfit and the crew was made up of neighbors such as the Fennemans, Ellis', Bogarts, Westlings and Moorhouses. In the fall, these same crews went from farm to farm threshing the grain.

Remember the rodeos held in Breton when the sports grounds were west of the tracks? Ray rode a

big grey to a standstill.

Remember when we made all sorts of things from flour and sugar sacks — pillowslips, luncheon clothes, dish towels, bed sheets (they took 5 sewn together) little girls' panties and slips? Then when the colored flour sacks came in, we made the children's dresses and blouses from them.

Remember the battery radios? We saved the batteries to listen to our favorite programs such as Lux Theatre, Fibber McGee and Mollie, The Happy Gang, Ma Perkins, The Lone Ranger and many more.

Remember the year when we were over-run with rabbits? I believe it was about 1961. The rabbits were so thick you could count 100 in a mile.

The three older girls rode horseback to Funnell. They rode a big old Clyesdale named Brownie — if it was more than 10° below zero, (Fahrenheit), old Brownie refused to take them to school; so in the winter months they missed a lot of school.

Then there was the track meet at Warburg when Diane broke her arm doing the high jump and Gloria went on to win the medal that same day.

Then there were 4-H Garden Club and sewing clubs. The girls grew some beautiful gardens and learned to sew and brought home several trophies.

Then Ray and the girls rode in the Golden Spur

Gymkhana Club.

Other memories include going to Mothers' Club meetings with the team and wagon with Mrs. Fenneman, quilting bees, Funnell Christmas concerts, card parties in the homes and school picnics at Funnell. At one of these picnics, the kids played ball against the parents. Ray ended up with a broken finger.

Picking roots, burning brush piles, weiner roasts and picking fruit will also remain in our

memories.

SCZEPAN (STEVE) AND STEFANIA (STEPHANY) GRZYB

When I decided to write the history of my parents, I first had to decide whether to begin with their life as it began in Canada or whether to go right back to their earlier life back in Poland and Russia. For the sake of their grandchildren and their great-grandchildren, I decided on the latter as it seemed to me that perhaps that is the most interesting part of their story. My memories of their life in Poland are becoming hazy as I was only nine years of age when we left for Canada and I was only four when my father left. However, by talking with my mother who is now 81 years of age but has a wonderful memory, and adding to this bits and pieces of information that I have gleaned from their conversations over the years, I have gathered a few facts that I will try to record in this book.

My father was born in December of 1897 in Janow, Poland and my mother three months later in the same village. Their parents were peasant farmers and provided only a very meager existence. Dad lost his mother at the age of five. Things could have improved when a stepmother came into the picture, but by the time he was eleven his father passed away also. Since there was no school to go to and not much to eat on the table, my father at the tender age of eleven, found himself working as a bricklayer's helper. He did this until the age of 16, at which time he made a major decision which was to change the rest of his life. I might mention here that

while he carried bricks, he also learned the basics of reading and writing, mostly from his stepmother and his fellow workers.



Steve Grzyb was a bricklayer. This bricklaying work was around boiler for Mark Anthony's sawmill at Cormorant Lake, Manitoba.

My mother's life at this time was almost parallel to that of my dad's. She lost her father at a very young age. To ease the burden at home, she was sent to work at a commune farm. This was quite a common practice in Europe before the First World War. In 1914, when my parents were both 16 years of age, the German forces entered Poland. Things became unbearable with no work, a shortage of food, and the war around them. Stories of good times and lots of work to the east in Russia were prevalent so my parents decided to flee in that direction. The first part of the journey was on foot and by wagon. At the Russian border, they boarded a train and temporarily left the war behind.

It was at this point that my parents lives began to parallel each other as it was on this train, fleeing to Russia, that they met for the first time. Their destination turned out to be Kiev where they soon found work in a sugar factory. Things went smoothly for the next two years. They learned the Russian language and seemed to be better off than ever before, but tragedy struck again. The German forces, who had now invaded Russia, were at the gates of Kiev so once again they had to flee eastward. This time they settled in Akietarnoslav, near Odessa, on the Black Sea. Dad, who was now 18, was promptly drafted into the Russian Navy and served on the Black Sea. Mother worked in a munitions factory.

The war was going badly for the Czar's forces and there were rumblings about a revolution. In 1917, between the German Army and the now serious revolution within, the Czar's forces surrendered. My father managed to escape temporarily. However, later, on a train back to the city where my mother was working, they were again taken by the German forces, robbed of clothing and all possessions and released. It seemed like he was back to the beginning. In 1918, he was re-united with my mother in Akietarnoslav and they decided to get married. June 18th was the eventful day.

In the fall when the War was finally over, they decided to head back for Poland. Some of the journey was by train, wherever there were tracks and trains left, but most of the journey was on foot and took weeks and weeks. Back at home things hadn't improved much from before the War. They went to work on a commune farm and Dad did some bricklaying. In 1923, I was born and two years later my brother, Edward. By 1928 a mutual decision was made to start a new life somewhere else. Canada seemed the obvious choice as the C.P.R. was painting very rosy pictures of the Canadian west in their advertising in Europe.

Dad left Janow in early spring of 1928 and arrived at a cousin's farm in Creelman, Saskatchewan six weeks later. After a short stay there, (they couldn't really afford an extra boarder) he moved on to Edmonton. He got a job with a group of other men clearing a quarter of land by hand somewhere just northeast of Edmonton. The wages were only \$2.00 a day as the depression was just around the corner, but he was thankful even for this as most had no jobs at all. When this job was done, they all went to Lacombe looking for work, but to no avail. Finally in desperation, they got on a flatcar and rode the rails north on the then, almost new, Lacombe and Northern Railroad. At Antross (approximately two and one-half miles south of Breton), he got a job with Anthony Lumber Company. The wages were meager and the work hard, but he was one of the lucky ones even at that.

Meanwhile, back in Poland, my sister, Danelda, was born shortly after my dad left. I started school in 1930, and we settled down waiting for my dad to send enough money to follow him to Canada. Finally in the fall of 1932, the day came. I was nine years old by then and can remember quite a bit about the journey. We went by train through Berlin and on to Cherbourg in France. Here we boarded the Cunard liner, the "Montrose", (it was later sunk during the War) and arrived in Quebec City in October of 1932. We couldn't speak a word of French, or English either, so things seemed pretty overwhelming. After being herded around by immigration people for a couple of days, we finally boarded a train and headed west. While changing trains in Winnipeg, a cousin of my mother's came to the station to see us. The picture she painted to us of Canada was almost enough to make us turn back. You have to remember that this was 1932 and almost the worst of the Depression. However, we went on and arrived in Lacombe on a November day. Not a soul was there who could speak Polish, and there was no train to Antross. While we were sitting there, most of us in tears wondering what to do next, the section foreman happened to walk in and, joyfully he could speak Polish. He told us the train went north only every second day and that we had missed it. He offered to take us home for the night. We have remained grateful to this man to this day. His name was Panek and in later years we found out by chance that one of his daughters married Melvin Jones in Winfield.

Next day Mr. Panek put us on a train to Leduc, and after a few hours' wait, again we were on the "Muskeg Special" for Antross. Later that day, we were reunited with my father. The next few months were happy ones, but also tough ones at the same time. My father's wages had eroded to one dollar a day. By the fall of 1933, we had another mouth to feed when my brother, Walter, was born. Things could have been worse but fortunately for us, Mr. Bill Anthony was a very understanding and compassionate man. He kept the family men on the job even when there was no market for lumber. The single men were laid off and had to go look for farm work or ride the trains just so they could get a meal occasionally.



Grzyb family arriving at Antross siding, November, 1932. Joe Olenichuk - family friend, Edward 7, Ted 9, Mrs. S. Grzyb, Danelda 4 in mother's arms, Steve Grzyb.

In the spring of 1933, with a few families now at the mill, it became obvious that we had to have a school. With no government funds in those days, the only concession was that the school could be built on government land. This was the southeast corner of section 23, or just south and east of where Bob Samardzic's house is now. Anthony, Ross, and some of the other mills donated the lumber and the men from the mill donated the labor and the school was up in short order. The workmanship must have been good as it is still in service as a shop on Roy Matheson's farm after serving as a school in Antross for many years, and later in Breton.

In the fall of 1933, my brother Ed, my sister Danelda, Mark Anthony's two girls and Ernie Ayres' three children, and myself formed the first class at Antross School. By the end of the second year, there were over forty children in the class as more families moved in to the mill and some of the farm kids from east of Antross came to get an education. Our teacher for the first two years was Miss Frances Hinds. She had to travel from Breton, five miles by horse and cutter every day.

During the years at Antross, we lived in four different places but never owned any of them. Our

first home was a shack halfway between the siding and the mill. It later became Frank Reid's store and post office. My only real recollection of living in this one was the almost tame weasel that made its home in our kitchen. Our next home was Mark Anthony's house, but we had to vacate when his wife and children moved to Antross from Edmonton. We next



Grzyb family, 1936. Left to right, Ted, Mr. Grzyb, Edward, Mrs. Grzyb holding Walter, Danelda.

moved into an adjoining garage, but this was very small and eventually we moved a shack down into the creek flat just east of where Roy Peterson now lives, and this was our home until we moved to the farm. Here we built a little barn and were able to keep a cow or two. All the feed was put up by hand with a scythe and hand rake. The work at the mill was hard, hours were long and wages were poor but my parents seemed very happy. There was a community spirit in those days that seems to be missing now. It wasn't unusual for parents, kids, mill hands and bosses all to meet on the ice to skate or on the banks of the creek to toboggan or sleigh ride. Trips



Steffania and Steve Grzyb, 1937.

to Breton on foot just to attend a dance or a show in Nelson's Hall were almost weekly occurrences. Everyone considered walking or riding on the back of an open logging truck in 30° below weather, a common - not out of the ordinary - experience.

In spite of the very low wages, my parents managed to save a few dollars and by 1939 were planning to buy a farm. Part of the reason for this was that Mr. Anthony Sr. had passed away a year earlier, the timber was getting further and further away, and there were definite signs of the whole operation gradually winding down. The final choice of a farm was the Charlie Orlean's place, N.E. of 26-47-4-W5 and the cost was the grand total of \$1000.00. In 1940 we moved there but kept on working at the mill. In 1941, we logged some timber and had it sawed into lumber. We fixed up some of the farm buildings and built a new barn which was completed in 1942. A barn dance (which was a custom in those days) was held and the barn was ready for use.



Grzyb's new barn, 1942, old barn on left.

By 1942 Dad was left to farm pretty well by himself as I left for the Air Force and my brother went to Grande Prairie to work in Ross' mill there. Things went reasonably well for them. Buying the first Fordson tractor for a \$100.00 was a major step that required a family conference. In 1946, on returning from the R.C.A.F., I married Ann Chomyszyn and went on my own. The next winter (1947), Danelda married Bill Kanda, and they went farming also. Ed and my parents farmed together until 1948 when he married Nina Burris and also started farming on his own. He continued to help them however, until they eventually sold the farm to him in 1967. Walter completed his education in Breton and went on to a career in teaching. In 1956, he married Sophie Lichon and is presently teaching at the Pigeon Lake Regional High School at Falun.

In1964 Mom and Dad took a six week holiday and visited their hometown in Poland. They found many changes, mostly for the better, but were glad to return home to Breton. In 1967, as I mentioned, they sold their farm and retired from active farming. They built a little house in Breton and for the first time in their life, they had some time to visit friends and to travel around. For my dad, however, it was not to last long; he passed away suddenly in September of 1971 at the age of 73.

My mother continues to live in her house in Breton. She enjoys reasonably good health for her age (she passed 81 on her last birthday). She insists on looking after herself as long as she is able to and spends countless hours sewing and making things

for her family and her grandchildren. She has a good memory and when she reminisces, you could write a whole book but since space is limited, the rest has to be left to your imagination.

— TED GRZYB

THE GUNDERSON FAMILY

Ole Gunderson was born in Grimsted, Norway on November 1, 1892 and immigrated to Canada, arriving at Montreal in June of 1913. He worked in a steel factory for two months. In August, he traveled west to Carbon, Alberta with his two cousins, Ole and Tom Edwardson (they had immigrated in 1911). They worked with a threshing crew on Pope's ranch. They worked at various jobs over the years; his cousin, Ole, went to live in New York, and he and his cousin, Tom, bought a farm near Hanna. They farmed together for several years. He then traveled around working at various iobs — logging in B.C., draying in the north and working in the coal mines. It was while working on Don Webster's farm near Airdrie in September, 1942 that he met me, Thelma Tucker. I was cook at the same farm. He worked on Alex Webster's threshing crew till winter set in (the crew moved from place to place and I cooked for them). He then moved to the logging camp west of Calgary. We were married in Calgary on December 15, 1943. I was born in Rockyford, Alberta, one of fourteen children, ten of which are still living.

Ole and I moved to East Coulee in 1944, where Ole worked in the coal mines until 1948. Our home was flooded in the spring of 1948 when the Red Deer River overflowed its banks.

Our oldest daughter, Betty, was born in Calgary on Oct. 11, 1944. Our son, Ronald, was born in the Wayne Hospital near Drumheller, October 30, 1945. We were the last ones to cross the ferry that fall so the doctor had to take a longer trip around. Linda, our second daughter, was born in the same hospital on December 16, 1946.

We moved to our present location, N.W. 15-47-3-W5, on July 3, 1948. Ole went ahead with the furniture and our milk goat, Mary, on July 1, 1948. We put her in the back of the truck with everything piled around her and she seemed quite happy; he had to unload her once to milk her on the trip up. She didn't seem to mind that either. That was the advantage of having a goat instead of a cow; she took up less room and was easier to handle.

The kids and I took 16 hours to come up. We came in Al Wiesner's 1928 Pontiac and Tom Edwardson's 1929 Chrysler 'Coupe'. The roads were pretty awful in those days. The house was small and unfinished, but we fixed it up and lived in it for 11 years. We moved into our present home in 1959. We were always fortunate to have a good garden, our own meat and milk. In fact, I don't

remember ever losing our garden to hail or frost in the 31 years we have lived here.



Hauling mail, Feb. 1951.

Our second son, Johnny, was born in Wetaskiwin, Alta., on November 27, 1948. Ole hauled the mail from Wenham Valley Post Office to Knob Hill and Winfield from 1950 to 1951 with a team of horses. He also logged and farmed. In the winter of 1950, he cut enough logs to make 15 thousand feet of lumber; of course, this was done with an axe and Swede saw, and in 1952 he logged enough for 25 thousand feet of lumber.

In the summer of 1953, we were heading into Breton for groceries when we had a runaway with the team; the pin came out of the doubletree in front of the elementary school, so the horses took off. The buggy went as far as the hotel and the horses got split up at the end of Main Street. One was headed up Main Street and was finally stopped.



The Gunderson garden vegetables, 1952. L. to R. Johnny, Betty, Linda and Ron.

The other horse was headed along Railroad Street and was finally stopped. The only injuries over that episode was a badly bruised knee to yours truly.

In 1953 to 1954, Ole worked for Hanson Brothers' sawmill at Alder Flats. From 1954 to 1957, Ole worked for Carl Brothers, also in the Alder Flats area. Our youngest son, Leonard, was born December 19, 1957 in Rimbey. By the time Leonard arrived, our small house was bursting at the seams so we started on our new home. It was built with 4 x 4s. We started digging the basement in June, 1959; it was all done by hand. We moved in on August 14, 1959. On December 21, 1964 we were hooked up to Calgary Power. We had the telephone installed in the fall of 1968. What a world of difference these conveniences made to everyday living! It was in

1968 that we had our roads graveled, so they were at least passable.

The kids all went to Breton for their schooling. For the first few years, they had to walk a half mile to catch the school bus. Ole would meet them getting off the bus in the winter with a flashlight as it would be dark by the time the bus got there at 4:45 p.m. They were first on the bus in the mornings and last off at night so it was a pretty long day especially when they first started.



Ole Gunderson family, 1975. L. to R. Back row, Betty, Johnny, Leonard, Ronald and Linda. Front, Ole and Thelma.

Our daughter, Betty, married Tom McGovern. They live in Swan Hills and have one son and two daughters. Ronald married Shirley Wilson on July 16, 1968. They live in Drayton Valley and have two sons and one daughter. Linda married Verle Guard on September 11, 1965; they live at Pendryl and have three sons and two daughters. John married Gwen Gamble on August 29, 1969 and they have one son and two daughters. They live at Sundre, Alberta. Leonard is employed in Drayton Valley and is still unmarried at this time.

Ole passed away on August 23, 1976 at the age of 83. He had been an active man right up until his passing. I am still living on the homeplace at the time of this writing.

— THELMA GUNDERSON

SAM GRAFTAAS

Selmer (Sam) Graftaas was born in Lyon County, Minnesota on March 27, 1883. He was the eldest of twelve children born to John and Beret Graftaas who had come from Norway in 1868.

Sam moved with his parents and family to northern Minnesota (Polk County) in 1891. Later they lived in Lake Township near Gonvick, Minnesota where his parents homesteaded in 1896.

Selmer (Sam) Graftaas came to Ryley, Alberta in 1911. He and Josephine Gunderson were united

in marriage on March 13, 1911 at the home of the bride's parents. They returned to Clearbrook, Minnesota where they were farming until 1915 when they came back to Ryley again. Sam, along with Joe Ormson and Rev. Hoverstien, operated the Ryley garage. He was also acting mail courier for H.B. Hillerud until the contract expired in 1920, when he got his own contract which he held until 1932.



Sam and Josie Graftaas, wedding, March 13, 1911.



Sam and Josie on homestead,

They moved to Breton, Alberta where he had filed on a homestead, S.E. 13-48-5-W5, in 1928. They lived on the homestead for many years. In 1939 Josie passed away, but Sam continued farming until 1949 when he held an auction sale and he moved into Breton and lived there until his passing in 1966.

The Sam Graftaas homestead is now owned by Mr. and Mrs. Pieter Van der Schoot. They moved out from the city in 1975 and live in the same cabin that Sam and Josie Graftaas had built, with some renovations done.

— MARIANNE VAN DER SCHOOT

JOHN AND LOUISE HOUGH

I, John Hough, was born at Camrose, Alberta on October 6, 1917, to Melvin and Florence Hough. I came to Fern Creek with my parents on April 13, 1931 to the N.W.¼ of 36-47-3-W5, six miles east of Breton. In the spring of 1935, we moved to the N.W.¼ of 33-47-4-W5, west of Breton.

This country was a dream-come-true for a young fellow who loved to hunt. Many times game could be sighted from the door of the house.

The great forest that lay west, north and south from us was beyond belief. I believe that George Frederick Impey described it very well when he said that when you went west on Ross' Lynn road, it looked like someone had cut a door in a great wall. This road, which ran east and west, was approximately two miles south of the present Highway 616 and was named after the big Lynn trucks which were owned by the Ross and Beard Lumber Company. The trucks had caterpillar-type tracks that drove the trucks and pulled several big sleigh loads of lumber behind them, as well as their own body load.

In this area, my brother, Bud, and I cut logs with a crosscut saw; trees measuring three feet at the base were common. The largest tree I sawed measured five feet six inches, two feet above the root line; it had 385 growth rings. This was back-

breaking work.

I married Helen Louise Bogart on October 19, 1938. I built a house on my father's land for us to live in. Money was very hard to get so we traded lumber for everything we could. I traded lumber to Mr. Paul Moseson of Wetaskiwin for bricks, nails and cedar shingles for the roof, windows and doors. The shingles were first grade cedar and are still on the roof which does not leak, 41 years later. The cost of shingles then was three dollars per 1000. The brick chimney was built by Dennis (Red) McQuillin; this he did as a wedding present for us.

Our daughter, Patricia Edith, was born October 10, 1939. In the fall of 1939, I traded 10,000 board feet of lumber for the S.E. 1/4 of 5-48-4-W5 (valued at \$250.00); the lumber was delivered by me to Trochu. This quarter of land was owned by Bruce Campbell who homesteaded it. Bruce was hurt in a coal mine at Trochu where we worked with his brother, Kelly. He returned to Breton to convalesce but died May 7th, 1934, from that injury.

In the fall of 1940, we took a contract to saw lumber for Carl Johnson who had timber south of Buck Creek. My wife cooked in the cookhouse for the crew and I ran the outfit, besides working in the mill.

In 1941 my father moved the sawmill to Medicine Lake. I stayed at Breton for the next two winters and finished logging the timber we had left here. Then I went to Medicine Lake and was the sawyer in the mill there for eleven years.

When we lived at Medicine Lake, my son, Arthur John Hough, was born December 13, 1947 and my daughter, Carol Florence, was born on December 23, 1948.

In 1947 we decided to clear the land we had west of Breton, and think a little more seriously about farming. We brought our H.D. 14 Allis-Chalmers crawler tractor from the sawmill to do the work. This was the first work done in this area, to any extent, with a bulldozer. Clearing was done with a brush cutter before this, and before that with the good old axe and plenty of sweat.

From this time on, farming increased greatly in this area; roads replaced the old trails. We should remember what some of the old timers did so that we could have roads as there was not big-powered

equipment like there is now.

On the south side of S.E. 1/4 of 2-48-5-W5 was a small swamp and the road detoured around this to the north. It was decided to straighten this road, but the swamp had to be corduroyed with poles. Mr. Bertie Jackson took the job and in July, with boils on his back and sores on his shoulders, he cut and carried the corduroy as the swamp was too soft for him to use a horse. He fought the mosquitoes and bull flies besides. The corduroy is still there, under the grade.

Speaking of roads, in 1936, the road from the township line, west from Breton, west of the Poplar Creek and south to Anthony's sawmill was only a trail — not even wide enough for a dual-wheeled truck. So it fell to me to widen it with an axe and crosscut saw; I could only do this work on Sundays. The only thing wrong with this was that I had a date with a pretty young lady who was visiting nearby, so

I was greatly annoyed.

In the spring of 1948, I returned home from winter work, on the train, with my wife and infant son. Mr. Ben Flesher had just bought a new four wheel drive jeep and told me he would take us home. Two miles west of Breton, we mired it down in the middle of the road. I had to walk the rest of the way home and get a tractor to pull it out. We have come a long way since then with our roads.



John Hough with his Hereford bull. In the background, the Hough's first home.

Speaking of road conditions again, I must mention another incident. When we moved our steam engine from Warburg in 1935, we found Mr. Victor Anderson's truck, loaded with pigs, with the hind wheels out of sight in the middle of the road. This was just east of the present Alsike corner. The truck was driven by George Colby and was on its way to Edmonton. We pulled it out with the steamer.

I must mention the big fires, of which we lived in constant fear, that ravished this area. The first big one, after we came, was in 1937. This one burnt mostly logged-over areas. In the spring of 1939, most of the green timber, between Buck Creek and Breton, burnt; this was a terrible loss. In 1937 I fought fire for 34 days till the rains started in July. We protected green areas then, only to see the bull-dozers destroy them all, many years later. From 1939 on, there were fires almost every spring until no timber remained. During these fires, the country west, at night, looked like a big city lit up.



The John Hough Family, left to right, Carol, Arthur, Patricia, Louise and John.

Until 1955 a person had little use for a watch as the steam engine whistles from the sawmills could be heard from all directions. One could watch the smoke from D. R. Frasers' planing mill. If the smoke was dark, it was quitting time and if it was white, it was working time.

The 1940's and 50's were good to us. I bought half of the N.E. of 5 and the N.W. of 4-48-4-W5. I got the N.W.¼ -33-47-4-W5 from my father; these

land locations make up my present farm.

My daughter, Patricia, married Asbjurn (Butch) Smestad of Buck Creek; they have two children, Theresa and David. My son, Arthur, lives with us. My daughter, Carol, married James Rocker of Calgary and they have two children, Jim and Jennifer. Carol became a nurse, a profession she still practices.

I have always said that this area is the greatest poor man's area. We all came here with nothing except five dollars to file on a homestead. The sawmills and the oil fields have been kind to us and we got a start.

We are blessed with many good neighbors. There are many nationalities, religions and races and we love them all. I think there are few areas that compare in this way to Breton.

— JOHN JULIUS HOUGH

JULIUS HORVATH FAMILY

Julius and Johanna Horvath left their native Hungary while the trauma of war and revolution were still fresh in their memories. Nevertheless, they left a life of predictability and relative comfort for a dream that in reality, became a nightmare of uncertainty, sacrifice and hardship. They were committed, not dedicated, to forge ahead because there was nothing to go back to that did not also mean starting over again. Though they were surrounded by numerous friendly neighbors, it is a paradox that their language became a barrier that compelled them to live more than half their lives in virtual isolation and loneliness. Time was a luxury



The Julius Horvath family, 1925. Back row, L. to R. Jim and Johanna. Front, George and Julius.

they could not afford to spend learning a new language and customs. It was far more important to survive a harsh and alien environment made more difficult and forbidding because of the terribly depressed state of the economy. Their sons, denied a happy adolescence, became men and endured adult hardships at an age inconceivably young by today's standards. Glowing and patronizing praises will not give Julius and Johanna back the youth, energy and happiness that were lost here. As reluctant pioneers, their achievements are that they endured and survived where so many failed.

Julius Horvath was born July 7, 1885, in the province of Jasznagykun Szolnok and in the town of Pusztamonostor, Hungary. He lived his early life in the city of Gyongyos, approximately 80 kilometers north of Budapest. As a young man he superintended a vineyard and fruit orchard, and as Julius prospered, he acquired his own modest vineyard and fruit orchard.

Johanna Ferenc, born on the 19th of November, 1888 in Gyongyos, Hungary and orphaned at an early age, married Julius in 1906. She did not share her husband's enthusiasm for his notion to emigrate to America soon after they were married.

A close friend had emigrated to the United States earlier and in continuing correspondence coaxed Julius to emigrate as well.

Julius postponed his plans for a time but the threat of war in Europe soon brought a change in attitude. It was too late, however, and North America had already closed their doors to central Europeans.

He served in the Austro-Hungarian Army during W.W.1. A hip wound, sustained on the Galician front, terminated Julius' military career shortly before the war had ended.

Julius prospered after the war as a small land holder and broker. As a broker, he bought and sold fruit for export.

Canada opened her doors to central Europeans early in 1925. Julius obtained his permit to emigrate to Canada then. He counted heavily on his brokerage business to subsidize the venture to North America, but fruit crops were exceedingly bountiful throughout Europe that year and Julius suffered ruinous losses. He was compelled to sell part of his vineyard and orchard to finance his passage. Johanna and two teenage sons were to follow Julius to Canada later.

A contingent of Hungarian immigrants, including Julius, sailed from Antwerp, August 12, 1925, aboard the S.S. Minnedosa. Nine days later they were assembled aboard a train in Halifax which ultimately carried them to Lethbridge, Alberta. None of the apprehensive immigrants knew where they were bound or what to expect at their destination.

Julius was employed by the Canadian Pacific Railway working on bridge construction in the Lethbridge area. Winter's advent brought seasonal layoffs. Julius moved north to Drumheller and worked in the coal mines. He returned to the railway near Raymond in the spring and back to coal mining in Drumheller at winter's onset during the following year.

A contract to hoe and harvest fifty acres of sugar beets for Phillip Baker, in Raymond, was sufficient assurity for Julius to gain official immigration approval to send for his family. Johanna, George and Jim arrived in Raymond without incident early in 1927. The family labored in Baker's sugar beet fields from April to December.

Julius wintered his family in Raymond. They rented housekeeping rooms in a boarding house. In the spring they split up - George was employed by the C.P.R. working on the extra gang on a railway east from Lethbridge to the Saskatchewan border. Jim, being too young to hire on the railway, and Julius did odd jobs at Diamond City, Alberta. In early fall Julius rented a house in Calgary with a mind to operating a boarding house, too. Room and board were provided for Hungarian immigrants. Immigrants gathered for shelter and socialization but they also gave one another moral support and assistance with their ideas as well as experience.

Mr. and Mrs. John Pécsi rented a room for the winter from Johanna late in 1928. John related accounts of his homestead in Keystone, near Breton. He eventually influenced Julius to join them when they returned to Breton early in the spring, 1929.

Julius quickly found ideal land. He purchased three C.P.R. quarters, one each for himself and his two sons. The land valued at sixteen hundred dollars each, normally required only twenty-five dollar deposits and regular payments were to commence four years later. Jim, however, was underage so his share of deposit was valued at \$200.00.

With Pecsi's promised hospitality until a house was constructed, Julius hastened to Calgary to trans-

fer his family and effects to Breton.

A small pickup truck transported the family and furnishings, consisting of two beds, a dresser, stove, table and chairs, to the farm site three miles northeast of Breton. Proximity to a well-traveled road and accessible water from a nearby creek, were factors that determined the location of the small log house built on N.W. 7-48-3-W5.

Julius and Jim, assisted by a Hungarian neighbor, Alex Sojnocki, erected the two-roomed log house, resplendent with dirt floors, within a month's time. Johanna chinked and plastered the walls with a mud and straw compound and then whitewashed the house in the style of Danube River Valley peasants.



Building of first barn in 1929, George on left and Alex Sojnocki right.

Land clearing commenced that same summer and by harvest season they had cleared and broken seven acres. They shared sugar, flour and jam with a bachelor neighbor, Bus Jones, for the use of his horses to do the breaking. After working the spring and summer away on the railway in Banff and harvest on the Martin Van de Velde farm in Dalemead, Alta., George arrived in Breton. The boys decided to make improvements to the farm while the favorable weather lasted. After all, there was a well to be dug, a barn to be built, and further improvements were needed to the hastily built house. Johanna

busied herself clearing a site with an axe, near the house for her garden. Julius, meanwhile, returned to the coal mines in Drumheller.

In the spring, 1930, the entire family with the exception of George who was in Banff working on the railway, became involved in clearing a thirty acre plot of land on the farm. The physical work was great because they still did not have horses. Julius, however, having his dynamiting expertise on trees and stumps did make the work tolerable if not exciting. George went to Dalemead in early autumn to earn money in harvest operations. Julius hired Alex Sojnocki to help complete the clearing. Csokonai, from Leduc, broke the new land with his tractor for five dollars an acre. George returned from Dalemead in time to pay one hundred and fifty dollars from his earnings for the breaking.

George and Jim hauled wheat annually to Leduc to be ground into the year's supply of flour for the family. In 1931, on one occasion, they purchased a quintal (100 lbs.) of fish in Leduc for a nominal price, and for seven dollars they also purchased a seven hundred pound sow. Where can you buy pork for a cent a pound today? Fish and dressed meat were kept frozen throughout the winter buried in snow. Rabbits and prairie chickens were often hunted and Johanna made them into stew.

In the spring of 1931, Julius and his sons cleared six acres of land for Charlie King in exchange for a cow which they still did not have. Land clearing entailed removing the trees with as much of the stump and roots as possible, brushing the undergrowth, cutting, piling and burning the reluctant green wood, and sifting continuously through the ashes to reburn the charred remains so the land was free of obstruction for the breaking plow. Men, like the Horvaths, provided their own board and transportation. They often worked twelve to fourteen hour days, seven days a week and commuted daily to and from the job site. This undertaking at King's took six whole weeks.

By mid-September, after harvesting in Dalemead, their first thirty-seven acre wheat crop was stooked and ready for threshing. Several inches of snow fell on the eve before threshing. The family hastily swept the stooks clean and restooked the crop on the following day. But... "what man allows, God disallows".... That night it snowed again. Dejected and defeated, they abandoned the crop to the elements. However, the weather took a mild turn and the crop was threshed a few days later. George delivered the grain into Breton where the grain agent announced wheat prices had risen from $20 \not\in$ to $22 \not\in$ per bushel that very day. They received the grand sum of one hundred sixty-eight dollars for their first crop.

Cash was still scarce in 1934, but people took it in whatever form they could get it. Julius and George agreed to clear six acres of land near Telfordville for three of Mr. Scobie's horses. John and Jim Vidok Sr. and Jim Jr. agreed to work with the

Horvaths for a share in the cash received from the sale of the horses. On another occasion George sold five butchered and dressed hogs to Les Anthony, the sawmill operator in Antross. Anthony agreed to pay five cents per pound dressed weight and delivered but payment was to be half in cash and the balance in lumber. George delivered the lumber to Leduc by wagon and team where the load was sold for cash - number 1 shiplap at \$13.00 per M feet.

It was not unusual for a nondescript job to develop into a lucrative enterprise. During the winter, 1934-35, George answered an ad placed in the Breton Post Office by a Strathcona farmer who was willing to exchange three horses for a quantity of

fence posts.

Julius found a large stand of tamarack for fence posts near Bogart's - four miles west of Breton. A cutting permit, obtained from Mr. Spindler who was the Breton postmaster, enabled Julius and his sons to cut the post rails. Since it was winter and very cold, the men ate a hearty breakfast before leaving, worked all day without dinner except for a piece of cake they carried in their pockets (lunches would have frozen if taken), returning home on foot and then having their suppers. Withdrawing bare feet from their boots at the end of the day because the socks were frozen inside of them and shirts frozen to the inside of their coats are vividly recalled. They continued to walk seven miles there and seven miles back, each day, until they completed the cutting nearly all winter.

Johanna kept busy at home feeding watering the animals and cooking for her family. She sewed shirts for the men from dyed flour sacks, and embroidered bed sheets and pillow slips from them, too. Her flock of geese provided down for comfor-

ters and pillows.

The men, meanwhile, quickly cut a carload of 1000 rails which they promptly shipped to Leduc. Not only did the Leduc farmer take the agreed amount of posts in exchange for the horses but he purchased the rest of the carload at \$.20 per rail the price of a bushel of wheat at that time. This immediate success demanded an expanded operation to fully exploit the potential of their enterprise. Further permits were obtained and two men were hired to help cut rails. Posters, giving farmers advance notice of carload deliveries at the Nisku railhead, were placed in Beaumont, Ellerslie and Nisku post offices. Each time they had a carload, the boys went along to unload them. All that was shipped that day was sold and the boys received cash on the spot. During the winter the men took out seven carloads in all. The rails sold for 20¢ each while thirteen dollars was paid for each freight car.

Julius, Johanna, Goerge and Jim applied for

Canadian citizenship in 1935.

Some of Julius' immediate neighbors did not survive as pioneer farmers during the early and leanest of the depression years. Loneliness, frustration, disillusionment and poverty, especially pover-

ty, weighed heavily on the minds and backs of people who have no one to tell their story. For example, Charlie King sold the northwest quarter, diagonally across from Julius, to Bob Seth in 1931. After making an initial down payment for the property, Seth, his wife and six children moved into the wilderness property. Julius and his sons towed Seth's house, originally built in Breton, out to the farm. Seth hired three men and had succeeded in clearing thirty acres before his meager savings ran out. He had no stock, horses, machinery or income. Hunger soon became a frequent visitor at their door. Julius and Johanna shared their larder with these good people on numerous occasions but that was hardly enough to sustain Seth's great need. He left the region in 1932, never to be heard from again. Seth, like many before and after him, forfeited his futile work and dreams, land and home.



Julius and Johanna Horvath, 1965, and son George in back.

John Vidok and Julius Horvath went to survey southwestern Ontario farming districts in 1936. The family had discussed plans at great length to buy a tobacco farm. They were prepared to sell the farm in Breton on short notice if prospects were more promising for them in Ontario. Job opportunities were very poor and farms that he viewed were priced well beyond their means. The four month stay in Ontario shows Julius gave it a valiant try.

By 1940 Julius had resigned himself to staying in Alberta. This is demonstrated by Julius' purchase of another quarter - N.W.8-48-3-W5 from the Hudson Bay Company for a total of one hundred and sixty dollars. The quarter was lightly wooded. This made it easy to clear over one hundred acres, break the land and set it to crop in just over a year.

Jim, the youngest son, was newly married, and though he planned to occupy his own quarters nearby, Jim did not move until 1944. Meanwhile, George and his family returned to the farm in 1943 at Julius' urging. However, George returned to Ontario during the summer, 1944 and Julius, unable to farm by himself, rented the land on shares.



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:MR AND MRS JULIUS HORVATH

CARE MR R HORVATH 10824 116TH STREET EDMONTON

ALBERTA CANADA =

THE QUEEN SENDS YOU WARM CONGRATULATION AND GOOD WISHES
ON YOUR DIAMOND WEDDING DAY =

PRIVATE SECRETARY =

NIL



Horvath four generations, 1964. L. to R. George Horvath, Mary Nelson holding Glenn, and Julius Horvath.

In order to link the Hudson Bay quarter with the original home quarter, Julius purchased another quarter section - N.W.7-48-3-W5 from the C.P.R. in 1947. George advanced funds which enabled Julius to have an additional hundred acres of new land cleared in the same year. George and his family arrived from Ontario in 1948 and together they set about to clear, break, and put the land into crop before the spring, 1949. At this point, three hundred acres had been cleared and one hundred more by heavy commercial equipment. When George moved to Devon in 1952, Julius reverted to renting his farm again.

Julius retired in 1955, after selling the farm to his son, Jim. The elderly couple continued to live on the farm until 1965, when, because of failing health, they decided to move into Breton where they would have easier access to medical facilities. Julius and Johanna celebrated their Sixtieth Wedding Anniversary on May 1st, 1966. They received congratulatory telegrams from E.C. Manning - former Provincial Premier, Lester B. Pearson - former

It gives me great pleasure to extend my warm congratulations on the important occasion of your Diamond Medding Anniversary and all good wishes for a very happy day.

LB Pearson

PRIME MINISTER.

Greeting from L.B. Pearson, Prime Minister of Canada, May 6th, 1966.

Prime Minister and Queen Elizabeth II. Julius' health declined rapidly after 1966, and after a lengthy illness he passed away on the 2nd of September, 1972, in Breton. Johanna will be remembered in Breton for her beautiful botanical garden. George and his wife moved in with Johanna to help care for her. Johanna passed away in her 87th year, August 24, 1975. Both Julius and Johanna are laid to rest in the Breton Cemetery.

— THE FAMILY

HENRY AND IDA HERMAN

Henry Herman was born in 1913 at Surprise Lake, Saskatchewan. In 1936 I, Ida Staudt, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lukas Staudt of Keast, Sask. married Henry.

In the spring of 1939 we moved to Thorsby, Alberta which is located 45 miles S.W. of Edmonton. Our first employer was John Baumann of Thorsby for whom we both worked.

In 1940 we moved to Warburg, Alberta and rented land from Sam Ruff.

We rented another farm in the spring of 1945 and moved to the St. Francis district which is 8 miles north of Warburg. In July of the same year, we were hailed out 100%.

On October 8, 1945 which was Thanksgiving Day that year, Henry had only worked 8 days with the threshing crew when I had cut my hand badly. Due to my injury he had missed 20 days of work for John Yuhasz of St. Francis that fall, having to stay home to care for our three children. We were lucky to get our feed and vegetables from Mr. and Mrs. Philip Brod of Thorsby as it was a very tough year for us.

It was lucky that same fall that the family allowance came into existence. Now we were able to

buy groceries!

In 1945 we bought our own farm in the Breton district but we didn't move onto it until 1947. As this was C.P.R. land, we were required to dig a well, build a house and other buildings and make fences.

We bought a saw mill in 1948 and began cutting and sawing tamarack fence posts which we sold to

make a living.

Our farm was sold to Eddy Massner in 1955 and we moved to Calgary. Here Henry learned the trade of dry wall taping while I did some baby sitting

and house cleaning.

In the same year we bought another farm in the Breton area which was formerly owned by the Fords. After we cleared and broke the land, we rented it to Bill Ollenberg, our neighbor to the south. When the oil boom hit Breton, Cities Service drilled an oil well on our land so we moved to the farm again in 1961. A house and barn were built, a well was dug and we made fences. Along with farming the land, we raised pigs, bought cattle and shipped cream.

Henry did lots of dry walling, besides farming, and made extra money. His dry wall work included a school, two large houses for the Warburg Hutterite Colony and many other homes, churches, stores, etc., some as far away as 40 miles from home.

In 1973 we sold our farm to Gerry Polei from Winfield, Alta., and bought a house in Medicine Hat where we are now enjoying retirement. In 1976 we

celebrated our 40th wedding anniversary.

We have three daughters. Betty, the eldest, married Ted Hoshowski and lives in Calmar. They had 5 children. Ted died of cancer in 1965. Bertha is married to Albert Dave Crockett. She lives in Calgary and has four children. Evelyn, the youngest, married Albert Pudwell and lives in Calgary also. They have 5 children.

— IDA HERMAN

WILLIE HOOKS

Mother and I came from Okmulgee, Oklahoma in 1926 to visit my sister, Emma King, who had come to Breton some years before. I really enjoyed the country because there were many dances and parties, but Mother and I returned to Okmulgee before the weather turned real cold.

I worked for a year at home and then in 1927 I came back alone; that was a long lonesome journey. I had to change trains at Lacombe and the Lacombe train took all day to travel from Lacombe to Breton. However, Mr. Burton, Charlie King's uncle, got on at Lacombe. I was so happy to see someone I knew! You'll never know how glad I was because he knew the country and I didn't feel so lost. Poor Charlie and Emma King waited all day to meet me!

I stayed with Emma and Charlie King, my sister and brother-in-law, for approximately a year. On December 31, 1928 I married Ellis Hooks. Jim Hayes took Emma, Charlie, Ellis and myself to the city in his car. It was about forty below zero that day and believe it or not, we had car trouble all the way.



Ellis and Willie, 1930's.

We were certainly cold when we arrived at the court house where we were married. Our wedding dance was the first one held in Nelson's Hall. Mr. Kopang, Mr. Halvorson Sr. and Ray Arnold played for the dance. As I recall, there was only Smith's store, a barbershop and Nelson's Hall in Breton then, but there was plenty of mud.

Ellis and I stayed at Kings for a year after we were married. While there, Ellis with the help of Mr. Westling and Mr. Moorhouse Sr., built the house I

still live in.



Ellis and Willie Hooks and Lois, early 1940's.

When Ramseys, who lived across from us, moved I was alone when Ellis went out to work — no neighbors for miles. This was long before the highway was built; just a bush trail ran in front of the house. Within a few years, Campbells moved to Ramsey's place and I really appreciated them.

Berries were plentiful, especially blue berries; everyone picked berries and no one seemed to mind

the wild animals.

Our social life consisted of card parties and dances. The winner of the card game often received three cans of vegetables as a prize. Ellis Hooks, Larkie Ford and Mr. Ford Sr., played for many of the dances. No one got baby sitters when they went to a dance; a corner of the school was for children and everyone let their children sleep there. Our daughter, Lois, was part of the group.

Lois went to Funnell School for her elementary schooling, but her high school education was taken in Breton. In 1946, Gwen Hooks, (nee Day) boarded with us while teaching at Funnell. She started Lois on piano; fortunately Lois enjoyed it and thus

continued in music.



Lois Hooks.

When oil came to the area, I kept boarders because I loved cooking and preparing meals. Many of the oil workers boarded with us.

In the meantime, David Robinson had come into the community. He was always playing tricks on someone. One night, when Lois and I were coming from Mark Hooks', David pretended to be a bear. He jumped at us; Lois grabbed me by the hand and we began to run. Lois was screaming and pulling me, "Come on Mom, come on Mom! It's going to catch us", she yelled.

Well I guess David did catch Lois, because a few years later they were married. They formed a band and played for some dances. After their oldest boy, Kit, was born, they moved to Alder Flats. The farm was sold to them but I still live on the farm. It's "Home" to me.

— WILLIE HOOKS

FIFTY HANSON YEARS

My father, Victor Hanson (Erik Viktor Hanson), came to Canada in 1927. He worked as a



Selma and Victor Hanson, Wedding June, 1940.

laborer for farmers in the New Sweden District, East of Wetaskiwin, before heading West and filing on a homestead in the Breton area, land number N.W. 19 T47 R3 W5. He built a two-roomed shack in the middle of nowhere, no roads, etc. Needless to say, he was very lonesome for his family, and the country he had left behind, where he had good gravelled roads, electricity etc. He sent for his family in 1928.

We had a lot of trouble before we arrived in Canada. Mother, Selma Kristina Hanson, decided to travel on an English liner which would save many dollars on so many tickets. There were five boys and three girls; Essy, Hilding, Nels, Hans, Anna, Carl, Gunhild, and Gunnar. Dad tried to convince her to travel on the Swedish Liner, as none of us could speak English. However, mother was assured by the travel agent that the language would be no problem. We left Sweden, June 13th from Goteborg and crossed the North Sea which was very rough, and everyone was sick including the cook. I had an upper bunk and a porthole at the foot end of my bed forced open, and I was washed with salt water from the sea. We moved into the boys' bedrooms and shared the bunks with them while the room was being cleaned up. There was a lot of water on the floor. Everyone was sick to the stomach. Can't you just see two kids using the same disposable bag hung on the edge of the bunk bed?

We arrived in London, England and were there five days, The tickets stated overnight only, and leaving from Liverpool the next day. We all had had medicals before leaving Sweden. Everything was okay on the passports. There were no more examinations done by doctors or nurses, but English officials seemed to think that my oldest sister, Essy, had a disease in her eyes. How they arrived at that, we'll never know. We were sent to the southern part of England. A lot of foreign harvesters stopped off at this place to be checked over before travelling on to Canada. We lived in cabins that were like old army huts, windows high on the walls, etc., and loaded with bed bugs. We had our suitcases with us, but all the big trunks had gone on to Quebec. We were herded around like sheep.

We had to go to the eye doctor every morning; he

would put salve in both eyes, and he rubbed it in like you would think he was pushing our eyeballs out of sight.

The food was terrible, and when we had been there a while, my mother would go to the closest town and bring home pastry etc. Oh, that was good! My brothers never got along with the English boys. When we were at the table, they would fill their pockets with hard boiled eggs, which were green throughout, and didn't smell good either. They stoned the English boys with the eggs. It would have been curtains for my brothers had Mother known of this. The boys finally made friends with another young fellow who owned a bike. Nels and Hans rode double on one bike, piled up, and got two front teeth knocked out. This happened to both of them. We ate in a big mess hall where 700 to a 1,000 people ate at the same time. We always ate at a special table that was kept for us. The harvest people were examined for lice, etc. Every man got his hair cut right off. They were heading for Canada on a harvester boat. We were stationed at this place for six weeks and then they came and said Essy, my oldest sister and oldest in the family, had to return to Sweden. She was only 16, and had no home to go to, but it was the only solution for our release they said. At the breakfast table they came and called her — a quick sad goodbye, maybe never to see her again.

While we were in England, they were demanding money from Dad. We wouldn't be released until they had the money. He sent money two different times at their demand. Dad had only harvest wages, so didn't have what they asked for. A kind soul by the name of Klaus Swanson (Swedish too), heard of Dad's trouble so he offered to loan Dad the money so he could get the family to Canada. Klaus Swanson was the janitor of the Wetaskiwin court house at that time. How did Mr. Swanson know he would ever get the money back? He was lending it to a total stranger. Everybody in the New Sweden area was quite concerned about us; Paul Moseson had an uncle in Manitoba who was a Swedish Consulate. He started working on this ordeal and Dad received every penny back that he had ever paid out to England. He must have been a crooked agent and proven so!

Shortly after my sister was sent back to Sweden, they sent us on to Southampton Port. We waited hours and finally walked up the gangplank. The officials didn't seem to know where to put us. They took our suitcases and baggage and were making an attempt to go from one room to another, then escorted us right off the boat again. They kept all our personal belongings so all we had was what we wore. We were taken back to the same place where we stayed before. With no clothing to change into mother walked to the closest town and bought some sateen and made us girls some pinafores, by hand, and we wore them while she washed our dresses. The boys' shirts were washed, but they were bare to

the waist until they got their shirts back. Washing clothes wasn't so bad as there was a big wash house with large tubs and lots of water and scrub boards, but the ironing was something else. The big mess kitchen was heated by a steam boiler which was fired with coal. They piled the ashes outside. A lady in the next room had a tailor's iron that she lent to us. The boys found a stick, put it through the handle of the iron, buried it in the hot ashes, waited for quite some time, then dug it out, quickly ran home, about a quarter of a mile, and repeated the process until the ironing was done. Sometimes the ashes weren't so hot either.

There is one incident that stands out in my mind. As I mentioned, the food was terrible — in the mess hall we would go up to a sort of wicket or counter where they had a room full of bread. We would ask for a loaf to take to the cabin. Sometimes we would get one, and sometimes not. When we did, someone would take sugar off the table and this way everyone had a snack. No screens were on the windows and they were open. We were so used to hornets flying around that we paid no attention to them. This one day, I was eating a sugared slice, and as I put the bread to my mouth a hornet lit on it. I was stung in a hollow tooth.

We stayed the two weeks and then were shipped to Southampton again. Imagine Mother with a family of five boys and two girls, oldest fifteen and the youngest six years old. It was amazing that she could keep her sanity. She was experiencing very poor health. We went up the gang plank this time, and we were shown some very nice rooms. This was also a harvester boat which we stayed on. The rooms were in the middle of the boat, so we really didn't or shouldn't have felt the swaying like the rest. We ate in the dining lounge with the first setting; I'm sure we must have gone first class. The first thing mother was concerned about, was our luggage which was lost the first time. She approached different officers on ship and at last one fellow she spoke to, asked her where she was from and she said Sweden. He located a Norwegian nurse, whom mother could understand a bit better. This nurse took her down below where there was a room full of luggage. To her surprise, she found our suitcases. We were so happy we immediately changed clothes. This luggage had been across the ocean and back to England.

We had been travelling on the water for a few days when Gunhild and I took sick. We thought it was sea sickness but mother thought it was scarlet fever as our bodies were so red. The chambermaid would come and tell us to get out on deck while she made up the room and we had to get out. It was cold and chilly — how well I remember that. As soon as she was finished, we made a bee line for the room and back to bed. Each room had water jugs and we would have to go to the kitchen for fresh water. Towards the last few days of our trip, they were running short so we didn't always get our water; that

really hurt, because we were so thirsty. Then came the morning we had orders to go see the doctor. Mother thought we would be quarantined. She was sure we had scarlet fever. We passed through without any one mentioning anything. Mother couldn't tell the doctor her thoughts as he wouldn't understand her, nor would she understand him. We improved in health, but were very weak. While still on the boat my brother, Nels, was kicked by a Polish man. He had nails in his boots and Nels developed blood poisoning in his hand so that created more problems. We landed in Montreal and were dispatched from there without too much trouble. Nel's hand started swelling by this time and as the immigrant train only stopped at certain points, there was no way anyone could go see a doctor or nurse. The conductor must have reported Nel's hand, as there was a nurse that came on the train to dress his hand; this happened a few times, and one time, a doctor came on to attend his hand.

We must have been on the train 10 days. Imagine living on lunches all that time. We were forced to eat garlic rings in self defence. Bread, summer sausage, canned salmon, etc. were the main diet. I can't remember what we had to drink, probably water. Milk sure would have tasted good. We finally arrived in Wetaskiwin at midnight, September 2nd, approximately two months and three weeks after leaving our home in Sweden. Dad was harvesting in the New Sweden area and had walked in to Wetaskiwin, eight miles, after work, in case we should arrive. Incidentally, he walked in the

Sunday before, too.

It was dusk around the station. We were all getting off the train. Dad didn't recognize Mother, but saw Hilding dart off in one direction. We were soon gathered up and taken to Charlie Swanson's living quarters. Dad phoned out to Walter Pearson's so he, and his sister Florence came with two cars, '28 Chevs, to pick us up. Dad was working for Pearson at that time. W.E. Pearsons were kind enough to let our family stay with them through harvest. We set up housekeeping in their basement and occupied bedrooms upstairs. It was a big two story house. Mother helped Mrs. Pearson with the work while they had the threshers.

Then came the time that we kids must start school, and we attended the Cherry Grove School. We had an English speaking teacher, Miss Beth Watson. What patience she must have had! She told us to make sentences with "saw", and we looked at that word and didn't know what to do with it. We didn't even know what it meant. Put arithmetic to us and that was different. As far as figures were concerned, we kept up with them as we had gone to school in Sweden. One day, Miss Watson noticed our hands were peeling; this was sad, as that was the first knowledge we had of having scarlet fever for sure. School was closed. Pearsons were quarantined. They became very sick too with the fever and had to have the doctor come out on several occasions.

Dad was still doing harvest work — he too suffered from our sickness. He didn't get sick, but where he was threshing, he had to eat outside by himself, and when it was cold and frosty in the morning, it was not so pleasant. The Axene family could speak Swedish, so naturally we chummed with both Bertha and Margaret. Margaret was very ill with the fever and lost all of her hair. She grew it back, and it came in nice and wavy even though it was as straight as a poker before. After about six weeks, everybody was back at school.



Hanson family, 1928.

Harvest work was done. Dad and family would have to head west. The Pearsons wanted me to stay with them as they could foresee the problem of schooling out west. I stayed three years. I had Mrs. Emil Anderson as a teacher the last year. After moving west with the family, I took some schooling by correspondence.



Left to right, Carl, Mr. Hanson, Nels, Hans, Mrs. Hanson and Gunnar. First home in Canada.

In the winter it was camp life, a "logging and lumber operation". In the spring, we would move home to the homestead and improve it as much as money allowed. Then it was back to camp in the fall again. One of the first saw mills that Dad and the boys worked at was the Carl Eliasson and Carl Anderson mill at Knob Hill in 1928. It was at this camp, my brother, Carl, developed rheumatic fever after the affects of scarlet fever. The doctor ordered cow's milk so this had to be brought in from Wetaskiwin. This proved very costly at that time. He seemed to get over this somewhat, but it left him with a damaged heart.



Carl, Gunnar, Nels, Hans, Winter 1931.

Hilding took sick the following spring. A kind neighbor by the name of Mrs. Flesher came to visit mother. When she realized how sick Hilding was, she said he must get to the doctor. How they made one another understand I'll never know. "No money!" Mother said. Mrs. Flesher said that didn't matter and also mentioned police. Hilding did get to the hospital in Wetaskiwin and was there six weeks with pernicious anemia and then sent home. We were told he received very little treatment from the doctor as the doctor knew Hilding came from a poor family. The folks were not notified he was coming home, and when Hilding was discharged he was sent home in a truck that was coming west. He was left off at the neighbours, too weak to walk. There was no road down to our place, just muskeg and water holes. Dad and the boys carried him in a rocking chair with sticks through under the seat, stretcher style. Hilding lived only two weeks longer. He passed away at the age of seventeen.

Dad and the boys worked very hard to develop the land so it would be suitable for farming. Underground ditches were dug by hand and filled in with tamarac logs to drain the land. The brush piles were as big as a house and close together. They would get burned off and another set of root piles would come off the same area. Then the breaking of the land, and then some more roots to pick! The whole family worked together. At one camp we were at, Mother and I did the laundry for one hundred seventy-five men. Also, in later years, we did the cooking in the camps. We worked for Ross and Beard Lumber Co. for many years. Then it was Anthony's Lumber, Carl Johnson, Carrol Bros, and Fraser Lumber. Dad purchased a 30 caterpillar tractor which he used in his logging operations and later bought a saw mill and sawed many millions of feet of lumber for D.R. Fraser Lumber Co.

Over the years many happy family gatherings were celebrated. All the family and friends would gather for anniversaries or birthdays. The most significant of course, was Mother and Dad's Golden Wedding Anniversary on June 4, 1960. It was celebrated in the Breton Community Hall with hundreds of family and friends present.



Victor and Selma, 50th Anniversary, June, 1960.

My mother passed away in 1961 at the age of 73 years. She had made only one trip to Sweden in 1947 by boat. She never wanted to go back and stay. Canada was home to all of us. Dad and Mother planned other trips by air, but Mother always seemed to become very ill close to the time of leaving.

Dad had made several trips to Sweden after Mother passed away. In 1966, I had a chance to make a trip to my homeland, and when Dad heard this, he was going to go too; so he left eight days sooner than I did. He said he was going to have the coffee pot on when I arrived. He was visiting my sister's home in northern Sweden, and when I arrived in southern Sweden, and was visiting with relatives, he phoned to see if I had arrived. He never thought I'd go alone. He was feeling fine. This was on a Saturday evening. Monday morning, May 24, 1966, I received a call to say that he had passed away in the night. My holiday was marred with making funeral arrangements.

My sister Essy is married in Sweden and has two boys and two girls. She has been to Canada on two visits and really loves it here. Hans is married and has a family of two girls and a boy. He took over the home place and also has his farm across the road from it where he has always lived.



Left to right, Gunnar, Gunhild, Carl, Mrs. Hanson, Hans, Mr. Hanson, Nels and Anna.

Gunnar is married and has a family of four girls and one boy. He lives one mile east of Hans and has a back hoe business besides farming.

Gunhild is married and has three girls and one boy. Her husband operates Breton Sand & Gravel. They live on an acreage northwest of Breton. They also have a thriving ceramic business.

Nels, age 34, passed away in 1948 and left two small boys.

Carl age 41, passed away in 1960 and left a

family of two boys and three girls.

In 1937 I married Elvin Wold, and we rented a farm in the Wenham Valley district. This farm belonged to Mrs. E. Heldahl. Shortly after, we bought the Wold home place, SE14 T47 R3 W5 and lived there until our oldest boy, Arman, had to start school. There was no school in the district so we sold off our cattle etc. and bought a coffee shop in Breton and operated that for fifteen months. From there we moved to Battle Lake where we purchased a general store and dance hall from W.A. Jones. We had a bus depot, post office, telephone toll office, as well as a general trucking service for fourteen years. At one time, Elvin also built a water well drilling rig. He drilled a good well for ourselves, as well as several others in the country.

In 1955, Elvin bought a new lumber planer and a second hand truck and power unit. He built a custom portable planing outfit which he operated for sixteen years. In 1960, we sold the store and moved back to the farm. We purchased another half section of land. Elvin bought a D7 caterpillar tractor and cleared and broke another 200 acres, besides building a new set of buildings and planing lumber. We built up a large herd of cattle; but it wasn't long before we realized we couldn't cope with all the work, so we suddenly decided to call it quits.

Elvin sold the lumber planer to John Wheale of Breton and in July 1973 we sold the farm and cattle

to Dale Rodin, a farmer from southern Saskatchewan. We sold our equipment by auction sale and retired to live in Leduc.

We have three boys, Arman, Victor, and Raymond. They took most of their schooling at Lakedell. While attending this school, their musical talents were discovered. In the spring of 1951, they, along with a school friend, Jodie Freeman, won the Northern Alberta Search for Talent Contest in Edmonton, representing Wetaskiwin. We are very proud of the fact that their act brought in the most money of any act performing for the benefit of the Crippled Children.

Arman studied to be a draftsman and now lives in Gibsons, B.C., where he has his own design and building company. He was married in 1962; however, that marriage dissolved in 1977. He has

two children, one boy and one girl.

Victor has his degree in Education from the University of Alberta. He has been teaching Industrial Arts, Math, and Science at Leduc Senior High School for a number of years. He is married

and has two girls and one boy.

Raymond took one year at the University of Alberta and then took a job with an insurance company. At present, he is the Manager of Administration for The Great-West Life Assurance Company in Edmonton. He is married and has two daughters.

We also had two girls who made their home at our place for nine years. They were Jean and Betty Lund. At present, they both live in Edmonton, with

Jean married and having one son.

On April 22, 1977 we celebrated our Fortieth Wedding Anniversary. We were happy to be able to entertain many relatives and friends in the Leduc Legion Hall. We enjoy living in Leduc, and we are very busy at times; but it's not heavy work, it's entertaining and things that we like to do.

— Anna Wold

HARRY HUNTLEY

Harry Huntley was born on November 29, 1883. Mary Jane Adam was born on March 19, 1884. They were both raised near Ingersoll, Ontario. Harry and Mary Jane (better known as Minnie) were married in April, 1909. They farmed there for ten years while their three sons and one daughter were born to them — Elgin, Gordon, Wilfred and Alberta. Alberta passed away in 1918 in Ontario at the age of nine months.

In the spring of 1919 they moved West, to southern Alberta, and purchased land in the Blackie district, southeast of Calgary, and started farming again. During the years that followed, three girls and two boys were born to them — Velma, Verma, Muriel, Elwood and Donald. Donald passed away

when he was two months old.

Dad and Mother had many hardships; they were hailed out, dried out and you name it, they got it. So in the summer of 1932, after getting hailed out, Dad came north and rented Ecklund's farm, S.W. 24-48-4-W5, which was three miles north of Breton and is now Mr. Day's farm.



Mr. and Mrs. Harry Huntley,

That fall Dad, Wilfred and a couple of other fellows moved north; they brought with them horses, cows and machinery, etc. Winter set in early that year, so they had to finish their journey by C.P.R. or Dad and one of the fellows did anyway. But there wasn't room for everything in the freight car, so Wilfred and Dunk drove a team with a covered wagon; they got as far as Hoadley on Halloween night which wasn't a very good night to be sleeping out in a covered wagon, as they soon realized. However, they were able to make the rest of the trip without too many problems.



Huntley's house in background. Left to right, Elgin Huntley, Eugene Webster, Russell Webster, George Clinansmith, Harry Huntley, Elwood Huntley and Minnie Huntley, 1934.

Mother, Gordon and we four younger ones stayed behind as we still had the land there. Gordon took over the farming and Elgin went to work for Uncle Edgar on his farm at Calgary.

Four years later, in October, 1936, Gordon and Wilfred moved Mother, Velma, Verma, Muriel and Elwood north to join Dad. Some of us were quite impressed with Dad's house—it had peaks pointing out in every direction.

Dad, by this time, had bought land one half mile north of Breton, from a man by the name of Bus Jones (S.W. 12-48-4-W5 — Ted Chapin's farm now). Eugene Webster, George Clinansmith, Elgin,

Gordon and Wilfred all helped Dad build a new house here, and we were moved in before Christmas.

Elwood attended the elementary school (south of the hotel). There was no high school in those days, but they used the United Church. They removed the pews from the south side, then installed desks. Mr. George Crandall was the teacher when we first came; Velma, Verma and Muriel attended school here.

Dad had a small team of horses; he called them Shorty and Babe. Tom Creighton was the road foreman. Dad got a job working on the road in the Carnwood district with his team pulling a slip. He also loaned his team and democrat to the R.C.M.P. whenever they had to go out to Buck Creek as that road was impassable when wet — they sometimes just rode horseback.

Dad was always very fond of playing ball. He always joined in with us kids — batting out flies or grounders. We girls all played ball in the ladies' softball team.

Then there was always time for church on Sunday, too. Mother and we kids always attended both church and Sunday School. Mother also took part in teaching Sunday School. The church was situated on the corner where our Treasury Branch is now located. Mother was also an active member of the Ladies' Aid group — both in the south country and at Breton. She very seldom ever missed a meeting; she often walked if they were downtown, otherwise Aunt Margaret generally drove the team. Mrs. Nellie Jackson also drove a team of horses, so a group of ladies would go together.

All our brothers spent some time here during the winter with their trucks, hauling logs or lumber for different sawmills. In 1937 and 1938 Gordon hauled lumber from various sawmills — Carl Johnson's, Bob Van Volkenberg's, Cliff Johnston's and others, too. Wilfred also hauled lumber while Grenville Hoath quite often accompanied him. Wilfred also worked for Pete Nikiforuk, hauling freight; he had a grocery store here in the late thirties and early forties. George Ponich worked with him.

Velma and Mrs. Russell Gilchrist worked for Mrs. Mark Anthony. Verma worked in Mr. and Mrs. Chris Hellum's cafe in 1939. Then she worked at Mr. and Mrs. Herb Smith's grocery store until they sold out to Mr. and Mrs. Kelly. She then went to work for Mrs. Pete Nikiforuk until October, 1941. Muriel worked for Mr. and Mrs. Hellum part of 1942 — up until July, 1943. Elwood worked for Anthony's Lumber, driving truck and hauling lumber.

Dad got himself a black team of horses (Chub and Scott) with white faces and they were almost identical; they were his pride and joy. Dad put up the ice for the town; he and Everett Bowes would start cutting it in February before the ice went honeycomb. They hauled it from the creek out west from Jack Anderson's which is now Mr. Alvin

Strand's. He put ice up for both cafes, Chris Hellum's and Joe Walter's, the grocery stores — Tim Sexton's and Herb Smith's, also for the hotel which was owned by Charlie Bowen. Then there were others, too, just to mention a few — Dan Jamieson's, Harold Gaetz, Mr. Kershaw, Mindy Anderson and our own, of course; everyone had ice boxes.

Dad worked for Frasers' Lumber, butchering pigs and beef for their camps. He also hauled hay to their logging camps, out west, for the skid horses. The winters were so bitterly cold that he'd take a lantern with him for heat under a blanket in the hay. Yes, Dad came home many a night, chilled right through.

Albert Scott and his wife were fine neighbors; they lived on a farm (now Frank Laczo's). He and

Dad would haul coal and straw together.

We picked many blueberries and sold them to help buy our school books. The people who bought our berries were Mrs. Hellum, Smith's grocery,

Nikiforuk's grocery and the trainmen.

In the fall of 1942, Dad and Mother sold their farm to George Loomis because they had bought S.E. 2-48-4-W5 (formerly owned by Sam Hooks) where part of our town is located. They rented the United Church manse (across from where the Gulf Service Station is now) for the winter. The following spring, Dad bought a house from Antross and had Nels Hanson, with Ringborg's caterpillar, and Dan Powers (Shorty) with Frasers' truck, move it to where our hospital is located.



Elwood Huntley with his dad's team, 1942.

In the summer of 1945, Gunnar broke the land on Dad and Mother's place with his 22-36 steel-wheeled McCormick - Deering tractor. This land was across the creek where the new development is located. The following summer Elwood and Fred broke the land where the Community Hall, High School, Police Barracks and all those lots both north to the hardtop and east to the highway are now located. They did this work with Pearson Bros. Ltd. D 2 caterpillar. Dad farmed all this land until they sold it to the town, County of Leduc and Government — for the Breton General Hospital.

In July, 1938, — Wilfred married Helen Jackson; from this marriage three sons were born. Wil-



Elwood Huntley breaking land on SE-2-48-4-W5th with Pearson Bros. D-2 caterpillar.

fred and Helen still farm in the Mayerthorpe district.

In July, 1939 — Velma married Fred Greenwood; from this marriage three daughters and one son were born. Velma and Fred still farm in the Breton district.

In October, 1941 — Verma married Nels Hanson; from this marriage two sons were born. Nels passed away in June, 1948.

In November, 1941 — Gordon married Martha Leslie; from this marriage two daughters and two sons were born. Gordon and Martha still live on their farm in the Lyalta district.

In November, 1941 — Elgin married Eleanore Cline; from this marriage two daughters were born. Elgin and Eleanore still live on their farm in the Acme district.

In July, 1943 — Muriel married Gunnar Hanson; from this marriage five daughters and one son were born. Gunnar and Muriel farm in the Breton district.

In June, 1949 — Elwood married Barbara Weston; from this marriage two sons and one daughter were born. Elwood and Barbara farm in the Busby district.



The Harry Huntley children, 1973. Left to right, Verma, Elgin, Velma, Elwood, Muriel, Wilfred, Gordon.

In October, 1949 — Verma married Reg Carson; from this marriage two sons were born. Verma

and Reg farm in the Breton district.

Dad passed away on December 16, 1961, in the Rimbey Hospital. Mother lived with her families for a few years, then spent her remaining years in the Rosehaven Home in Camrose, Alberta. She passed away on February 8, 1971.

- THE HUNTLEY GIRLS

CARL HANSON FAMILY

Carl Johann Hanson was born on July 2, 1918 in Adolsliden, Sweden. He immigrated to Canada on September 2, 1928 with his mother, four brothers and two sisters. His father had arrived a year earlier. Carl attended school at Wenham Valley, Antross and Breton. Just two months after his arrival in Canada, he became ill with scarlet fever, complicated by St. Vitus Dance, which left him with a weakened heart. In spite of this health problem, he worked hard on the farm and in lumber camps with his father and brothers. In 1941, he was conscripted into the army, but due to his health, was unable to serve overseas.

On November, 26, 1942 he married Helen (Lena) Delitzoy who had been working on his parent's farm. Lena was the second eldest daughter of George and Mary Delitzoy, who settled in Breton in May, 1928. She attended school in Breton.



Back row Carl, Lena, Allan. Front row Diana, Ronald, Carol, Marlene, 1959.

Carl and Lena farmed a quarter section of land three miles south east of Breton; Carl continued logging during the winter months, and farming and road construction work in the summer in partnership with his father and brothers. These lumber camps were located near Winfield, Berrymoor, Buck Creek and Alder Flats. During this time, the family moved to the camp sites which was "home" for the winter months.

Schooling became a problem as the camp was a considerable distance from the nearest school.

Marlene, the eldest child, took grade one by correspondence, while at the camp. The following year, she and Allan boarded at Aunt Gunhild and Uncle Bob Ladouceur's in Breton. By the third year, there were ten children of school age from the three camps. Grandpa Hanson drove all ten children in his car to Alder Flats School, a distance of ten miles over rough logging roads!

Carl passed away March 27, 1960. The family remained on the farm. Both sons continued to help with the farming until they completed high school.

Lena moved to Leduc in 1971.

Marlene Elaine was born in Wetaskiwin on May 1, 1943. After completing high school in Breton, she became a Lab and X-ray Technician. She married Jim Montney, who was teaching in Breton. They now live in Leduc, where Jim teaches at the high school. They have three children Tanis, Aaron, and Clayton.

Allan Donald was born November 27, 1944 in Edmonton. He completed high school in Breton before attending N.A.I.T. for two years. He works for the Edmonton Public School Board and has a daughter Cherie. Carol Christine was born December 5, 1945 in Winfield. After completing high school, she attended the University of Alberta. She taught Junior High School in Breton for two years. After this, she became a Medical Records Librarian and worked in hospitals in Wetaskiwin and Calgary. While in Calgary, she married Steve Kiszczak. They now live in Leduc. Carol is supervisor for the Medical Records Dept. at the Medical Examiner's Office, and Steve is a fireman for the city of Edmonton.

Ronald Carl was born March 1, 1947 in Edmonton. He was an avid athlete in school, having excelled in basketball and softball. He studied Civil Technology at N.A.I.T. after finishing high school. He worked in the Yukon for two years where he met his former wife. Since then, he has been employed by the city of Grande Prairie. He has one daughter, Rhonda.



Lena Hanson family 1978. From the left Darryl and Diana Bellamy, Jim and Marlene Montney, Steve and Carol Kiszczak, Ronald Hanson and mother Lena.

Diana Mary was born August 3, 1951 in Wetaskiwin. She too, excelled in sports at school; she was even asked to play on the boys' softball team in grade 7! After completing her schooling at Breton, she went to work in Edmonton. She is married to Darryl Bellamy and is presently living in Claresholm. They have one daughter, Heather.

HANS HANSON AND FAMILY

On September 2, 1928 I arrived in Canada with my mother, brothers and sisters. My father came to Canada one year before in June 1927. I got my schooling in Sweden. I had no formal schooling in Canada. I learned to read and write English very rapidly. When you are young, you can learn very fast.

On August 22, 1941, I married Dorothy Delitzoy. We were married in Wetaskiwin. We moved to the quarter section that we are now living on, N.E. 24-47-4-W5th. We bought a small house at Antross and moved it to the farm. A few years later, we bought and moved another house and joined them together, so as we would have one larger house. You see, by this time, we had a family and the first house was too small.

I started working in lumber camps when I was twelve years old. I worked in lumber camps and saw mills until 1958. In the summer, I did my own farming plus working for my neighbours. Later on, I bought a gravel truck and hauled gravel to make extra money.



Hanson Camp, 1939.

After we were married, we moved to camp for the winter months. In the spring time, we came back to the farm. In the fall of 1950, we moved to Alder Flats. We were sawing lumber for D.R. Fraser Lumber Co. We had our own camp which was Camp 7. The children were driven to school at Alder Flats by my father. He also took my two brothers' children, so he had a full time job driving the children to and from school every day during the winter. We were there from 1950 - 1954 (winter months only). In the spring of 1954 our mill burned

down. By this time there was not much timber left so it did not pay to bring in another mill. The rest of the timber was taken to D.R. Fraser's Camp 8. This camp was only one and one-half miles away from our Camp 7. I worked at Camp 8 for two years and by this time all the timber was finished in that area.

After I was finished working in the lumber camps, I went to full time farming and was raising pure bred Hereford cattle. In 1976, I sold most of my cattle due to health reasons.



Hans Hanson's house being moved from Antross. Nels and Carl on cats.

In 1964 I bought the quarter section N.W. 19-47-3-W5th which was our home place. In 1974, I bought another quarter N.W. 30-47-3-W 5th. I was county councillor for eleven years, 1966 - 1977, which kept me away from home a great deal of the time. In the summer of 1976, we built ourselves a new home which we really enjoy, especially all the modern utilities.

I am now semi-retired; I rent two quarters out for pasture and the third quarter is rented out on a cash rental basis.



Hans Hanson family, April, 1963. Anna, Hans, Dorothy and Janet. Clifford in front.

We have three children, two daughters and one son. The oldest daughter, Janet is married to Roy Young and they have two children, one girl and one boy. Janet works at the Breton General Hospital and Roy works at the Canada Cities Service Gas Plant. Anna, is married to Cyr Lemieux and they live at Spruce Grove. Anna works at the I.G.A. store at Stony Plain, and Cyr is a plumber and works for a company in Edmonton. Our son Clifford, is

married to Pat Johnson and they have one daughter. Clifford lives on my sister-in-laws place which is just one-half mile from our place. Clifford is a school teacher and is presently teaching at the Breton High School.

I am a charter member of the B.P.O.E. of the Breton Lodge #402. My wife, Dorothy, is also a charter member of the Royal Purple #285. We are both members of the Breton Community Club and the Breton and District Chamber of Commerce.

Hans Hanson

GEORGE HORVATH FAMILY

George Horvath was born November 14, 1910 in the city of Gyongyos, Hungary. He completed secondary school at the age of twelve, and, as was the custom, he was apprenticed to a shoemaker. A few years later his brother, Jim, was apprenticed to a tailor. George formally completed his apprenticeship at the age of 16½. He emigrated to Canada with his parents and younger brother and arrived in Raymond, Alberta in April, 1927.

George still recalls his first work experience in Canada. Hoeing and harvesting sugar beets was not only backbreaking, but made even more intolerable by insufferable mosquitoes. He experienced the same rude culture shock and language barriers experienced by most ethnic immigrants in an alien land.

A depressed economy brought the hard times that imposed a transient way of life upon people seeking steady employment. George was no exception to this mode of life. In 1928 he secured work with the C.P. Railway in Banff for a forty-one cent hourly wage. In the autumn George would make his annual pilgrimages to southern Alberta where it was easy to secure jobs during harvest operations.

He spent a few weeks in the winter of 1927 attending adult night classes in a vain attempt to master the English language. However meager, this brief learning experience served George well in the future

In March, 1929, George, Jim and their father were employed together at Murdo Camp near Golden, B.C. where there were no roads, no town - just a camp with piles of power poles. Their job was to peel power poles. Existing in an uninsulated and poorly heated shack was a hardship they will never forget. A daily train brought their food and supplies which were ordered through the job foreman and then dropped off next day. On this particular occasion, the foreman forgot the order and another day passed without food. They couldn't heat the shack because smoke from the stove flooded the interior of the shack rather than escaping through the chimney. This, unfortunately, left them without heat and a way to cook their food. When their food finally arrived on the train, it had been contaminated with kerosene which was also in the order. Needless to say, the food was spoiled! Cold, hungry and broke, the Horvaths decided right there and then to make their departure. Julius left and caught the train from Golden back to Calgary and arrived the same evening. With their few belongings, the boys hopped the pole carrying freight cars and left without collecting their wages. The bitter cold, out-bound freight ride, lasting some 18 hours before arriving in Calgary, almost cost young Jim his life.

George returned to Banff to the job he had with the railway during the previous summer. Here, he augmented his income by sewing and mending shoes for a nominal fee. He retapped worn shoes with rubber tire material, and also patched tattered clothes for fellow workers. In the meantime Julius, Johanna and Jim had moved to the farm in Breton.

Autumn was very mild and late in 1929; Walter Johnson directed George to the family farm when he arrived in Breton after harvest. Julius was about to depart to Drumheller where he was certain to get work as a dynamiter during the winter.

George and his brother took advantage of the Indian summer to dig a well. Several ten foot sections of well cribbing were lowered with the help of Alex Sojnocki. Though the well was completed just after Christmas, it was not, nor would it ever be, deep enough.

Indian summer continued and the boys cut and hauled logs to construct a barn. They engaged Sojnocki, who had helped build their house, to assist them. When the barn was completed the boys dug a cellar in the kitchen. They completely floored the house and finished putting a ceiling in before the snow came.

In the spring of 1930, Julius and Jim commenced land clearing. Julius' expertise with dynamite helped make the gruelling work just that much easier. The thirty acres they had cleared that summer was broken late in the fall for five dollars per acre by Mr. Csokanai from Leduc. George had arrived from harvesting operations in Dalemead, Alberta just in time to pay Csokanai for the breaking. This would become the pattern of George's contribution at home. He worked out at whatever job he could find and selflessly sent money home to support family endeavors on the farm.

One autumn, George hopped a south bound passenger train in Edmonton. He was arrested in Red Deer and detained overnight in the Red Deer jail with others caught for the same offense. George produced a letter from Van der Velde promising him employment during harvest in Dalemead, so obtaining his release early in the morning. Upon reaching the railway yard, George hopped the first south bound freight out of town.

While engaged in extending the C.P. Railway line from Breton to Leduc, George befriended Jim Gyuris, a fellow Hungarian who was also from Gyongyos, Hungary. Gyuris shared a photograph

of his wife and niece with George. George was much taken by the fourteen year old niece, Mary Mezo. In subsequent years the couple corresponded with one another until they were married in 1936.



George and Mary Horvath wedding, Feb. 29, 1936. Married in Gyôngyōs, Hungary.

Meanwhile, never ceasing to take advantage of an opportunity to make money, provided it was honest, George agreed to clear six acres of land in exchange for one of Foster Sutherland's cows. This seemed to be the going rate of exchange in those days - six acres for a cow. George boarded at the Sutherland's during the four weeks it took to prepare Sutherland's land for the breaking plow. Having no immediate need for the huge cow, which had freshened during the interim, George sold both the cow and its calf to realize twenty-seven dollars for four weeks' hard work. However, it was not all work and no play.



Threshing crew 1949. L. to R. George Jr., Belgian immigrant, Paul Horvath, Lorne Belanger, Oscar Sather and Kelleman. George Sr. is on top of machine.

George was not above using good-humored deception to broaden his limited knowledge of Canada. He responded to an advertisement in a Hungarian language paper, placed by a man from Delhi, Ontario, who was seeking a marriage-minded young woman. George, posing as such a woman, Priscilla by name, exchanged letters and sacrificed a picture of a very close female friend of the family to complete the deception. He continued the ruse for a brief time to learn about the climate, tobacco regions, job opportunities, wages, and generally how people lived in Ontario. George shared this information with his family and the Vidoks.

George continued working for a total of eight years in support of his family, taking work wherever and whenever he could. He kept little for himself and it was this dedication that helped his family become successful pioneers. He would soon embark on his own.

George was seasonally employed in the Drumheller coal mines when, late in 1935, striking workers succeeded in getting the mines closed. This occasion gave him the opportunity to return to Hungary for the winter. He arrived at his grandmother's home in Gyongyos, early in January, 1936. After a brief courtship, he and Mary Mezo were married February 29th. Mary Mezo was born in Gyongyos, Hungary on April 20, 1916 and was the youngest and only girl of four children. She had been apprenticed to a dressmaker during her school years.

George and his bride sailed from Europe in mid-March aboard the S.S. Montclare. They docked in Halifax on March 28th. A number of days later the young couple arrived in Delhi, Ontario. Two days later, George was surprised to meet his father and Jim Vidok Sr. in Delhi. Since the family had long discussed selling their farm in Alberta and using the funds to purchase a modest farm to grow tobacco in Ontario, George moved to the Delhi region in anticipation of earlier plans.

Jobs were very scarce in southern Ontario. George and his bride, managing on a subsistence income, took up residence in a boarding house in Brantford, near Hamilton, Ontario. On December 2nd, 1936, their first son, George Nicholas, was born in the Brantford General Hospital.

Ideal farm land was scarce and expensive and since employment opportunities were virtually nonexistent, Julius returned to Breton in the fall of 1936 and George and his young wife returned early in 1937. The Horvaths cleared their land throughout the summer. In the autumn George returned to Dalemead for harvest operations. His wife, Mary, responded to an ad in the paper to care for a child in Kingsville, near Windsor, Ontario. George agreed she should accept the position and he followed directly from Dalemead a few weeks later. George worked his way East by traveling on a stock train feeding and watering cattle. It was a slow journey because of the feeding procedures and the many stopovers.

It was a month before George obtained employment in one of two tobacco processing plants located in Kingsville. Their second child, Mary Margaret, was born in Kingsville, February 24, 1938, at the Geroge Sabic farm home. Later, the family lived in a large house rented by George which he also sublet to two other families, one of which was Mr. and Mrs. Biro who were former Breton residents. For two years the Horvaths and Biros managed to keep employed at seasonal work hoeing sugar beets, priming tobacco, harvesting sugar beets and then rounding out the winters in the tobacco processing plants.

In 1940 George's application was accepted for work at the Ford Motor plant in Windsor. Their transient life style should have ended there, but it

did not.

Bouyed up with Julius' promises of a better life on the farm, George moved his entire family back to Breton in April, 1943. During the summer, Bill Weymouth (carpenter from Breton) built a large frame house adjacent to Julius' log house. George continued on his father's farm as he had in the past-clearing land, breaking, root picking and harvesting.

After harvest, George formed a company which included his brother, Jim, and Joe Hada to cut mine props. They worked hard and successfully

throughout the winter.

A second son, Robert William, was born early Sunday morning, March 19, 1944, at the University

Hospital in Edmonton.

Matthew Krebs Sr., a neighbor, decided to pull up stakes, sell his livestock and move to Ontario. George purchased his cattle and a quarter section, N.E. 24-48-4-W5, from Mrs. Kassai, Krebs' daughter. George intended to farm independently but the costs to start were overwhelming. When he sold, George Meinczinger bought some cattle and Dan Jamieson purchased some cattle and the land from George.

George returned to Ontario in the summer of 1944 and worked in the tobacco harvest near Tillsonburg. Soon after, George was reinstated at the Ford plant in Windsor. His family soon joined him

in Kingsville.

Four years later, Julius implored George to return to the farm in Breton. Jim had left and settled on his own land and Julius assured George it would be worthwhile for him to work the 300 acres already under cultivation. In addition, Julius had engaged a brush cutter to clear another one hundred acres.

When George arrived in Breton, April, 1948, Robert was four, Mary Margaret ten, and George Nicholas was eleven. Assisted by Tom Clelland, the entire family embarked upon preparing the brushed land for the breaking plow. Ted and young Lyle Oulton did the breaking.

Late in 1948, Paul Horvath, George's first cousin, was freed from a prisoner of war camp in Germany. He expressed a keen desire to emigrate to



The George Horvath children, 1957, on their parents' farm west of Breton.

Canada and soon at George's instigation and sponsorship, Paul was brought to Breton in 1949. Paul assisted with the farm work, root picking and the building boom which took place on the Julius Horvath farm. Six portable and one large storage granary, a double garage for tractors, and a combine shed were built. Art and Theo Westling also built a new home for Julius and Johanna in 1950. Paul became the town barber in Breton, 1950-51, and in 1951 he moved to Montreal where he was married in 1955. Paul and his family currently live in Hollywood, Florida.

Meanwhile, Julius and George agreed to farm on a half share basis. George remained active on the farm until 1952. He was anxious to be independent and one way to achieve this, he felt, was to own a lucrative business.

In November he purchased a billiard hall in Devon, Alta. However, a combination of exceedingly long hours and his wife's failing health prompted George to sell his business in 1954 to Henry Bober. George accepted Henry's two quarter section farm in Breton as part payment in the transaction. The home quarter, N.E. 3-48-4-W5, located just a half mile northwest of Breton, was flooded in 1954 from heavy rains that lasted throughout the summer. This year was a serious setback for many farmers in the region. Recovery was slow and difficult.

Rural electrification brought conveniences in the mid-fifties. The kerosene lamp days were finally over. A host of new appliances began to change the style of farm living, but the work never changed. The farm was improved with new buildings, painting and re-roofing, but the ever present land clearing and root picking stayed with them.

George Nicholas joined the R.C.A.F. in November, 1956. In 1957, Mary Margaret entered the Faculty of Education at the U of A in Edmonton. Only Robert, aged thirteen, remained at home on

the farm.

Mary Margaret and Edward Nelson were married July 11, 1958, in the Breton United Church which was situated on the site presently occupied by the local Alberta Treasury Branch. Mary Margaret taught primary grades in Breton for eight years.

She and her husband, and their two children, Glenn and Debra, continue to reside in the district.

The home quarter creek, which drained into and consequently flooded the hay meadow year after year, was extended by a long trench cutting north to south across the farm. The lowland pastures and meadows were finally turned by the breaking plow and the land subsequently seeded with tame hay.

Gus Halgren assisted in the construction of a new barn in 1966 while yard fences and stock pens were erected to make the farm look attractive. New roads were built in the district and old ones improved with gravel or pavement as a direct result of the oil boom. Breton seemed to be catching up with

progress.

George Nicholas, the eldest son, and Mary O'Keefe, a school teacher, were married July 1st, 1961, in St. John's Newfoundland. He completed twenty-three years of military service in 1979, and had upgraded academically to attain his Bachelor of Arts (History) from the U of Manitoba, and Bachelor of Education from Memorial University of Newfoundland. George is currently teaching History, English and Industrial Arts in Carmanville High School, near Gander, Newfoundland. He and Mary have two sons, Paul Andre, aged 17, and Joseph Anthony, 16.

Robert, the youngest of two sons, graduated from Breton High School in 1962. He started in oil field supply work at Drayton Valley soon after graduation. Robert, a registered Industrial Accountant, is employed by Mobil Oil in Calgary. He and Lorena Lilje, of Drayton Valley, were married June 17, 1967. They have two children, Michael aged six, and Cheryl, one.



George Horvath 1967, with his haul.

In order to reduce his workload to a semiretirement level, George, around 1962, sold N.E. 13-48-4-W5 to Joe Klespitz. Cattle and hogs were also sold. He limited his farming to haying and dry-feeding young steers throughout the summer. The extra time available to them permitted his wife to return to Hungary for a brief visit, her first in thirty years. During the following spring, George visited his son and grandchildren in Toronto, and, after that, started holidaying annually. There was time now on the farm to install and enjoy the amenities of home life that they had denied themselves for so long, such as running water and its auxiliary benefits, and better home insulation.

George and Mary sold their farm to Wally Albers in 1973, and moved into Breton. He and his wife cared for Johanna until she passed away in 1975. The autumn of their lives is spent in well deserved rest and comfort. They both travel occasionally, but George relaxes best at fishing while Mary satisfies her itching green thumb in her garden. Personal pride is not in their own achievements but in the accomplishments of their children - whose successes have made all sacrifices worthwhile.

— THE FAMILY

THE MARK HOOKS FAMILY

I was born on our farm, S.E. 2-48-4-W5, which is now the town of Breton, in the first log house my father built. The house was not far from the creek. At that time, there was no road or highway past our place, only a trail wound its way down the hill and through the bush. The first vehicle I remember seeing on the trail, was a steam engine owned by Martin Oelkers. It knocked down the bush as it went, and this fascinated me. I can also remember carrying water from the creek, up the hill to the house.

I was one of the first students of the Breton School. It was a one room school painted white and green. I can't recall the number of students, but the grades ranged from one to eight. Dan McLeod was my first teacher. Some of the other teachers were Frances Hinds and Mr. Nichols. After completing the elementary grades, we began high school in the United Church, which was situated where the bank stands now.

In the early thirties, I remember a traveling clinic that came to Nelson's Hall. Its purpose was to remove childrens' tonsils and adenoids if they were infected. I was supposed to have my tonsils removed, but when I realized what they were doing, I said, "Oh no, this is not for me!" I ran away and hid in the ravine until the clinic was closed. My younger brother, Ed, had his tonsils removed, but during the night he began to hemorrhage and my parents had to get the doctor and nurse from the clinic to stop the bleeding. He was a very sick little boy.

It seemed as though I could always think of something to do. At the age of ten or eleven, I cut my face on a barbed wire fence. It was just getting dark and what were my brother, Richard, and I doing? Smoking! We thought we heard our older sisters coming home so we whirled around and started to run. I ran right into the fence; consequently I still have the scar as a reminder. No major mishaps occurred for a couple of years. Then one Sunday morning, I decided I would go hunting, so I sneaked a .22 out of the house and through the bush I went. Being a brave hunter, I slipped through the trees with one finger on the trigger; suddenly, the gun caught on a twig and fired! The bullet went through my toe and broke the bone. There was no doctor or nurse here at that time so Mother cared for me.

When the railroad first came to Breton, I was quite small, but I remember the first train. The train crew usually stayed overnight at Breton and returned to Lacombe the next day. I also recall the first skating rink which was in the ravine behind, what is now, Gulf Service Station.

Mother and Dad built the big house that used to stand on the hill in 1929. It seemed so large; there were eight rooms. Mother was very happy because at last she had a place for the children to enjoy life. There were five girls and five boys in our family, but the older ones were away working part of the time. The house stood like a sentinel overlooking the valley until it was destroyed by fire October 23, 1974. We did not own the farm then, but I miss not seeing the house there. Dad passed away in 1942 while I was overseas and Mother passed away in 1965.

In 1941, I joined the Army and was stationed at Camp Borden, Ontario. While enroute to Camp Borden, I became ill with the mumps so I was quarantined for a couple of weeks. From Camp Borden, I went to England and from there to Italy. I was in action in Italy the day John Funnell was killed. I also met Ken Levers and Laurel Fenneman in Italy. It was sure nice to see someone from home. From Italy, our company was sent to Holland. We were in Germany when the War ended. I came home in December, 1945 and began working for D.R. Fraser at the mill in Breton in 1946. I worked for Fraser's for approximately three years.

On July 10, 1947, I married Gwen Day, who was teaching at Funnell School. Gwen's mother and father had been married at Funnell School, and Gwen was born in the old log house on Webster's farm. As babies, we had played together but Gwen's parents moved away so we didn't meet again until 1946. In May of 1948, we bought Mr. Colin Campbell's farm, which had been formerly owned by Rollie Ramsey Jr. The Keystone Post Office, where Rollie was postmaster, was just a few yards east of the house in which we now reside. I farmed for a number of years and also worked in construction. However, due to health problems, I can no longer work any length of time, so I rent out the farm.

Gwen taught at Funnell until 1954. She had

formerly taught in the Long Lake area. When the Funnell School was closed in 1954, due to centralization, she taught at Warburg Elementary School for nine years and was principal of Warburg Central Special Education for thirteen years. At present, she is teaching in the Breton Elementary School. Gwen received her Bachelor of Education the hard way, by taking summer school and night classes. Many a summer I had to batch while she was away. Travelling to Warburg everyday was no picnic in 1954 because the roads were terrible after a rain.



Old barn and granary built by Rollie Ramsey (Jr.), 1916.

I have belonged to many organizations. I was a member of the F.U.A. (Farmers' Union of Alberta), and being a returned man, I am very interested in the Legion. I have been a member of the Warburg Legion #205 for many years and was President for five years. I was also a member of the Warburg Elks and at present serve as Vice President for the Breton and District Chamber of Commerce. My wife has also been a member and President of the Warburg Legion Ladies' Auxiliary #205.



Mark and Gwen with their sons Wayne and Terry, 1968.

Gwen and I were blessed with two boys, Wayne and Terry, who were raised on the farm. They took grades one to twelve in Breton and graduated from Breton High School. Wayne, our eldest, obtained his journeyman's certificate at N.A.I.T. in building construction. He and his wife, Gail, live in Morinville, Alberta. They have two children, Karen and Adam. Terry obtained his Bachelor of Education degree at the University of Alberta. He



Terry and Wayne and dog Wiggles, 1957.

taught one year at New Sarepta, but is now working with Commercial Union Assurance. He and his wife, Gail, live in Edmonton. They have one son, Tyler.



Lois and David Robinson, Terry and Wayne Hooks, playing for the Mark Hooks' 25th Wedding Anniversary.

Gwen and I still live on the farm north of Breton, and we plan to live here as long as we can, because we think Breton is a nice place to live.

-MARK HOOKS



My husband came to Canada in 1927 from Poland to his uncle's farm at Buford.

I came from Czechoslovakia with my parents in 1930 to a farm in Sunnybrook.

In the meantime, Mike's uncle, A. Pocholka, sold his farm and moved to Sunnybrook where he operated a general store. This is where Mike and I met. We were married in 1931 and I worked at the store for a year. Our daughter Vera was born while we were in Sunnybrook.



Mother holding Myron and Vera.

When Uncle sold the store, we all moved to our homestead, the west ½ of 1-48-5-5th in May, 1933. All of our belongings were piled on a horse drawn wagon with two cows tied behind. It was quite a walk for the animals from Sunnybrook to our place six miles west of Breton, so we had to stop to rest and feed them. We arrived at our "home" quite late and we were very tired.

Our neighbors were three bachelors, Charlie Broton to the south, Neil McNeil to the west, and John Banas to the east. The roads were only trails and in bad weather they were almost impassable.

In 1935 our first son, Myron, was born and in 1948, Russel arrived to complete our family.

The two older children went to Moose Hill School which was two miles for them to walk through the bush. The younger boy was bused to Breton on Mr. Prentice's school van which the kids had nicknamed "The Potato Bug".



Vera, Myron, Russell and Dad (Mike), 1951.

There were a lot of hardships to endure, but we all came out of it for the better. Clearing the land was a slow process as it had to be done by hand with the help of a good sharp axe, a grub hoe, and a team of horses. Much later we were able to hire a bulldozer, which was much faster.

Water was very hard to find; we had to haul it from Udell's spring for the house. The animals had

to get their water from creeks in the summer and from melted snow in the winter.

There were quite a few lumber camps around here and most of the men worked in them during the winter. Mike cut tamarack rails and hauled them to Calmar and Nisku with a team of horses and a sleigh. There he traded them to the farmers for grain and potatoes which he sold to the mills, (mostly the Pearson brothers). Mike also hauled hay to Anthony's camps. We were young and healthy and took it all in our stride.



Family threshing crew, Mike, Myron and Russell.

Our daughter married W. Kuhn in 1952; they have five children and live west of Calmar.

Myron married Angeline Dobko in 1959; they have two children and live in Drayton Valley.

Russel and Susan have one son and they live on a farm near Buck Mountain.

Mike and I still live on our "homestead". We keep some animals and Mike still does the field work—this keeps us occupied. All in all, there were hard times, but good times as we were all blessed with good health.

— Mrs. Hulushka

THE HEIGHINGTON FAMILY

Our mother, Sarah Goldie Heighington, filed on a homestead, N.W. ¼-22-48-4-W5, in August, 1930. She moved a family of six children and all her property from the city of Edmonton in the month of March or April in 1931. The children, Norman, Ruth, Oliver, Olive, Mary and I, Bill, attended Funnell School. I believe it was built in 1912, classed as No. 2638, which was a local improvement district at that time.

Now, at the present time, with the increase of employment and money, I find it hard to understand how Mother clothed and fed us. We actually were happy in the Depression years of the 30's.

We, the children moved away as the years went by. Norman returned to Edmonton and worked at Canada Packers and as a fireman and steam engineer for Northern Alberta Railways until 1948 when he started a Laundry and Dry Cleaning business in Prince George, B.C.; then some years later, he sold it and moved to Terrace, B.C. and started another business there. Norman and his wife, Grace, still reside there.

Ruth worked as a waitress in Breton and then returned to Edmonton and worked. She married Frank Calow and resided in Calgary while Frank was overseas during the War. Frank and Ruth moved to Prince George, B.C. for a year or longer and then returned to Calgary. Ruth passed away on June 7, 1972 after a lengthy illness.

Oliver worked on many jobs; he worked for Canada Packers and in Radium N.W. Territories until he enlisted in the Army in 1939. He served in Shilo, Man. and also as an instructor at an officers' training school at Gordons Head, B.C. and at Calgary. He married Edna in Victoria, B.C. while stationed there. After discharge, he returned to Breton and bought a garage which he operated for several years. He sold his business and returned to farming on the old Buffalo place, and increased his land holdings. He is living in Red Deer at the present time after selling the land.

Olive worked as a waitress in Breton and as a clerk in a general store in Bentley. She worked for Eatons in Calgary for some time before enlisting in the R.C.A.F. She took part or all her training in Alberta, then transferred to Toronto, Ont. and then to Sidney, N.S. She married Ken Haines after her discharge. When Ken got his discharge, they owned a resort at Musquodoboit Harbour; they sold it and moved to Baddeck where they reside and have a business in woolen, antiques, and Canadian art.

Mary never left the country and still is a resident. She married Norville McGhie and they continued farming. Norville passed away on June 28, 1967. Mary stayed on the farm and also spent time with a daughter in Houston, B.C. She married Lloyd Kalberg on February 5, 1974 at Lacombe, Alberta and they are now living on the farm.

I, Bill, stayed at home for some time; then I went to Calgary and trained for and became a marble polish operator. I worked for my brother, Oliver, at his garage in Breton from January of 1947 to June of 1948; then I went to Edmonton and worked for Diamond Bus lines until September, 1948. I left there and went to Prince George, B.C. and worked for my brother, Norman, until July of 1954, when I returned to Alberta. I drove for Hi-Way Transport, hauling freight. I was hired by the British American Oil Production Department in March, 1956. We lived in Clive, Alta. until June, 1957 and then I was transferred to Stettler, where we presently reside. I married Jessie in October of 1949 at Prince George, B.C.

I remember some of the residents who lived in the area in 1931 — McGhie, Funnell, Westling, Moorehouse, Jackson, Chomyszyn, I imagine are still in the area.

Mother certainly worked very hard; all of us children understand this now, but never really thanked her for her love, kindness and knowledge and now wished we had. God bless her.

Mother lived in Calgary the last years of her life. Jess and I and our children saw her often and will never forget our memories of her. Mother passed away on August 27th, 1969, after many years of love for her family.

— BILL HEIGHINGTON

THE FRED HAWRYLUK FAMILY

Fred and I met in Pitt Meadows, a small town a few miles from Vancouver, B.C. We were married in the Pitt Meadows United Church on June 3, 1950.

We were both originally from Alberta, Fred from Derwent and myself from Kinsella. He was always wanting to move back to Alberta and go farming but I wasn't too keen on it due to my own folks' lack of success when they tried homesteading.

Our first daughter, Louise Elizabeth, was born in Vancouver on March 27, 1951. We moved to Vancouver Island in Dec. of the same year where Fred was working for a body shop in Duncan. It was there our second daughter, Ann Marie was born and passed away two days later. We lived there two years, moving to Chilliwack in Nov., 1953. Finally, in June, 1954 we moved to Edmonton where Brenda May was born on March 16, 1955 and another daughter, Debra Marie, on March 10, 1957; Debra died two days later.

Fred first heard of Breton in 1957 from a fellow he was working with, so we decided to come out and investigate the possibility of getting a homestead. We had been looking around at different places near Perryvale and Drayton Valley but when he saw the land around Breton, it was what he wanted. He had a choice of 82 quarters so filed on a ½ section 5 miles west and ½ mile south of the town. There was just a trail for a road south of the Buck Creek road to our land. He filed on the land and we got it in the summer of 1957.

On May 7, 1958, Thomas Frederick was born in Edmonton.

We used to come out on weekends so Fred could work at clearing the land; the first 52 acres he was able to clear by plowing the bush under with an old John Deere tractor and a breaking plow. He built a one room shack for us to stay in while we were out here. At that time, the pavement from Leduc ended at Calmar and it was gravel roads the rest of the way out.

Donald Arthur was born in Edmonton on May 1, 1959, just in time to arrive home on Tom's first birthday.

In 1959, Farm Electric Services put the power in this district which was a real blessing for the ones already living here and for those of us yet to move in. We really seemed to be isolated out here, as we were the last ones on this road, which stopped at our

On June 12, 1960, we left the city to move onto our homestead. Fred cleared a spot for a building site and we moved the shack onto it, pulled a granary close to it and built a room in between for our temporary house. We also put up a temporary shelter for any animals we would get.

We moved out here with very little money but lots of determination! Fred worked for several neighbors to help earn a living and he earned our first cow by working for Ted Grzyb. Later on, he worked in town for Elmer McCartney and Logan Purdy, doing body work.

Louise and Brenda walked to the Buck Creek road to catch the school bus and later on the boys joined them, but it was only for a couple of years as we then got gate service.

Fred got a job in Edmonton for the winter of 1961-1962 to help our finances and came home only on weekends.

Our entertainment was mostly playing games with the kids in the evenings and visiting neighbors. Fred bought us a second-hand T.V. when he quit the job in Edmonton in March of '62. It made the cold winter evenings a bit more enjoyable, especially when it was cold enough to have to sit up to keep the fires going.

I remember when during that winter, my mother came out to visit us and we sat on the table with our feet on the chairs as it was so bitterly cold. Then shortly after she left to go back to B.C., Fred had two tons of coal delivered to us so he wouldn't have to worry about us running short. Well, two days later we got up and the whole pile was on fire and really blazing. At that time we didn't have a well and were hauling water from Don Rieck's across the road from us, but I took all I had and poured it on the flames, along with the snow water I had melted to wash clothes with. Finally, between that and the snow, I was able to shovel on it, I managed to save some of it but what a mess I had left! Quite some experience for a gal raised in the city of Vancouver!

One thing I learned soon after we moved here—a lot of the necessities I needed when living in the city, turned out to be luxuries out here. For awhile I had a hard time not to panic just because there wasn't a steady pay cheque coming in but I guess I learned, the hard way many times.

I had never really been around animals and didn't mind the sheep, when we had them, but was terrified of cows. They seemed to be so much bigger than me and I just didn't trust their feet, or horns, if they had them. Imagine my terror when Fred got the job in Edmonton and I had two days to learn how to milk TWO cows. I had managed to help with all the other chores but had never had the courage to sit down beside a cow. It wasn't too bad when Fred was there beside me and kept the cow steady, but the first time I was on my own, if anyone had been watching, they'd have died laughing! Every time

she'd switch her tail or move in any way, I'd jump and the pail would go flying. I guess it took me an hour to milk those two cows and I ended up with very little milk.

I had to learn a lot of things and to do without a lot of things but I managed. I enjoyed driving the tractor (as long as it wasn't pulling a vehicle out of the mud), riding the binder and threshing. I even learned how to bake bread, altho' it took a few tries before it was really tasty enough to serve to visitors.

Frequent visitors from the city were my aunt and uncle who would drive out for the weekend or just come out for an evening of canasta and then head back about 2 a.m. We really looked forward to their visits and I enjoyed being able to prove that we could make a go of it out here as they really used to worry about us but seemed to enjoy coming out and 'roughing' it.

On January 3, 1964, Vera Elenor arrived to bring our family to a grand total of five. She happened to be the first New Year's baby born in the

new Breton General Hospital.

Up to 1966 we had had very poor luck with our - hail, too much rain, too little rain or a late spring and early fall. Fred and I talked it over and we decided to try to get help so applied for a loan. Not hearing anything for a long time, he then applied to the county to put a body shop on our farm. The day we got the approval of the loan, we also got permission for the shop. In the end, we decided to build up the farm so we took the loan and started our milk herd, began a dairy barn and planned to add one more room onto our temporary house. We increased our herd to 45 milk cows and were using a makeshift milking parlor — clean but very inconvenient. We got the building up and part of the cement floor in when we were told that the building wasn't satisfactory. We had to build on another room between the milk house and the main barn and there weren't enough windows for the cows, etc. By this time it was the winter of '69 and we didn't know what to do. I was called to B.C. where my dad was seriously ill and while there, Fred made the decision to start a body shop in Breton, much to my pleasure. He inquired about it, found a building to rent and received permission from the town.

He opened the shop in Jan., 1970, and in April, '71 we had a farm sale and sold our machinery, etc., to help pay off our loan. It was a poor time to have a sale as everything sold so cheaply that the auctioneer said we should close it down but we were too stubborn and wouldn't. That year, we also sold all but 50 acres of our land which we kept to live on.

On December 5, 1970 Louise married Rodger Ellis of the Funnell district and they are now living in Thorsby. They have a son, Shannon, and a

daughter, Tara.

The year 1975 saw us celebrate our 25th Anniversary when we held a buffet and dance in our unused barn, which incidentally has turned out to be the most expensive storage shed in the country,

also the largest, being 30' x 70 feet. It was also the year of my parents' 50th Wedding Anniversary and on August 2, Brenda married Robert Zelensky of Edmonton. They are living in Drayton Valley and have a little girl, Shawna.

Tom married Darlene Clark of Yeoford on August 20, 1977 and they have a little girl, Jennifer, and a baby son, Cory. Tom is also a body man and worked with his dad until last fall when they moved

to Edmonton.

Don is working in the Whitecourt area on a service rig and up to this time, Jan., 1980, is still single.

Vera is still home and taking grade 10 in Breton

High School.

We have decided to put our barn to good use and are working on turning it into a house. Our temporary house has lasted us 20 years and we are looking forward to moving into a larger more comfortable home.

Fred still has Breton Auto Body and we will

probably live here the rest of our lives.

To sum it all up, our 20 years of living in this area has given us many friends and many varied experiences. To say the least, it has been interesting.

— May Hawryluk

OUR LIFE HISTORY (JOHN AND ELLEN (SNELL) HUNTER)

I, John Frederick Hunter, was born January 22, 1910, on my father's homestead eighteen miles east and four miles south of Olds, Alberta. This area was known as the Hunterville district as my grandfather and grandmother kept the post office there.

In the fall of 1911, my folks moved within seven miles of Olds where Father farmed for four years. In 1916, Father took a job with the Alberta Farm Cooperative so we then moved to Oyen, Alberta. Then in 1917, my folks moved to Chinook, Alberta where I attended my first year of school — we lived there for two years; then in 1919, Father moved us to Barons, Alberta where we lived until 1929. I finished my school years in Barons. Being the eldest son, I stayed at home to work for my father on the farm.

In 1929, Father moved us once again to Bentley, Alberta where we farmed for twelve years. By this time I was nineteen; my younger brothers and sister finished their schooling there. Then in 1935, we all moved to Breton, Alberta, this being our last move. My mother was so happy to have a settled home. It was during this time that I met Ellen Margaret Snell, and we were married on June 22, 1938.

I, Ellen, was born, October 4, 1917 in Bittern Lake, Alberta where I lived until 1922. My father and mother then moved to Wenham Valley where Father homesteaded. I attended all my school years there. I stayed at home with my mother and helped

her with the farming. By this time, my father was

very ill; he passed away in 1936.

Then in 1938, I married John Hunter. We moved into a little two-roomed house, in the Wenham Valley, district where John worked for different farmers. On December 14, 1939, our son, Charles, was born; he was the first grandson on Mother's side of the family. We were all so very proud of him.

We bought our first homestead, N.E. 21-47-3-W5, in the fall of 1942. In the summer of July 30, 1945, our daughter, Margaret, was born — a lovely

baby girl and a sister for Charles.

In the fall of 1948, we moved our little house into Breton (north part of town) where we lived and John worked for Frasers' Lumber Company. We lived there for four years and then moved south of Breton, one half mile, where we still reside. Charles and Margaret took all their schooling in Breton.

Our son, Charles, married Patsy Turnquist on June 11, 1959. They lived here a short time before moving to Terrace, B.C. where they lived for fifteen years. Charles and Pat have three children — Terry, John and Dale, all born in B.C. Charles moved his family back to Breton in the fall of 1975 and they have their trailer on our farm. Charlie drives truck for an oil company and also helps with the farming.



John Hunter family. Standing, Charlie, Margaret, John and Ellen on their 40th Wedding Anniversary.

Our daughter, Margaret, married James Impey on August 9, 1963; they live in Drayton Valley where Jim is a truck dispatcher for Mack and Man Trucking. Margaret and Jim have two children, Wesley and Leanne. Both children attend school in Drayton Valley.

— JOHN HUNTER AND ELLEN HUNTER (NEE SNELL)

THE BOB HILL FAMILY

Mr. and Mrs. Bob Hill came to the Breton area about 1928 from Piapot, Saskatchewan. They lived on N.W. 20-47-3-W5th where Gunnar Hanson now lives

Their family consisted of three boys, Clifford, Errol (Brownie) and Douglas, and a daughter, Shirley. Shirley attended the Wenham Valley School which was about 3½ miles away. She rode a little white pony called Grey Girl to school.



Shirley Hill, Walter and Mary Reid. Shirley's grey pony in background.

Mr. Hill's brother, George, lived with them part of the time when he was not cooking for the C.P.R. There was also a young fellow by the name of Scotty Donaldson who stayed there quite often. The Hills were very good neighbors. Times were hard for them as well as for all the folks but you were always made so welcome and you always felt better after a visit with them. For many years, they had only a one-roomed log house and attic, but later built on two bedrooms. They had a piano. I remember Shirley used to ride into Breton and take music lessons from Miss Hinds. Many a happy evening was spent in a sing-song around the piano.



Mrs. Bob Hill and Mrs. John Reid.

Mrs. Hill's mother, Mrs. Blair, came to stay with them until she passed away in about 1939. Mrs. Hill endeared herself to many by always being ready and willing to go and help out when there was sickness in the family.



Mrs. Bob Hill, Grandmother Blair, Mrs. Clifford Hill.

Shirley went out to work at Duhamel where she met and married Alvin Nygaard. The boys moved out to B.C.

In 1941 Mrs. Hill developed cancer. Clifford took her out to stay with him and his wife but she only lived a short while. After her passing, Mr. Hill moved out to Duhamel to live with Shirley until he passed away a few years later.



Shirley (Hill) Alvin Nygaard and son, Larry.

Douglas and Shirley have both passed away but Clifford and Errol are both still living in Vancouver.

- ALMA GILLIES

THE GUNNAR HANSON HISTORY

Gunnar and I, Muriel, (nee Huntley) started our future together in July, 1943. Gunnar had previously bought a skid shack from Bob and Gunhild Ladouceur which had been built with lumber that they had in camp the winter before. Hansons, in those days, had also done some summer logging; they were situated in Charlie Lindell's yard, in the Berrymoor district. So this little 10 x 24 foot shack was home to us for quite some time. The following spring, we moved it onto N.W. 20-47-3-W5 which had earlier been owned by Mr. and Mrs. Bob Hill. Gunnar's parents had bought this land for him before we were married as they had done for all their sons previously. I might add, that we still live on the same farm. We built a bedroom onto this little house, thus making it do us for a few years as our family (Linda, Shirley and Lenora) grew.



Winter 1942-43. Nels Hanson hauling hay with Gunnar's team, Babe & King.



Nels Hanson skidding logs, winter 1946-47. Linda sitting on horse, King.

Before we were married, Gunnar had bought himself a black team of horses, Babe and King, from the Wetaskiwin area. Nels used them for choring around the farm and hauling hay, etc. The winter of 1942 and 1943, Nels and Verma lived on Hanson's farm, doing chores while everyone else went to the bush camps. In the spring of 1943, Babe became sick and died; Gunnar was able to replace Babe and matched King quite well — the horse was named Jack.

Gunnar worked for Charlie and Dave Ringborg on their farm during spring work and harvesting in the fall, in the years 1944, 45 and 46. He quite often walked to work as the horses weren't always that easy to catch.

Our only mode of transportation, when we were first married, was by team and wagon; he took pride in his team and kept them curried and well trimmed. Anyway, there came a day when we decided that there had to be a faster way of travel.

We boarded the bus for Edmonton (Mr. Ed Collins was driving at that time) and we ended up at Lyon's Motors. Low and behold, we bought a 1928 Essex and thought we had really done something! It didn't take us long to realize that we had just bought ourselves a lot of trouble! We started home with it and got as far as Calmar when the radiator sprang a leak. Yes, that was the start of a great number of things that happened. When the motor went, we ended up putting an Oldsmobile motor in it; mercy, what a sight — there was a six to eight inch space between the hood and the radiator. Yes, that was an Essex car, but believe me, that wasn't the only name it got. We went to town with it many a time, but never once did it get us home. We generally ended up walking the last mile or so, carrying the girls, groceries, etc., and many a time it was on a Saturday night after a show and sometimes it was pouring

We always went to camp every winter, with the exception of one or so winters. If my memory serves me right, I think it was the winter of 1944 and 1945 that Verma and I stayed on Nels and Verma's farm to do the chores. Gunnar and Nels would come home Saturday night and do up jobs on Sunday that we weren't able to manage; then they'd drive back to camp Sunday evening. Harold, Stewart and Linda were just little tykes.



Nels and Verma Hanson, Harold and Stewart, in front of cafe they owned in 1947.

A year or so later, Nels and Verma bought the restaurant which is now Tommy Wong's. Verma hired Lorna Webster, Annie Dick and others to help her during the winter, and Nels still went to the

camp to help with the logging. Nels, Gunnar and Elwood Huntley skidded the logs for the sawmill that winter with Harry Huntley's team and Gunnar's. They were all big horses, half Belgian and half Percheron. Water wells were quite often a problem in the camp and it seemed as if there would be only enough water for cooking, so that meant melting snow part of that winter for the skid horses to drink.

In the spring of 1947, Gunnar's parents planned a trip to Sweden. They always kept quite a number of chickens and shipped eggs. So we moved to their place for the summer to do their chores. This is when we decided we had to get a more dependable car. We went to Wetaskiwin Motors and bought a 1942 Chevrolet; it was our pride and joy.

In the fall of 1949, Mother and Aunt Margaret (Mrs. Webster) went to Ontario to visit relatives. They didn't plan to return until after the New Year. Lorna Webster was going to prepare Christmas dinner for her dad and brothers so she asked us to join them. We appreciated the invitation very much as it was a nice break to come out of camp a few times a winter. At that time, we were driving a 1947 Chevrolet half ton truck. That evening, after supper, we started back to camp. When we almost got to Frasers' Camp 34, our lights went out. So Gunnar had to open his window and try to follow the tracks (there were no graders then, so like I say, there were just tracks to follow). Every so often there were places along the road where you could get off the tracks if you met another vehicle or lumber truck. It was a very cold night and the snow was deep. We had the girls wrapped in a blanket (Lenora was a baby on my lap). Shirley had fallen asleep beside me, but Linda was very much wide awake and realized, full well, the trouble we faced though she never uttered a word. It wasn't long before the truck quit completely, so now what? We couldn't just walk away and leave it because if someone else came along, they would never be able to get by us. So we waited, getting colder by the minute. We knew that Hans and Dorothy and Carl and Lena had also come out for Christmas, but we had no way of knowing if they had already gone back to camp. There we sat, peering through the trees (it was quite light with moonlight), hoping to see headlights coming — a minute seemed like hours. But at last we saw the lights. What a wonderful sight! It was Frank Cox; he was on his way back to Frasers' Camp 32. The girls and I got into his nice, warm car; we were so thankful he came along. We towed the truck to our camp. We were most grateful to be home. Abe Freeson was out at camp that winter and he met us with his lantern and helped us into our shack with our tired girls. I have often thought of this episode over the past thirty years and realize how wonderful it is that there are so many kind and thoughtful people in the area.

In the spring of 1950 we moved a house from the Antross area that we bought from Ted and Ann Grzyb, and had originally been built and owned by Charlie Kunsman. We built a porch on at the back door; this was home to us for many years, or at least until the summer of 1968 when we built a Nelson home.

We still went to the bush during the winters for a few more years. Linda didn't start school until she was seven years of age as there was no school bus running till then. When we moved to camp in November, Gunnar's dad would drive all the children of school age to Alder Flats School.

In the summer of 1955, Reg and Verma Carson and Gunnar and I bought Mrs. Hellum's cafe (on the same lot as Gaylene's restaurant is now); we

called it the "Dew Drop Inn" cafe.

At that time, Jim Clark had the Imperial Oil Bulk Station, so in August, Gunnar and Bob Ladouceur each started driving his fuel trucks. They were kept very busy as the oil boom was on. Gunnar drove for Mr. Clark for five years and then sold out to Bob Nielsen.

In 1939 Gunnar got his first accordion which he learned to play by ear. For many years he played for dances. Linda and Shirley were both active in 4H and also took part in the grain club and the sewing club.



Gunnar and his accordion.

All three girls were a great help on the farm — baby sitting the younger ones, Harlen and Lorraine, handling hay bales, driving the tractor or whatever we went out to do.

For a few winters in the early 1960's, after his folks quit going to the bush, Gunnar sawed lumber for various lumber mills such as Revelstoke Lumber at Rocky Mountain House, Carl Zanders and Fred

Negraiff at Lodgepole and others, too.

In 1962 Gunnar bought his dad's D 2 caterpillar and did custom breaking for farmers for a couple of years. In the summer of 1964 he traded it for his first backhoe which was on cat tracks; this didn't prove to be too successful as it was too slow to move from one job to another. So he traded it for his first J. D. rubber-tired backhoe. Since then he has had different ones. At one period of time, he had two backhoes, thus requiring hired help.

In the late 1960's, Gunnar bought a mobile steamer from Don Noyes and Roy Young. He would backhoe in the summer and steam in the winter. He

kept the steamer for four years and then sold it to Bill Saubak.

In 1970 Gunnar became interested in obtaining a grader for snowplowing and blading oil companies' lease roads. Since then he has acquired a couple.



Gunnar Hanson family. Standing, Gunnar, Muriel, Harlen. Seated, Lenora, Lorraine, Shirley and Linda, 1974.

Since the late 1960's, Gunnar has had part-time hired help up until October 1975. It was then that Harlen started working with and for his dad, both on the farm and in the construction business. Harlen and his family have their own trailer in our yard.

Linda and her family have their own home in Breton. Shirley and her family rent an apartment in Leduc. Lenora and her family own half a duplex in Penticton, B.C. Lorraine and her family live west of Breton on Donald's dad's farm.

At the time that this history book is printed, or perhaps I should say to October, 1979, Gunnar and I are the proud grandparents of thirteen granchildren. Our eldest daughter, Linda Marie, married Bill Saubak in 1963; they have three daughters and one son - Sandra, Neil, Linnea and Shawna. Shirlev Dianne married Lorne Remy in 1966 (now divorced); they have one son and two daughters -Randy, Michele and Nicole. Lenora Jean married James Rohl in 1968; they have one son and one daughter — Ronald and Rhonda. Noreen Ingrid was born on December 21, 1952; she developed spinal meningitis and we lost her on March 17, 1955. Harlen Gunnar married Wendy Meinczinger in 1976; they have a son and a daughter — Tyler and Kristina. Teresa Lorraine married Donald Smith in 1976; they have two daughters — René and Kyla.

As I sum up our history, Gunnar and I look back over our thirty-six years; we surely have had some hard times but we've had good times, too. So I suppose if we had it to do over again, we would quite likely follow the same pattern. We can certainly appreciate that we've enjoyed good health.

- MURIEL HANSON

THE JIM HORVATH FAMILY

My dad, John Safranka, came from Kisanna, Hungary to Bruce, Alberta in 1927. On March 23, 1933 my mother, one brother, one sister and myself joined Dad. I was fourteen years old and the oldest in the family. I went to school in Bruce and learned to read and write English. I had one sister that was born in Canada two years after we came here. My mother passed away after we had lived in Canada for four years. She was forty years old.



Jim and Anna Horvath, 1966.

My father met Julius Horvath while working in the coal mine at Drumheller. Mr. Horvath had come from Hungary and had settled in the Breton district, N.W. 17-48-3-W5th, in 1928. Mr. Horvath had a son, Jim, who was 26 years old; I was nineteen. The two fathers talked the matter over and arranged for Jim and I to meet. (They also arranged for our marriage.) Well, to tell you the truth, Jim came to Bruce, twice by bike, to see me, some 120 miles one way. The mile long Gwynne hill, east of Wetaskiwin, was a tiring climb for Jim and the bike which slowed his progress considerably. He came to see me about three times by bus. We were married on April 10th, 1939 at Bruce. Jim and I took the bus to Breton. Jim's father met the bus with his team of horses at the corner just before the railroad crossing, about a mile north of Breton. Our honeymoon started by picking rocks on the field, as it was time to put the crop in.



George, Jim, Paul, Julius, Johanna Horvath, young Robert standing in front of Jim.

We lived with Jim's parents for four years. My first child, Ann, was born in 1941. Jim rode to Breton on his bicycle to get Mrs. Weymouth who used to be a mid-wife whenever medical help was not obtainable. My second child, Jim, was born in 1943, at the University Hospital in Edmonton.

In 1943 we moved to our homestead, S.E. 12-48-4-W5th, a mile south of Jim's parents place. We lived in a small log house which was intended for a chicken house; due to circumstances we used it for our living house. We lived in this log house for four years and had very little money. We paid \$35.00 for a second hand stove that was bought from the Jamieson Hardware. This stove was an old stove and Mr. Jamieson said, "you take it and pay for it when

ever you have the money."

Jim Norquay was a good friend of Jim's and when he moved away from the Funnell district, we took over his cattle. Jim had no money so we paid him later. This is how we started in cattle. We milked six cows and lived on cream cheques. To start clearing our land, we brushed it with axes. Later, when we could afford it, Jim hired a brush cutter and we cleared 3 quarters of land. By this time our third son, Alex, was born and we now had built a frame house. This house was livable compared to the small log house. We still did not have electricity and we still had the wood stove we had bought from Jamieson. My husband and I worked very hard to have what we had accummulated. No doubt, our fathers arranged a good marriage.



Jim Horvath on the binder and his dad, Julius.

Our only entertainment, when first married, was a radio from Macleod's. During spare noon moments, I enjoyed the "Soap Operas," Pepper Young's Family, Ma Perkins and others.

We depended on Jim's bicycle to go places as we did not have a car. In 1945 our crop of clover, and the price for it, was very good. Now we felt that we could afford a car. It took Jim a week to shop around before he bought one. During the war years, there were not too many good used cars obtainable.

Our son, Jimmy, got lost when he was 18 months old. While we were making hay, Jimmy strayed off into the dense brush from Grandma's custody. When he could not be located by evening, our good neighbours and the R.C.M.P. joined in the search throughout the night. The following morning, the R.C.M.P. radio broadcasted the lost tot and also arranged for their dogs to be brought in from Edson to aid in the search. However, before

the dogs arrived, Jimmy was located about 10 A.M., asleep in a brush pile into which he had crawled. What a relief!

Frank, the youngest child, was born in 1948. We built a new house in 1962. In1966 my husband, Jim, passed away from a heart attack, while taking the crop off in the fall.

The oldest daughter, Ann, married Burnel Shultz in 1959. They have three children, Rick,

Diane, and Kathy; they live in Leduc.

My son Jim is not married and lives in Edmonton.



Jim and Anna (holding Frank) Belgian immigrant, Julius Horvath, children Annie, Jim and Alex. Late 1940's.

Alex was married for four months to Beverly Platz when he passed away in an automobile accident.

Frank has one daughter, Donna, from his first marriage. He married Linda in 1976 and she has two boys, Sheldon and Darren; they live in Edmonton.

— MRS. ANNIE HORVATH

BILL HINDS FAMILY

The spring of 1973, Bill, then living at Chestermere Lake, Alberta (short distance east of Calgary) decided this was the year we were going to get a farm. During the two weeks of holidays in August, we headed for Warburg. Clark Landgraf had purchased a farm there a short time before. While in Warburg, looking at signs, possibly leading us to our farm, I saw someone whom I thought might be a farmer and asked if he knew of any places for sale. "Yes, my neighbour, Tom McKittrick, has a quarter and he lives here kitty corner to the Lutheran Church." That night we camped at the Warburg Camp Ground (incidentally it froze) and the next morning we looked up McKittricks who were glad to show us their farm at Alsike. As a result of talking to someone who looked like a farmer, Buster (Frank) Owens, we moved onto S.E. 34-48-4-W5 on April 12th, 1974. We will always appreciate the help Leonard Heinrichs gave us; they insisted the children and I sleep there that

night and Anthony and Leonard helped unload the trucks.

Our children are; Sonya Jane born March 1st, 1963; Cheryl Kim born January 16th, 1965; Kevin William born January 21st, 1967 and Nelda Alberta, born May 2nd, 1973. We are active in the Norbuck 4-H Multi Club and the United Church School. December 1976, we purchased Buster Owen's farm; Buster continues to live on the farm. Like many others in the area, Bill works out winters, at present as a mechanic at Sunshine Ford in Drayton Valley.

- Anne Hinds

VANT AND ETHEL HAYES

I grew up on my parents' farm, N.W.½-4-49-4-W5th, in what is now known as the Alsike district. Floyd and Elizabeth Hayes were one of the many early Negro settlers in this area called Keystone; other early settlers included my grandparents, William and Mollie Hayes, uncles and aunts.

I remember attending the Saskatoon Valley School, a one room log building, which my father and other men of the area built. Dad was on the school board. Mother named the school after the Saskatoon berries which grew in great abundance. We either walked the 2½ miles through the bush or took the two horses, which sometimes included the sleigh during winter.

In later years, the school burnt down and we attended school in a nearby farmer's house, the Turner's home, for two years before a larger lumber building was finished, complete with a full base-

ment, 1½ miles north of us.

During autumn, we would take our .22 rifles to hunt grouse as we walked to and from school; we also hunted during the lunch break. Spring meant muskrat hunting on a nearby lake a half mile away. Along with the 'rats', we hunted squirrels for spending money.

As a family, we worked together in the field, at chores or whatever else had to be done. During my early teen years, I also helped on the threshing crews, usually with our team of horses. One year I worked for awhile at Calmar pitching grain bundles to help buy my school supplies and clothes.

On April 18, 1959, in Edmonton, I married my wife, Ethel, who had grown up at the West Coast. Later in the year, we moved to Ladysmith, on Vancouver Island, where I worked in a large sawmill. Our daughter, Peggy, was born at Ladysmith in March, 1960. We returned three years later to Alberta. In 1964 we moved to a quarter of land, bought in the Alsike area, and are still living there.

The quarter was covered with trees and a trail had to be cut out from the road to our building site. We carried lumber in by hand to build a small house on the high hill. A log barn was put up for a few

chickens, three heifer calves and a dozen sheep. We cleared some more land by axe and power saw and later had a cat come. From our high hill we have a 'million dollar view' of the surrounding countryside and often see the lovely Rocky Mountains along the horizon.



The huge silvertip grizzly bear shot in 1964 on the Vant Hayes farm at Alsike.

Soon after moving to this quarter, I shot and killed a huge silvertip grizzly bear which was bothering our sheep. As far as we know, it was and still is, the first grizzly shot in the area. Cecil Ellis, with his trail hounds, helped track the wounded bear. The bear began charging us but fortunately it was shot and killed. It was a struggle for four strong men to carry and to drag the grizzly from the bush. The bear's head now hangs from our wall as a reminder.

- VANT HAVES

WALTER AND ANASTAZIA HALUSZKA

Walter and Anastazia Haluszka were both raised in a village called Wetlien near the town of Yaroslavl in the Ukraine.

The onslaught of the Second World War brought them both to Germany. There they were married and had their first child, Mary. During the years that they lived in Germany, Walter owned his own shoemaker shop.

In March of 1949, Walter came to Canada; six months later, Anastazia followed with Mary.

In Canada, Walter worked for the Canadian Pacific Railway and later worked for his brother, Mike, and several other neighbors.

George Buchanan was working in camp and his wife, Dorothy, stayed in town so they offered Walter

and Anastazia their house to live in; in exchange they had to take care of the stock. Since they couldn't afford to buy meat they ate porcupine. Not knowing how to use a gun and never having used one before, Anastazia went out and shot prairie chickens off the roof of the house.

Walter stayed for a few months and then went to work up North. Anastazia had to feed a cow and her calf and one heifer. The Buchanans wanted to move back to their house in the spring, so they moved a small shack into their yard. Anastazia moved into the shack and built shelves and made the shack liveable.



The house moved from their first farm to the home farm. Beside the house is their first car.

Walter returned from work and they rented a farm for one year. This farm had a house, a barn and a few other small buildings. There were ten acres of land cleared on this farm.

In 1950 a second child, Steve, was born. The same year they bought two horses and a wagon with the money Walter earned up North. George Buchanan gave Anastazia the calf she raised while she took care of his farm. They cut pulpwood and earned money to buy a cow and a plow.

The next year they bought the farm for \$1400.00. They bought two cows, ten pigs and fifteen chickens and also exchanged an accordion for three calves and one horse. Anastazia planted a garden and learned to store the vegetables through the winter. Being unable to read, they bought seeds and a package of yeast. The yeast looked like seeds so they planted it and waited for it to grow. Later they realized that it was yeast.

In 1951 they bought another farm, as a homestead. At the time a homestead was purchased for five dollars, with a stipulation that so much land had to be cleared every year and 8% of the crop had to be given to the government.

In the fall of 1952, Steve (approximately two and a half years old), followed a kitten into the thick forest and got lost. His parents and neighbors and the police searched for him for eight hours before Anastazia finally found him.

In 1953 they progressed enough to buy their own tractor and more equipment to go with it. That

June they had another addition to the family, a son, Alex.

With a lot of work they managed to buy a car, an old Model T, bought for seventy-five dollars from John Banas, an old farmer.

During this time their oldest child, Mary, had to live in town with Edith Shave to be able to go to school as the farm they were living on wasn't close

enough to a school bus route.

In the fall of 1954 they purchased another farm on the main road to Breton, for \$920.00. They moved the house from the other farm and in April of the following year a daughter, Helen, was born.

Their farm consisted of cattle and grain during their first years of farming. Their crops got hailed out five years in a row, making it very difficult to

raise the few cattle they had.

In the ensuing years and with many more hardships, the farms slowly expanded. By this time the family had expanded to five, the latest addition being another son, Ben.



The Halushka children on one pig, 1958.

For several more years, Walter kept expanding his ownership of farms. In April of 1960, Anastazia gave birth to twins, Ivor and Terry.

In the year 1965 the family had grown to a tidy sum of eight children and by now had acquired four

quarter sections.

Now that retirement draws near, they have managed in the past years to start with nothing and finish with several hundred head of cattle, about one hundred and fifty pigs, six horses and several years of good crops. They have also managed to purchase all new equipment and accumulate six farms.

Their eight children have grown and most have left home. Mary married Mike Nedbaluk; they have two girls, Charlotte and Cynthia, and are living in Edmonton. Steve married Karen Lamour; they have one boy, Bradley, and are living on their farm



The home farm and some cows, 1962.

at Buck Creek. Alex is single and living in B.C. Helen married Ed Larsen; they have two boys, Jason and Barton, and are living on their acreage southwest of Breton. Ben, Ivor and Terry are single, working on the rigs and have as yet no permanent residence. Raymond is living at home and is still attending Breton High School.

— HELEN (HALUSZKA) LARSEN

MR. & MRS. THOMAS S. HUNTER

Mr. Tom Hunter was born on April 16, 1881 in Providence Bay, Manatoulin Island, Ontario. He came West in 1904, where he settled in the Stuart district, east of Olds, Alberta. He went back East where he took his bride, Jessie Clark, on January 12, 1909. In February of the same year, he came back West, returning to his homestead.

On January 22, 1910, their first child was born—John Frederick Hunter. In the fall of 1910, he sold his homestead and moved to a rented farm in the same district. On June 10, 1911 another boy was

born — George Donald.

They then moved to the Olds district where he began farming again. There, on July 12, 1914, Thomas William was born, and on April 13, 1916, Lillian Mae was born. He farmed here for four years and then he took a job with the Alberta Farm Cooperative and moved to Oyen, Alberta; there, he became a foreman.

On June 7, 1918 another boy, Roy Clark, was born. They then moved to Barons in June, 1919. That same year, Gordon Alexander was born on December 29, 1919.

In 1929, they moved to Bentley, Alberta here they farmed for 12 years; later in the year of 1935, they moved to the Wenham Valley district and he continued farming. Then in the fall of 1949, they moved once again, taking a farm one half mile south of Breton. There they resided until their passing.

In the year of 1959, my father and mother celebrated their 50th Wedding Anniversary and all

the children attended.

Mr. Tom Hunter passed away October 5, 1963, at the age of 82 years. His wife, Jessie, passed away on March 13, 1969, at the age of 88 years.



Tom and Jess Hunter, 50th Wedding Anniversary. Standing, George, Tommy, Lily, Gordon, John, Roy. Seated, Tom and Jessie.

They encountered many hardships, farming and raising their children. The farming was all done by horses in those days, and Tom Hunter was still farming with horses until his passing. The farm, today, is owned by their eldest son, John Frederick Hunter, and it is still being farmed.

— JOHN HUNTER

ELLIS HOOKS

Ellis Hooks was born in the community of Sharpes, Oklahoma, U.S.A. He came to Canada as a child of 5 years with his parents. After spending his first year of school in the city of Edmonton, Alberta he went with his parents to a homestead in the community of Keystone, now called Breton, where he spent the rest of his school days.



Ellis Hooks, 1946.

From the time of his school days until late in life, he was always very active in sports. After growing up, he took a homestead for himself during which time he continued to work in the sawmill for many years where he became a sawyer and steam engineer. In all this time, he stayed active in sports especially in baseball until the time he lost his right arm in an accident with D.R. Fraser Lumber Co., Breton, in 1945. After that time, he kept more to the improvement of his farm.

From the time of his young life until he lost his right arm, he was very fond of music. He formed an

orchestra of his own and played for many dances and concerts throughout the communities.

After the oil fields came in 1950, he spent a good portion of his time working there and working the farm. In the year 1965, he left the farm and moved to the city where he obtained work in his own trade as a steam engineer. He continued at his trade until retirement.

He is now one of Breton's pioneer senior citizens living in the city of Edmonton, Alberta.

THE HUGH IMPEY STORY

Hugh and I were married in 1930 and came to live on a farm one mile south of Breton. It was a very cold January and the snow was very deep.

By the middle of February the snow had gone down a lot and Hugh was able to haul logs to build the barn. That spring we bought some milk cows and were able to ship cream, which was a fair price. In the fall we bought some more cows. But then the depression hit and prices really dropped. The railway also went through to Edmonton so now we could take the cream in, in the morning and not the night before. From then on, there always seemed to be men walking the track looking for work in the mills but they, too, had to say no to so many. The men were grateful for a meal or would work a few days for board and then drift on.



On the highway to Edmonton, June 30, 1929.

Our nearest doctor was Doctor Hankin in Thorsby and due to poor roads and few cars, that seemed a long way. We were fortunate to have Mrs. Baynes, a very capable nurse, nearly as good as a doctor. I once yawned and dislocated my jaw but in less than a minute she put it back.

We had two sons born in the thirties. The road was so bad when Buddy was born that Dr. Hankin couldn't drive his car over it. So the C.P.R. gave permission for the land car to be used on the railway. It wasn't the snow that was so bad but the deep frozen ruts.

By this time we had a nice herd of milk cows and had broken more land, but the money was very scarce. The mill used to take some meat and so did some of the workers. A dressed beef sold for \$25 and dressed pork from \$4 to \$6 at that time so we didn't seem to make much money. We also had sheep and the lambs sold for the price of one roast now. However, at that time a \$5 bill bought a big box of groceries, not a small bag like now. We were all in the same boat so it really made it easier.

Wild life was plentiful and we were able to get fish sometimes from the creek. In many ways, we were not too badly off here.



Tommy and Buddy Impey, 1945.

One dark, cold night, a completely exhausted hunter arrived at our place. A party of hunters from eastern Alberta had gone out west to hunt. Somehow in the morning, he got separated from the others. He wandered around all day and finally saw our light and struggled in. He decided then and there, no more hunting for him!

Taxes were low and of course in those days, one could work part of them off. Hugh was secretary for the school; then, the total cost of running the school was about ten per cent of what the lowest paid teacher gets now. In spite of this, we still had a hard

time getting the money.

At first we farmed with horses. One of the first teams we bought, we got from Eatons, (not by catalogue) so Eatons lived up to their word that they could supply anything! Also they were very satisfactory. Later we bought a Fordson tractor and like the mule, it went when it wanted and stopped the same way. So towards the end of 1938, we purchased a new rubber tired Massey Harris. Many of the farmers predicted we'd be having endless trouble with rubber tires, but they proved wrong. We certainly enjoyed something that we could rely on and did not have to crank, crank, and crank! So passed the ten years of the dirty thirties.

In 1940, Hugh enlisted and in 1941 went overseas. We hired Ole Olson to help on the farm. Our oldest boy started school that fall but late in September we went to Calgary where Hugh was, to spend some time near him. Unfortunately, Tommy developed ear trouble and spent nearly a month in

the hospital, so we were there until early December. We then went to Innisfail and stayed with my mother until Tommy was fit to have his tonsils out. In January, Hugh went overseas and on the first of March, we came home. Buddy was able to resume his school work.



The first breaking on Hugh Impey farm, 1931.

We had a very active W.A. and Red Cross. The Red Cross sent a parcel to every local boy who was overseas at Christmas; we knit socks and pullovers, and raised money by card parties, dances and teas. We really did well! When the War ended, the Red Cross met any bride who came out before her husband returned. In this way of people couldn't get in to meet her, she was made to feel welcome.

In the fall of 1945, Hugh returned home. His boys had really changed and grown. Buddy was now

in grade VIII and Tommy in grade IV.

In 1947 we were able to buy a truck and in spite of bad roads, enjoyed it very much. During the next ten years, we sold milk in Breton and Hugh got the agency for North West Fertilizer. We purchased another ¼ of land and then went into beef cattle.

As for social life, the F.U.A. was organized and many of us recall with pleasure, the fun we had at the card parties and the meetings. But the meetings were not all fun as we tried to get men out to give us talks on subjects farmers could appreciate. The hydro came in and now we could have the fridges, electric irons, washing machines and so on. The farmers organized for the rural telephones which have proven to be such a convenience.

Oil was discovered and many farmers got wells. Also the roads improved 100%, farms were cleared and Breton grew and prospered. A curling club was formed and the first few years were most enjoyable as everyone was so enthusiastic. The rink building was cold and so were the curlers but it really didn't seem to matter; I guess you swept to keep warm!!

Our boys decided to go out working as wages were good. Buddy worked for a surveying crew and liked it, so went to a college in Calgary to take his course and now, along with two others, has the biggest surveying company in the North. He has two boys and two girls. His oldest boy is taking mechanical engineering at the university and the

second boy is taking surveying at S.A.I.T. in Calgary. Tommy worked for Dowell and became a field engineer. He worked abroad for awhile in Argentina, Lybia, Venezuela and England. When his oldest boy had reached school age, he then decided to return to Canada. He went farming and now lives $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles N.W. of Breton.

While Tommy was in Venezuela, we took a trip there. When we left in January, it was 20° below and a cold wind was blowing. Upon our arrival, the temperature was 70° above with a delightfully balmy breeze! We stayed two months and enjoyed it very much. The people led such different lives, never in any hurry to get crops in or off.

For the last few years, Hugh has had trouble with his legs due in part to an injury from overseas, and later having his kneecap put out. So we decided to sell the farm. We built a small house in Breton

where we now reside.

Nora Impey

JAMES (JIM) IMPEY FAMILY

Our parents, James Frederick Impey and his wife, Elizabeth (Betty), arrived in the Breton district from Nairobi, Kenya in the fall of 1932 with three children, George, May and Effie. They came to join Father's parents, two sisters and three brothers who had arrived two years earlier.

They settled on a farm southeast of Breton which was called "Craigie Burn". They had four more children, Betty, Annie, Mary and Jim.



Elizabeth and James Impey, Effie, May and George, 1931.

The children attended school at Antross which was a small one-roomed school where they had the best Christmas concerts. I can remember Mother getting us all ready for the big event. We girls all had rag rollers in our hair to make curls. Money was in short supply but we always managed to get a new outfit for the concert. We would all bundle up and ride to the school in the horse-drawn sleigh with warm bricks and flat irons at our feet to keep warm.

Coming home was a little colder as by this time the irons had cooled off. But we didn't notice it so much as we all had received a gift and a candy bag from Santa.

We raised sheep on the farm. Mother would use the wool for knitting socks and mitts. She also sold several pairs during the winter to men working in the lumber mills at Antross. Father had a truck and he did some trucking around the district.

Father passed away in October, 1940. Mother then married Mike Block and raised three more children. She passed away in March, 1966. All their children are still living — some in the Breton district.

George was in the Service during the War; he is married and lives at Breton with his wife and one son.

May lives in the United States and she has seven children. Effie has three children and lives in Slave Lake, Alberta. Betty has two children and lives at Breton. Annie has one child and lives in Vancouver, B.C. Mary has four children and lives in Ft. McMurray, Alberta. Jim has two children and lives in Drayton Valley, Alberta.

I'm sure our parents suffered many hardships but they left us many happy memories.

— Betty (*Impey*) Williams

RICHARD ING FAMILY

Richard, Louisa Ing and family came to the Antross district in the spring of 1934, settling on the S.W. 18-47-3-W5. Taxes were too high where they lived in the Ardrossan district near Cooking Lake, so they decided to try homesteading and joined his brother, Jim, who had already moved to this district.



Floyd Maine and Violet Matthews, Ing's log house.

We came in a covered wagon and because roads were so bad, the horses couldn't pull it up the Sunnybrook hill. Mr. Stone came with a team and helped us up the hill. We stayed at his place and rested our horses so we could continue our journey.

We moved into a log house which was on the homestead. There was a small creek just below the house where Mother put her milk and cream to keep them cold. We walked 3½ miles along a logging road to the Antross school. This school was built with lumber donated by Anthony's and Ross Lumber Co. Miss Hinds was teaching at this time.

Antross had a post office with Frank Reid as Postmaster. For our groceries, we went to Breton eight miles away or to Duncan's at Norbuck. Dad grew a large garden and sold some of the produce to the lumber camps. The wild berries were plentiful, which we picked and Mother canned.

Some of the early neighbors were John Biro, Jim Impey, Victor Hanson, Rolf Hansen and Jake

Neutzling.

Fires were plentiful in the spring and one came so close that Dad had to backfire around the buildings. The furniture was loaded onto a wagon covered with a tarp and was pulled to the middle of a plowed field. The cattle were chased to Jim Impey's for safety.

There was no herd law in those days and I can remember going to find the cows for milking, not knowing which direction to go first as the cattle

would travel for miles.



Logging camp southwest of Breton, 1940.

In the winter of 1939-40, my brothers, Walter and Charlie, George Buchanan, and Floyd Maine had a logging camp southwest of Breton, for Anthony's. Mamie Maine, Violet, and I were the cooks. The men built a cookhouse, bunkhouse and a barn out of logs. The timber was cut with crosscut saws as there were no chain saws in those days.

Mother and Dad sold the farm and moved into Breton where they lived for a few years. As they



Mr. and Mrs. Richard Ing, 50th Wedding Anniversary.

were both getting old and there was no hospital built here yet, they sold out and moved to Wetaskiwin. They celebrated their 50th Wedding Anniversary in 1963.

My parents had six children. Marian Ledgett lives in Wetaskiwin, Walter and Ann Ing in Breton, Charlie at Whitecourt, Dorothy Buchanan in Breton, Ray and Violet Matthews at Norbuck, and Evans and Myrtle Carson at Clive.



Mrs. Louisa Ing, Walter, Dorothy, Violet, Myrtle, Charlie, Mr. Richard Ing.

Dad passed away in Oct., 1967. Mother stayed in Wetaskiwin for awhile and then moved back to Breton. She now lives in the Good Samaritan Nursing Home in Stony Plain. She celebrated her 94th birthday on December 12, 1978.

DOROTHY BUCHANAN

ALFRED JACKSON SR.

In the early 1900's, young Alf Jackson of Staffordshire, England came to Canada where he worked at odd jobs and travelled around the country. One of the jobs he had was helping to lay track for the C.P.R. in the Rocky Mountains. But he soon decided such work was not for him and he returned to England.

On August 2, 1909 Alfred Jackson and Nellie Farmer were married in their hometown of Staffordshire. Three children were born to them — Alfred on April 28, 1910, Doris on Sept. 12, 1911

and Daisy on December 13, 1912.

But Canada was still a big attraction so in 1913 they, with their three small children, again crossed the ocean. They settled for a short while in Nova Scotia before coming west.

Their first home was at Taber, where Mr. Jackson did the brick work on the Taber Hotel. Here, too, another child, Stanley, was born on

September 12, 1915.

The Jacksons acquired land south of Grassy Lake which they farmed and also soon opened up a coal mine. One of the setbacks while there was the loss of their home and all their furnishings by fire. The only thing saved from the fire was a small

hand-operated Singer sewing machine, which could be reached through a broken window. This machine, by the way, was still usable when it was burned in the fire at Wilfred Huntley's at the end of 1978.

While on this farm, more children were added to the family — Dennis on October 26, 1916, Helen on July 27, 1921, John on July 29, 1924 and twins, Elsie and Donald on November 12, 1925. Elsie passed away in just a few weeks. Doris remembers what a nice birthday present she got when Stanley was born on her birthday. And both Doris and Daisy were so pleased when they got a real live doll to play with, their baby sister, Helen.

What with farming, mining and a house full of youngsters, they can recall many memories, some happy, some sad, but all interesting. One time Alfred set his dog to guarding Mother's broom and the dog wouldn't let her have it until Alfred came

home and took the dog off the broom.

Early in 1926, the family moved to Halkirk to try farming there, and stayed only two years. As Mr. Jackson said, he was dried out at Grassy Lake and drowned out at Halkirk. So their final move was to their homestead, S.E. 15-48-4-W5. They arrived in the Funnell district in the spring of 1928, with the

five younger children.

Mr. and Mrs. Jackson were both active in community affairs for a good many years. Mr. Jackson was a member of the school board, Alberta Wheat Pool, U.F.A., etc. He could turn his hand to many things such as, brick laying, mining, farming, carpentering and he made clothes of all kinds on that little sewing machine, and could always enjoy a good book when it came his way. It is interesting to note that Mr. Jackson crossed the Atlantic, by boat, 13 times before World War II.

Mrs. Jackson helped her neighbors in many ways through the years, acting as midwife or nurse



Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Jackson Sr., 50th Wedding Anniversary, 1959.

on many occasions, as there was no doctor nearer than Thorsby. She had an uncanny ability of predicting the weather quite accurately. She was well known for her hospitality and many a cup of tea was enjoyed by friends waiting to catch the bus at Jackson's corner, instead of driving into town. She was a charter member of the Funnell Mothers' Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Jackson celebrated their 50th Wedding Anniversary on August 2, 1959 at the Funnell Community Centre with their family and friends.

Mrs. Jackson passed away on November 12, 1959 and Mr. Jackson on September 5, 1962.

The family they left are; Alfred married to Lucille Fenneman, now retired to the village of Breton. Their children are Ernie, Corinne and Richard. Doris, married to Earl Church and living in Botha. Their family consists of Lois and Larry. Earl passed away and Doris is now married to Jack Epp. Daisy is married to Chris Forbes and they lived in England until the War was over. Their children are Mary Jean and Douglas. They retired to Kelowna.

Stanley married Olive Lupton at Courtenay, B.C. He bought the home place, and when he sold it, he kept an acreage and now keeps bees. Their family consists of Barbara, Norman, and twins, Patrick and Pamela. Dennis married Louise Carson and they still live on Vancouver Island. They have a family of two boys, Gordon and Wayne. Helen married Wilfred Huntley and they moved to Mayerthorpe, where Wilfred drove the bus to Edmonton for many years. And "you better believe it", he has stories (lots of them) about his bus driving days. They are still farming. They have a family of three boys, Ronald, Terry (deceased) and Randy. John married Jean Erickson and they are living at Botha. Their children are, Sharon and Scott. Donald married Helen Kugyelka. Their farm is the quarter originally homesteaded by Mr. Dick Funnell for whom the district was named. Their children are Susan, Donna, Chris, Michael, Kenneth and Robert.

All these descendants live in Alberta and B.C.

— LUCILLE JACKSON

HISTORY OF DONALD & HELEN JACKSON & "6" PLUS "MORE"

Seeing as Donald came first onto this Alberta soil He arrived Nov 11/25 just so his Mom and Dad could toil

For he came into this world only at two and a half pounds

Not a scream, not a cry, not even a sound

Everyone thought he would never make it for the next new moon,

let alone ever be fed with a spoon

For small, small he was

An eyedropper was used to feed him whenever his stomach would buzz

He was little, he was always carried on a pillow He grew slowly at first and then like a willow At two and a half the family moved by wagon all the way from Grassy Lake

Up to Breton so I'm sure Donald wouldn't get eaten by a snake



Donald and Helen Jackson, 25th Wedding Anniversary, Nov. 5,

At five he wouldn't stay home from school Mother would look for him, but her he couldn't

She'd follow him and find him pretending he was

All because he had memorized the Little Red Hen

So at five off he went to school with sister Helen and brother John

Always a smile, never a frown

If Donald was bad and wouldn't behave,

Mrs. Westling always said Helen could flatten him with a wave.

As time went by and Donald grew bigger and taller Three other boys his age and not much smaller Were always together, never alone,

All the folks around would say, "Here come the big four" with a moan

Bill, Theo, Harvey and Don

At first you'd see them, then they'd be gone Off to the swimming hole or to play ball, But only after their work was done by one and all.

Work at home was always there, he had to get it

Because by this time all his brothers and sisters were

Poor Donald had to do it all alone Cows and pigs were on the snort

When it was all done, Donald could come in and report.

By this time I was at a teenage stage

And had started looking around for some hard working guy to page.

And whenever we went by the Jackson Farm You knew that flying shovel was attached to Donald's arm.

I was born at home in Calgary, dark eyes and hair Signs of Hungarian gypsy blood could be seen there We moved up to Breton Country when I was six A skinny, scrawny girl and scared of the sticks

We were both very young, my brother, Johnny and I We didn't go very far 'cause we were both very shy To the north of us lived a family by name of Arnolds To the southwest was Big Mr. Zam He was a person so kind and gentle as a lamb For children he loved dearly and always had a treat To us he was a giant of a man and we'd all follow at his feet.

To the south was Norville McGhie and Mrs. Funnell She was a tiny talkative woman only around five feet

Much of the land was not yet settled or had been

And people left maybe for something better.

Both Donald and I had our schooling here at Funnell

And in our work we both did quite well. Then came the time for courting, dancing, shows and lots of fun

We'd walk for miles to every one.



Four generations, George Kugyelka Sr., Helen Jackson, Michael Jackson holding granddaughter, Kelly.

The Year of 1949, Nov 5th we were wed Off on Saturday morning to Thorsby we sped My mom, Alfred and Lucille Jackson and Don's

The car was packed so our Dads couldn't come

We were married between one and two p.m. And away we went again We checked behind after about a mile There came the preacher with a smile The registration we had forgotten to sign Alfred had suspected something funny at the time. We move into our little home on our farm It had belonged to the first white settler Dick Funnell

We were quite lucky, new furnishings and even a dug well

At first the water was quite stale but after new cribbing

and abit of digging, water came up very clear in the pail.

The years went by as we cleared the land of roots and rocks

I believe we even wore through our socks We always thought we had picked them all Until the ones we missed, the combine got in the fall.

Then in the year of 1953, we were mama and papa to be

She was born July 30th, we named her Susan Marie In 1955, May 4 a blue-eyed miss came with the rain We called her Donna Elaine

The bridges washed out below Alfred's hill Susan was carried over the wash-out at three in the morn'

Why do they always pick wee hours to be born?

Then two sons came along, Christopher John in 57, Jan 29 to be exact

Storming and blowing, the weather still had its knack.

Michael Wayne was born in 1958, May 21 was his birthdate.

We thought maybe we had hit the end But wait! In 1964 came Kenneth George, 1965 came Robert Glenn.

Now we had our family of six Lots of noise and lots of tricks



Jackson family - Christmas 1967. Standing left to right, Michael, Donna, Susan, Chris. Seated, Donald holding Kenneth, Helen holding Robert.

All six have attended Breton Elementary and Breton High

Kenneth and Robert still have a few years to try.

Susan teaches at Grande Prairie High, grades ten and eleven. Donna married two years ago to Peter Nordby and is a secretary in Edmonton. Chris is employed in Edmonton and is married to Janie Gladstone and they have one son, Derek Curtis. Michael is employed in Edmonton as well. He married Sandy Laiss and they have one daughter, Kelly Anne. Kenneth and Robert are in grades 9 and 8 respectively. We became foster parents quite a few years ago so our home is always full, never a bore and it seems there is always room for another.

Our home still sits on the NE 22-48-4-W5, the original Dick Funnell homestead. We take great pride in all our children. The little ones that come and go will never be forgotten, for they were ours while they were with us.

Our love for each and everyone of you will always be with you.

— MAMA & PAPA JACKSON

THE STAN JACKSON FAMILY

Stanley Jackson was born at Taber, Alberta and moved with his folks to Breton in 1928.

In 1933 he travelled to Vancouver Island and was employed in a logging camp for a number of years. In 1935 he married the former Olive Lupton of Courtenay, B.C. Their family, Barbara, Norman and twins, Pamela and Patrick, were all born at Comox, B.C.



Mr. and Mrs. Stan Jackson.

In 1945 they moved back to the Breton district where Stan took over his dad's farm. When they arrived in Breton on the train in September, it was snowing and raining. Jacksons met them at the station with a team and a big steel wheeled wagon and the mud was halfway up the wheels. Alberta nearly lost one new resident right then — if there had been a train heading back to beautiful B.C., Olive would have been on it.

Stan farmed for 27 years and also was employed by Canada Cities Services for a number of years.

The children attended Funnell School until they were bused to Breton in 1954.

In 1956 Barbara married Art Stephenson and they now live on a farm at Alsike and Art works for Canada Cities Service. They have three girls, Linda, Marilyn and Cheryl, and one boy Kevin.

Norman married the former Donna Herman and they live on the quarter behind Funnell School where Norman runs a sawmill. They have two girls, Brenda and Karen, and one boy, Douglas.

Pamela married Leonard Regenwetter and they live near Buck Creek and run D.V. Datsun in Drayton Valley. They have two girls, Tammy and Robin, and one boy, Terry.

Pat married the former Phyllis Ladouceur and they now live in Mayerthorpe where Pat runs the Paddle River Gas Plant. They have two boys, Darren and Marc.



The Stan Jackson family. Standing Pat and Norman, Seated, from left to right, Barbara, Mr. and Mrs. Jackson, and Pamela.

In 1972 Stan sold the farm, keeping 46 acres in the northeast corner of the home place. He built a new home and that is where they presently live. Stan has built several homes in the area in recent years and now keeps bees for a hobby.

Stan and Olive have twelve grandchildren and

one great-grandchild.

KARL JENSEN

Hans and I, Karl, and approximately fifty other people, sailed from Denmark to Halifax, Nova Scotia in 1926. From Halifax, we traveled to Winnipeg. The group split up at Winnipeg where Hans and I, who were seeking adventure, traveled to Wetaskiwin and from there to Bittern Lake. We worked our way farther west but found it hard to communicate because neither of us could speak English.

In the fall of 1927, we arrived at Breton and began working at Anthony's sawmill for forty dollars a month plus room and board. In 1932 I left Breton but came back in 1937 and married Winnifred Niceue. We had two children, Roland and Kenneth.

I joined the Army in June, 1942 and was sent to Camrose and then overseas to Scotland. I was with the Forestry Corp for a year; then I came back home and didn't go back overseas until the spring of 1944. Two weeks after D Day, we landed in France. Being a trucker who hauled ammunition, I traveled through France, Holland, Belgium and Germany. When the War terminated, I was in Germany.

I came home in February of 1946 and went back to work for Les Anthony, then later worked for D.R. Fraser Lumber Company. We purchased our farm, S.E.-28-47-4-W5, in 1947. Later Winnifred and I had two more children, Stanley born in 1950 and Allen in 1954. Before going overseas, we had built a frame house on an acreage on the northwest corner of Frank Ried's place. During the War, my wife sold the house to Gordon Hough; then she bought it back from Gordon and moved it to Adair's place. When I returned from overseas, we had the house moved to the farm.

The first year on the farm, the crops froze. We were hailed out for four consecutive years. In later years, I seeded the fields to hay and kept a few milk cows. I worked at many different jobs. Then finally I received my War Veteran's Allowance. In 1975 I sold the farm to my son, Kenneth, but unfortunately I lost my Veteran's Allowance.

At present, I live in the Breton Hotel. I am a member of the Breton Golden Age Club and the

Warburg Legion #205.

Hans never married. He served in the Army in Denmark for two years. He also served in the French Foreign Legion in Africa for five years. Hans worked at many different jobs, but spent most of his time working for D.R. Fraser. Hans passed away in August, 1968.

KARL JENSEN

ALFRED ELLIS JACKSON FAMILY

Alfred Jackson and Lucille Fenneman started life together in June of 1935, and their honeymoon was the trip to their new home at Courtenay, Vancouver Island. The trip was made in a 1928 Chev and as we were in no hurry, it took us nearly two weeks. Cherries were ripe in the Wenatchee Valley, and in Steven's Pass, between there and Seattle, there was still snow on the roadsides.

Alfred was working as a logger in the Douglas fir woods, one of the higher paid occupations of the time. His wages were \$3.20 a day for a nine hour day, six days a week. What with too much snow in the hills in the winter, and fire season in the summer, loggers only worked six to eight months a year.

Our first trip back home to visit our families was in 1938. By this time, we had two year old Ernie and baby Corinne. Our car at this time was a Ford Coupe and Stan and Olive came with us in their Chev Coupe. When we got to Ma-me-o it was about 5 p.m., so we decided to drive straight through. It had rained a little and the roads were one long stretch of grease (it even sounded like grease on the tires). We managed to pull into Jackson's yard a little before midnight. We had a wonderful holiday with our respective families and a last-day-of-school picnic and dance. When it was time to leave, it was a drizzly day so we weren't going over that road again. We went by Sunnybrook to Kavanagh. That was a mistake. They were building new grade for quite a few miles on the east end of the road. We were sure glad to see the gravel of Highway No. 2, sometime in the middle of the afternoon. Gas for the trip to Breton cost \$12.45 and for the return trip the cost was \$15.25.

Our next holiday in 1942, was fairly uneventful. Because of the War, the trip was made entirely in Canada. At the toll house at Lytton, B.C., Alfred didn't wait for his change, so when we stopped there on the way back, the attendant handed him an envelope with the change, all addressed to Courtenay in case we didn't return that way.

Wages in the logging industry were still good. Alfred was then making \$9.51 for an 8 hour day by the end of the War. But we were ready for a change. In 1945 we bought land from the Hudson Bay Co., N.W. 26-48-4-W5, and moved back to Breton to try farming.

Because of gas rationing at that time, we got here by the shortest, easiest route possible. When we got here the snow was all gone but the weather was still cold. As we left Calgary on Monday morning, our radiator froze up. B.C. drivers, in those days, didn't use anti-freeze.

We arrived at our farm in the afternoon of V E Day, May 7, 1945. On the farm was a quite liveable log house built by Mr. Rudolph Zotzman, the first owner of that particular piece of land. Log houses have their own insulation, so it was cool in the summer and not too cold in the winter. We heated our house with wood in an airtight heater, so it had to be replenished at least once every night. Our log house had plastered walls inside. We lived in it until 1959.

After the War, clearing and breaking land was done by caterpillar with a bulldozer, so it was much easier for us (than for our parents) to add a few more acres for production. But we still had to pick roots by hand, and we thought of the whole operation as hard work.

One summer afternoon in the early 1970's, a couple of elderly men drove into the yard. They were from Vancouver. One said that as a young immigrant from Germany, he had worked for Mr. Zotzman. He said he helped to clear land and to

build the log house. He was quite surprised and pleased to see the house still standing. Anyway he asked for a hammer and permission to go in and look around. He pried off a board high up on the west gable and removed an old wallet. In it were his important papers (birth certificate, naturalization papers, etc.) and some money. It had remained in its hiding place for 42 years. I'm sorry to say, I have forgotten this man's name.

The same as many of the other farmers in the district, Alfred worked at a variety of jobs for the oil companies, when oil was discovered in our area. As farmers, we had a little bit of everything — grain and clover seed when it was a really good price, hogs, milk cows, feeder cattle and chickens. As the years went by, we cut down to just grain farming and hay. We sold the farm in 1974 to Walter Albers.

I arrived in this district with my family in 1927, and the Jacksons in 1928. We have seen many, many changes. Grandmother Jackson told me one time she had lived from the days of candles for light to fancy electric table and floor lamps, and from cooking in pots over an open fireplace to electric ranges. She told me this at the time she was watching a micro-wave oven demonstration.

Our three children were all born in B.C. — Ernie on April 6, 1936, Corinne on February 17, 1938 and Richard on October 20, 1943.



Alfred Jackson (Jr.) Family. Lucille, Alfred holding Richard, Ernie and Corinne in front.

Ernie is married to Edith Textor. They live in Edmonton where Ernie is employed by Northwest Utilities. They have two boys, David and Cameron.

Corinne married Bill Winick, and they, too, live in Edmonton. Their children are Penny and Wayne.

Richard married Gail Wade. They live on an acreage east of Calgary. He is employed by Core Laboratories, Calgary branch. Their children are Brian, Darcy, Deanna and Carla.

The things we most appreciate now is to have a doctor in our town and to have roads without mud holes. So many times we had to take the tractor with us for the first mile, because the car just couldn't

make it through a couple of mud holes.

We are now retired and living in our mobile home at the south side of Breton. This land was originally owned by Sam Hooks.

- LUCILLE JACKSON

STEPHANIE KANDA

I came from Poland to Austria and from Austria to Halifax in 1948. I found everything different from my homeland. I was very lonesome and because I could not speak English very well, it was hard to get others to understand. My journey from Halifax took me to Winnipeg, Lacombe and finally to Norbuck. The slow, slow train from Lacombe to Norbuck, took almost all day. I stayed with Mrs. Kanda in the log house. On June 27, 1948 John and I were married in Winfield at the Catholic Church.

We later moved to the home quarter and lived in a frame house. Times were very hard. We hauled water from the creek for washing clothes, which I washed on a scrub board. I didn't mind it because most of my neighbors did the same thing. Our drinking water was taken from the spring. John dug a well after awhile, which was about twelve feet deep, but it usually went dry in the winter.



Stephanie Kanda, our first car after we were married.

My cooking was done on a coal and wood stove we borrowed from Mr. Grzyb. Then John bought a cook stove at the hardware for around a hundred and fifty dollars. My, was I proud of my new stove! We used flat irons to iron clothes and I made most of our clothes on a treadle sewing machine.

We always had a large garden and lots of potatoes. The potatoes were cultivated with a cultivator pulled by a horse. We picked wild fruit, much of which was canned for the long winter months. I canned vegetables and meat also. Rabbits were plentiful and so were wild chickens and other game. Sometimes we had porcupine and once, some bear meat. Fish was also a part of our meat supply,

some of which I canned. Mushrooms were plentiful so I canned them too. There were no fridges or deep freezes, in those days, so canning was a way of preserving food for the long cold winter days.

We had four children, Marie, Anne, Terry and Nick. I remember once, when the children were small, Terry and Nick were playing with matches by the strawstack and accidentally set it on fire. When the neighbors heard about the fire, they came from all around to help. Clint Gardener even came with his cat. We were trying to save the barn which had just been built. With the help of friends, we managed to save the barn. Everyone helped one another in those days.



Flood caused by beavers damming Poplar Creek. Annie, Marie, Terry and Nick Kanda.

I recall one evening, relaxing in the kitchen, after we had picked two tubs of blueberries. The berries were in the porch. A friend came over to visit and while he was walking through the porch, he stumbled and stepped in both tubs of berries. Needless to say, many of the berries had to be thrown away.



The John Kanda family. Left to right standing, Terry, Annie, Marie, Nick. Seated, John and Stephanie and their first grandchild.

It was a real delight when we got the power and in 1967 we had a telephone put in. My, how times have changed. Our children, who took all of their schooling in Winfield, are now grown. Marie, the oldest girl, after finishing school in Winfield, took hair dressing. She is now married and has two girls. They live in Edmonton. Anne, Terry and Nick aren't married yet, but I think wedding bells will soon be ringing for Anne.

The year after I came to Canada, my dad and two younger sisters came from the old country. My sisters stayed with us for awhile, but they soon got jobs and moved away. My brother came also and he went to school at Antross. Dad stayed with us for approximately five years and helped around the farm. Then he, too, moved to Edmonton where he lived until he passed away in March, 1973.

DANELDA AND BILL KANDA

I was born in Janow, Poland on September 27, 1928. Christened Deonina, my name later was changed to the English version, 'Danelda', when we came to Canada. My father, Stephan Grzyb, came to Canada in the spring of 1928, and I was born that fall. My first meeting with him was at the Antross railroad station in November of 1932 when I was four years old. It was a meeting I don't remember, but from the things my parents and brothers have since told me, it seems I was terrified of him. Though why I was afraid I don't know, for a gentler man I've never known.

I have no memories of Poland at all, except for one little girl that I apparently played with. There was also a swing we played on that our brothers had made.

My earliest memories really begin at Antross. They are a mixture of lumber piles, logs, trucks and the sawmill. The horse-drawn loads of lumber were used to ride on going to school as far as Ross' siding by the railroad tracks, where the planer was. There was Poplar Creek where we used to swim in the summertime and skate in the winter.

Of our first house in Antross, I don't remember much except we did have a tame weasel there. The house later became Frank Reid's store and post office and a stopping-off place going to and coming from school.

The few months we spent in Mark Anthony's house were fascinating for me because of the stairs and banister, although they did scare me. My brother, Eddie, much to his disgust, always had to go with me whenever I wanted to get something from upstairs in the dark. Later, when Mark Anthony brought his family out from Edmonton, we moved to another house in the same yard. His three girls were my first playmates since they lived so close.

To get to our house, we had to cross Poplar Creek. A small foot bridge had been built. But the way we liked to cross best was running across the creek on the logs that were bunched together ready to go up the chain to the sawmill. It was a forbidden

thing, by our mothers, but we did it anyway until we got caught. Needless to say, quite frequently we fell in. Jumping from lumber pile to lumber pile was another pastime. Thinking back, it's a wonder that we didn't all break our necks.

There was a big logging hill that the huge trucks came down with their loads of logs from the bush camps. You guessed it — the kids' favourite sleigh riding hill. But we would post lookouts along the hill. "Truck Coming!" meant get out of the way.

I started school at Antross in January, 1934 even though I had just turned five. Because 'one more' pupil was needed to make a total of seven to qualify the school for a teacher, I was sent to fill a seat. Miss Frances Hinds was my grade one teacher. Luckily, I passed grade one at that tender age and was on my way through school.

Every year at school we had Christmas concerts which were always a lot of hard work, but great fun. Mrs. Mark Anthony was a great organizer and was largely responsible for the success of our concerts. They always consisted of songs, drills, plays and dances. Of course, a visit from Santa Claus came with the singing of "Santa Claus is Coming". Jimmy Steel made a wonderful Santa. My mother was kept busy each fall sewing costumes for the concert.



Danelda Grzyb, Antross, 1936.

We later moved to the flat across from where Roy Peterson now lives. There my parents were able to have a few head of cattle, pigs and chickens. Dad worked at the Antross sawmill. For extra money, my parents sold milk. One of my brother's and my duty was to carry quarts of milk to customers on the way to school. On the way home, we picked up the bottles and money (5¢ a quart). We even had evening deliveries. At first we had to walk 2½ miles to school around Antross. Dad cut us a path through the bush coming out at Ross' siding which cut off about a mile. He marked the trees with an axe so we wouldn't get lost, until we had made a good trail.

At that time our cattle grazed free and looking for them was one of our chores after school. My brothers usually looked for them; but by the time I was nine, I had to look for them, too. The cows had their favorite grazing spots, but sometimes you had to cover them all before the cows were found. A girl friend of mine, Valeri (Florence) Burba, would go with me. Her folks' cow was originally from our

bunch and they were always together. Usually we found them, but sometimes if they were lying down, we would miss them and eventually my brother, Eddie, would be sent to find us while my parents milked the cows.

Our Saturdays usually meant a train ride to Breton, seeing a show at Nelson's Hall and then walking back down the tracks to Antross. We really looked forward to the big treat that was included — the famous nickel ice-cream cone.

Mom did a lot of wild fruit canning. I can remember picking saskatoons, blueberries and raspberries. The blueberries were so plentiful that my brothers and I quite often went a half mile from home to pick enough for a Sunday dinner of perogy. Then there was the famous quarter near Wenham Valley called 'The Old 28', where raspberry picking was so good that half of Breton would be out. Many a water pail was filled until a bush fire put an end to it all — probably the same one that almost burned down the Antross School in the late 1930's.

Here on the flat, I got my first glimpse of the Kandas. I remember them coming through our yard on their way to Antross or Breton.

In the spring of 1941, we moved to the farm one mile south of Breton that my father bought from Charlie Orlean. The thing that sticks out most in my mind about that move, is the very pregnant pig that my mother and I walked all the way from Antross to the farm.



Haying on the Grzyb hay field, John Kanda, Bill Kanda and Eddie Grzyb, 1944.

In the fall of 1942, Dad built a new barn. Complying with the wishes of the people who kept asking, from foundation up, he put on a barn dance. The stomping of many feet to the tunes played by Gunnar Hanson and the Wold brothers, proved the venture a success and a good time was had by all even though we had beer bottles to dispose of and also had to restook a whole field the next morning.

I finished grade seven in Antross and went to Breton to complete grades 8 and 9. The four years on the farm before I was married, are memories of hard work but also of fun as a teenager — picnics, weiner roasts and dances in Breton. Harvest was always climaxed with Mr. Ringborg's threshing machine pulling into the field followed by all the neighbors with their horses and hayracks. Those were the days when everyone prayed for good weather and sighed with relief when the granaries were full.

Bill and I were married on January 26, 1947. Bill was born in Murzwice, Poland; he came to Tofield, Alberta with his mother in 1927. His dad was working in the coal mines there. They came to Breton in 1932.

Most of our wedding guests had to come by sleigh. As we were married in the Winfield Catholic Church, we packed the guests, like sardines, into the few available cars and got them to the church through the snowdrifts. The wedding party came back in style in Billy Anthony's LaSalle for the tour through Breton.



Danelda and Bill Kanda and father Augustus Hickey, wedding, January 26, 1947.

After we were married, we lived on Bill's farm — S.E. 15-47-4-W5. Bill's mother gave us six head of cattle for a wedding gift which he promptly sold and bought a 1927 Chev from Ben Flesher for \$300. I guess we weren't meant to have that car because we had nothing but problems with it, including its sale three months later in Edmonton and getting a \$175.00 cheque that promptly bounced. By the time we got legal action on it, the man was already in prison for a similar offense. When our turn finally came, we had lost the cheque. A lesson well learned!

That first winter, Bill and my brother, Ted, cut pulpwood in the bush. It was a wet and cold job. In the spring of 1947 we rented Julius Horvath's farm. We lived there in a house on their yard for the summer. Bill put in long hours seeding and moved back to our farm, 5 miles from Breton. Since we had no transport of any kind, we quite often walked to town, up the railroad track, on a Saturday. My dad would drive us home after the show at midnight.

The fall of 1947 saw Bill going to work for Fraser's in Breton. He would stay the week at camp, then come home for Sunday. As the weather got colder, my well kept freezing up. As we were expecting our first child, I moved to my parents' place where we remained till the end of winter. Our daughter, Caroline Mary, was born January 19, 1948.

In the spring of '48 we moved back to our farm. Bill got a Cockshutt tractor and a plow with his Army gratuities. We acquired a cow from my parents which promptly had twin calves. As well, we bought another cow and a team of horses and wagon, plus some pigs and chickens. With a small baby on my hands, I was kept busy while Bill was doing the field work. Our trips to Breton were either with the horse and wagon or on the tractor, baby and all. Quite often, I would put the baby in the carriage and walk the 1½ miles to Frank Rath's store at Norbuck, where I did some grocery shopping, My biggest undertaking that summer was putting on a wedding reception for John and Steffanie Kanda in our home on June 27, 1948.

Bill continued working at Fraser's while I stayed at home. While the weather was warm, he commuted with the tractor. But when it got cold he again stayed in camp, coming home weekends. The winter of '48-'49, the weather got so cold my well froze right up solid till I couldn't chop it out anymore. Bill or my dad would bring me a barrel of water from Dad's, which I used sparingly for drinking and cooking because it had to last until the next weekend. In order to water the animals, I had to melt snow. Soon I had no more snow in the yard.

About this time, the Breton-Winfield highway was moved from its original place. It had gone past our farm but was moved to about a mile east. This really isolated me.

In May and June of 1949, I had a temporary boarder. Antross School was still struggling for



The Kanda family. Danelda, Bill, Paul, Billy and Caroline, 1956.

survival and that year a young university student, Lillian Diamond, came to school for her intern teaching of two months. She took over from Mrs. Mockerman. Lillian walked the mile and a half to school, which she didn't mind. However, Ole Olson's cattle, wandering loose, used to terrify her. In 1950 I had another girl, Irene Mundy, from Sunnybrook. During the winter of 1949-'50, Albert Hanson was making coal doors near our place and I boarded his crew for the winter.

About this time, Bill bought an old threshing machine at Millet. Once he established a threshing crew, he did custom threshing. Two years later he sold it and bought a new one which John Hough

eventually bought.

July 25, 1950 saw the birth of our son, William Stephen. That winter when Bill went to work for Fraser's, we took the horses to his mother's and the cows to my folk's. We moved to a small house on Pearson's and lived there for the winter. After collecting our animals that spring, we realized that we had a decision to make.

Carol was reaching school age. Antross School had finally closed, never to be reopened. I spent all summer in correspondence with a Mr. Wingblade (Social Credit member in Wetaskiwin) to see if there were possibilities of a school bus. No luck. The following winter, I stayed at home on the farm since we now had a 1950 Fargo half-ton and Bill could commute to Fraser's. With talk of them shutting down in a couple of years and with no school in sight, we either had to board Carol out for ten months of the year or move. So the decision was made to move.

During the summer of 1952 we sold all our animals. In the fall Bill went to Edmonton where he worked two months for Nick Schmidt's trucking with Peter. Then, in November, he started working with the C.P.R. as a switchman. Not being able to rent a house, the children and I stayed with my parents until December. On December 17th we were able to buy a little house in the Ritchie area of Edmonton. Our second son, Paul Alexander, was born January 11, 1955.

When Carol started school, one of her favorite stories was about the coyotes howling on the farm. Of course, none of the kids knew what she was talking about. We were still debating whether to return to Breton or not. But in 1956, the house on the farm mysteriously burned down so we decided to permanently settle in Edmonton and bought the house we are in today. In 1957 we sold our farm to Billy Adair for \$2000.

Bill is still with the railroad but as a yardmaster now. Our children are all grown with families of their own.

Caroline is a school teacher. On October 9, 1976 she married Ted Bernas, formerly of Rochester and Nestow, Alta. They have two children, Raymond and Tammy.

Bill Jr. is manager of an Edmonton Auto Parts

Shop. He married Karren Benson on August 18, 1973 and has two children, William and Azure. As a coincidence, by marriage he became related to Harold Huntley whose father is Elwood Huntley, formerly of Breton. Karren is Mrs. Harold Huntley's cousin.

Son Paul married Ruby Mattheis of Edmonton on August 25, 1975. They have one daughter, Selena. He is a train engineer on the C.P.R.

Although Edmonton is now our home, we still look forward to July 1st and New Year's Eve when we can go out to Breton and associate with all the people we used to know. In fact we still refer to Breton as OUR HOMETOWN.

— DANELDA (NEE GRZYB) KANDA

THE PROKOP KANDA FAMILY

Prokop Kanda was born in 1888 of Ukrainian parents in Murzwice, Poland. In his youth he spoke both Ukrainian and Polish fluently. As a young man he worked in Russia and South Africa, where he learned to speak Russian and English. He then served in the Army on the Italian Front, now learning some Italian.

In 1916 Prokop married Anna Cham. During the first years of their marriage, they lived in France



Anna and Bill Kanda's passport, 1927.



Kanda family, 1929. Prokop and Anna, holding John, Bill standing.

where Mr. Kanda learned to speak French. When he left the Ukraine to emigrate to Canada, Mr. Kanda could speak six languages quite fluently — Ukrainian, Polish, Russian, Italian, French and English. Leaving behind his wife, Anna, and their three children, Mary, born in February of 1918, Mike, born March of 1921, and Wasyl (Bill) who had been born March 18, 1924, Prokop left for Canada in 1925.

Prokop travelled across Canada, working at various jobs and places. Eventually, he settled at Tofield, Alberta where he started working in the coal mines, all the while improving his English. Two years later he sent for his family.

But only Mrs. Kanda and their son, Bill, came. Mary and Mike had died from scarlet fever during the two year period Mr. Kanda was gone. Anna and Bill arrived in Tofield the spring of 1927 when Bill was three years old. Here they lived in a small shack at the edge of town where Mrs. Kanda was able to keep a cow and some chickens. A son, John, was born June 26, 1928. Bill started school in 1930. Another son, Pete, was born on April 15, 1931.

In 1932, Prokop applied for a homestead land at the land office in Edmonton. He was given N.E. 14-47-5-W5th. This brought him to Breton where he met George Delitzoy, who took him out to see his land. They walked the twelve miles because there were no roads, just timber. By the spring of 1933, Mr. Kanda had bought a team of horses and a wagon at an auction sale. A man from Breton who was to be their neighbor, Stanley Lovinikaitis, went to Tofield and drove the horses to Breton, with Mrs. Kanda, John, Pete and all their belongings going by C.P. Railway. They had to go from Fraspur on the

old logging road which was the only way in. Mr. Kanda continued working at the mines. Bill stayed with him in Tofield, attending school until the end of June. They came out to Breton for the summer, returning to Tofield for the 1933-34 school term.



Kanda family, 1934. Mrs. Kanda, Mr. Kanda. Front row, Peter, John and Bill. In front of first home.

In April of 1934, Mr. Kanda came to Breton for good, leaving Bill in the care of friends at Tofield so he could finish grade four. At the end of June, Bill came home for good, taking the bus to Edmonton where he got on a 12 passenger bus driven by Pete Nikiforuk. They reached Calmar where the bus broke down. Bill was taken to Leduc where he boarded the train for Lacombe and then to Antross where he was met by his mother. This ended Bill's formal schooling, although he kept up his reading in English from magazines he got at sawmills later on. Many years later when he was living in Edmonton, he finished grade nine through adult courses.

Life was hard then in the Thirties. All the land had to be cleared by hand, grubbed, and stumps pulled out by horses. The buildings were all built by hand from logs. The small sawmills started to come in and trails were opened up. But, they were so bad it was quite usual to see Bill and Mrs. Kanda walking to Fraspur, Breton or Antross, packing cases of butter and eggs on their backs because the wagon couldn't get through the mud. They sold much of the garden stuff to Fraser's, and Mrs. Kanda bought the few things needed at Frank Rath's store at Norbuck. Once the sawmills opened the roads to Antross, they had another selling spot.

They had gone into cattle. Mr. Kanda and the boys had to cut hay with scythes. Then came the drying and stacking. Mrs. Kanda also got handy with the scythe. God had blessed her with good health and the strength of a man. It was quite a common sight to see her fixing fences or grubbing trees. Much of the hay was cut along the roads to the logging camps and Mr. Kanda often spent the nights in the hay for next day. Later they rented the school section which made haying easier.

Their first harvesting was done by hand. The crop was cut with the scythes and the bundles tied by hand with the grain itself and then stooked. Then it was threshed by hand with a flail. Bill remembers them doing up to sixteen acres that way. Gradually they started to buy machinery at auction sales.

The boys spent a lot of time hunting squirrels, which was another source of money for them. Bill's first good suit of clothes was bought with money from squirrel skins. They also hunted wild game for meat as all the cows were kept for milking and steers were sold for money. They were milking up to twenty cows by hand (cream being a main source of income), and shipped several cans of cream a week. At first the cream was settled at the top of the milk and then poured off. Later on, a Vega cream separator was bought from Eaton's catalogue. The

pigs were fed all the surplus milk.

Road conditions always plagued them because they were always bad. Culverts would be washed out and had to be fixed before they could get to Breton or wherever the Kanda's were going. I can remember one instance when my mother and I were going to pick blueberries at their place. We had all gone to the show in Breton, then at midnight were going out to Kanda's place. It was so dark that the horses were feeling their own way. Finally, they just stopped because the wagon had gotten hung up on a stump in the middle of the road. Bill untied them, left the wagon there and we all walked a couple of miles. He went back and got the wagon in the daylight the next day.

By the late 1930's, health problems began to plague Mr. Kanda. Gangrene had set into his foot and the operations began. First his big toe was amputated, then his ankle, next his leg, and finally his other leg. In three years he had had five amputations and was confined to a life in bed. But he stayed on the farm and was never left at home.



John and Peter and their father Prokop Kanda, 1944.

When Mrs. Kanda and Bill went anywhere in the wagon, Prokop was always taken along so he could visit with people he knew. He was often seen sitting on the wagon in Breton talking to friends and neighbors. Often Bill or Mrs. Kanda would carry him on their backs into the hotel so he could have his glass of beer. Later, when they could afford a wheelchair, life was a little easier for him.

John and Pete were always left at home to do the chores and seldom went away from the homestead. Their cattle were still running loose and it was always a chore trying to find them in the bush.

By 1940 Kandas had bought two farms at Norbuck for \$500 each. S.E. 15-47-4-W5th belonged to Harold and Louise McIntyre and the other, N.W. 2-47-4-W5, to Fin and Marg McNab. The McIntyre farm was eventually Bill's and the

McNab's farm was John's.

Bill joined the Army on April 15, 1941 but was discharged September 11, 1941 because he was underage. He then rejoined on June 6, 1943 when his call came through. Bill was in the service in Canada until March 20, 1946. During these years, Mr. Kanda was spending quite a bit of his time in St. Joseph's Hospital in Edmonton. Whenever Mrs. Kanda came to see him by train from Breton, she would walk from the south side C.P.R. station to the hospital, visit him, then walk all the way across the High Level Bridge to Jasper Avenue. Then she walked down to 97th Street where she would stay with friends, near where the north side Army & Navy Store is today on 103rd Avenue. Next morning she would walk the same way back to the station for the return trip to Breton.



Peter, John and Bill with their mother Anna Kanda, 1961.

With their mother's help, John and Pete were now doing all the farming on all three quarters. Pete spent a year at Steve Grzyb's place while he went to grade one at Antross. Then Mrs. Kanda moved to the old McNab farm at Norbuck so Pete could go to school at Antross from home, and help farm too. He finished grades 2 and 3 there. They still did all the haying for the cows out west. When the boys were haying, I used to go to Norbuck on the bike and help Mrs. Kanda milk cows in the evening. They were fenced in now which made finding them easier. We milked about twenty-three cows by hand and it took us about two hours. The milking was done outside, and if the cow decided to go for a walk, well, the pail and I just had to follow. The odd ornery ones had their back legs tied though until we were through.

Bill and I (Danelda Grzyb) were married on

January 26, 1947 and went to live on McIntyre's old farm. Mr. Kanda didn't live to see us get married. He died on January 6, 1947 just three weeks before our wedding. John was married on June 27, 1948 to Stephanie Bossack, who had been brought over from the Ukraine by Mrs. Kanda. She had worked for Stephanie's grandparents in the old country.

After John was married, Mrs. Kanda went to Telfordville where she did some housekeeping. Peter stayed with us for awhile, then moved to Edmonton where he first worked in carpentry. Then he went into trucking with Nick Schmidt, a one-time resident of Winfield.

After three years, about 1950, Mrs. Kanda and Mike Frankewitch came back to the old homestead, which Mike had bought from her. They started farming again in earnest. They bought section 8-47-4-W5 for Pete in the 1950's, but he had gone into trucking seriously. Pete had purchased his own truck and formed the P.K. Trucking Company. He married Mary Guy on May 24, 1957. He was quite involved in stock car racing and was one of the original administrators of Westwind Oval. His one truck company ceased to exist when he met an untimely death on May 11, 1971 at 40 years of age. His truck was hit by a train in Edmonton. He left behind his wife, three adopted daughters, Joan, Gwen, and Shirley and his own daughter, Helen, and a grandson. Helen, in turn, was killed a year later on Thanksgiving Day, October 9, 1972 at the age of 15. She had been involved in a car-truck accident near Brooks, Alberta. Pete had sold his section to John Babiak.



Anna Kanda, Mike Frankewitch, Anna's 80th birthday, Aug. 8, 1972.

Bill, Danelda, and family moved to Edmonton in 1952 where Bill started to work on the C.P.R. They have three children — one girl and two boys.

Mike bought S.E. 14-47-5-W5 from Mike Baroluk. Anna Kanda and Mike farmed until about 1960. After years of handling horses, Mrs. Kanda had an accident. One day on the townline, a truck passed their wagon causing the horses to bolt, throwing Mrs. Kanda out of the wagon. This left her badly crippled. She has walked with a cane ever

since, gradually getting worse. They sold the farms to John Babiak about 1962 and moved to Calmar where they first bought a small home. They then bought a larger one where they lived about ten years, until Mike died of cancer on October 9, 1973.

John and Stephanie have four children. John was bartending in the Breton Hotel along with his farming, and had bought several quarters. He eventually bought a share in the Breton Hotel.

Mrs. Kanda lived on her own for a year after Mike's death. Then, after a period of time in the Breton Hospital because of a diabetic coma, she

lived with John for about two years.

On July 4, 1976 Anna Kanda at the age of 84, had a kidney removed. After the operation she lived with Bill until September, 1977. At that time she entered the Parkland Nursing Home in Leduc where she is still living. Anna will be 87 years of age on August 8, 1979.

— DANELDA KANDA (NEE GRZYB)

THE FIRST FAMILY IN MOOSE MEADOWS

Pete Kanda, senior, came to Canada from the Ukraine in 1925, because of political unrest. Mother came over a year later with my brother, Bill, who was about a year and a half. Pete and I, John, were born in Canada. Dad worked in the coal mine at Tofield for a number of years. Two men contracted the loading of carloads of coal; it was hard and

dangerous work.

In 1933 we homesteaded the N.E. 14-47-5-W5. We came to the homestead in the summer, but returned to Tofield for the winter for the first year. In the summer of 1934, Mom, Pete, and I stayed on the farm alone. Bill stayed and went to school in Tofield that first year. In the winter, a man stayed on the farm to look after things while we were in Tofield. When we finally moved to Antross, we had two cows and three horses plus a few other animals. The wagon was piled high with household effects and other necessary belongings; a water can was tied on one end of a large trunk and we children had to ride in the back of the wagon. I can remember the water can kept hitting me on the head. I was only about five years old.

The house at Antross was a fairly large one room log building. Some men built it while Dad was working in Tofield. We also had a hand-dug well about 20 feet deep which supplied us with water.

One summer day, Mother had to go to Norbuck alone to get the mail and some groceries because Dad was working in Tofield. She took the axe with her in case she met any bears. She locked us in the house because we were too small to go and she was afraid we would wander into the thick bush and get lost if we went outside. While we were trying to put some wood in the stove, the stove lids fell into the

firebox. We were so frightened; the house was getting full of smoke, and fire was shooting out of the stove! Fortunately, our neighbor, Stanley came by. He got the key, opened the door and put the lids back on the stove.

Our house was in the middle of a dense forest. Dad thought that if the trees were big and tall, the land was good for farming. The first Moose Meadows was one and a half miles away from the house. The cows ran free there. Our parents would go there, milk the cows and bring the milk home. The meadows were southwest of Eugene Poholka's residence. When the meadow was leased, Dad often cut hay with a scythe and coiled the hay. While haying, he would stay in the meadow overnight and Mother would take lunch to him while he was working. Dad was crippled and found it hard to walk back and forth. Once he stayed in the meadow all summer while he was haying.

Times were hard; we sold eggs and butter and shot rabbits — the hides were worth 1½ cents each. One winter, Dad broke his leg while he and my brother, Bill, were working for Karl Johnson. Later Dad and Mr. Beluik cut wood for Fraser's.

Often it was so muddy, our trails would be impassable. If one trail couldn't be used, we would use a different one to go to town. Often big logs would be across the road that would prevent our journey.

Once, while our parents were away, the chimney caught on fire. Bill carried a dipperful of water up a rickety ladder and put it on the fire. Finally, help came. Soot from the green wood that was burnt during the winter, often caused chimney fires.

Antross School was six miles away and often in the winter when the weather was too cold, we couldn't go to school. Our home, like many others, was lighted with coal oil lamps. Later, we had a gas

lamp which was quite an improvement.

One time when we were on relief, we had to clear a right of way and also cut and burn the bush as payment for supplies given. Then the R.C.M.P. from Breton came out; he found seventy-one sacks of grain that had been flailed, and some canned wild fruit in the cellar along with vegetables we had grown, so our relief was cut off. Dad was badly crippled by this time and was certainly unable to work.

About 1936, we got our first radio; the batteries were ordered from Eaton's. Once I went to town to get the batteries. I walked down the track and on the way home the batteries seemed to get heavier with each step, but there was no way I would leave them. I almost killed myself trying to carry them home.

One Sunday, Herman, Pete Gorman and I went out to shoot gophers. Pete was shot accidentally, but no one would get a doctor because it was against the law to hunt on Sunday.

When I was older, I went to Leduc on the bus to get a tooth pulled which had been aching. When I

was told the dentist was away and the doctor would pull it, I was so scared that I left, caught the bus and went home. No way would I let the doctor pull it! Strangely enough, that tooth didn't ache again for almost a year.

I can remember the horses with the flat deck running away when spooked by something. They would run around and around the yard until there was nothing left of the harness except the collar around their necks.

Our herd of cattle increased in 1938. We had about eighteen head. Once we sold two of the best

ones for forty-three dollars.

In 1941 or 42, Mother purchased the home quarter, N.W. 2-47-4-W5, from Little Bill Fraser. She traded six steers for it. Dad lost both legs before he passed away in 1947. I was married in 1948. The first winter I trapped, I caught 450 squirrels, 115 weasels, 4 minks and three coyotes. In 1949-50, I piled lumber at Fraser's with Bob Bolecka. The most we piled in one day was 87,000 board feet. I worked in the bar in Breton for awhile at the beginning of 1951. Then, later in the year I began work in the Breton bar again. This time I worked in the hotel until 1970. In 1970 I quit because I wanted higher wages. However, in 1971 I began to work at the Breton Hotel again and I worked until 1977 when I bought a share in the hotel and also became manager.

— JOHN KANDA

ALEX KISS

I was born February 7, 1900 and grew up in Dunaszentbenedek, Hungary. I lived in the village with my wife and son, Alex. We owned a small parcel of land one kilometer away where I grew

mostly grapes.

From the letters that Simon Gabor and Jim Vidok wrote, it seemed that Canada was a most promising country, so hoping for a better life, I decided to come also. Three from my village, Steve Toth, my brother, Gabor, myself and three friends from the neighboring village of Uszod — Esztergomi Jossef and brothers, Kopasz Ignac and Balint, decided to come together. There were about 200 Hungarians on the ship and it took the "Montrose" nine days to cross the ocean. We landed at St. John's, Newfoundland in March, 1930. The rest of the journey was by train with the majority of the Hungarians getting off in Winnipeg. We were heading for Donatville, Alberta but the railroad went only to Athabasca so from there we set out on foot, not knowing it was over 30 miles to the Vidok place. There was fresh snow on the ground making the road a muddy mess. I was wearing my good dress boots of kid leather; needless to say, they were completely ruined. I knew the most English, which was very little, but I understood the words for the direc-

tions and some numbers; somehow, we managed to understand that we were to follow the road alongside the telegraph lines. When the line ran out we didn't know where to go so we went to the nearest house and by showing them the address, they pointed us in the right direction. We were all cold and tired and by nightfall it had started to freeze. Along the way we rested in strawstacks but we were afraid of freezing to death if we fell asleep so we continued walking. The Vidoks had no idea we had arrived in Canada and our arrival there, late at night, was a most unexpected but joyful reunion. You can imagine how we felt when we learned that John Vidok had been to Athabasca by horse and sleigh that very day and had only arrived home a short time ahead of us.

We got jobs clearing 50 acres but when it came time for the owner to pay us, he had no money, so we had worked for nothing and on our own board. We had to pool what money we had to buy sugar, flour and coffee.

The six of us left Donatville and in Edmonton we jumped the train to go to Saskatoon. We fell asleep, missed our stop and when the train finally stopped, we discovered we were in Winnipeg! We got odd jobs and eventually I ended up at Lethbridge where I stayed for ten years working for sugar beet farmers. It was not until 1940 that I was able to send for my wife and son, Alex, who were still in Hungary. My wife became sick and died in Coaldale that same year.

I had saved some money and was fed up with irrigation work so I came to see where the Vidoks had resettled. Jim told me about several pieces of land that were for sale in the district. I bought the Soldiers' Settlement quarter, N.W.24-48-4-W5, and the quarter, S.E. 23-48-4-W5, kitty-corner to it for \$1600.00. It was in 1940 and the taxes were \$11.00 a year. There were 50 acres cleared, a house and a large barn on the homeplace. People told me that my farm, at one time, was known as the Kunsman place. There were many dances in the big barn with people coming from as far as 60 miles away.



Alex Kiss, 1971.

Mrs. Buffalo and her family were the closest neighbors, living just to the north. I purchased a walking plow for \$2.00 (which I still have), two cows, a few sheep and four horses at an auction sale.

There was a hay meadow on the other quarter and there I cut hay with a scythe between the logs so that the livestock would have feed for the winter. Young Alex went to school at Funnell for only a short time. He helped me at home but there wasn't much money coming in so he returned to the Lethbridge area to work in the sugar beet fields. I cleared more land, picked roots and farmed with seven horses until I could afford a tractor and better machinery.

I raised sheep for many years and at one time I had 126 head; other than that, I had the usual

livestock on my mixed farm.

I began corresponding with a Hungarian lady, Agnes Triber, living in England, but originally from Szentendre, Hungary. She arrived in Canada on February 27, 1947 and two weeks later we were married. It was so cold one morning in the winter of 1948-49 that even with three heaters burning in our house in the coulee, the water pail was frozen over.



Standing is András Durovec (shoe repair shop in Breton 1949-50), George Meinczinger. Seated, Rose Meinczinger holding Margaret, Agnes Kiss holding Kathy.

We milked four cows and sold two, five gallon cans of cream each week, worth about \$11.00 or \$12,00 a can.

In 1951, I bought my first truck; that fall an early frost ruined my crop and I had to haul oats from Wetaskiwin to feed my pigs.



Mr. and Mrs. Alex Kiss Jr.

In addition to farming, between 1957 and 1965, I operated wells for Pacific Petroleum.

Kathy, our daughter, was born on January 27, 1949. She graduated from Breton High School in 1967 and began working for A.G.T. in Edmonton until June, 1979. In 1976 she and her husband, Delbert Neufeld, purchased a mobile home and came to live on our farm along with their son, Vincent. Delbert works for Otis Elevator and has been doing the farming. I still have cattle so I'm not completely retired. My son, Alex, is married and lives in Calgary.

Of the six who came to Canada, only two re-

mained, Steve Toth and myself.

Narrated by Alex Kiss and written by Elizabeth Kugyelka

GEORGE KUGYELKA

I was born in the year 1893, July 6th in Heves Gyongyos, Hungary. I served in the First World War for four years, two of which I was a prisoner in Russia. I was enlisted, in fact you weren't enlisted, you were picked up on the streets and booted into service immediately. I escaped once from the Russian prison camp but was recaptured and taken back to work on a Russian railroad. After that we were released and told to go home. The War was over.

I married Julianna Besze and we had three children born in Hungary: Louis Paul, Margaret Julianna and George Jr.



Mrs. Julianna and George Kugyelka Sr., son Louis, daughter Margaret and son George Jr. Immigrating to Canada, 1928.

I immigrated to Canada in February 1928. The ocean liner I came on was called the Empress of Scotland. We were eight days coming across the ocean. I was to claim land immediately on arrival but came straight to Calgary, Alberta.

My wife and three children came to Canada about a year later, arriving on the ship called "The Melita". My wife was very seasick on the ship and it was not a very easy trip for her with our three small children. She had a very hard time from the Hungarian government to receive her papers to

join me, because they wanted to keep her there so I would have to return. She also arrived in Calgary and I again was questioned as to why we had not put claim on a farm and I claimed to be ill at the time for fear of deportation. I then took on running my own boarding house in Calgary but times in the early thirties were hard and no one could pay room and board. I lost everything and moved to Tilley, Alberta to try farming. Times were hard there too, so back to Calgary we went, my wife, the three children born in Hungary and three that were born here in Canada: Steve Alex, Helen Elizabeth and John Jim. There were eight of us to feed now. I was lucky enough to be able to go to work for C.P. Railroads to keep things together.

I was still looking for farmland in my spare time, jumping boxcars or walking, whichever I could and wherever I could. I looked at land around Buck Lake with a friend, but came across land in the Breton area and took claim on a C.P.R. quarter NE 27-48-4, W5 in 1939 in the Funnell area. I cleared about five acres of land early in the spring so as to have some crop for the fall, and then in June we all moved out to a farm across from our land which was owned by a friend and used to be owned by the Zotsmans. We came by train, my son, Louis and I and a friend rode on the boxcar with our belongings which were loaded right into the boxcar out of our backyard as we lived right in front of a C.P.R. spur line. My wife and the other children came on the same train in the passenger car. When we arrived in Breton our belongings were loaded into hayracks and wagons which friends around supplied as in those days help was always offered.



Mr. and Mrs. John Pésci and Mr. and Mrs. George Kugyelka Sr., 1940.

The boys, my friend Alex Bognaar and myself soon got started on our new log home; it was ready to move into by the time the snow fell. I made all the windows and everything that was needed. We had the crop all in stooks out in the field and all of us hurried to gather it in and put it into a stack. By this time we had purchased two horses, a cow and two

sows. The horses were brought all the way from Edmonton riding and leading; the cow and the two sows were bought from our neighbor, Mr. and Mrs. Jim Zam. They had no small children and took to my children and were very kind to them. We cleared the land with axe and grub hoe, summer as well as winter, about ten acres a year. The logs were piled for firewood and sawing.

In the early spring I would start making the tools that were necessary for planting the crops and hay making. Harrows were made by hand out of long willow whips by weaving them around three long poles. Large hay rakes and axe handles were carved because in the first few years there was no money for these things. Willow brooms and willow baskets were also made.

The first few years many a rabbit was snared for meat and a partridge was shot. It all made good cabbage rolls and Hungarian goulash. Rabbit fur was worth one to five cents per hide, weasel and squirrel were a bit more and every cent counted.

My wife always had a big garden and a lot of wild berry picking was done. Jars and jars of canning was done for the winter months. Threshing time was a busy time. All the neighbors with their teams of horses went from farm to farm to get all the crops in. The children would be very excited when the threshing crew came in our gateway.



Bush piles cleared on my land in 1940.

Winters we were busy clearing land in snow no matter how deep it was or how cold it was. I believe the first fifty acres cleared was by hand and after that the brush cutters would clear as much as we could pay for. Breaking the land and picking all the roots and rocks was a tedious process, but the crops that grew on that new land were wonderful. It was our only livelihood but was supplemented by eggs, cream and pigs that we could spare for sale. At first my wife used to make butter out of the cream and sell it or trade it for goods at the Breton store. Later the thing to do was to ship the cream to the Bluffton Creamery. The cream had to be in Breton every Friday before the train came to take it to Bluffton to the creamery. Firewood was also hauled into Breton

to be traded for goods or to be sold to the homes in Breton so that the necessities could be bought.

My oldest son, Louis, only stayed here about two or three years as he had finished his schooling at St. Mary's Boys' School in Calgary. Margaret, George, Steve and Helen also attended St. Mary's in Calgary but finished their schooling here at Funnell School. My youngest, Johnny, started and finished his schooling at Funnell.



Kugyelka family, left to right, Johnny, Margaret, Louis, George Jr., Helen, Steve. Seated, Mr. George Kugyelka Sr.

By the time Johnny had finished school all the rest of my children had left home and worked in Calgary. Johnny also left to work in Calgary but one by one, they all came back to the Breton area.



The Kugyelka family on George Kugyelka Sr.'s 85th Birthday. Children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren, 1978.

My daughter, Helen, married one of the local boys, Donald Jackson, and lives on the old Dick Funnell homestead. My youngest son, Johnny, married Elizabeth Vidok from another Hungarian family in the Funnell community and lives kitty-corner to us. I live on the home place which my son, Steve, took over. Son, George, is an avid fisherman and also has land behind the home quarter. My daughter, Margaret, passed away at the age of 42 in 1967.

My son, Louis, and his wife, Kay, still live in Calgary. My wife, Julianna passed away in

February, 1957. She was only 59 years of age.

I, myself, still live on the homeplace with my son Steve and his wife Cathy and their three sons. At this time I am in fair health and celebrated my 85th birthday last July, 1978 with many of my friends and family. As of today November 23, 1978, I have five children, sixteen grandchildren and four greatgrandchildren. Altogether we are thirty people and I'm happy to say most of them were at my surprise birthday party in July. Granddaughter Janet was away in Quebec, Son George was away fishing in British Columbia and granddaughters Peggy-Lynn, Elaine and Beverly and great-granddaughters, Julie and Janiece and grandson Guy, were not there. It was a wonderful day with my family and many friends around me.

— AS TOLD TO MRS. HELEN JACKSON

JOHN AND ELIZABETH KUGYELKA

Even though we go on record as disliking each other during the years we spent at Funnell School, we grew out of it and got married in 1958 on June 21st.

For a short time we lived with John's dad and then in a trailer at my parents', Jim and Mary Vidok's farm. The 16 foot trailer was our home for a year and a half during which time, on May 21, 1959, Sandra was born. On October 22nd, 1960 we moved with Sandra and baby Douglas, born only six weeks before, on September 9th, 1960 into the partially finished house that John had begun that spring on our farm, S.W. 26-48-4-W5. Janet was born on November 10, the following year. Our children attended and graduated from Breton Elementary and High School.



The John Kugyelka family. Janet, John and Elizabeth, Douglas and

For ten years John operated oil wells for Canada Cities Service in the Saskatoon Valley area and during that time he increased our 35 cultivated acres to 100 acres cultivated.

In 1969 he purchased the school bus that Mr. Tripp drove for Ted Grzyb and since then John has

been driving the bus in addition to farming. For six years he drove to Warburg as well, transporting children to the opportunity class at the school. During this time he worked at the butcher shop, Max and Max Meat and Locker Service. Between 1973-76, I worked part-time at the Breton M&M Store. In 1975 we purchased Jim Zam's quarter section across the road to the west of us.

Memories of our childhood in this community, then establishing our own home and family and being involved with the people in this area mean a great deal to us. We do not know what is in store for the future; our children are making decisions for their own future. However, we all think we've been fortunate in being able to be part of this community.

Taken from an old farm magazine:

Life on the Farm

Down on the farm, about half-past four, I pull on my pants an' sneak out the door; Out thru the yard I run like the dickens, Milk ten cows and feed all the chickens. I clean out the barn, curry Prince and Jiggs, Separate the cream and slop all the pigs. Work about two hours, then eat like a Turk, Then by Heck, I am ready for a day's work. So I grease up the wagon and put on the rack, Throw a jug of water in an old grain sack; Hitch up the horse and hurry down the lane, Must get the hay in, 'cause it looks like rain. Look over yonder, sure as I'm born, Cattle on the rampage, cows in the corn. Start across the meadow, run a mile or two, Heaving like I'm windbroke, wet all through. Get back to the wagon, then for recompense Prince gets straddled of the barbed wire fence. Bones all aching, muscles in a jerk. I'm as fit as a fiddle for a full day's work. Crops all in, the winter is nigh, Check up the books and heave a big sigh. Worked all season, didn't make a thing, Got less cash than I had last spring. Some people say there ain't no hell, But they never farmed, so they can't tell. But as spring rolls around, I take another chance, As the fringe grows longer on my old blue pants. So I give my suspenders another big jerk, And by Heck, I'm ready for a full day's work.

Anon

— Elizabeth Kugyelka

THE KUNSMAN STORY

Charlie Kunsman came to Canada from Pennsylvania around 1919 along with another gentleman by the name of Whitman. Mr. Whitman lived on what was later the Glen Reis farm.

Kunsman was a First World War veteran having served in the U.S. Army overseas and while there married a girl by the name of Lily from Hove, England.

With help from the U.S. Soldiers' Settlement Board, they purchased land in Alberta and settled in the Breton district on the N.W. 24-48-4-W5th. With the grant he received, he purchased the S.E. 23-48-4-W5th and shortly afterwards leased the N.E. 26-48-4-W5th for a short period of time.

He built a complete set of farm buildings including a huge barn which was used for dances during the late twenties. The buildings were located beside a creek with hills all around that provided good shelter in the winter, but access to roads, as far as they were concerned, left a lot to be desired. The barn was built on the side of a high bank and entrance to the loft was from ground level and below the small hill was the housing quarters for livestock. Just down this same creek a short distance, an early settler by the name of Sherman Buffalo built his barn the same way. This was on land description S.W. 25-48-4-W5th.

Such well-known old timers who played for dances in the Kunsman barn were Gordon Smith whose father, Herb Smith, owned and operated a grocery store in Breton, Floyd Graham, Harry Asher, Ray Arnold, Nels Koppang who owned a store one mile west of Warburg corner on Highway 39, and Kunsman himself who played the violin with Mrs. Kunsman at the piano.

Soon after they became established on this farm, Mrs. Kunsman, with help from her sister and nephew, Gerald King, purchased the N.W. 25-48-4-W5th. This C.P.R. quarter had meadows along the creek and was only one half mile from where they lived. Mr. Kunsman liked this quarter and after breaking up more low land and swamps to grow hay on, decided to build on it. The buildings he built were constructed from jack pine logs with slant roofs which consisted of boards, tar paper and slabs. Three of these buildings still stand and are being used at the present time.

The swamps contained burnt dry tamarack which made excellent fence posts and Charlie fenced this quarter with these posts and also put up corrals to contain his cattle. Soon afterwards they moved into one of these log cabins to live, around the year 1926.

Kunsman cut a lot of hay with the scythe wherever the land was too rough for a mowing machine and rake. Some years he baled most of his hay crop and hauled it to Leduc with a sleigh and four horses. He also hauled lumber from the mill on the old Beaumont quarter (N.E. 23-48-4-W5th) to Leduc via this method.

In the early thirties he purchased a six cylinder Essex car from Martin Oelkers. Many old timers will remember this car and how he sat in the seat and held the steering wheel while driving.

A year or so later, he sold what land he owned

in the Breton district and built a house on some property he purchased north of Antross. (The Alex Kiss and Delbert Neufeld families now reside on the old Kunsman quarter.) Charlie moved into this new house and Mrs. Kunsman stayed back on the farm she owned. She was a nurse and was called upon many times by the early settlers who needed attention during illness.

Mr. Kunsman was a big reader and one of his favorite magazines was the Saturday Evening Post.

He not only possessed talent as a musician but was a very good carpenter as well. In the late thirties he built himself a little house trailer which he pulled with his Essex car. It had all the built-in conveniences of that day and its stream-lined appearance appealed to all who saw it. He brought it up to the farm one summer and lived in it during hay time.

Bill Spindler, the postmaster's son from Breton, helped him put up hay that summer. It was Charlie's last fling at farming for he was getting up in years. That fall his wife left the farm and moved back with her husband to Antross.

Around the year 1942, she sold her C.P.R. land to James Guy Nelson who owned the C.P.R. quarter N.E. 25-48-4-W5th, to the east.

In the middle forties, they sold their land and buildings at Antross to the Ted Grzyb family. Shortly afterwards, they had an auction sale and moved to Grand Forks, B.C.

After Mr. Kunsman passed away Mrs. Kunsman, along with an old friend, Mrs. Dick Funnell, moved back to England to spend their remaining years.

THE JOE KLESPITZ STORY

I was born in September, 1930 at Bawlf to Mike and Theresa Klespitz. My parents, Mike and Theresa, farmed in the Bawlf area. In 1946, along with my three sisters, Rose (Mrs. George Meinczinger), Emily (Mrs. Barry Winters), and Anna (Mrs. Dennis Carter), we moved to a farm at Thorsby and farmed there for two years. In 1948, Dad bought the farm — N.W. 36-48-4-W5, we are living on from Martin Oelkers. I worked on the drilling rigs from 1949-1958. My mother passed away in 1957 and Dad in 1958.



Mike Klespitz family on 25th Wedding Anniversary. Emily, Anna, Rose, Mike and Theresa and Joe.



The Joe Klespitz family. Back row, L. to R. Leanne and Yvonne. Front, Louise, Eric and Joe.

I married Louise Hallgren in 1958; we have three children — Yvonne, Leanne and Eric.

— JOE KLESPITZ

THE MATTHEW KREBS SR. FAMILY

My dad (Matthew Sr.) arrived in Canada on April 26, 1926. He left Pusztavan, Hungary hoping for a better way of life in Canada.

His first job was as a laborer on a farm doing harvest work. The following winter he came to the Breton district to work at the Antross sawmill. The next winter was spent working in a coal mine in Edmonton.



Math Krebs and Grandson Julius, 1943.

My mother, my sister (Theresa), my brother (Matthew Jr.) and I (Kathy) left Hungary on April 1st, 1928. We landed in Halifax and from there came directly to Edmonton where Dad was waiting to meet us.

My first jobs included housework and working in a canning factory in Edmonton.

I met my husband-to-be in 1929 and we married. We had a son born to us the same year in Edmonton.

In 1931, my husband, son Julius and I settled near Breton - where Alsike is now. We liked living there and I always had a nice big garden.

My dad began to farm in 1933. His land location was S.E. 7-48-3-W5. My husband worked in the sawmills around Breton and I cooked at the camps. In his spare time, my husband and brother Matthew helped Dad clear land on his farm. They cut logs and helped Dad build a house. Mother and Theresa were still in Edmonton. Dad, too, worked at the sawmills but spent as much time as he could clearing and breaking his land. For their livelihood, they cut tamarack rails and with a team and wagon hauled them to Leduc to sell.

When the log house was completed, Mother and Theresa came from Edmonton and moved in with Dad and Matthew Jr. There was a spring on Dad's farm so they kept hogs and a lot of cows and sold the cream. In 1934 my husband passed away and my son, Julius, and I joined the family on the farm. The family lived here for ten years. In 1943 we had a farm sale and moved to Edmonton. A year or so later we moved from Edmonton to Kingsville, Ont., where we settled.

Theresa married a Hungarian fellow from New Brunswick in 1946 and they made their home in Ontario. She now lives with some of her family in Oakville, Ontario.



Julius and his mother, Katharina Kassai, 1936.

Mother passed away from TB in 1958 and three months later my dad also passed away.

In 1969 my brother Matthew passed away as a result of being injured in a trucking accident a few years before in Leamington, Ontario.

My son and I live together in Ruthven, Ontario. We have been back to Breton three times in the last seven years to visit. We like Breton very much and have many memories of our friends who always ask us to come back because we didn't spend enough time together.

— KATHARINA KASSAI

LESTER AND ELEANOR KRAUSE

I purchased the S.E. $\frac{1}{2}$ - 35-48-4-W5th, located a half mile south of Alsike Store, in the middle forties.

In 1947 I married Eleanor Johannson of Sunnybrook. We lived with my parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. Krause, on their Sunnybrook farm while we were building our new house on my newly acquired property. We came west, to Alsike, to reside on our farm in 1949. Several acres of land were broken and we grew many good crops of grain, hay and clover seed. We also built up a small herd of cattle and raised hogs. The cows were milked by hand and the milk was shipped to the Warburg Cheese Factory.



Eleanor and Lester Krause. Seated in foreground their daughter, Sheila, 1960-61.

Being an ardent outdoorsman, I spent many pleasant hours hunting and fishing while in the area.

On the 31st of July, 1955, our daughter, Sheila, was born. She is now married and lives in Saskatoon, Sask.

After farming this land for eight years, in 1957 we moved to Edmonton where I entered into business with my brother, Leslie. A couple of years later we sold the farm to Art and Barbara Stephenson.

Eleanor and I have many fond memories of the years we farmed in the Breton area and it's always a pleasure to return and visit old friends and neighbors.

MELVA AND METRO KILIK

To begin our life history, we were raised in Thorsby and lived in Thorsby and Mulhurst. In 1969 we purchased a homestead near Buck Moun-



Melva and Metro Kilik, 1958.

tain with lots of bush and deer on it, and we gradually improved it. In 1969 times were quite good — gasoline was $24 \, \varepsilon$ a gallon; now it's 70 cents a gallon for purple gas and still going up. Since the last ten years everything is getting tougher. Now we are involved in some mixed farming and hope to be wealthy some day.

MELVA AND METRO KILIK

THE LEEDERS - EDGAR, BEN AND HUBERT

In 1954, Edgar Leeder, Ben Leeder and brother-in-law, Ben Friesen, filed on the north half of 14. Ben filed on the east half of 22. Ben Friesen and his brother, Henry, filed on section 23, township 47-R6-W5th.

Henry Freisen built the first shack which still stands on the north quarter. Ben Leeder and Ben Friesen, with his wife, spent the first winter cutting pulpwood while brother, Henry Friesen, cleared land with a cat.

Later, the Friesens gave their land up. Edgar gave his homestead up and filed on the north half of section 23, while Royce Paul filed on the south half. Then Ben gave his homestead up and Hubert bought the northeast quarter on a homestead lease and later, again purchased the northwest quarter in 1961. Edgar sold his half to Ken McCulloch after having over 100 acres cultivated, but had still used the old shack as a weekend cook and bunkhouse. He purchased an acreage east of Kavanagh where they still live. His trade as a drywall worker kept him busy.

Their dad, Purvis Leeder, spent a lot of weekends out there with the boys during harvesting. I remember the forest fires that swept through that country two or three times.

HUBERT AND DOREEN LEEDER

We lived south of Thorsby and my dad worked for the Department of Highways at Warburg for 14 years. We came out to our homestead on weekends and stayed in Uncle Edgar's shack. One weekend we were out and a forest fire started. My dad, Uncle Bennie and all the neighbors worked all night to put it out. Mom, Carol, Roger and I could see the trees burning through the cracks of the shack.

Our nearest neighbors, Ken and Jean McCulloch, live three quarters of a mile from us. We spent a few weekends at their place before we moved out.

In 1971 we moved out on our homestead. Our first house was a 12 by 16 foot granary. In 1972 my dad, relatives and some neighbors built our first barn which was 24 by 26. Dad bought two cows from Grandpa Leeder. Then we moved some pig houses out. Ken McCulloch gave us a sow.

In 1974 Dad, relatives and neighbors built a two bedroom house. It was nice to move into a big house. In 1979 we finished building our dairy barn with a milkhouse attached. We are now shipping bulk milk. The truck picks it up every second day. When we started milking we shipped cream, then switched to milk in cans and then to bulk which is a lot easier.

We all really appreciate the help we got from

our relatives, friends and our family.

In my family there are six of us, my dad, Hubert, my mom, Doreen, Audrey (born 1962), Caroline (born 1964), Roger (born 1969) and Terry (born 1973).

DAUGHTER AUDREY

THE JOSEPH JACOB LAUBER STORY

My parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Babcock, came from Ontario; my father was raised at Arthur County and my mother at Brockville. They moved to Lacombe, Alberta, and homesteaded in the Meadowbrook district. I, Hattie Pearl, was born at Lacombe March 22, 1908. There were twelve children in our family, three boys and two girls older than I, five girls and one boy younger. We walked five miles to school at Lacombe. My father worked hewing logs for railway ties when the railroad, better known as the Peanut Line, was being built from Lacombe through Breton to Keystone.

Joseph Jacob Lauber was born in Switzerland. He worked in Ontario, Vancouver, Drumheller and Lacombe. He worked for Sam Henderson at Lacombe for three years. It was at Lacombe, at the age of nineteen, that I met and married Joe Lauber on July 5, 1928.

We took a homestead four miles west of Breton, location NW 32-47-4-W5th. We paid \$5.00 to rent a team of horses from the livery stable at Breton to haul our worldly possessions, a stove, bed, sewing machine, table, chairs and some cooking utensils. At that time there was a road to Modeste Creek (Poplar



Mr. and Mrs. Joe Lauber, Wedding, July 5, 1928.

Creek) to where the bridge is now. There was no bridge, so we had to ford the creek. On the other side there was no road, just fallen cut brush.

Joe went to Knob Hill and returned with a load of lumber to built a one room shack on the east corner of our homestead. We lived under the trees until we had the house built. The floor was built first and we set the kitchen stove on it, and from there on proceeded to build the shack around it. We lived here for the winter and hunted fur bearing animals.

Joe was always scared of bears. One night he was dreaming he had fallen into a hole with a bear in it. When I awoke he had his hand around my throat, thinking I was the bear that was ready to bite him. The following day, Joe was fencing south of the house, and there was a crew of men building the road on the north side of our place. I heard this frightening noise where Joe was working and I thought a bear had attacked him — I grabbed the axe, prepared to protect Joe in case it was. When I got there, it was only Joe yodelling a Swiss melody, and a man from the road crew answering.

In January, 1929, Joe got a job at Anthony's sawmill and worked there until spring. In April we returned to Lacombe to work for Tom Roberts until

On Sept. 3, 1929, our first baby boy, Joseph Jacob (Jack), was born. At the end of September we returned to our homestead at Breton and Joe got a job at Anthony's again. I stayed on the homestead while Joe found work at the sawmills. During the depression years, we lived on wild meat and we always grew a large garden, so we always had plenty to eat. On January 9, 1931, our second son, Donald Henry, was born. We built a log house at the bottom of the hill west of our one room shack, and it was here that our daughter, Etta Marie, was born on May 7, 1933.

Our sons, Jack and Donald, attended the New Moose Hill School. The tuition fee was \$3.50 a year. The boys were only seven and eight years old and

they had to walk three and a half miles through the brush, breaking their own path in the winter. When the weather was cold, I would go and meet the boys as I was afraid they would freeze to death. After attending the New Moose Hill School for two years, we sent the children to the Breton School. They walked most of the time, but this being a travelled road, they managed to catch a ride with the lumber trucks during the winter.

We had some good times and some bad times, with lots of hard work. During the summer when the days were hot, my children along with the Delitzoy children, would wander off to the swimming hole on the Poplar Creek, at Walter William's farm. Inspite of the mosquitoes and black flies, they always seemed to enjoy themselves.



Swimming hole, Poplar Creek. Don Lauber, Roy Delitzoy, Willie Delitzoy, Marie and Jack Lauber.



Lauber family, 1936. Back row, left to right, Jack, Marie and Donald. Seated, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Lauber.



Lauber's log house on the Buck Creek road, 1932.

Chris	
FORM F.	vo. 189212 :
DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, DOMINION LANDS	TOO ELECTION
SUB-AGENT'S RECEIPT	
Amount, & ten yesford Sub-	Agency
. (Date) Octoper a	26 1928
At	clock P M
I bereby Certify that Josep J. Laufer, of Breton	med at 1-
has in accordance with the provisions of the Dominion Lands Act, applied in the	
supported by affidavit in the form , as therein provided, for entry for	to 92.711
quarter-section of section 3 2, in township 47, range 4, West	of the 5 M
meridian, as a Homestead	
And Thereby acknowledge the receipt from the said Land A	Sauches
the sum of ten dollars (\$10.00), being the office fee payable with such applica	
receipt does not give him any right to the land above mentioned unless the	
accepted by the local Agent and his official receipt issued therefor. If entry	
the Agent will refund the amount to the said forest . Le aufe	
Ja. Co Gier	
M. G Mel	Sub-Agent
Rev. Form 4.	Nav-rayone

Sub-Agent's receipt for homestead.

DUPLICATE NO. A 60473

ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE

PERMIT TO PURCHASE PISTOL, REVOLVER, RIFLE, SHOTGUN OR OTHER OFFENSIVE WEAPON

Place

Date

Permission is hereby given to local throught.

of

to purchase one 38-55 Malin feign automatical throught.

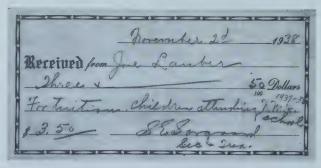
for

for

January Control

January Contro

Permit to purchase fire arms, 1943.



Tuition fee to attend New Moose Hill School.

I can remember the forest fire in 1937, which was just west of our place. This fire killed a lot of timber. In 1939 a big fire came and it destroyed

what was left of the forest. Some of the fire fighters would eat and sleep at our place.

Jack is not married, and when not working, makes his home at Breton with his mother. Donald is married and is living at Burns Lake, B.C., and they have three daughters. Marie is married and lives at Dawson Creek, B.C., and she has five children, four boys and one girl. We lived on the homestead until Oct. 29, 1963, when we sold it to John Gordon Dixon. We bought and moved to our son Jack's homestead NE 25-47-5-W5th, where we built and cleared land again.

Joe passed away in April, 1977. We had an auction sale on Oct. 20, 1977 and I moved to Breton in December of that year.

HATTIE PEARL LAUBER

THE LINDE MEMORIES

Garry, Leona and son, Garith, moved into the Alsike district in the year of 1957. We had our small trailer parked at the Alsike Store. Garry was employed by the Peter Bawdin Drilling rig when we moved here. When at Alsike our first daughter, Brenda, was born.

The fall of 1957, Garry started battery operating for the then called Humber Oils, which is presently owned by Pacific 66. He operated for fourteen years for Pacific 66 before he had his unfortunate accident.

In the year of 1958, we moved our trailer to the Alex Kiss farm and lived there for approximately 2½ years. Wayne and Karen were new additions to the Linde family while we were parked in Kiss' yard.

In the fall of 1960, we purchased a quarter section of land from Steve Toth. However, we did not move onto the land until the spring of 1961.

Sheila was born in 1962. We were still living in the trailer. But, in the year of '63, we bought a big two story house and moved it onto the farm. We also purchased another quarter of land from Bruce Whitelock. There was very little land cleared on either quarter, but now all the land is cleared and fenced. There were many days and late nights when we picked roots; there was a lot of hard work done by all to put this land into operation.

The latest addition to the Linde family was Kelly, born on January 1st of 1974. He was the 1974 New Year's baby in the Drayton Valley Hospital. That same year, our garage burnt down. It was quite a setback as our tractor was in the garage at the time.

The year of 1975, Garry and Leona flew to

Holland, Garry's homeland.

At present, Garith is working for an oil company. Wayne is also working in the oil patch. Brenda and Karen are working for the government in Edmonton. Sheila is presently completing grade twelve. Kelly is now in kindergarten.

THE MOCKERMAN FAMILY

Lorena Thomas was born on January 15, 1881 in the State of New York. I don't know if all her education was completed there, but she completed normal school and taught in Michigan where her family later moved.

In 1905, Grandma was married to Walter Mockerman, a man of Pennsylvanian background. Other than his elderly sister-in-law, Lucy Mockerman, in Blancherd, Michigan, Ernie and his sons, Randy and Robert, are the only ones to carry on the

To the couple, four children were born. Joe Mockerman died either at birth or shortly after.

Marguerite married Fin McNabb in 1932. They had one son (who died) and a daughter Lorena. Lorena and Don Moon have two children, Kenny and Karen. Marguerite, Fin, and family all live in Langley, B.C.

Louise married Harold McIntyre in 1931 and four children were the issue of the marriage — a son (later died), Bill, Betty-Ann and Bob who all live in

B.C.

The family moved around a great deal — to Washington, U.S.A., Hanna, Glen Park and the Breton area.

In March 1929, Grandpa and Dad came to the Breton area. In May, 1929 the remainder of the family moved. In July, 1930 Dad and Grandpa filed on the homestead, N½-16-47-4-W5, which they obtained from Mr. A.C. Gillies, sub agent for the Dept. of Interior Dominion Lands for the sum of \$10.00. The move to the district was made by teams and wagon, and water was obtained from a 14 foot hand-dug well. Dad worked for Anthony's sawmill. The first tax notice in 1931 was \$6.50 and the homestead was appraised for \$500.00.



L. to R. Lizzie Chaky, Ordie and Mary Mockerman, Marg McNabb, Mrs. Mockerman Sr., Mr. Mockerman Sr. Children, Betty Ann McIntyre, Lorena McNabb. 1943.

Grandpa died in July, 1950. Grandma supervised at the Antross School around 1945. She had permission to teach, but didn't wish to. Grandma was a very alert person, reading extensively, doing crossword puzzles, crocheting and doing liquid embroidery. At the age of 91, she still busied herself at crocheting and preparing handiwork for the W.I. competition, winning usually in the senior group. Grandma was very close to her children. She was soon to move into her own suite which Aunt Lou had prepared for her, when she died at 92½ years in Mission City, B.C.

Ordie was born in 1912. Besides Anthony mills, Dad worked at taking posts out and hauling pulpwood; he also worked for Dowell. Dad enjoyed baseball and played for the Anthony baseball team. Dad was a man who enjoyed helping others and much effort was spent in helping neighbors and friends.



Ordie Mockerman and George Bilyk hauling pulpwood.

In Oct., 1944 Dad married Mom (Mary Ratz) from the Warburg area. Mom's family had moved from Saskatchewan in 1928, where they farmed and worked in the coal mines. Besides helping her parents on the farm, Mom played softball and a banjo in a band.

Ernie was born in October, 1946 with me (Jeanette) following in 1947. Mom worked hard doing chores and had no conveniences at the time. Both my parents and grandparents lived for a time in the home my dad and grandfather built in 1930. Land across the road was later added to the farm

and the land that Melvin and Ruth Snell own was, at one time, leased. After the death of Grandpa, in July, 1950, we soon moved into the Breton United Church manse; Grandma lived in one part and we lived in the other. Our neighbors at the time were Mr. and Mrs. Elmer McCartney. Dad worked for Bob Samardzic. Some of the early visitors I remember were Mr. and Mrs. Ben Flesher. We moved back to the farm, moving to Breton again around 1956 when Dad worked for Dowell. We lived in my grandma's house with Bob and Gwen Samardzic as neighbors.

Ernie and I joined the 4-H (Breton Grain Club) around 1959 and 1960. Mr. Tom Chaney, the Alberta Wheat Pool manager, was our first leader. In about 1961, the Norbuck 4-H Grain Club was established with Mr. Chaney as leader. Around 1962, Dad was chosen as leader and remained for several years. Much fun was had with skating parties, visiting the Lacombe experimental farms, etc.

The power came west to the area around 1960.

Prior to that, we had a power plant.

The district farmers owned a threshing machine together and upon completion of the harvest, a party was held at one of the homes.

For a time, Mom and Dad belonged to the Norbuck Community Club. Mom also belonged to the Breton W.I.



The Ordie Mockerman family. Ernie, Mr. and Mrs. Ordie Mockerman, Mrs. Mockerman Sr., Jeannette.

The first school bus driver in our area was Mr. Roy Prentice who drove to around 1961. Dad drove for a year or so after with Herman Moldenhauer taking over the bus route. I believe the old Antross School was later moved to be used as part of the Breton School. I think the grade four class, 1956 and 1957, was in attendance there and I remember a huge round stove was the source of heat. This was a nice experience as it was as close as I ever got to attending a country-type school.

Ernie took his schooling in Breton. After working for the government for a time, he studied mechanics and works in Drayton Valley. In June 1968, Ernie married Alice Ostby of the Funnell area. Randy was born in August, 1969 and Robert in

June, 1971. They live in the Funnell area on an acreage.

Jeanette married a farmer in the Pendryl area (east of Buck Lake) — Victor Engblom in June, 1967. Victor's father (Eric) and Uncle John had a tie camp around Winfield in the early days. My father-in-law also built some roads (was the foreman) in the Norbuck area. Although I do not remember Grandpa Mockerman, both he and Dad worked for him. We have two children, Todd born Dec, 1969 and Michelle born November, 1971 — both attend school at Winfield. We live on the farm, also a homestead.

As remembered.

— JEANETTE ENGBLOM

MIKE MEINCZINGER FAMILY

Mike Meinczinger is the eldest son of a family of seven children born to George and Rosie Meinczinger. He was born in Wetaskiwin on September 9, 1949 and was raised on a farm near Alsike. Mike attended school at Breton, then at Warburg.

After completing his schooling, he helped his dad farm and also worked out during winter months.

On November 8, 1968 Mike Meinczinger married Louise Yawney, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Yawney of Calmar (Glen Park area). They were married at Our Lady of Victory Catholic Church in Thorsby and held a reception for approximately 265 guests with a dance following at the Thorsby Community Centre.

After their marriage, they lived on Mike's folks' farm in a house which was moved onto the farm. Mike helped his dad farm for several years.

During the time Mike and Louise lived with Mike's family, two sons were born to them — the eldest, Reggie Mike and their second son, Jason Glenn.



The Mike Meinczinger family. Reggie, Mike, Louise and Jason, 1978

On May 27, 1975 Mike moved his family onto his own farm (1 mile from his folks). They live on their home quarter, N.W. 31-48-3-W5th, in a trailer which they purchased earlier, and also own N.E. 31-48-3-W5. Starting from exactly nothing Mike, with help, built corrals, fences, a pump house, a three partitioned granary, a machinery-cattle-hay shed, fuel shed and also cattle feeders — all in the last three and a half years. In these past years, Mike grain farms, owns a few head of cattle and when necessary, works out at odd jobs.

Reggie and Jason attend Warburg Elementary School in grades five and two respectively and travel on Leeson Ruff's bus. The boys take pride in their Honda mini bike and in calves which they own and

look after themselves.

Louise, besides working on the farm, enjoys her job as casual, part-time assistant secretary-treasurer at the Village Office in Breton.

Mike, Louise and family enjoy mainly being on

their own and farming.

Louise and Mike

ROY MATHESON

Roy was born in Cabri, Saskatchewan in 1931 and is number seven of eleven children. His family farmed in the Fosterton district from 1910-1939.

Roy recalls the 'dirty thirties' quite vividly. For entertainment one had to use their imagination. For example, tumbleweeds were used for pretend horses; when strings were tied to these tumbleweeds, they would actually pull one across the open prairies (the wind always blew in the dust bowl). The force of the wind and tumbleweeds rolling across the prairies virtually flattened fences.



Leaving the prairie, 1939. Left to right, Buster Unseth, Roy, Mr. Matheson, Maxine, Mrs. Matheson and Larry, Beatrice and Dick.

To pass the time while herding cattle, Roy recalls when he and his brother, Dick, snared and tamed gophers and hitched them up with string harnesses and drove them around as make-believe horses

With the Depression, dust storms and drought situations, the family was forced to move. They bought a bush quarter of land near Barrhead, Alberta and moved with the family in an old McLaughlin Buick car and trailer. Times were very hard after the move. The large family lived in a small two-roomed log shack. Since the shack was so small, some of the family slept in the attic or crawl space where they nearly suffocated while the rest, below, almost froze. Access to the crawl space was by ladder on the outside of the shack. Sugarless black currant jam between two slices of dry bread was the main diet in their school lunches. This steady diet of black currant jam sandwiches proved to be too much for Roy. One day he became terribly ill from the sandwiches and to this day, he can't bide the thought of eating black currant jam.

Roy lived at Barrhead with his family till the first part of the 50's. His first jobs working away from home were for local farmers and Imperial lumber camps north of Barrhead. Later, he worked at the Coast, logging, and at the Kemano Tunnel. This was a ten mile tunnel put through the mountain to a lake to generate power for the Kitimat

aluminum project.



Roy Matheson, Calgary City Police, 1953.

Later, Roy worked in Calgary at construction and other jobs, finally joining the police force in 1953. He remained in the Calgary police force till 1964. While Roy was in the force, he recalls a humorous incident while having lunch in the kitchen with a night watchman in a ritzy restaurant, about three o'clock in the morning. He was relaxing and sitting with his gun belt off and coat undone when suddenly a 'crash' came at the front door. A shop breaker was busily filling his pockets from the till when Roy approached from the rear and exclaimed, "You're under arrest!" The extreme fright of the culprit was apparent by the foul smell in the air. This just wasn't his day! Roy was commended for alertness to duty.

In 1959 Roy married the former Kae Gibson of Bentley. They lived in Calgary and Okotoks until Roy, Kae and their son, Ken, moved to the Breton district in 1964 where they purchased the E½ of 14-47-4-W5 owned by Grenville Hoath. Roy became interested in the Breton district through a friend in the Calgary police department who had a father residing at Norbuck. George Rohl informed Roy by phone whenever suitable land in the area became available. Roy's dream of a ranch began to take shape in the late fall of 1963. They moved a cattle liner of 44 head of cattle and two horses to their new location in July of 1964 and the ranching began. The old Hoath homestead shack was given a facelift and \$350.00 plus another old shack dragged up against it and some 1/4 inch paint later, it didn't look too bad. In the fall of 1966, this house burned to the ground while the Mathesons were away. They then purchased a second-hand trailer which they lived in until a new home was built.



The old Hoath homestead shack.



The Hoath homestead shack after facelift.

In the late 60's a wiener pig operation had started and a new hog barn was built to accommodate 50 sows. The hog and cattle operation built their new home in 1970 with Norman, his brother, and Laverne Hummelle of Barrhead doing the carpentering.

After years of hard work and building up the farm, Roy, along with a school buddy, took a well deserved three week tour of Mexico which was to be his first ride on a jet liner. The most scenic spot and Roy's favorite was the beach of Acapulco.

At present, Roy farms alone and along with some grain farming, he runs a large cattle operation.

FOOTNOTE:

It may interest the readers to know that the old Antross School building is on Roy's farm and is used as a workshop.

- ROY MATHESON

THE MATTHEWS STORY

I met Ray in 1944. In the fall of '46 we were married. In January, 1947 we piled everything we owned into a sleigh and moved out to N.E. 31-46-3-W5. A Model A car was the downpayment — the balance to be paid later. The snow was chest deep on the horses as we came across the field to the house. My brother, Walter Ing, came with us from his place where we had supper. He brought his gas lantern with him so we would have light to unload and he helped us set up the cookstove and unload everything. There was an airtight heater left in the house and enough wood for the night so we soon had the house warm. The log house had been built a couple of years before by Will Hatherley and was quite warm.



Gary and Stanley Matthews, 1952.

Ray hauled wood to Breton for \$5.00 a load and cut fence posts to sell. One time Marvin Burris and Ray were hauling a load of posts to Wetaskiwin, north of Bill Collison's; the road was impassable so they had to unload the posts and use them for corduroy and then load them up again and go on. They had to do this twice and then ended up selling them for 15 cents a post.

We had a nice grey team of horses that were always running away. Several times they came home by themselves.

In the summer of 1949 Ordie Mockerman, Marvin Burris and Ray loaded sawdust into boxcars at Antross to be shipped to the prairie for grasshopper poison. In the winter of '49, he worked at Carroll Bros.' planer mill in Winfield, piling lumber and running a fork lift; he worked there for about three years.

In the spring of 1953, he worked at Camrose and Leduc for Canadian Construction driving cat, scraper and dozer building leases and roads for oil sites.

In the fall Floyd Stenseth and Ray bought a sawmill and logged the canyon on Floyd's place. They sold the spruce lumber to Carrolls for \$50 per M board feet and also did custom sawing.

He bought a well drill to drill ourselves a well and got work drilling for the neighbors including

several wells in Winfield.

In the summer of '54 he worked at Alder Flats for Jake Tucker (Red Deer) building roads for oil companies. They got rained out that summer so came home and sawed lumber.



Left to right, Gary, Ray, Mr. Richard Ing, Mrs. Ing, Violet holding Harold, Stanley, Diane and Darlene Matthews, 1958.

In 1955 Ray worked around Violet Grove and Drayton Valley, again building roads and leases.

In 1956 Ray worked putting up Butler Steel buildings for water injection plants for different oil companies from Buck Creek to the Pembina River. Ellis Hooks, Myles Carson, Frank Lyons, Gordon Levers, Don Freeson, Floyd Carson and Ralph Levers worked with him.

After that, he started working for the County of Wetaskiwin for a number of years driving cat. He built the park roads at Twin Lakes.

In 1970 he had to quit because of his health and

since has lived on the farm.

We have five children. Gary married Nancy Freeson and they live in Drayton Valley. They have three children, Sheryl, Shawna and Shelby.

Stan married Brenda Lindberg and they live on a farm near Warburg. They have a girl and a boy, Lisa and Darren.

Diane is single and works in Edmonton.

Darlene is married and has a little boy, Rhett Brink.

Harold is still single and works mostly on pipe lines so we are home alone again.

-- VI MATTTHEWS

HERMAN MOLDENHAUER AND FAMILIES

Herman Moldenhauer's father, Otto Moldenhauer, immigrated to Canada from Roberts County, South Dakota in 1901 with his parents. They settled on land in the Mewassin area. Where they came from was really dry, so they were looking for lots of water and lumber for building and fire wood.

Herman's mom's parents, Cyril and Albina Facette, were married in Ottawa, Canada in 1883. They moved to Superior, Winconsin and later they immigrated to Canada in 1909, with all their family; they settled in the Burtonsville area.

Herman's folks, Blanche and Otta Moldenhauer were married in 1909 and had seven children, Lilly, Albert, Doris, Eddie, Bill, Herman and Pearl. They farmed a quarter of land north of

his father's farm.

In 1920, when the First World War flu was around, Otto, Lilly and Pearl took sick and passed away leaving Blanche with five young children to raise.

Herman and his sister and brothers attended the White Whale School in the Mewassin area. In 1925 Herman, at about age eight, and his mother, went to Waterways where she helped with cooking, cleaning etc. at her sister and brother-in-law's hotel and store. Herman worked there and went to school at Fort McMurray by walking in the spring and fall and going by dog team and sled in winter for six years.

He then came back to live with his grandmother Facette, and went to school at Brightbank for one year. This was around 1931. In 1932 Herman moved to Alberta Beach to help his Aunt and Uncle Burton to raise chickens. The next spring and summer of 1933, he did commercial fishing for his cousin, Gene Burton, at Lac Ste. Anne.

In the fall of 1933, Herman went working for a farmer close to Duffield, Alberta. Then in the fall of 1934, he went to Winifield Lake, Alberta, and at different times cooked for a tie camp and a fishing camp. Both camps were operated by Gene and Milton Burton and Jack Roberts.

In 1935 Herman came back to Warden and worked for two different Evjen's brothers for a

number of years.

When war broke out in 1939, a lot of the boys joined up. In 1941, Herman tried to get into the Air Force, but had to take a youth training course for six months which enabled him to join in the fall of 1941.



Left to right, back row, Eddie, Herman, Albert. Seated, Mother, Bill and Doris Moldenhauer.

He spent four and a half years in the Air Force. He took some training in Edmonton and then airframe mechanic training in St. Thomas, Ontario. Later he was stationed at No. 10 Repair Depot in Calgary. Upon discharge in 1946, Herman returned to the Stony Plain area, where he went commercial fishing at Lac La Biche in the summer of 1947. In the fall of 1947, he bought a truck and did trucking of gravel, lumber, and grain. He also drove cab in the city of Edmonton.



Mavis and Herman Moldenhauer, wedding.

In the summer of 1949, he applied for homestead land in the Breton district, N.E. ½-7-47-4-W5th, just inside the County of Wetaskiwin. He then met and married Mavis Harris in 1951. They lived in Edmonton until moving to the homestead at Breton in 1952. Herman and his brothers, Eddie and Bill, came out by gravel truck to see the place. They asked in Breton how to get out there. The fellow that gave them directions said to go one mile east of Breton and down past Hans Hanson's place, turn right and go west. To make a long story short, they finally got there with great trouble — as roads in those days were something to think about. The first night was spent just south of Hans Hanson's place by the creek and they slept in



Herman Moldenhauer hauling grain.

the gravel truck box where they were nearly eaten up with mosquitoes. They found there had been a fair road going to the place west and southwest of Breton for some time.

Between 1952 and 1960 they cleared land and farmed in the summer time and worked out in the winter. One winter, Herman and family and Eddie and family worked at Willow River and Gisome, just east of Prince George, B.C. Herman also worked at



Gay and Neil Moldenhauer.

Hinton, Alberta, while Mavis and family lived with her folks in Edmonton:

Herman and Mavis had two children, Neil and Gay. Gay is married to Clint Tobiasson and lives at Pigeon Lake. Neil works and lives in the city.

In 1961 Herman bought an 18 passenger school bus. This served the route until 1968, when he got a 36 passenger. Then in 1969, he got a 54 passenger and the engine blew up in that one in 1974 so he had to buy another one. He owned and operated the bus until August of 1977, when he sold it to Ray Stevenson, east of Breton. Gay and Neil were bused to the Breton schools all of their school years by their dad.

Mavis passed away in November of 1965 and is buried in Westlawn Cemetery in Edmonton.

Herman and Margaret Anderson became engaged in June, 1975. Between them, they operate their farm and raise Hereford and Charolais cross cattle and also do some grain farming.

LEONARD AND VERA MILLER

Leonard Anton Millerins (Miller) left his native Lithuania in 1928 to begin his new life in Canada. He soon found a job with the C.P.R. working in various parts of Alberta. When he became a section man for the C.P.R., he was stationed at Breton where he had already purchased 2 lots plus a quarter section of land east of Breton.

Bill Cholach, also a C.P.R. employee, and his wife, Katie, lived in Hoadley at this time, and it was through these friends that Leonard met and later married his wife, Vera. Leonard had seen her picture in the home of the Cholach's and enquired about her; she was not married so he asked to meet her.

Veronica Ann Conciarz (Vera), her sister Katie and son John Cholach, left their village of Miekisz Nowy in Poland to arrive in Canada in late 1929. Vera found work in Leduc as a family helper to a couple who owned a store there. For \$15 a month and for years, this was her way of life. Vera recalls the many duties required of her, from looking after three children and making meals to packing coal and water up the stairs of the two story house and store combined, with only a few hours off each week. At that time, one had to contend with the muddy roads and Vera remembers one occasion when she was a bridesmaid for a friend in Calmar. They drove by car from Leduc to Calmar only to get stuck several times; finally they had to get a farmer to bring his horses and pull their car out. When they reached Calmar, no one wanted to venture the roads again with the bride and groom who had to go to Edmonton for the wedding ceremony and pictures; so they went by themselves. The friends and relatives stayed in Calmar and carried on with the wedding festivities; by the time the newlyweds returned from Edmonton, late that night, their

wedding dance was all but finished.

Leonard and Vera were married in 1934 and Vera remembers the difficulty they had in conversing as they did not speak the same language and their English was quite broken. They made their home in Breton for about two years, living on their property which is now the present site of Breton Sales & Service. As they had two lots, they were able to keep a few pigs and chickens. Lily and Mark were born. When Mark was a baby, they bought a quarter section of land — N.W. 12-48-4-W5, north of Breton, and moved to their new home in 1937. The farm was sold for taxes so they were able to purchase it for a price of \$500.



The Miller family, 1948. Left to right, Mark, Mr. Leonard Miller on tractor holding Eddy, Bobby Horvath, Marge Miller and Mrs. Vera Miller.

There were no buildings except for a log cabin, so the following year they re-built their house and in 1940, started building a barn. Leonard continued working for the C.P.R., twelve years in all, but quit soon after moving to their farm. They kept their lots in town for awhile, renting the house out for \$15 a month. When this land was sold, Leonard bought his first tractor, a steam model which had to be cranked to start. Their next two children, Marge and Eddy arrived, completing the Miller family. All of the children were born at home except for Eddy who arrived in an Edmonton hospital.

Leonard was a handyman who did all his own building and Vera still has the rolling pin he made for her when they were first married. The Millers were also active Co-op members and had a make-shift store on their property which Mark operated much of the time.

Leonard Miller passed away in 1975 at the age of 79. His wife, Vera, lives in Breton and is an active member of the Breton Golden Age Club. Lily married Bert Roos of Buck Creek and they have 3 children — Debbie, Donnie and Darlene. Mark remains a bachelor and is in the newspaper business. He is presently a journalist, with the Winnipeg Free Press Daily. Marge married Gordon Hopgood; they have a daughter Colette and live on their acreage, west of Stony Plain. Eddy married



Leonard Miller 1935, now where Breton Sales and Service is located.

Arlynn Doty and they and their three children, Leanne, Bradley and Travis, live on the farm at Breton.

— Mrs. Vera Miller

MUNK FAMILY

Lars Munk was born in Eksarad, Sweden in 1904. He immigrated to Canada in 1918 with his mother, Kerstein, his brother, Eric, and his sister, Ida. His brother, Nels, who immigrated earlier and settled in the Calmar area in 1916 at the age of 18, had made the necessary preparations for the arrival of the other family members. The sons each acquired a quarter section of land which they cleared by hand. This land was located approximately three miles west of Calmar.



Lars Munk, 1940.

In 1936 he married Clara Ostby, whose family had immigrated from Ronnesfos, Norway to settle in the Warburg area. A son, Gordon, was born in

1938. In 1945 the farm was sold and a rooming house was purchased in Edmonton. Shortly thereafter, the country life beckoned and Lars, Clara and Gordon moved to the Breton area in 1947. Lars had earlier purchased the Wolfe farm across from Funnell School, N.W. 14-48-4-W5, where they took up residence. He later purchased the Levers' place, west of Breton (S.E. 3-48-4-W5). In 1950 a daughter, Linda, was born.

Lars Munk, at that time, owned two caterpillar crawler tractors, a '60' and a '30', used for land clearing work. He subsequently cleared land in the Breton, Norbuck and Buck Creek areas until approximately 1954; throughout those years Ross Williams was the 'right-hand' man who, with his mechanical ability, was able to keep things running. Lars, in later years until his death in 1962, fired boilers at drilling rigs during the winters and played the role of layman veterinarian for many farmers in the area.

The family lived in the old log house constructed by Ordie Wolfe until they moved to Breton in 1958. This log house was unique, not only in that it was cold and damp, but in the fact that it probably was the only log house existing in the district that had "semi-running water"; the house, complete with cellar, had been constructed on top of an artesian well, a drain pipe installed from the cellar to a drain-off ditch north of the house to take excess free-flowing water, and a hand pump installed on the main floor to provide all necessary water for domestic needs. There was no electrical power. The house was heated with two space heaters and a cookstove, all fired with wood and coal. Coal consumption varied, of course, with the harshness of winter; however, a long cold winter usually meant ten tons of coal would be burned.



Lars Munk and his MacLaughlin Buick car.

This coal was hauled from the Warburg mine initially with a 1928 Chevrolet one ton truck that required hand cranking for starting, and in the cold weather a preheat treatment of the engine using hot coals from one of the house space heaters.

Gordon attended Funnell School up to and including grade eight, after which time he attended Breton High School. Funnell School had stopped operating when Linda was old enough for grade one, so she began her schooling in Breton. Funnell School, too, was unique; for example, there was no teacherage and the teacher usually or always walked to school, there were eight grades in one room, there was one large wood and coal space heater near the back of the room, and it seemed that there was always, in the summer, a colony of bees in the north wall near the eave. Those teachers who walked the farthest, and consequently had the toughest time of it in those days were, Mrs. Hooks and Mr. Seal. Mr. Seal, however, was a keen chicken hunter and would quite often carry his shotgun while trekking from and to Breton. Mrs. Hooks, on the other hand, and her niece, Lois, would struggle across the drifted or muddy fields and bush areas daily on the short cut route. This route ran through the lands of Hooks and Munk. Janitorial work and heat maintenance at Funnell School were done by the students. As a student caretaker discovered, one must never allow any hot coals to accidentally sit overnight in a pail full of regular fresh coal. In this instance, the student, in the morning, found the schoolroom filled with smoke and a pail-sized hole burned completely through the floor.

Linda graduated from Breton High School in 1968. Later the same year, she and her mother moved to Edmonton. Linda then took medical secretarial training, and has since worked in this

field.

Gordon graduated from Breton High School in 1957 along with Rosemarie Bachkowski and Nels Ladouceur, subsequently enrolled in engineering studies at U. of A., and received a degree in Mining Engineering in 1961. He and his wife, Margaret, whom he married in 1964, have two boys, Trevor and Kevin, born in 1967 and 1970 respectively

Clara, Linda, Gordon and his family are presently living in Edmonton.

GORDON MUNK

OSTBY FAMILY

Hjalmar Ostby immigrated to Canada from Ronnesfos, Norway in 1926. His wife, Hanna, and children, Clara (age 14), Hakon (age 12), Bjarne (age 10) and Willy (age 5) arrived in 1928. They settled in the Warburg area, the first winter being spent on Charles Phillip's place. The closest neighbors at that time were Paul and Emma Collin. In 1929 they built a house on land purchased from

Mike Bittner; Gust and Ruby Rinas were neighbors on the west side of the road.

The whole family contracted land clearing to earn a living. The first job was to clear 40 acres by hand on the Rinas place for \$5.00 per acre; this rate included grubbing all of the roots. Other clearing jobs in the following years were, 20 acres for Paul Collin, 40 acres (slashing only) for Albin Benson and 20 acres on the Ostby place at Funnell; any lightly treed areas were certainly appreciated. During this period, Hakon and Bjarne went to school at Brownlee.



Hjalmer and Hanna Ostby, 1935.

In December, 1933 the family moved to a homestead in the Funnell area, located west of the Kugyelka home place. Willy started school at Funnell and hiked daily with neighboring children — Leif Stalsberg, Steve, John and Helen Kugyelka, and Mary and Billy Heighington.

Clara occasionally worked in New Norway for Jel Stromberg and in Warburg for Albin Benson in the early 1930's. In 1936 she married Lars Munk. They farmed in the Calmar and Breton areas, and had two children.



Ostby Family. Left to right, Willy, Bjarne, Hakon, Clara, Mrs. Hanna Ostby, 1929.

Hakon worked for lumbering concerns, such as Mr. Benson and Mr. Oulton, and for various farmers in the district. He also worked on a mink ranch at Canyon Creek for one year. He married Beulah Fenneman in 1949, and they had three children.

Bjarne worked for various farmers prior to going overseas with the Army on April 25, 1940. He was discharged on Nov. 7, 1945. After the War, Bjarne worked for many years doing land clearing and road building, nine years of which were spent with the County of Leduc. Subsequent to the construction years, he worked at the jail and Dow Chemical plant at Ft. Saskatchewan. He and his wife, Sis, whom he married in England during the War, have raised nine children.

Willy also worked for many years operating heavy equipment. This construction included six years in land clearing, working for Mr. Gleisman, Robert Scott, Andy Anderson, and Lars Munk; another eighteen years were spent in road building and earth moving, working for Mr. Murdoch, Mr. Simons, Kiss Construction, and the Counties of Leduc and Strathcona. Subsequent to the construction years, Willy worked at various jobs in Edmonton.

Hjalmar, Hanna, and Hakon passed away in 1959, 1961 and 1965 respectively. Clara and Willy are living in Edmonton, and Bjarne is living near Oliver, Alberta.

— GORDON MUNK

ERNEST AND FANNIE MORETY

Ernest and Fannie Morety came to Alberta from Dartmouth, Nova Scotia where he was a wagon maker by trade. They lived at Medicine Hat for a few years where Ernie hauled freight with horses. They moved from there to Sundre and then on to Breton. Ernie bought the N.E. 35-47-4-W5 (George Fedorchuk lives there now). This quarter was traded to Alex Stott for the S.E. 17-48-4-W5. This was sold and they moved east of Breton to the east half of section 5-48-3-W5th. He later sold this to Ed Aldous and bought the west half of 16-47-3-W5.

Morety was a good friend and neighbour to all who knew him. He really liked big horses and would buy, sell or trade a horse every day if he could.

Mrs. Morety passed away in 1949. Ernie lived alone until his passing in Dec., 1955 at the age of 84 years.

- JIM ALDOUS

JONATHAN JAMES MILLS

Jonathan James Mills was born July 2nd, 1875 at 14 Birks Terrace, Sommercotes, England. At the age of 21 years, he heard stories of the great wealth in America, so he left his home in England in 1896. He arrived in Connecticut, U.S.A. only to find easy gold was only a dream. By 1900 he had worked his way to Fernie, B.C., where he worked in the coal mines, the only trade he knew. In 1905 he came to Taber, Alberta, also working in the coal mine there.



Left to right, back row, Grandma and Grandpa Laughlin, Jonathan and Elizabeth Mills, Elmer and Bernice Laughlin and son David, Pat Laughlin, Bill Mills. Front row, Gwen, Charlie, Henrietta and Frances Mills.

While in Taber, Alberta he met and married Elizabeth Webber, Sept. 3, 1906.

Elizabeth Webber was born Dec. 19, 1888 at Blossburg, Colfax County, New Mexico. She moved with her mother, stepfather, one sister and one brother to Raymond, Alberta in 1902, then on to Grassy Lake, Alberta in 1904.



Bill and Charlie Mills stacking hay on the Hayes farm, 1932.

Of this union, there were ten children; John Richard, deceased. Patti Florence, deceased. Augusta Wilhelmina (Hardman) of Camrose. August William (Bill) of Camrose. Elizabeth, deceased. Harold, deceased. Charles, of Camrose. Frances Hazel (Buckle) of Rosalind. Henrietta (Cooper) of Wetaskiwin. Gwendolyn (Buckle) of Rosalind. All of the family were born in Grassy Lake, Alberta where Dad owned and operated several coal mines. He also farmed until the dry years forced our family to leave Grassy Lake.

In 1925 we moved to Halkirk, Alberta where we rented a farm. During the winter months, Dad and my brother, John, worked in the Drumheller and Halkirk coal mines. From here we moved to Breton. In 1927, Dad homesteaded the N.E. 15-48-4-W5th, the land where the Funnell School still stands. There were no buildings on the homestead, so we moved onto the Ross farm in 1928, south of where the Alsike store is located. Later, we rented a farm from a Mr. Hayes and lived there until 1932. By this time, we had a house built on the homestead and we moved there.



Bill and Charlie's living quarters while cutting mine timbers for Uncle Pat.

Making a living was very hard. Dad operated a coal mine on Strawberry Creek during the winter months for approximately five years, leaving part of the family at the farm to attend school and do farm chores. My bother, Bill, and I remember shooting rabbits one winter for two and half cents a piece. They then were shipped out by train, and what they did with them, we didn't know.

One year, my brother, Bill, and I helped cut the brush off the road line west of Breton to Buck Creek. We recall coming back to camp one day to find all of our food gone, except for the potatoes; so we had a slim meal that day. Tom Creighton was foreman. One fall, we also cut some mine timber for our uncle at Vulcan, Alberta.



Breaking brush land with the walking plough.

Our first impression of the Breton country side was very shocking, since we had moved from Grassy Lake where there were no trees at all. Breton seemed so wild and scary. However, we learned to like it and I still think of it as a nice part of our country. Many times, I think I'd like to retire there.

Our house on the homestead was only singly boarded during the first years so we were almost certain to find our water pail and tea kettle frozen in winter mornings. Later, we put siding on the outside which helped and we burned both wood and coal when Dad had the coal mine.

I remember helping Dad dig our water well which was about thirty five feet deep; we dug it by hand with the help of blasting powder to get through rock and sandstone.

Our social life included card parties, dancing, skating, ball games, school picnics, and Christmas

concerts. The nicest thing about going to school on the homestead was that it was such a short distance, while on the Hayes farm we had to walk four miles.



Gwen and Bill Mills skating.

Times were hard; we had bad times but there were good times too. In 1938 we left Breton and moved to Rosalind where we operated a coal mine until 1940, after which we moved to Heisler, Alberta. Here Dad owned and operated a coal mine until the time of his passing in 1953. Mother was killed in a car accident in 1974.

- CHARLIE MILLS

THE MATTHEWS FAMILY

My father, Norman Cecil Matthews, was born on August 25, 1902, the eldest son of Thomas and Sarah Matthews of Treherne, Manitoba. My mother, Nora Marie Fitchett, the youngest child of Robert and Frances Fitchett, was born at Huntington County of Hastings on May 21, 1902.



Matthew family, left to right, Norman holding Ray, Marie holding Verna, Jean in front.

Her family moved to Rama, Saskatchewan where she met and married Norman Matthews on February 14, 1923; later that year, they moved to Ponoka, Alberta where my father worked on a farm. Three children, Jean (1924), Ray (1926) and Verna (1927) were all born while they lived at Ponoka. In 1928 we moved to Fern Creek where Dad had a homestead, N.W. 5-48-2-W5th. My father passed away two years later at the age of 28 years.

It was very hard for Mother trying to raise a family by herself. However, there was always help from the neighbors; the George Ladds and the Lars Hylands were two families who lived close by. We had a few chickens, a milk cow, some pigs and horses. We had to skid in long trees to be sawed for wood and haul water in a barrel on a stoneboat with a team of horses from a creek on the backside of the quarter. We always grew a garden and some grain. I can remember when the threshing crew came to do some of the grain.



Marie Matthews riding "Bird", 1940.

There were happy times growing up with the neighboring families — George Ladds, Henry Hudsons, Lars Hylands, Charlie Ladds, Nemeths and McAllisters. We used to go to dances at Sunnybrook, Wenham Valley and Fern Creek. Most of our school years were spent at Fern Creek School; one year of schooling was taken at Lindale School.

In 1941 we moved to Breton. What a cold winter that was — with lots of snow! We lived in the front of Art Blair's house for some time. When the Ross Lumber Co. sold their houses, we bought one and moved it onto a lot on Main Street. It is still there today — next to Andresen's Automotive and Machine building.

Mother married Jack Ott in 1946; they separated after a short time. After having a stroke in 1953, she spent about two years in the nursing home at Stony Plain, Alberta. Then she returned to Breton and was able to stay at home as she had the assistance of Joe McGilvery who moved in with her after Fraser's planing mill closed down. Mother had to return to Stony Plain in 1971 as she was not strong enough to stay at home. Little Joe McGilvery passed passed away on June 12, 1974 in the Breton Hospital



Marie Matthews with children, Ray on the left, Jean to the right and Verna sitting with the dog.

after a long illness. Mother passed away on September 1, 1976.

Ray married Violet Ing and lives at Norbuck, Alberta. They have five children who are now all grown. Verna married Art Wahl and they live in Edmonton. They have four children who are also grown. I married Gordon Levers and we live at Breton. Our two children are also now young adults.

— JEAN LEVERS

CEDRIC MEADE AND CATHERINE MEADE (MOORHOUSE)

Cedric Meade and Catherine Spouse were married in Seattle on April 20, 1933. Shortly after they were married, Cedric came out to his homestead in the Wenham Valley area, that he had bought beforehand, while Catherine stayed behind in Victoria. On this quarter, believed to be the N.W. 34-47-3-W5, he built a small shack, etc., in preparation for Catherine's arrival. In July of 1935, Catherine arrived with their infant son, Frederick, who was born November 4, 1934 in Victoria. She came by train to Breton with her settlers' effects — a cast iron cook stove, a sewing machine, an inside clothes rack, a battery radio, a bed, etc. Cedric's half brother, Walter Baynes, met her at the station with his horse and buggy. It had been raining; therefore the dirt roads were axle deep with mud. They had to detour due to the road being washed out near the home-



Cedric and Catherine Meade (wedding picture)

stead. Catherine soon settled in to being a home-steader's wife, picking blueberries, scrubbing with a washboard, etc. Cedric, along with farming, worked in lumber mills and road construction. On October 3, 1936, their second son, Clifford, was born in Wetaskiwin. Then on May 15, 1938, their third son, Leonard was born in the Thorsby Hospital. On January 17, 1940, a fourth son, Donald, was born in Breton in Walter Baynes' house, with Lillian Baynes in attendance. Lillian was a registered nurse, who delivered most of the babies in the district at that time.



Dorothy Snell, Mrs. Florence Snell holding Donald Meade. The three Meade boys and Melvin Snell seated on steps.

It was during this period that Cedric fell ill and spent a lot of time in the University Hospital. For Catherine, there was a lot of excitement and hardships trying to help with the farm and raise four boys. Freddie, at about the age of six years, tried to help out by burning an old strawpile because he had overheard his dad mention that he had wanted to burn it sometime. He nearly succeeded in burning a granary with their meager supply of grain and some dynamite and caps with it. After many trips in and out of the hospital, Cedric died of cancer in the St. Joseph's Hospital in Edmonton on April 25, 1941. Soon after, Catherine and the four boys moved to a farm just south of Breton, to be closer to town and a school.



Cedric Meade on the binder.

Then in September 1943, Catherine married Fred Moorhouse and they moved onto his farm in the Funnell district. The boys then attended the Funnell School. On May 23, 1945, their daughter, Marlene, was born in Edmonton. They farmed in the Funnell area until 1953, when Fred decided to try something new. He, Catherine, Leonard, Donald and Marlene packed up and moved to British Columbia. Here, near Oliver, they built a motel. For ten years they ran the motel and a fruit stand, until they retired and moved into the new home they had built closer to Oliver. On June 6, 1973, Fred was killed in an automobile accident near Golden, B.C.

Their children: Frederick married Shirley Durstling and they have three children, Jeffrey, Gaylene, and Bradley. They live on a farm west of Breton. Clifford married Judy Kayenes and they have two boys, Kelly and Glen and they live on the family farm in the Funnell district. Leonard married Lillian Ollenberg and they have four children, Caroline, Robert, Karen, and James. They live on a farm in the Alsike area. Donald married Fay Love and they have two girls, Barbara and Linda. They live in Vancouver, but are now divorced. Marlene married Bill Pettit and they have two boys, Kenneth and Bradley. They live in Bellevue, Washington. Catherine is presently living in her house near Oliver, B.C., but is making plans to move back to Breton.

THE MOORHOUSE FAMILY

The Moorhouse brothers, Fredick Ellis and Jack Moorhouse came to Alberta with their mother and sister Annie in 1909. Their Father, Arthur Moorhouse, having come to this country in 1907.

He worked on the University Hospital in Edmonton as a bricklayer for the first year.

He then rented the Richard Stewart farm near what was then Fountainstown. The house was a two room log house with a sod roof. When it rained in the summer, mushrooms grew in abundance on the roof as sod made a perfect bed for mushrooms.

Mr. Arthur Moorhouse and his partner, Thomas Wade, mined coal on the Red Deer River for several years (1908 - 1913) stripping the surface in the summer with a scraper, and team mining in the winter with picks, shovels, and dynamite. Fred, Annie, and Jack attended a school near Alex which was named Stone Rural School. Another daughter, named Edna Marie, was born in 1915. She is now Mrs. Lakeman of the Clive district.

Fred and Jack took up homesteads near Breton in 1927, Jack on S.W. 15-48-4-W5 and Fred on N.W. 16-48-4-W5. They cleared land in the summer and worked in the saw mills in the winter. One of the winter chores at that time was sawing and hauling ice from Lake 15. The blocks were about 24" x 30". These were buried under the sawdust in the ice house and were used to keep dairy products fresh and also to freeze ice-cream in a hand turning freezer. Another chore at that time was to get logs or rails to saw into firewood; 25 loads of wood were needed for each winter. This was done ahead of time so the wood could dry over the summer.

Fred, with Annie's husband Arthur Westling, started up a saw mill of their own in 1934, sawing all the lumber and shingles for their own buildings. Fred built up a nice herd of Holstein cattle and shipped cream every week to the creamery at Bluffton. Friday morning was the day the train picked up the cream at Breton and all the neighbors were in town that day to bring in cream, buy supplies, and visit with other neighbors. There were very few cars and very poor roads at that time so going to town was a full days job, though it was looked forward to as the pleasure of the week.



Ruby and Jack Moorhouse.

Jack married Ruby Marie Johnson of Breton in 1933. They had four children. Kay, the eldest, married James Roos and they have two children; Kay's daughter, Terry, is now married to Mr. Ron Anderson while her son, Ronnie, still lives at home. They all reside in Breton. The twins, John and Judy, are both married. John married Elaine Mills of Camrose and they now reside in Drayton Valley with their two children, Debbie and Darcy. Judy is now Mrs. Melvin Stenger of Breton and has one son, Randy. Linda married Barry Mueller and they have one son, Delbert.

Fred married Mrs. Catherine Meade who had four sons, Frederick, Clifford, and Leonard all of Breton, and Donnie of Vancouver. One daughter was born to them on May 23, 1945 and she is now Mrs. William Pettit of Bellevue, Washington U.S.A. She has two sons, Kenny and Bradly Pettit. Fred moved to Oliver, B.C. in 1953 where he built and ran a motel for about 12 years, retiring in 1964. He was killed in a truck accident near Golden, B.C. in 1973. His wife, Catherine, still resides in their home just north of Oliver, B.C.

— Mrs. Annie (Moorhouse-Westling) Gibbs and Mrs. Kay Moorhouse

THE NORVILLE McGHIE FAMILY

I will always be sorry that I don't know more about my dad's early life.

Norville McGhie was born in Manitoba and grew up on a farm near Tees, Alberta. Norville came to the Funnell district as a young man in 1931 and bought land — N.W. 21-48-4-W5.



The McGhie family. L. to R. Norville, Roy, Eileen, Lila, Walter.

His mother, a younger brother, Roy, and two sisters, Lila and Eileen, lived on the farm. In the spring of 1930, Lila married Tom McKittrick. Roy and Eileen went to Funnell School. They stayed to help Norville for a few years and then returned to Tees where Mr. McGhie Sr. was still farming with two older sons.

Norville McGhie married Mary Heighington on November 14, 1941 in Edmonton. They lived in a log house on N.W. 23-48-4-W5. Mavis was born on November 20, 1942 in Edmonton. Sharon was the next one; she was born in Edmonton on March 25th, 1947. Then they started to build their new house. It had two bedrooms, a large living room, a

big kitchen and a pantry which, in later years, was made into a bathroom.

I (Joyce) was born June 11, 1949 in Edmonton. By then Mom and Dad were in the new house.

Norville and Mary milked cows and fed pigs. Norville worked out also doing construction work on pipe lines.



The McGhie family. Back row, L. to R. Norville, Mary, Mavis. Front row, Sharon and Joyce.

Norville was a director for the Funnell telephones in 1958-1964. This line consisted of poles above ground with 26 people on one line. He also sawed lumber with Jack Moorhouse. Later, he went into partnership with Theo Westling on a combine. They helped each other with their farm work. Many other neighbors such as Alfred Jackson worked with Norville.



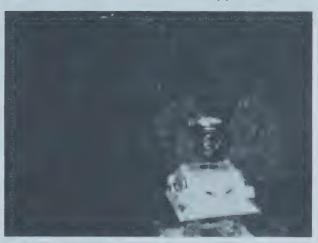
Norville McGhie on binder pulled by horses.

We always took in the family dances at Funnell. We visited and spent a lot of time with Jack and Ruby Moorhouse and Alfred and Lucille Jackson. They all loved to play cards.

Norville and Mary also took in a lot of bingo games. Helen and Donald Jackson would usually join them. They also went to most card parties at Funnell with all their friends in the community.

Grandma McGhie was the first president of the Funnell Mothers' Club. Mary joined in 1941. Grandma Heighington lived with us when we were kids until she went to Calgary where she passed away.

Mavis, Sharon and I arranged a surprise 25th Wedding Anniversary party for Mom and Dad at home. The whole family was there including aunts, uncles and friends of the family. They certainly were pleased! We got them a set of silverware; all the relations chipped in to make the day a happy one to remember. The neighbors also brought gifts for them and the house was full of happiness.



Norville and Mary McGhie Wedding Anniversary.

I was attending school at Red Deer when Dad passed away on June 28, 1967. After that I stayed on the farm for awhile. Mom worked hard feeding pigs and cows for her income. Mom is now married to Lloyd Kalberg. They are still on the farm.

Mavis lives on an acreage outside of Endako, B.C. She has four children. Sharon lives in Houston, B.C. and has 2 children. I live at Carnwood, Alberta and have two children.

— JOYCE SUNDERLAND

A NEWER HOMESTEADER'S VIEW

"What Godforsaken country! Who would ever live here?" That was the question I asked when we moved through this area, from Alder Flats to Morinville in 1954.

My views have changed since, as we, too, became homesteaders in 1960. Bob and I have three

quarters of land 12 miles west of Breton on the Buck Creek road, on which mainly hay crops are raised for our beef herd. We were married in 1953 and followed the oil rigs and construction until we got our land in 1959. Bob and I have one chosen

daughter, Karen, 15 years old.

Perhaps we are not old time residents, but our memories are some we'll never forget. For me, I remember traveling with my parents from Ferintosh, a district south of Camrose, to visit my aunt, uncle and cousins, the Gus Diesting family, at Antross in 1939. My father said then, "We have to leave suddenly if it looks like rain, or we may never get out for some time." I guess the roads became quagmires.



McCulloch Bros. breaking new land on the Walter Rae homestead, 1962.

My husband, Bob, is from the Rimbey district and recalls ashes falling at their farm from some of the forest fires in this area in the 1940's. Also his father hauled feed by horse and sleigh from Rimbey to feed horses at the sawmills in the Breton area.

Bob and his brother, Ken, bought their own caterpillar and breaking plow, and besides improving their own places, they did much custom work for other new homesteading in the area. At that time, one needed to have 10 acres of new cultivation each year, plus a 6 month resident duty on the 3rd, 4th, 5th and 6th years, plus giving a

small crop share, to hold your homestead.

Our closer neighbors were the Clint Gardeners, John Huyghes, Ralph Gaileys, Albert Hughes, Bob Westlins, Gus Backous, George Clarks, Ray Movalds, Bill Marcus and Stewart Badke. Other people having land in our area were Edgar Leeder, Ben Leeder, Ben Freisen, Royce Paul, Mr. Lamarsh and Ken McCulloch. In 1961 Ken was married to Jean Whittemore from Red Deer, and they, too, went homesteading. They farm 1½ sections of land now for a mixed farming operation. They have 4 daughters — Mary (17 years), Helen (15 years), Sheila (12 years), and Joan (9 years).

Later settlers were Dennis Brewsters, Jim Fowlers, Hubert Leeders, Ben Andersons, Dave Johnstons and the Sims brothers. Our memories go back to the many brush and ground fires that endangered our area, the construction of new roads and the oil activity.

Clearing our building site, 1959.

One of the many humorous things I recall is the scare I got the time I was milking a cow, when a moose trotted by within 20 feet of where I was at. This was the same evening of Gordon and Carol Hallgren's wedding dance in the Buck Creek Hall.

There was also the winter the rabbits were so plentiful. They fought the pigs away from their troughs. They must have been lacking something in their diet as they chewed the corners off our plywood "biffy"; and the blue jeans that were hung on the clothesline had the cuffs nibbled off. At night the rabbits were attracted to the roads by car lights and killed. The roads were litterly "fur lined". They must have died from a disease as very few rabbits have been seen until recently.

Some farms have changed to new owners several times since, and the land has been opened until very small amounts of trees remain. We prefer the shelter. Twenty years have gone by and many changes have taken place. Our once raw land has been cultivated and brought into production. Many good crops have been harvested and there is an abundance of grass and hay.

The average cost per quarter section on a homestead sale in 1960 was about \$600; now the average quarters are being assessed at \$25,000.00 to \$50,000.00. Many modern conveniences make

rural living much more acceptable.

A highlight in our community in June now is our Branding Days. Several families are involved over 2-3 weekends. Men, women and children get in the act of roping and branding etc., the cattle. When the work is finished, we all partake in tasty meals and visiting.

— JUNE McCULLOCH

THE JIM NELSON STORY

In the town of Leduc I was born on August 27, 1927, the eldest son of three boys, to James and Minnie Nelson of the Breton district who immigrated to Canada from England in the middle twenties. I was raised on the homestead that my father bought in 1925 for \$10.00 and resided there until the age of 21 years. The C.P.R. quarter, N.E. 25-48-4-W5th, was bought at this time also.

My earliest recollection dates back to 1930 when my Uncle Edward Nelson passed away in Edmonton from tuberculosis. He immigrated to Canada in 1927, worked with my father on the farm for a short period and was employed by Ross and Beard Lumber at Antross. Later, he moved to Edmonton and was working at the Great West Saddlery Co. at the time of his death. This turn of events must have been a real setback to my parents who were struggling to get established on the farm.

On the 25th of September, 1931, my brother, William, was born. The threshing crew were at our place that day and during the excitement of watching the tractor and threshing machine in operation, my father called me to the house and led me into the living room to show me my new baby brother. Mrs. Lily Kunsman who lived on the farm where we now live, was a nurse and helped with the new arrival. When Father left the house and went to see how the threshing was progressing, he told the owner of the machine, Mr. Westling, in a joking manner, "If you need any more help, there's another man in the house!"

Threshing in those days was different compared to later years. Farmers would haul their stooks into the farmyard and stack the bundles to form round stacks which were tapered to a point at the top. The stacks were placed far enough apart for a threshing machine to be pulled in between so two men could feed the machine from each side. A neighbor, Mr. Art Westling, threshed stacks for us in the early thirties; he had a steam engine for power which fascinated me as it would most young boys. We had to make a woodpile close-by for him to fire the engine and, of course, a creek a short distance away, was handy for the water wagon.

One day while watching this engine perform, the operator, Mr. Fred Moorhouse, opened up the steam relief valve. The noise and steam shot out and I ran like a scared rabbit. When I finally came to a halt and wandered back, the men were quite amused at my antics.

Herding cows on the range, or sometimes on our own land, was one of my duties which I disliked somewhat especially on hot summer days when the flies were bad. One cow would have its tail erect and start to run and pretty soon the whole lot would stampede into unfamiliar territory. This would cause me great concern for fear of getting lost while searching for them. Not only that, but you risked the chance of stubbing your toe or getting a rose thorn imbedded when you wandered off the beaten paths. We kids went barefoot quite often during summer months in those days.

My equipment, while herding the cows, was usually a jackknife, slingshot and a pocketful of stones. Making a whistle out of a green willow tree helped pass the time away.

My obligations in those days were the same as most young boys out in the country on a farm. During winter the woodbox beside the stove, the

water trough for the cows and horses — with a hand pump, had to be filled not to mention feeding the chickens and helping with the barn chores.

Remember when the wind at night would blow your lantern out and what a task it was to relight the thing especially with the temperature hovering around the 20° below zero mark?

Our vegetable bin was a dug-out on the side of a hill with heavy timbers supporting dirt overhead. The entrance was a passageway with three doors in it to keep out the frost. During extreme cold spells in the winter months, we had to light a fire in the place. The stove was an old wash boiler with a stovepipe placed in the lid and a draught shut-off gadget at the bottom. The root house had a ventilating stack but nevertheless the smoke got so unbearable that you had to crawl out on your hands and knees. The vegetables and the canned fruit kept very well indeed and many pioneers in those days had the same system.

Picking berries was a job related to the summer months as it is today, but much more so as it was a means of survival. We'd take our dinner along and make a day of it. Blueberries were plentiful and you could pick them in peace and not worry about black bears in the area.

Another highlight in my early days was in the summer of 1932 when my Uncle Walter Lawson arrived from England. He stayed with us for several months and in the meantime he purchased the S.W.¼ of 36-48-4-W5th. Shortly afterwards, my father helped him build a house on this property. He smoked a pipe regularly with a cover on it made out of a snuff box lid. He came down to visit us quite often and was a part of our lives for many years. He resided on his farm until the time of his death in February, 1956.



Haying in 1943, James, Jim Sr. and Bill Nelson.

My parents sent me to Funnell School in the latter part of the 1934-35 school term. Mr. Jim Miles was my first teacher. That fall I started my first complete term with Mrs. George Clinansmith being

my teacher and I'd just celebrated my eighth birthday. School was $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles away with only bush trails to travel on and this was the reason I didn't start sooner. We had about four different travel routes to school — sometimes we walked but most of the time our means of getting there and back was on horseback.



James Nelson having 1947, with farmhand.

I have many happy memories of school days—we played such games as steal sticks, pump, pump pull away, tap the icebox and anti-I-over. The annual Christmas concerts and excitement filled the air during concert night. We'd all go by a horse-drawn cutter with plenty of blankets to keep us warm. In later years, we had the Model A Ford and with a couple of kettles of boiling water in the radiator, and we were off.

My father and mother always had some cattle and this kept us going in the thirties. I learned to milk at seven years of age and was introduced to the cream separator and the barrel churn around the same time. This churn was hand or foot operated and, believe me, if the cream wasn't put in at the right temperature it took ages to make butter. This is probably why we let the churn go to pieces after we stopped selling butter; otherwise, it would be worth a lot as an antique these days.

Then we started selling cream to Calmar and Bluffton creameries. The cream was stored down the well to keep it from going sour. Father would take the cream in cans to Breton once and sometimes twice a week with horses and a democrat; from there it reached its destination by train.

It was during the middle and late thirties that Dad had poor health and it was Mother who kept things rolling and helped bring us through the hard times. On many occasions she helped with getting the crop in and spent many hours in the hay field putting hay into shocks and helped Dad stack the hay in the barnyard.

We didn't have much for entertainment on the farm in those early days, especially during the winter months. One summer Father and I constructed a dam in the creek to back the water up for swimming. Many pleasant hours were spent here. Having come from a big seaport, like Liverpool, my father en-

joyed ships so he built two small sailing boats about three feet long, one being a replica of the famous Bluenose. We spent many happy hours sailing these boats on the ponds.

In 1935 our neighbors, the Ettinger boys – Harry and Louis, acquired a radio which stood about four feet tall. The occasional Sunday afternoon we'd visit and listen to Charlie McCarthy and Edgar Bergen. The next year we purchased our own radio and I soon became a Wilf Carter, hockey and boxing fan. This was year-round entertainment and we all took full advantage of it. Harry Ettinger helped us build a windmill to charge batteries. It was a huge success, running for several years until one Sunday we went to Pigeon Lake and forgot to tie up the propellers on the mill. While at the lake, a terrific thunderstorm came with strong enough winds to wreck our well-known landmark. We never got around to rebuilding the thing and it is now just a memory.

On May 10th, 1937, my youngest brother, Edward, was born at Thorsby with Dr. Hankin as the attending physician. It was a hot dry spring and forest fires were prevalent in the area. I can remember helping Dad with horses and a stoneboat, carting water in barrels to put out ground fires in the swamps.

In the summer of 1939 we had the pleasure of friends visiting us from Liverpool, England by the name of Graham. Our house was too small to accommodate everyone so Bill and I slept in an old granary. They stayed about three days and while here we took them down across the range line to see a beaver dam. This was a real novelty, particularly in those days because beaver dams were few and far between.

It was around this time that Father purchased a Fordson tractor which started a new phase on the farming scene for us and cut down, to some extent, the use of horses which we had relied on for so many years. Nearly every field job or trip we made involved the horse. I made many miles following the wooden beam breaking plow pulled by four horses with Father urging them on. The many trips we made into Breton and Warburg, whether it be winter or summer, we depended so much on these reliable animals. On a cold winter's day we'd take turns at driving while the other ran behind the sleigh to keep warm. Two of these horses I will never forget. Their names were Shorty and Dot. Before my father purchased the gelding from Mr. Norman Matthews, the R.C.M.P. owned and used him for riding in the country on official business. He was our favorite horse and very good at pulling stumps or doing field work of any kind. Dot was one of three horses purchased from Martin Oelkers around 1927. Although she was a little lame on her hind leg during her latter years, this horse was a terrific worker and lived for twenty-seven years.

I remember quite well my father making the first ditches with a breaking plow on Highway 12

from just south of where we live now to the crossroads north of Breton around 1935. On the way back we stopped at Harry Chomyszyn's to rest the horses and to eat dinner.

The forties started with the first motor car we had. It was a Model A Ford bought from Ray Gerwien who was commencing to farm in the Funnell district. Going to town with a democrat came to an end.

Around 1943 we purchased the N.W. 25-48-4-W5th from Mrs. Kunsman and it was our hope to build on this quarter in future years because it was next to the highway to Breton. Prior to this we went to town via the range line which sometimes was nearly impassable through the muskeg. Before this I can remember three bush trails we used to head south on, to Breton. However, these trails were a thing of the past; now we had a graded highway to town without any gravel on, of course, but we had a good car for negotiating the mud holes. These were war years and prices for our produce climbed considerably. We had more acres in production now and an increase in our cattle and hogs. Halfway through my ninth grade, I quit school to help out with the farm work.



Four generations, Minnie Nelson, son James Nelson, granddaughter June Lansdell, great grandchildren Curtis James and Corey Ryan Lansdell.

The middle forties brought the clover seed era to the country with prices going as high as $40 \, \text{¢}$ a pound and higher. We bought a John Deere 12 A straight through combine to thresh clover from Dan Jamieson who farmed and also operated his hard-

ware store in town. The brush cutter, powered by an old 60 caterpillar, roamed the country; this was a big advance in land clearing and we took advantage of it — getting about 20 acres cut along the highway. We made a bush pusher out of 6 x 6s and 4 x 4s that attached to the front end of the Fordson tractor and we piled a lot of this 20 acres of cut brush by this method.

In 1947 we bought a rubber-tired tractor with a starter and lights and this was real excitement for the whole family; also we bought a farm hand loader to put up hay and we used this type of machine for thirty years. Also Father bought the S½-31-48-3-W5th in my name for \$750. This was the year that my Uncle Titus Nelson made his first trip to Canada to visit us.

During the winter of 1948, we built a garage, on what used to be the Mrs. Kunsman quarter, out of 4" x 4" poplar lumber. That summer I was 21 years old and we moved from the old homestead to live in this garage while we built a house. We started building the house in 1950 out of lumber we had logged and sawn ourselves.

That fall a friend of mine, Glenn Greenhough, and I went to England for a four month holiday. While there we stayed at my Uncle Titus and Auntie's home in Liverpool. It was there that I met my wife-to-be, Gladys Stanley, while attending a function at Hartington Rd. Church.

On August 1st, 1953, we were married at the Thorsby United Church with Dr. Gerald Hutchinson performing the ceremony.

We have five children — June born June 4th, 1954, Gary James born June 2nd, 1962, Rhonda Dawn born January 3rd, 1964, Wendy Gay born March 3rd, 1966 and Todd Russell born November 15th, 1967.



Jim Nelson Jr. family (1971). Left to right, Gary, Gladys, June, Jim, Rhonda. In front, Wendy and Todd.

June is married to Larry Lansdell, formerly of Breton. They now reside in St. Albert and have two children — Curtis, born on October 2nd, 1975 and Corey born on July 15th, 1977. June is an R.N.A.



Nelson Farms, homes left to right, Minnie, Edward and James, 1979.

and works at a St. Albert hospital and Larry is with the Edmonton City Police force.

In the early fifties we purchased a threshing machine and did our own threshing for 15 years before purchasing a self-propelled combine. At first we ran the thresher with an Oliver Hart Parr tractor, a two cylinder job and very good on the belt; later, we ran the machine with a John Deere Model D. We had happy times at harvest time, threshing this old method, even though it did involve a lot of work.

In 1954 power came to the district; then a couple of years later oil was discovered in the Funnell area. Soon afterwards we got oil wells on our land and this helped us out a lot, not only by the revenue received but the roads helped us get from one part of the farm to the other and the road ditches helped drain our land.

On September 19th, 1961, Father passed away suddenly from a heart attack at the age of sixty.

My brother, Edward, and I continued to farm and the following year formed a Limited Company. We all live in the same yard and my mother has her own home close-by.

In 1964, I joined the Breton Elks Lodge No. 402 and was installed as Exalted Ruler in 1972.

During the summer of 1969 our Uncle Titus and Auntie Nell paid us their last visit. They travelled from coast to coast and back in a Volvo car. He was 70 and she was 80 years old at the time. He was very active up until the time of his passing in 1972 and she passed away two years later.

My brother and I run a mixed farming operation with approximately 800 acres under cultivation. We have around 350 Hereford range cattle which are our main source of income.

I wonder what the next thirty years will bring in regards to our family and country living on the farm in the Breton district?

— JAMES NELSON

EDWARD AND MARY NELSON

Thirty years later I still remember clearly my parents saying, one day, that we were going to move from our present home, Kingsville, Ontario, to Breton, Alberta. Dad had decided to return to farming with his father, Julius Horvath. It was not our first trip back to the farm from the East but this time it was to be our last. It was going to be exciting to see Grandpa and Grandma again. I was ten years old, in grade four, and had taken grades 1, 2 and 3 here also.

It was in April of 1948 when we packed all our belongings and left Kingsville for Breton. We (my parents, two brothers, George and Robert, and myself) traveled two days and three nights by passenger train before arriving in Edmonton. My parents and younger brother, Robert, remained in the city overnight so they had more time to purchase a few necessary items before commencing their life on the farm. George and I were settled aboard a train in

Edmonton from where we traveled the last leg of our journey, alone. Upon arriving at the Breton train station, we were greeted by my grandfather and Mr. and Mrs. Alex Kiss who were waiting with their team of horses and sleigh to transport us to

Grandpa's farm.

To my brother and I, it was somewhat of a disappointment when we reached Breton as there seemed to be an abundance of snow everywhere. Before we departed from Kingsville, we had long forgotten about winter; spring came very early in Kingsville as it is situated at the very southern tip of Ontario, near Lake Erie. Other things, too, were soon about to change! We had no electricity, wood had to be cut and hauled in, milk was no longer left at the back door in bottles but rather a cow was purchased for milking, water was pumped and carried in from a well and school was 3½ miles away. Lunches had to be packed and we walked to school and back in all kinds of weather. Needless to say, it was a real contrast from walking a few blocks on cement sidewalks and returning home for snacks at noon hour.



Mary feeding chickens and ducklings on Grandpa's farm, 1944.

We soon became accustomed to the new changes in Breton that were such a contrast to "modern" Kingsville. When in grade four in Kingsville, I attended school in a large two storey red brick building with indoor plumbing where the girls played divided from the boys on a large playground. You can imagine the thoughts I had when I first glimpsed the school I was to attend in Breton! It was a green and white tiny wooden structure containing two classrooms with a cloakroom beside each one; it had no lights or indoor plumbing. Having no electricity may have accounted for classes beginning at 9:30 a.m. rather than 9:00 a.m. in the winter months. One room housed grades 1, 2 and 3 taught by Mrs. McCormick and the other, grades 4, 5 and 6 taught by Mrs. Wilson. This school stood directly behind the present larger elementary school which was formerly the high school. As I approached the playground I noticed both, boys and girls, playing together and near the school where there was a tiny wood or coal shed, the children were playing 'ante I over' with a ball. Someone had mentioned that a Mr. Gruninger was the principal.

There was no more playing with my friends down the street as I had done every day previous to our move. Work was substituted for play and we grew up fast. We all had numerous tasks such as hauling water in and out, watering the cattle, cutting wood and kindling, cleaning lamp chimneys and filling the lamps with coal oil, cleaning the chicken house and gathering eggs, churning butter, picking roots, running after cattle and milking, and weeding the huge garden. I can still remember shelling peas by the sacks full for the many jars Mother canned—it seemed to take all summer. The shelling was not all in vain as I had become a very adept sheller, a knack which has become useful for my own canning.

After a rainfall, the family would don rubbers and whatever gear it took to keep dry, and armed with a pail each, would commence hunting fresh edible mushrooms in the bush. It was a well known fact that new mushrooms popped up out of nowhere, directly after a good rainfall. We had many meals made from mushrooms but we always hunted and picked our own. Blueberry excursions were fun, too. We quite often packed lunches and were gone all day. It was not unusual for Mother to can at least 200 quarts of blueberries a season, when they

were plentiful.

I think the chore I disliked taking part in mostly was the gathering of Canadian thistle buds in the fields. We carried bags and wore leather gloves to protect our hands from the prickly weed. All of us would venture ahead, including Grandma and Grandpa, spreading out about 20 feet apart and picking the buds in our path till we completed the whole field. The flowering Sow thistles were dealt with similarily. What a time saver our weed sprayers are today!

Our neighbors were the Sobons — north of us, my Uncle Jim (Horvath) and his family — south, and Ed Grzyb later on, to the west. One thing about hiking to school all that distance, it never seemed boring. We arranged to meet at the corner with the Sobon children, at a certain time, so we usually had someone to walk and converse with. Once we were a mile from home and on the highway, the Miller children would join us. With amusement, I recall times when we'd come across an obnoxious odor while walking to school. All of us, together, would pinch our nostrils tightly and race down the road without stopping till we thought we had passed it. Sometimes the odor would last for days. When the unknown stench became milder and bearable, some of us would investigate the source and would discover that the cause was either a dead dog, cat or goat lying in the roadside ditch.

During rainy days and before the highway (12) was graveled, the roads were so muddy it would take us twice as long to reach our destination. Often we would slip off our shoes to save them and thus trudge home with mud squishing between our toes (one never knew what the weather was going to do

between the time one left for school and home time). Some days we took the railway route to and from school which was a little farther but easier walking. I'll never forget the occasional rides I had on the speeder to the town train station! This route provided me with an opportunity to observe the sawmill by the tracks, near town, during its operational days. On the highway a car would stop to pick us up if there weren't too many of us walking in one bunch; more likely than not, it was Charlie King (one of a few who had a car around this district) who usually gave us a lift. We knew if he was on the road, we were certain of a ride. Prior to the school bus in 1954, the first north of Breton driven by Ted Grzyb, we hiked together for years.

Our family did a lot of visiting with our neighbor, the Millers, who lived a mile away and near the highway. Until we grew up and went our separate ways, we walked to each other's place frequently.

Breton had two show halls which held movies every Saturday evening. I recall what a great event it was to attend these shows when we were able to go. The tractor, being our only mode of transportation, took us visiting and into town for the shows and weekly grocery jaunts. In those days you took your list to the Red and White store, managed and later owned by Nick Raczuk, or Sexton's and read off the groceries you needed. The items would be brought to the counter, one by one, and totalled. This was about the time pop sold at 7ϕ a bottle, ice cream cones at 5ϕ and jaw breakers at 3 for 1ϕ — a nickel would supply enough of these nostalgic-type candies to last several days.

It was after our brief residence in Devon that we moved to a different farm but still near Breton. It was the farm formerly owned by Henry Bober, a mile west of Breton. Here, I remained with my family until I completed grade twelve and entered the Faculty of Education at the University of Alberta.

Just before completing my studies, I applied for a 'student teaching' (as they called it then) position in one of the classrooms in either the Breton Elementary or Warburg Elementary School. I was hired by Mr. Wynnyk of Breton and was placed in Mrs. Lois Robinson's grade three classroom to observe and teach during the months of May and June. For this experience, I was paid a salary at the end of each month but not the full salary a homeroom teacher would receive. Needless to say, much knowledge and beneficial experience in practice teaching and observing was gained during this period. This opportunity gave me an insight to the problems teachers had in a classroom and in many instances, I observed how each problem was dealt with. It didn't take me long to realize what a huge responsibility lay ahead of me.

On July 11th, 1958 (after interning at the Breton Elementary School) I married Ed Nelson of the Breton district. After our wedding and reception in Breton, a dance was held in Warburg, the same

evening, where guests and many friends attended.

In September of the same year, I was hired by Superintendent Cyril Pyrch, and was to embark on the biggest and most exciting venture of my life—that of teaching! Mrs. Lois Robinson moved up to grade four and I had the responsibility of teaching a class of about 30 grade threes.

During the first few years I taught, I had several 'intern teachers' observe in my classroom during May and June but only remember a few who remained and also taught in Breton — Mrs. Frances Ekstrom (nee Gruninger), Mrs. Elaine Gruninger (nee Zeiner) and Mrs. Theresa Hakstol (nee Meinczinger). After working five years in grade three, I left the profession and on June 19, 1964 Glenn Edward was born in Edmonton at the Royal Alexandra Hospital. After a three year absence from teaching, I was asked by Mr. John Davidson to take over a grade two class in Breton for a term. I had not planned on teaching but it was necessary that I accept. When the one year term was up, I again left the profession. In the Royal Alexandra Hospital, on April 29, 1968, Debra-Jayne made her debut. When she was two and a half years old, I had a yearning to return to teaching. By now Glenn had begun grade one and I was hired to teach grade two. I continued teaching for two years and decided my family needed me more at home. The eight years I taught at the Breton Elementary School were the most challenging and rewarding years of my life. The cherished memories I possess of these years will never be forgotten.



Bill on left and Ed on right with tame young hawks on their heads,

My husband, Ed, not possessing much in the way of toys for amusement during his childhood days, spent many hours close to nature. He remembers happy days spent while capturing and taming two young hawks with his brother, Bill. Another unusual incident was when he found a crow with an injured wing. Since it couldn't fly, it was easily tamed and it would follow him everywhere he went. One

day the crow had disappeared and Ed recalls what a sad time that was. He had hoped its wing had healed and it finally took flight. He and his brother, Bill, had many fun-filled hours pouring water in ground hog holes. This was executed to rouse the unsuspecting ground hog from his den and when his head bobbed above the ground, Bill and Ed would have their slingshots ready. Many hours were spent hunting partridges with their homemade slingshots, too. Ed remembers Bill being particularly handy with his slingshot and the many meals of his bush partridges that adorned the table in those days. Ed used to collect small pebbles for Bill's slingshot and once, when he was only six, became lost when he wandered into the muskeg. He sat down and cried until his mother found him, two hours later.

It wasn't until Ed was fourteen years old that he bought his first gun, a .22, and this acquired only after he had earned enough money by trapping squirrels and weasels and then selling the pelts. With the gun he was able to hunt bigger game (beaver) and thus increase the amount he earned for spending money. Until times became better, this was his main source of income.

With fond memories, Ed also recalls when his father carved him a fancy boat from a piece of wood. It was painted black with red stripes and made similar to a miniature Viking — curved at each end. Ed took his treasured boat many times and sailed it wherever safe amounts of water flowed. One day while waiting for his ship to 'come in', it disappeared and although he searched for days, he never saw it again.

These fun times were far and in between as Ed remembers having to work hard even when he was small. When he began school, he was old enough to help milk the cows by hand with his father and brothers before setting off to school each morning. They milked cows and shipped cream for years. Now he only milks one cow for our own use as he and his brother raise cattle mainly for beef.



Ed Nelson with his coyote hides, 1978.

For entertainment, Ed still keeps active, hunting in his spare time. At present, he is still working on a plan to outwit the ever elusive and cunning coyote. One of the strangest things Ed had ever seen while hunting beavers, was a mallard duck that had layed her eggs in an old magpie's nest, ten feet above the water in a willow tree. He observed the nest until the eggs hatched. One day upon returning, he noticed the ducks had disappeared. How they fled the nest and into the water is still a mystery.

One day Ed had shot a beaver and set it on the creek bank, leaving it there to pick up on the way home. After returning, an hour later, he found something had eaten part of the animal. Scanning the immediate area, he spied a lynx peering at him from above in a nearby tree. That day he returned with a lynx and two and a half beavers, ready for the skinning table.

We live on a farm north of Breton where Ed farms along with his brother, Jim, on the same farm, originally their father's homestead. He keeps busy with their mixed farming and large herd of cattle. The boys being very handymen, do most of their own carpenter work, mechanics, electrical wiring, welding and vet work when required, as well as other chores that go along with farming.



Ed Nelson family 1978. Mary and Ed, with Debra-Jayne and Glenn in front

Our two children, Glenn and Debra-Jayne, attend school in Breton and travel five miles on a school bus driven by John Kugyelka. Glenn, presently in grade ten, is keenly interested in hunting and motor bikes. He and his father often enjoy

hunting expeditions together. Debra-Jayne, in grade six, has her own horse, Brandy, which she rides during the summer months and is presently learning to play the accordion.

— Mary (Horvath) Nelson

MIKE NEMETH

Michael Nemeth Sr. was born in Baracs, the Province of Fehér Megye, Hungary in the year of 1890.

He immigrated to Canada in the year of 1926, making his home at Bashaw, Alberta. In 1928 he bought land from the C.P.R., east of Breton, in what was the School District of Fern Creek; the quarter section was N.E. 1-48-3-W5. His brother, John Nemeth, took the N.E. 31-47-2-W5 where Mike built his first home. It was here that he brought his family from Hungary in the spring of 1930.

The family arrived in Breton on the train and then started with horses for their new home, eight miles straight east of Breton. They made five miles the first day, staying overnight with Carl Balogh and his family. The next day they made it to their new home. On the way, the wagon had to be pulled out of mudholes three times by unhooking the team and putting them out on the end of the wagon pole. This was quite a welcome to a new land.

Mrs. Nemeth was born in Hungary in 1893 and her maiden name was Helen Dubitz. When they came to Breton, Nemeths had three children — Michael Jr., 10, born on May 13th, 1920, Mary born in 1923 and Steve in 1926. Two more children were born here — Helen in 1931 and Julius in 1934.

During the depression years, Mike Nemeth moved to Bashaw where he could find work, taking his family with him with the exception of his eldest son who worked in the sawmills around Breton. Mike Jr. worked for the Melvin Hough sawmill and on ranches in B.C. and Alberta.

In 1942 Mike Nemeth Sr. again moved from Bashaw to Lethbridge where he bought a farm. He remained there until his death in 1956. His wife passed away in 1959. Two sons died later, both in 1966.

Mike Nemeth Jr. was in the employ of Melvin Hough at Breton when he joined the Army in Edmonton on January 10, 1942. He served with the First Canadian Armoured Brigade, New Brunswick Tank Regiment. He saw action in Italy and northwest Europe, returning in 1945. He again worked in the Melvin Hough sawmill for awhile and then worked for the Dept. of Highways in Alberta and B.C. Mike is presently employed by the Regional Transportation Services at High Level, Alta. and he makes his home in Grimshaw, Alberta.

Mary Nemeth married Doug Chenery of Lethbridge and had five children — Gail, Linda, Debra, Robert and Gary. Helen Nemeth married Jack Patey of Calgary and has four children — Randal, Rick, Jackie and Pamela.

— M. NEMETH JR.

HISTORY OF WILLIAM (BILL) OLLENBERG

Bill was born on May 27, 1919, near Leduc, son of Adolf and Katharine Ollenberg. The family of three boys and three girls farmed near Leduc until 1929, when they moved to a farm near Sunnybrook. Bill took most of his schooling in Sunnybrook.

In 1940 Bill bought the quarter section N.E. ¼-35-48-4-W5, located at the Alsike corner, from the C.P.R. He spent the year of 1941 in an army boot camp. After this, he and his youngest brother, Henry, moved onto the farm. Here they built a 14' by 24' house, slab barn and a few other necessary out buildings. In the wintertime Bill worked at Karsay's sawmill, 12 miles west of Breton and he farmed in the summer. When Bill started farming he had a walking plow and a small line of horse machinery. At that time, the farm was mainly swampland. In later years, I can remember cows bogged down in a small draw and having to be pulled out by hand with a rope.

While working at Karsay's sawmill Bill met Mary Hum, who worked in the cookhouse. They were married at Barnwell, Alberta, August 8th, 1943. After the wedding, Bill and Mary returned to live on his farm at Alsike. Henry was taking care of the farm during their absence. Just before they arrived home, a couple of neighors put a tub over the stovepipe outside. The first fire they lit caused quite a smoke in the house.



Left to right, Grandpa Hum holding Lillian, Bill Ollenberg holding his daughter Fay. In the background the first house they lived in.

That fall, Bill went to work at Zeiner's sawmill, so he and Mary moved to their camp. It was here, on August 1, 1944, their first daughter Fay was born, with Sally Hernberg as midwife. Soon after, they returned to the farm and Bill started farming full

time. In 1945 their slab barn burned down so he had to build another one out of lumber. This one is still standing.

On January 4, 1946 their second daughter, Lillian was born at home with Mrs. Buffalo as midwife. Mr. and Mrs. Buffalo owned Alsike store at that time. Then on September 15, 1951 Linda was born, also at home. Miss Chapman, the District Nurse, was called out to tend the new baby and mother, while Fay and Lillian were taken for a short stay with their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Hum Sr. near Warburg.

It was during these years that the small communities were the main source of entertainment. For Bill and Mary and their family, the Christmas concerts and the dances at the Funnell and Saskatoon Valley Schools were their social life. Also while the men worked in the sawmills and on threshing crews, they had their own morale squad. Someone like Bill always kept things lively by unhooking a team of horses from the wagon of a sleeping driver waiting for the load of bundles ahead of him to be unloaded, or putting mice in a unattended jacket pocket, and telling rather unappetizing stories during meals, etc.

In 1953 Bill traded quarters with his brother-in-law Joe Hum Jr. This quarter being S.E. 1/4-2-49-4-W5, was first owned by a Hayes family and then by a bachelor, Ralph Stenson, who returned to the United States. Another bachelor, Bill Arnold, sold the farm to Joe Hum before moving to British Columbia. Bill and Mary and their three girls moved onto this farm in the summer of 1953. Joe Hum later sold the quarter at Alsike corner to Stan Taylor, who in turn sold it to Art Stephenson. Art then sold the piece of the quarter on the north side of highway 57 to Peter Heinrichs.



Bill Ollenberg's first car which he bought from Lester Krause.

As well as farming this quarter, Bill also worked on pipelines and in the oilfield. On August 8, 1964, their only son Sam was born in the Breton General Hospital. In 1967 Bill was forced to give up farming due to illness. He sold the farm to his son-in-law and daughter, Leonard and Lillian Meade and then retired to an acreage at Mulhurst until he died of cancer on May 14, 1974.

The girls are now grown. Fay married James Stange October 4, 1969. They now live in Rosebrier. Lillian married Leonard Meade July 5, 1963, and

they live on the family farm near Alsike. Linda married Norman Clark on July 4, 1970 and they are at Mulhurst. Sam still lives at home. After Bill's death, Mary sold the acreage at Mulhurst and now resides in Wetaskiwin.

FRANK (BUSTER) OWENS

My father came to this area from the dried out part of the prairies in the year 1935. He brought my three sisters with him and three years later I came and helped to clear some land in the summer months. In the winter time, I went to the logging camps; this was new to me as I had never seen spruce trees before.

We had some log buildings and some rough lumber. There was a hand-dug water well on the place with poor quality water, but we made do with it. This was the N.W. ¼-16-49-4-W5. The roads weren't much at that time, mostly bush trails but weren't that bad after you got to know where they came out at. The big job for me was to get a woodpile up and split for the year. There was no coal at that time. For amusement, there were Friday night dances and card parties at the schools. Sometimes it was pretty crowded, but everyone enjoyed the night's activities.

The first few years, most of the hay was of the wild variety from sloughs and meadows, but we sowed some tame hay soon after we got on the place. There were a few milk cows and horses, and later on a few sheep to use up all the hay and straw. Later on I, myself, bought the N.W. ¼-35-48-4-W5, so I spent my time here. As time went on, my father passed away, followed by his second wife, a few years later. My sisters had long since been married and made their own homes in different places.

- Buster

ROY PETERSON

I was born May 30, 1911 down in the southern part of Alberta. I lived in Claresholm for the first part of my life. When Amos and Eva Nelson took me as a foster child in 1924, we lived south of Hanna for many years. In 1931 we all moved north of Warburg to live in the Telfordville district. The area was mostly raw land at that time with very little improved land. I have been able to see it grow to what it is today.

I met Annie Zajes. She was born September 6, 1920, in Poland. She came to Canada in June, 1929, with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Karp Zajes of Warburg.

Annie and I were married January 10, 1941 and we lived north of Warburg for a period of years. We had a family of seven children — Hilda, Eleanor, Leroy, Caroline, Edna, Terry and Harvey.



Annie and Roy Peterson, Hilda, Eleanor and Annie's youngest brother, Karl Zajes, 1945.



The Roy Peterson children, 1951.



Leroy and Terry with 2 antelope shot south of Hanna.



Children swimming in the Poplar Creek, 1955.



Leroy, Terry and Harvey, 1957.

Then I took up raw land in the Breton district, east half of section 21-47-4-W5. In July, 1951 we moved to Breton and made our home here; we still live here at the present time. Our children used to spend hot summer days swimming in Poplar Creek across the road.

On June 30, 1955 our youngest daughter, Patricia, was born.

In April, 1957 I found a bear cub crying in the bush five miles south of here so I brought him home and my three sons had a bear cub. We fed him with a bottle and had him here for five weeks but he was getting out of hand by that time. The game warden came and moved him to the Calgary zoo.

The land we lived on was a pre-emption held by the William Anthony Lumber Company as fire guard to their sawmill and planer mill. It was on the Poplar Creek, just east of here, that forest fires were a real threat in this area.

Hilda, our eldest daughter, married Lilburn (Bud) Badke and they have one daughter, Sherry.

Leroy, our eldest son, married Jean Mohl of Hanna, Alta. They have three girls — Linda, Cindy and Leanne. Leroy is great for sports. In October, 1965 Leroy and Terry were here with two antelopes which were taken south of Hanna.

Caroline married Gordon Hallgren and they have four children — Kevin, Gordon, Marilyn and

Leonard.

Edna married Ron Hatt; they have two girls, Joanne and Diane.

Eleanor married Dave Baker; they have three children, David, Allen and Ann Margaret.

Patricia married Garry Bogart; they have two children, Annette and Dennis.

Terry and Bonnie have one boy, Brant.

Harvey is still single.

ROY PRENTICE FAMILY

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Prentice, Lawrence, Roy, Thelma and Wesley lived on their farm west of Red Deer.

During the 'dirty thirties' (1930-34), everyone had to do the alternatives to help defray the expense of family needs — no frills.

They got a timber berth at Norbuck and moved to the site during winter to cut railroad ties, firewood and saw logs for the local sawmill owned and operated by Art Burrows. Many other families lived in the area working in the timber industry — Mr. and Mrs. McNabb, Ralph Burris and family, Mr. Russell, T.L. Duncan who educated personnel, Alex Hayes, Mr. Skoglan and Frank Rath, the postmaster at Norbuck.

Later, the Ing brothers and their families (grandfather and grandmother of Ted Chapin presently living north of Breton), Hubert and Gilbert Warner, the Jones', Albert Low, Sonny Nelson, Oscar Lister and the Frank Braken family came as homesteaders.

A road was built to Breton and Winfield which was a great improvement but it was not gravelled and had many mud holes.

Wages were low, as was everything else, but it meant long hard days of work for \$18.00 per month, cutting and hauling timber products to the siding, to be shipped out.

These were the hard times but there were the good times, too. Everyone got together for music

and feasting.

In the spring of 1933, Dad Prentice was found in the bush unconscious. Lawrence and Roy took him by train to Edmonton. The conductor offered to hold the train at Thorsby and Dr. Hankin came to the coach and gave their dad a painkiller. He told the boys to get a taxi at Leduc and take him to the city. Doctors worked many hours to save 'a life'. He was in the hospital for many months. Lawrence and his family stayed but Roy, Wesley and Mother went back to the farm.

Roy milked cows and cut firewood and hauled it to Red Deer for \$3.00 a wagon box load. When his father returned home to take the farm over, Roy decided to rent a farm at Iola, west of Bluffton.

In July, 1936 Frank Woods, an old friend, came to Roy and they decided to put up the hay; in exchange for wages, Frank took a Model T truck. Two days after they were finished, the worst hailstorm came and everything was beaten to the ground.

We were married in the fall and we did have a good living even if prices for farm products were low — so were all other commodities. We had hens, milked cows and sold cream for \$3.00 per 5 gallon can, grew a garden and there was a lot of wild fruit.

The next spring, one of our horses died. As there was no money to buy another horse, Roy hooked our Jersey bull to the plow with two horses

and the plowing was done.

In winter, Roy set out a trap line and sold furs to pay for family needs. Squirrels sold for \$.15 per hide; now in 1979, squirrels are going for \$3.25.

At Christmas time in 1939, we decided to go to Red Deer so with our four dog team we travelled for two days. Days were short and we travelled only in the daytime; we enjoyed it as did Lois, who was only two years old. The dogs got sore feet because the snow was crusted, so I made leather shoes for them. We left for home after a nice Christmas with Grandpa and Grandma Prentice.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Pittman lived four miles from our place, across the road from my parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chris Odenbach. Now when we visit with Bob and Irea, it just seems as if we are at home.

In February, 1940 we decided to move to a homestead at Buck Creek. With two sleighs and horses, we trekked across country along Buck Lake. The first night we camped out under the stars and with Roy's good woodsmanship, we were comfortable beside a campfire. Next day we arrived at our new homestead, pitched a tent and we were as comfortable as could be; Lois was only three years old. Mr. Nelson, our neighbor, gave us a hand with our house whenever he could. When we shingled the roof, a rain storm was building up so by lantern light we worked all night and finished in time for break-

Our first summer was spent clearing a piece of land for a garden. Our power was horses — no tractor was available. Mosquitoes were the order of the day. We pulled stumps and trees at night by lantern light. It took us two months to get it ready for a garden. We built a hotbed and very early in spring, we had radishes, lettuce and onions. We sold them to the folks at Hystad's lumber mill, and they sure enjoyed them. We had a lovely garden, and with a cow to milk and some chickens, we had a good living. Just as everyone else in those times, we all thrived with the ambition to do it.

We had a team of horses but the roads were usually impassable. We had a one ton truck but left it at Andrew Pacholka's place where Glen Jacobie lives now. In winter, we travelled to visit our neighbors with dog team. We sold the truck then.

On December 14, 1940 our daughter, Joyce, was born. Mrs. McDonald, our neighbor, came and assisted. It was cold and Roy drove to Alder Flats to bring Mrs. Malin, a retired nurse, to make sure everything was in order. Mrs. McDonald was very efficient and had saved our baby's life.

The winters were spent at logging camps. Roy was barn boss and looked after some twenty horses. Summer was busy, clearing land and fencing. The weather was not always very co-operative as it rained steadily for days sometimes which made it very difficult to clear land. So in 1944, the homestead agreement was cancelled because we didn't get enough land broken for the time we were there. We sold what we could, rolled up the wire and left with our belongings.

We arrived at Breton and moved to a vacant farm where Tom Impey lives now. We met Mr. Cook and he offered to sell his farm (our north quarter) to us. In July we moved out and planted a garden. Roy started plowing the 30 acres as it was infested with thistles. It started to rain and the creek got very high because it rained for a week. The garden was under a foot of water, but it all came up with the exception of lettuce. We got lots of vegetables. We lived in Mr. Cook's log cabin with a sod roof; it didn't leak despite the long rain.

In September I applied for correspondence lessons for Lois as New Moose Hill School had been closed for two years. Mr. Pyrch wrote back and asked me to get lessons for all the students and supervise the lessons for them. Lessons were sent out and as soon as a postwar student teacher was available, it was turned over to her. But to the students, this was unfair as she couldn't pass them. The following year, we had four different teachers. This wasn't successful so a bus route was established and tenders were called for. There were only two tenders and Roy was chosen. The road conditions were very bad — a four-wheel drive machine was the only machine that could get through. Many days I had to drive a team of horses and pull the bus out of mud holes going and coming from Breton. There were days that the bus did not arrive until near noon. The first morning the bus arrived at Breton, was a very eventful day; business men and town's folk were there to see the first bus with thirteen students, arrive in Breton.

During the years of bus driving, different sizes of machines were purchased; the route increased, so by the time we sold out to Dale Coble in April, 1975, we were using a 48 passenger bus and traveling a 112 mile gravelled route. The second year of bus driving, we bought our south quarter (known as the Potty Fuller homestead). We no longer had to ford the creek with the bus (no bridge then).

When Lois became 18 years of age, she purchased a car which was used as a bus and hauled 8

students from the west. Roads were very bad, sometimes impassable.

Roy took Nurse Chapman to many of the surrounding country schools to check the school children. Sometimes they had to carry logs to fill in where culverts were washed out. When Miss Chapman retired, an English nurse, Miss Hillman, came; Lois took her to the many schools. Roy also took many sick patients to doctors, as he had the only machine available.

Roy Jr. was born in 1947 and Gordon was born in 1949.

Roy moved his parents from the farm at Red Deer to Breton in 1961. My parents lived in Rimbey. Father passed away in 1962 and Mother in 1963. Anyone having the book, "Forests to Grainfields", will see the pictures we entered. Now we are semiretired on the farm, in our modern home and are enjoying it.

Our children are all married. Lois married Robert Bogart and they have six children, Fern, Wayne, Joyce, Sherry, Sharon and Larry. They live west of Breton. Fern married Perry Thyr and they have a son, Elben — a great-grandson for us. Joyce married Francis Lachance and have three children, Lori, Michelle and Michael. They live at Lindale. Lori married Anthony Udchitz. Michelle married Murray Townsend and they have a son, Corey Lee - another great-grandson for us. Roy married Evelyn Stuart and were blessed with three children, Aurel, Laceann and Corrine. They live at Woodbent Road, west and north of Devon. Gordon married Linda Flamond. They have three children, Annette, Kirk and Jody. They live south and west of Drayton Valley.

We are very thankful as our children caused us no problems and we can visit them any time, just by driving a short distance.

— Ella Prentice

LLOYD AND JEANNETTE POLISCHUK

My first introduction to Breton and district was in 1929 when my youngest brother Richard and I came with our parents and Uncle Anton on our first trip to Breton. My dad and Uncle Anton came out to Breton to look over the situation of their lumber and logging operation that they had started the previous year. We drove out to what was then known as Greenwood Lake; at that time, the Breton Lumber Company had their sawmill on one side of the lake and I can remember we crossed the lake in a row boat, to the Pearson Bros. campsite. I can still remember the newly built camp buildings, built from freshly hewn logs. We spent the night with Mr. and Mrs. Chris Myrby and I clearly remember their log cabin and what a fun loving person Mrs. Myrby was.

My next recollection of Breton was when the

teamsters returned home to the farm at Hay Lakes, in late February or early March, with the horses that had spent the winter skidding logs at the camp at Breton. You did not have to be told that the boys were home from camp, as they opened the door and greeted you with a very noticeable lumber jack smell. This smell was a combination of sawdust, spruce logs and smoke. In spite of the three day journey from Breton, to the farm, this smell was still well embedded into the clothes and bedding and it was days before it went unnoticed among our familiar farm odors.

In 1938, I attended school in Breton. High school was held in the United Church which was then located on what is now named 50 Ave. and 50 St. The schools in this era were heated with a stove that sat in one corner at the back of the room. The Breton School had a stove that sat at the back of the room, the only difference was that this stove was made from an oil barrel and it operated on the same principle as an air-tight heater. One thing that can be said for this type of heating was, it provided an excellent heating system for not heating the floor. The results were, that as the winter progressed you found both your feet would bulge with chill blains. When spring came and the warmer weather returned, the chill blains would produce a fiery itch.



Grandpa Polischuk holding Neil, Edward, Dennis and Grandma Polischuk, 1964.

In 1941 Lloyd came to work for D. R. Fraser & Co. Limited, at Fraspur, as an office assistant. Lloyd was born at North Bank, Alberta, Dec. 3, 1914. His mother, Paranka Bilyk, came to Canada with her parents in the 1890's. His dad, Nickolos Polischuk, came as an immigrant in the early 1900's. Paranka and Nickolos were married in 1910. In 1916, they moved to Mundare and made their home there.

In 1944, I came to work for my brothers, Henry and Alvin Pearson, who had now acquired the lumber business and were known as the Pearson Bros. Ltd. I worked in the office as office clerk and stayed with my parents who had their home across the creek on the same location as the George Impeys

had had their home. At that time, on S.W. 2-48-4-W5th, there was the planer mill, lumberyard, the office, and about a hundred and fifty feet from the office Henry and Mary had their home. My brother, Alfred and his wife, Christine, had their home a few hundred yards north of my parents' home. Alfred and Christine lived in the same house that had previously been owned by George Impey Sr. There was one acre that belonged to Mrs. Clara Hopkins; she sold it to the Ole Belangers in the 1940's. The Ole Belangers sold it to the Myrhaugens in the 1950's.

In 1949, I married Lloyd Polischuk and I made the big move across the road to N.W. 2-48-4-W5th. Our honeymoon shack was on the same location as the Webbs had had their home. We shared the yard with the Burkholders. It was to our honeymoon shack that we brought home our first baby boy, Dennis, born in Edmonton, July 2, 1950.

The planer mill and the lumberyard consisted of 28 acres. With the orderly rows of lumber piles, it was like a village all its own. At the far end of the location were the cookhouse, barn, pump house and the homes of Don Fraser, W.G. Fraser, W.H. Fraser and the Gordon Millers. In the winter months when the planer and sawmills were operating, the place was buzzing with activity. In the summer months when some of the lumber piles had been removed, it was a good place to pick strawberries.

When the planer mill was operating, we were able to enjoy a few luxuries such as electricity on 32 voltage; we also had hot water for washing clothes. Lloyd would bring hot water from the boiler room in cream cans — it sure beat melting snow on the wood stove. A shower room had been built off the boiler room, so in the summer months I would take Dennis and Edward there and we would all have a

shower — a real treat on a hot day.

In the fall of 1951, there was an urge and a need for a curling rink in Breton. All interested parties participated and constructed one, located next to where the skating rink is now, 49 Ave. and 48 St. The lumber companies donated much of the lumber needed for the building. Lloyd was assigned to build the rafters, so with the help of several curling enthusiasts, they constructed the rafters on the planer platform, an excellent place to do so. That winter, all interested lady curlers donned their curling outfits (ski pants made from heavy melton cloth and as many sweaters as possible). We started our first venture as green curlers in a dimly lighted and very cold curling rink.

In 1953, the Burkholders decided to go into the lath business so we were able to move into their house. This was a big improvement as Calgary Power had been brought to Breton that year and at last we had electric lights. We bought our first new refrigerator. On Oct. 17th of that year our second baby boy, Edward, was born in Camrose. There was a real bad epidemic of polio that year. The week I returned to Breton with Edward, there were several

we knew that were victims of it.

1954 was the beginning of the oil development in this area and the beginning of the end of the lumber industry. The Pearson Bros. Ltd. had completed their operations and moved from Breton in 1953. The Velocity Surveys moved into Breton in 1954. They rented the house, that my brother Alfred had lived in, for their office. Shortly after that, there were oil companies moving into Breton. In 1955, Dowell of Canada, an oil service company built a garage and camp on the same location that Pearson Bros. Ltd. had had their office and lumberyard. There were quite a number of trailers and shacks moved in to accommodate their employees.

In 1956, Lloyd purchased the S.W. 2-48-4-W5th from my brother Henry and this was the beginning of our farming. The Velocity Surveys had moved out of Breton by this time. Canada Cities Service had moved in and were renting the same house where Velocity Surveys had their office. This same year, the D.R. Fraser & Co. Limited completed their operations. An auction sale was held in August, 1957. The planer and buildings were dismantled and removed. This was the end of the large sawmills in the Breton area.



The Lloyd Polischuk family. Left to right, Edward, Neil and Dennis. Seated, Jeannette and Lloyd, 1979.

In 1957, Lloyd started building a new house on our newly acquired quarter of land. In December of 1958, we moved into our new home. At last we were about to enjoy some of the modern conveniences-running water, a bathtub and a flush toilet. Now that we had a flush toilet, this meant we had to buy store bought toilet tissue, leaving the Eaton catalogue sadly neglected as it hung on its nail in the outdoor toilet.

It seemed I managed to have a different house for each child born. On March 18, 1959, our third son, Neil, was born in Rimbey.

In 1960, Lloyd started working for Canada Cities Service oil company as a battery operator. By this time, we had purchased the N.W. 2-48-4-W5th from W. G. Fraser and W. H. Fraser and it was reverted back to farmland, with 28 acres remaining in the village limits. In 1960, the village decided to



Lloyd Polischuk, battery operator for Cities Service Oil Company, 1960 to 1971.

plant the village lagoon on 17 acres, in the middle of S.W. 2-48-4-W5th. After this, the years passed very quickly and there were very few changes on the west half of section 2.

In 1973, when the Alberta Government decided to have Universal Bottle Depots throughout the province, they asked me if I would operate the bottle depot for this area. I have operated the Breton Bottle Depot since this program started in 1973.



Jeannette and Lloyd Polischuk and granddaughter Jennifer, 1979.

Edward married Ann Lorincz from Genesee, 1974. They live in Ft. McMurray and have two children, Jennifer and Graham. Dennis is employed and lives in Edmonton. Neil is employed and lives in Ft. McMurray.

Mrs. Jeannette Polischuk

CECIL H. POWELL

My father, Mr. Edgar Richard Powell, was the first of our family to venture out to Norbuck and Buck Lake. I think it must have been about the year 1928 or so. He used to leave the farm where we lived in Warspite, Alberta and go moose hunting and trapping to make a little money to live on. I think he stayed with Art Jones or at Mrs. McNab's in Norbuck. He spoke a lot about Alder Flats and Winfield too. He used to be the floor manager at the dances at the Norbuck School. I remember he always danced with Mrs. Art Jones, Mrs. Ralph Burris and Mrs. Bracken. My father passed away in 1959 at the age of 89 years and my mother, Ethel Powell, passed away in 1967. They are both buried in Camrose.



Mr. and Mrs. E.R. Powell, 1942.

My brother, Carlos, was out at Norbuck in about 1929 and he stayed at Mrs. McNab's. He was only there, at that time, for one winter. Then another brother, Lonnie, moved out to Norbuck and worked at Fraser's in about 1931. He worked with old Scottie Winton, whom everyone should remember.



Back row, Carlos, Edna, Reginald. Front row, Cecil, Lonnie and Elizabeth. 1930.

My father sold our farm in 1930 in Warspite and we moved to Camrose for 1½ years, then to Edmonton for a year. In 1933 my father bought six acres of land from Mr. Ralph Burris and built a

house with the help of Mr. Jones, Mr. Burris and

other neighbors.

In about 1931 or so, my father took a homestead out by Buck Mountain and my brother, Lonnie, had a homestead out there too. My father and I used to go out there and spend Easter holidays. I even cleared the bush off the road allowance there to pay the taxes. Mr. Kanda, I think was his name, lived out there. One of the boys used to work in the hotel in Breton.

We were moved from Edmonton to Norbuck by Mr. Bob McNabb in an old Ford truck. The first day, we got as far as Pigeon Lake, after a few flat tires. Elizabeth, my sister, and I rode on top of the furniture and my mother in the cab. We stayed that night at Nelson's at Pigeon Lake. The next day, we went on to Norbuck. My first friend was Roy Burris, who was my age. We used to always have a good time at the Burris home. Mrs. Burris was such a nice lady. They lived in a log house with a big round stove in the middle to keep everyone warm. Mr. Burris worked hard and he had a big garden. I used to pick potatoes there in the fall for a few days.



Elizabeth Powell and Miss Olive Code (teacher), Norbuck, 1936.

My first teacher in Norbuck was a Mr. Stewart and he boarded at our house. Then there was Miss Olive Code who was my teacher for three years, until I finished school in 1936-37. There was one other pupil in my class and that was Ruth Ingelbretson. When I first went to the Norbuck School, Lloyd Jones, Melvin Jones, Marvin Burris, Ruth Burris and my sister, Elizabeth, were going to school. Miss Olive Code also boarded at our house. She had a Ford car in about 1935 and boy we all liked to get a ride in that!

The winters were very cold and every evening, after school, I had to cut wood and carry in water. We only had wood to burn and by morning the house was pretty cold. The water would freeze in the water pail. Our well was down a hill by a creek and all the water had to be carried up the hill. Sometimes we melted snow to have a nice bath in.

Roy Burris and I used to go down to Burrows' mill with old Charley, a horse, and haul trimmings home to burn instead of cutting wood. They didn't burn very well though.

The summer I finished school, while my father was away, I went out and got my first job. I got a job

for 50¢ a day and my bed and board at Nelson's mill. Well, I was only there for about a week, when my father came and made me go home again. I guess he didn't like milking cows and cutting wood. Nelson's mill was closer to Winfield and I liked going there to the dances; I wanted a little money too. In those days it cost 25¢ to go to a dance and then you had to buy your girlfriend a sandwich after, at the Chinese restaurant. We didn't have cars, so we just had to walk wherever we wanted to go.



Mrs. Powell and daughter Elizabeth, in Winfield, 1940.

About 1936-37, there was a big bush fire that burned out Burrows' mill and a lot of other small houses. Mr. Ingelbretson put all his furniture out in a big ditch to save it from burning. The furniture burned but his house didn't. A lot of people moved things out of their houses. Oscar Listy had a place in Norbuck and it all went up in smoke, plus a lot of lumber piled there. Frank Rath had a store and post office but it didn't burn. The train station didn't burn either. Everyone rushed into Winfield to stay. My mother took Elizabeth and me to Wetaskiwin on the bus. Billy Welsford was the bus driver. I came back to Winfield on the bus that night and ended up sleeping in Art Jones' barn. They always had a bed there and we stayed there often. Mrs. Art Jones would always give us a nice breakfast. She used to cut hair, too.

Reg and Carlos Powell came out to Norbuck around 1935, I think. They both worked at Fraser's, too. In that fire, Frasers lost some houses and the office but the mill didn't burn.

The big day in Breton used to be the 24th of May or the 1st of July with a few ball games. I can remember dancing in two places in Breton. I used to go to dances in the Antross School too. I played ball for Fraspur against Breton, Winfield and Antross.

Fred Harmon used to pitch for Breton, and Les and Mark Anthony played for Antross. Winfield had the Nadeaus — Clarence, Hector, Norman and their dad, too. There was always a big dance at night.

I skated on the rink they had down the hill from the old hotel. I think there was a creek there. I went on picnics on a little island or park there, too, a way back in 1937-38. I went to work in about 1938-39 for Fraser's and stayed there till I joined the Airforce in the summer of 1941. Some of the girls I used to dance with and take to lunch at the dances were, Margaret Bracken, Deana Helbert, Donna Fraser, Mona Third, Florence Nadeau and Lorraine Nadeau.

I was in Winfield the night Peggy Weston burned in a house fire. It was a Saturday and they didn't have a dance that night. The Westons lived in Norbuck and then moved onto a piece of land belonging to Fin McNabb. The fire must have been about 1936 or sooner.

After the bush fire in Norbuck and Fraspur, there was a restaurant built in Norbuck by Mrs. Thorkelson. She also did the laundry for the men working at Burrows' and Fraser's mills. Selvin Thorkelson used to pick up the laundry and deliver it. Selvin and I peeled ties for one winter in about 1937. We were paid 2 cents a tie, I believe; that's when bread was 5 cents a loaf and milk 5 cents a quart. You could buy a chicken from Mrs. Burris for 25 cents.



Roy Ingelbretson, Selvin Thorkelson, Cecil Powell, Sidney Jones, Bill Bolam, 1940.

In the fall, when the lumber camps were opening, a lot of men would come to Norbuck and stay in the train station and wait for work. They just slept on the floor and had a little stove to cook on. Selvin and I would go there and listen to them tell stories.

When we wanted to go to Winfield or Breton, we would walk down the railroad track. There was a

road to Winfield; at first, there was no road all the way from Norbuck to Breton. We jumped on the freight train and rode sometimes but the train only went one way one day and back the next.

We used to pick raspberries and sell a 5 pound pail to the train men for 50¢. They only bought on their way back to Edmonton. There were a lot of different kinds of berries around in those days; strawberries, cranberries, blueberries, etc.

Oh, yes! I had a 1929 Chev. car that I bought in Edmonton in 1939. Boy that was a costly thing at that time and I spent all the wages that I made at Fraser's, on it. Then, I made about \$1.00 a day plus room and board.

After joining the Airforce in 1941, I was stationed in Prince Edward Island. I was married there in 1944 and discharged from the Airforce in 1945. We stayed in P.E.I. until 1952. In 1953, I joined the Airforce again and was discharged in 1969. Then I started working for Mrs. J. Richardson in Winnipeg and have lived in Winnipeg since.

- CECIL POWELL

JOHN AND ROSA PÉCSI

In Hungary, Mr. Pécsi worked in a mine. His ambition, however, was to own and work his own land and prospects of this seemed most likely in Canada; he sold his home in Pecsett, Hungary and in 1927 he and his wife arrived in Calgary. They both found jobs — Mr. Pécsi harvesting and Mrs. Pécsi as cook's helper for a threshing crew.

A land agent brought Mr. Pécsi to the Breton district in 1927 where Mr. Pécsi purchased the C.P.R. quarter, S.W. 19-48-3-W5, for \$10.00 per acre. This quarter was chosen because the railroad passed through it and the Keystone Post Office was located to the southwest, only a short distance away. They eventually purchased the adjoining quarter to the east.

Mr. Pécsi chose a building site south of the tracks. He dug a well and hired Gus Fisher's father to build a small house from lumber. It appeared that the house would be too cold for habitation in the winter so he returned to his wife in Calgary.

During the harvest, Mr. Pécsi met another Hungarian gentleman, Julius Horvath, whose family was renting a rooming and boarding house in Calgary. When the threshing was finished, Mr. and Mrs. Pécsi rented a room from them for the winter. Mr. Pécsi told the Horvaths about the Breton district and they, too, decided to buy land there.

In the spring Mr. and Mrs. Pécsi returned to their farm, improved the house and bought the usual farm livestock. Mr. Pécsi still had money from the sale of his home in Hungary so he was able to purchase a fine team of horses and a large wagon. Being able to afford these things, they were considered to be well off as most of the new settlers had very little cash.

For many years they milked cows and sold the cream. It was always Mr. Pécsi who took the cream to Breton and bought the groceries. Mrs. Pécsi understood very little English and seldom left home except to visit Hungarian friends in the district — Mr. and Mrs. Julius Horvath being the closest, living a mile to the south. The two ladies were very close friends. Northwest of Pécsi's, the road (really a wagon trail) passed through the Alex Kiss yard so the Pécsis would usually stop and visit with him while enroute to their other Hungarian friends further west — the Zams, Vidoks and the Kugyelkas.



John and Rosa Pécsi, August, 1940.

Mrs. Pécsi came from a region in Hungary where they grew a lot of peppers. She missed them very much so for many years she would order Hungarian peppers from Ontario. These would come in round, wooden bushel baskets on the train. Those who knew Mrs. Pécsi, knew her as a very thrifty woman.



John and Rosa Pécsi on their farm, 1932.

Mr. and Mrs. Pécsi had no children. There were, however, nieces and nephews on both sides of the family in Hungary who would have liked to have been sponsored to come to Canada. They could not agree as to whom they should bring to Canada and

years passed. About the time a decision was agreed upon, Mrs. Pécsi became ill and on November 30, 1962, she died. She was born about 1890; Mr. Pécsi

was a little younger than his wife.

Mr. Pécsi was a very lonely man after his wife died. He never owned a car or truck. To get to Breton for his mail and groceries, he would stand by his gate and catch a ride either with Tom McKittrick or Virgil Platz, both of whom operated oil wells in the area and passed by his farm. Sometimes, Mr. Pécsi would spend the whole day in Breton or in Warburg, just walking around or just standing on the street corner watching people pass by.

One day, not seeing Mr. Pécsi as he usually did, Mr. Platz went to the house to investigate. He found Mr. Pécsi very ill. Knowing he had no family, Mr. Platz notified the R.C.M.P. who took him for medical attention. Mr. Pécsi was never seen in the area again. He passed away in a home and his land was

sold by the Public Trustee.

Mrs. Mary Horvath and Elizabeth Kugyelka

JOHN REID AND FAMILY

I received my schooling in Heisler. On November 30, 1930 I moved with my folks to Wenham Valley, to Uncle Ed's place. He lived in a small, one room log house and we lived in a two room frame house. It was seven miles from Breton and 3 miles from Wenham Valley School. The Wold brothers played for some wonderful dances at the school. The dance and lunch only cost 35¢ for each person.



Left to right, Tommy, Doreen, Gladys, Jessie. Second row, John and Lillie Reid.

In 1932, I worked for William Anthony at the planer mill. The second year, 1933, I drove horses hauling lumber to the planer where I received \$20.00 a month in pay.

The next winter, 1934, I was working in the bush skidding logs for Fred Wilson. We moved

The Blindman Valley Co-Operative
Association Ltd.

BENTLEY, ALBERTA

RAIL GRADE SETTLEMENT—For Shipment of Control of Con

BRADE	NO. OF Caronases	WEIGHT RANGE	DRESSED WEIGHT	NET PRICE PER 100 LBS.	AMQUNT
A	1	140/170	152	13.15	35/20
1	1	135/175	145	12.75	33 00
\mathbf{B} 2		125/134	134	とかんつ	30 15
3		176/185			
С		120/185			
D		120/185			
LIGHTS		119 Down			
HEAVIES		186/195			
EXTRA		196/215			
HEAVY		216 up			
Physical Injury					
Ridglings					
STAGS					
sows					
2					
Total No.	3	Total Wt.	431		
TATOO NO.	LESS ADVANCE—				
15-3	No Hogs	Live Wt.	Cheq. No.	Amount	
/ 0 3					
	BALANCE 9835				
			1		100

Blindman Valley Co-op sale slip.

from place to place until we rented the Kershaw place. In 1937, I worked at Friend's Camp. In 1939 I worked at Ross' planer mill and in 1940 I worked at the same place as night watchman. On October 27, 1941 I married Lillian Hunter. I still continued working as a night watchman until the spring of 1942. In the meantime, I bought the old George Impey place, which took a lot of fixing up. After repairing the house, we had a dance in it.

In the spring of 1942, we came back to the farm where our first child, a daughter, was born in August, 1942. Our second and third daughters were born in 1944 and 1946, respectively. Our son

was born in 1949.

In September, 1952 we moved to Breton and I went back to the bush for D.R. Fraser. I worked in the planer mill in the summer and went back into the bush for the winter.

In 1956 we moved, with the family, to Bentley. For eight years I worked in the Bentley Creamery. I had an operation and have not worked since. I am

still in Bentley and am now a pensioner.

Our eldest daughter, Jessie, married David Ritchie and they have 5 children and live in Red Deer

Gladys married Ron Hollenbeck and they have 2 children. They live on an acreage, eight miles west of Red Deer.

Doreen married Dave Carriere and they and their three children live in Red Deer.

Tom married Carrol Spycher. They have one girl and live at Hardisty.

— JOHN REID

WALTER REID FAMILY

I, Walter Reid, was born in Daysland, Alberta on August 23, 1915 to John and Ellen Reid. When I was one year of age we moved to Heisler where I spent my childhood years and received my education.

I have many memories of the good times during my growing up years. I was a sort of a "hurry up" guy and seemed to be accident prone. I received a very bad scald with hot lard at 1½ years of age; unfortunately, one side of my head was left bald.



Walter Reid family. Standing, Sharon, Ronald. Seated, Walter and Sophie.

I was very interested in sports in my growing up years and missed numerous meals in order not to miss out on any of these. I was 15 years old in the fall of 1930 when we left Heisler and moved out to the Wenham Valley district, southeast of Breton. We moved into the Ed Elliott place but found it had very small quarters for all our family. My aunt, Mrs. Goodhand, lived across the road and they asked me

to come and stay with them. I spent two enjoyable years with them. Edward was great company and I learned a lot from him, especially about horses. My great aunt was not well and as her daughter, Augusta, was teaching school at Wenham Valley, I became chief cook and bottle washer.

I recall the saddle horses, Old Bess and Peggy, and all the trips to Breton to attend Boy Scouts and play ball, etc. I played ball in Breton for several years, first as a junior with the Levers boys, Clarence Jamieson, the Hoaths and others, then as a member of the Senior Baseball Team. I also recall the three day trips to Fern Creek on horseback, riding across muskegs and staying at Ladds, Hudsons or Hylands. The hospitality of these fine people is something I will always remember and treasure.

We had a very nice driving team and always had a load when we went to the dances, be it Knob Hill, Winfield, Norbuck, Breton or Sunnybrook. Later on, we all went with the Nicholsons in their Model A truck, about the first motor transportation in the area. Those were happy carefree days. There was no way to make any amount of money and everyone had time to visit.

Several falls I spent harvesting at High River having arrived there by freight train. Then along came World War II and I joined the Airforce as an areo engine mechanic. After attending training school in Edmonton for the winter of 1942-43, I met and married Sophie Bunes on April 17, 1943. I was transferred to St. Thomas, Ontario shortly after for a three month advance course; while there I was hit by a car and received a broken leg. From there I was posted back to Pearce, Alberta where I spent the next three years.

After the war we bought my father-in-law's farm at Hoadley, Alberta in 1946. We spent fourteen very enjoyable years there and were blessed with two wonderful children. Our son, Ronald, married Edith Moffard of Rocky Mountain House and they have four children — Gregory, Heather, Wesley and Douglas. They now reside at Eckville, Alberta. They have a farm and raise registered quarter horses but he also works, managing the Co-op Feed Mill at Red Deer.

Our daughter, Sharron, married Robert Onciul of Lac La Biche. They have two daughters, Cheryl and Tracey. They now live at St. Paul, Alberta where she is a teacher and Bob is with the Department of Environment.

We sold our farm at Hoadley in 1960 and I went to work for the Alberta Wheat Pool. I trained at Waskatenau, then worked 10 years at Lac La Biche and five years at Onoway. While at Onoway, I had another serious accident. I fell off the top of a boxcar onto the railway track and injured my back. I had surgery on it to remove blockage to the spinal cord. My back structure was weakened to the point where I could no longer do my job properly so I was put on a disability pension in August of 1974. In May of 1975 we moved to Winfield, B.C. to a little

home we had purchased some years earlier. We sold that property in July, 1978 and purchased a home in South Kelowna, where we have resided since.

We really enjoy life in the Okanagan Valley and having our friends from near and far drop in to see us when they are holidaying here.

- WALTER REID

JOHN REID SR. FAMILY

My dad, John Reid, was born in Bruce County, Ontario. As a young man he left home and headed west; he worked in Manitoba for a short time before coming to Alberta where he settled in Daysland.



John and Nellie Reid, November, 1939.

In 1909 he married Ellen Louisa Slocombe, who had come over from England in 1907. From this union there were five children, John Fredrick born August 11, 1910, Clarence — October 27, 1913, Walter — August 23, 1915, Mary — July 28, 1918, and Alma — June 26, 1920. The boys were born in Daysland and the girls in Heisler.

While in Daysland, Dad was in partnership with Anderson and Orr in lumber and hardware. In 1916 they started the same kind of business in Heisler and Dad took over as manager. He continued in business there until October, 1930 when we became victims of the "big depression".

On November 22, 1930 we loaded all our furniture on an old truck and headed for Wenham Valley. I will always remember that day as it was really windy with no snow. When we got as far as Brightview, it was so dusty we had to wait for a couple of



The Reid family, 1941. Left to right, Mary, Alma, Walter, Clarence, John, John Sr., Nellie.

hours. As we got closer to Wenham Valley, all the west country seemed to be on fire; the sky was so red! As we turned north from Yeoford there was a fire on both sides of the road and sparks were flying. We three kids begged Dad to turn around and go back before we were all burned up. Finally, we arrived at Uncle Ed's (Ed Elliot) where we were to live. We spent the first night at Goodhand's, my dad's aunt. Her son, Edward, along with all the other men of the area, were away fighting the fires out west.

The next day we moved into a small frame building at Ed Elliot's. This was a big change from a small town and a fairly large house to this two room house with an attic, here. There was so much bush and such long distances between neighbors. Dad really enjoyed getting back to nature, working in the bush and being out-of-doors. John was able to get work at the lumber camps for the winter. Clarence did not come with us the first year as he worked on a farm in the Heisler area and then rode his saddle horse up in the spring.

Dad, John and Clarence all filed on homesteads in the Alder Flats area. They went out several times and built a cabin on Dad's quarter, but we never did live out there. They finally let the homesteads go.

The first years, our close neighbors were the Goodhands, Carl Rosted, the John Wheale family, the Bob Hills, the Harry Ashers and Norman Fudge.

One winter Carl Rosted had the Dolgren's saw-mill on his farm.

Mary and I attended the Wenham Valley School which was $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles away. The first summer we were there, I remember all the school children had to go to Winfield to a clinic and have examinations; then appointments were made for us to go back and have our tonsils out. Mary also had to have dental work done. We were to be there at 10:00 a.m. without breakfast. It was after 3:00 p.m. before our turn came as there were so many children there so, of course, it was evening before we came to. We were lucky enough to still have a car so we were able

to come home, but a lot of the children had to stay all night.

We were only renting so we moved around a fair amount, but always within a few miles. Mother always loved gardening and flowers so wherever we lived, she always had a lovely garden.

We really enjoyed the years spent in the Valley as everyone was so friendly. Much time was spent visiting neighbors and there was such a nice group of young folks who always got together to play ball on a Sunday or to go by sleigh to the dances. The highlight of the week was always mail days at Nicholson's post office as we could meet and visit with the neighbors. Everyone always looked forward to the Christmas concerts and we attended as many as possible each year.



Mary Reid, Alma Reid, Margaret Nicholson, Walter Reid, Peggy Shephard, Erling Wold, Dougald Gillies. Front row, Colin Gillies, Christine Nicholson, Mona Shephard, Don Gillies, Pauline McLeod, Christine Snell, Violet Hammling.

Mary and I belonged to a girls' club called the Aces Club — we sponsored a softball team and put on a lot of dances in the schoolhouse. We were very lucky to have such good musicians as the Wold boys to play for our dances. I remember we used to pay them \$5.00 a night and sometimes less. The boys paid $25 \, \text{¢}$ or so to get in and the ladies brought lunch. Coffee was made in a boiler on an old barrel heater, and a box of tin cups and spoons and plates were borrowed from Knob Hill Hall each time and lunch



Wood sawing crew. Left to right, Dougald Gillies, Bill Shephard, Eldon Trelford, Bill Wheale, Clarence Reid.

and coffee were passed around at midnight; everyone came from infants up. The cloak rooms were always full of children sleeping.

Every fall there was the threshing crew to cook for. All the neighbor men would travel from farm to farm and exchange labor. How those men could eat! Then when that was over, it was wood sawing time with the neighbors helping each other. It was hard work but enjoyable fun also.

Mother belonged to the Ladies' Aid in the Valley and they met in the different homes; church was held in the schoolhouse. The boys were always active in sports, Walter in baseball and Clarence in hockey. In about 1936 we got our first radio. How that was enjoyed in the evenings!

In 1940 my brother, John, bought the S½-19-47-3-W5th from Impeys and the family moved there. By this time, the family was beginning to go their separate ways. John got married and lived on the farm. Dad and Mother stayed on the farm until about 1945 when they bought a small house in Breton. Mother was active in the Ladies' Aid. Dad enjoyed curling for a year or so until he hurt his back and had to give it up.

Mother suffered a severe stroke and spent several years in the Three Way Convalescent Hospital in Rimbey where she passed away in 1957. Dad moved into a little cabin in our yard until his passing in 1958.

John married Lillian Hunter; they have five children and live in Bentley.

Clarence married Margaret Dowling while he was overseas in the Army; they had one son. Clarence passed away in 1972.

Walter married Sophie Bernes and they have two children; they now live in Kelowna, B.C.



Wenham Valley Ladies Aid in the late thirties. Left to right, Mrs. Atkinson, Nellie Shave, Nellie Reid, Sadie Hill, Mrs. Victor Hanson, Mrs. Meade, Ellen Snell, Effie Bowman, Mrs. Tom Hunter, Mrs. Joe Bell and daughter, Gunhild Hanson, Mrs. Charlie Snell.

Mary married Ken Jamieson and they have one daughter. Ken passed away in 1978. Mary lives in Stettler.

I, Alma, married Don Gillies and we have two children; we still live in Breton.

-ALMA GILLIES

ALBERT SCOTT

Albert Scott was born in Ontario about 1866 in or near Toronto. As a very young man he came West. He drove oxen hauling freight from Calgary to Edmonton before the railroad joined these two places in 1895.

He and his wife had a laundry at Maple Creek, Saskatchewan. It was in Saskatchewan that he married Mrs. Christine Cole, a widow. He later moved to the Barrhead district of Alberta.

He had a trap line at Fort Simpson and this was the life he dearly loved. He used to travel back and forth on the Athabasca River by canoe to Fort Simpson.

He and his brother-in-law logged and sawed lumber for the Swanson Lumber Co. at Athabasca for some time. In about 1930 or 1931, he came to Breton. He got the S.W. 36-47-4-W5 which was formerly owned by Toni Mercier.

Albert Scott had nine step-children, four of whom came to Breton with him — Hazel, Ernie, Robert and Carl Cole. Carl attended school in Breton.

Mrs. Scott passed away at Breton in the middle 1940's. About 1946 Albert sold his farm to Paul Bachkowski. He spent his last years in a senior citizens' home in Edmonton where he passed away in about 1950. He was a hard-working man, well respected and a good neighbor.

— John J. Hough

LEO LOOMIS

Leo Loomis was the son of Cy Loomis of Leduc. His wife's maiden name was Fisher and they were married at Prince Albert, Saskatchewan.

He and his family moved to Breton, S.E. 33-47-4-W5, in 1937. They had five children — Eleanor, Dorothy, Edna, James (Jimmy) and Florence. Mrs. Loomis passed away in 1942 or 1943. After her passing, the family left Breton.

— JOHN HOUGH

TREASURED MEMORIES OF FUNNELL YEARS

In the fall of 1937, Martin Oelkers decided to leave Breton to build a grocery store on the



Alsike store 1938, owned at that time by Martin Oelkers. Original location 1 mile west of present location.

seven-mile corner six miles north and one mile east of Breton. At that time, there was no Hwy. 39. The main road to Edmonton went by Keystone School and joined the Lindale road, winding on east to Leduc. The store was built on the corner of the Jack Myles farm.

I helped Martin and Phoebe at the store a lot and enjoyed babysitting my nephew Marvin, and his two sisters Phyllis and Bernice. There was a young fellow, by the name of Walter Swartz, who rented Oelkers' homestead, four miles east and south. My teasing brother-in-law introduced me to Walter and this was the beginning of our romance. Walter had a beautiful horse, Dixie, and a buggy in the summer, a cutter with sleigh bells in the winter. I really looked forward to the sound of those sleigh bells in the winter, on Wednesday nights and on Sundays.

We were married July 15, 1940 and by that time Walter had rented the Sherman Buffalo farm. Mr. and Mrs. Buffalo had bought Martin's store. The store had been moved to what is now Alsike corner. They moved while Oelkers still owned it. My job was to do the cooking in the little house they had built across the road on a piece of Jack Myles' farm. Phoebe's job was to stay in the store while it was moving, so she could keep things from falling about. She had *some ride*, I guess, but cheerful Phoebe only joked about it.

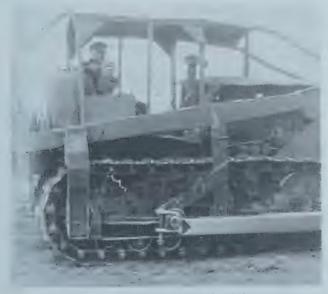
Our first year of marriage was pretty rough. The house was terribly cold; our living was quite meager, not much coming in for income. Walter went to the bush and cut tamarack, hauling it in logs with the sleigh. It was generally Charlie Oelkers he called on to bring his outfit over to saw the wood into blocks. Several neighbors would come to help, and generally Walter would help them back when they sawed their wood. Splitting came next; he would split it all up and haul it to town for \$2.00 a sleigh-load, or wagon-box full.

During this time we had Leonard and Gerald. Leonard was born at Mrs. Burgess' hospital in Thorsby, Doc. Hankin being my doctor. I didn't make it to the hospital with Gerald and he was born at my mother's house in Breton; Miss Chapman was brought from Lindale. At the same time, two-year-old Leonard contracted the whooping cough, and we almost lost him. Mom had her hands full with sick little Leonard, me, and the new baby to care for. A dear friend, Mrs. Weymouth, was there to give a helping hand, and will always be remembered for her kindness at that time.

The lease was for two years on the rent of the Buffalo place. From there, we moved to Blackfalds to a rented farm. After two years, we came back to Breton, and Walter got a job at Pearson's Lumber, loading box cars. We traded our small house in Breton for a farm, the old Jack Myles place, but at that time owned by Elmer Sabin. However, there wasn't enough to keep us going; we then had three children — Leona, Marilyn, and Eunice had arrived

to brighten our days.

Walter got a job with Ron Innes, cutting brush and clearing land. We lived in the little Sabin house on the farm through the summer, but moved to Breton for the winter. Leonard had started school so this meant that he had over three miles to walk to Funnell school (formerly known as Keystone), which was pretty far for a six-year-old. Mr. Dan Jamieson, by then, had bought Arnold's farm, one-half mile south of our farm. He hired Walter to help him, and as the house there was larger than ours, we moved. Then we were in the Funnell district. Our immediate neighbors were Tom and Lila McKittrick across the road, and Alfred and Lucille Jackson on the south. The neighbors were good, and many good times we had visiting back and forth. It didn't last too long though, as Martin Oelkers bought the farm and we moved back to Breton again.



Walter Swartz with son, Merle, 1952.

During the following months, Walter drove "cats", worked in saw mills, helped on farms, and you name it, he did it. We had our last son, Merle while in Breton, but decided we had to get back to our own farm. We bought the old Massey Harris

shop from Martin, and moved it out to the farm, joined it to the small Sabin house and there we lived in pioneer fashion. We had no electricity or running water, but all of that came later.

Martin and Phoebe and children moved onto the Arnold place, where we had lived. We, Phoebe and I, joined the Funnell "Mothers' Club," and met with them the second Wednesday of each month. These meetings we looked forward to. We always ended up with the hostess serving a delicious lunch. The Club was one of a comfortable atmosphere. We sold lunch at auction sales, catered to weddings, put on bake sales along with many other projects. With the money we made, donations were made to fire victims, something for the hospital, donations to the different charities, etc. We had a few floats in the 1st of July parades in Breton, and put on showers for prospective brides. One outstanding feature was the annual Christmas concert. A program was presented by willing contributors; Santa paid a visit and there were treats for all, complete with gifts which were handed out to pre-schoolers. These memories are treasured for the school concerts are no more since the Central Schools have come into being.

The Club is still active, although a more suitable name might be "The Grandmothers' Club." It is a treasured memory indeed. A number of the members have either passed away or moved.

We lived on the farm in the Funnell district until the fall of '73 when we sold the farm to Harold Crouch. We moved to Leduc and after two years moved to Wetaskiwin, where we now live.



Walter Swartz children, 1953. Gerald, Leonard, Marilyn and Merle.

Leonard and Linda and two boys live in Edmonton, also Gerald and Kathy and two boys. Merle works in Edmonton, and is not married. Les and Marilyn Black, Gary and Lisa live in Camrose. I lost my parents in 1930 and 1964; also, my nephew Billy Oelkers in 1961, my dear sister Phoebe in 1969, and a lovely niece Lois Koch (Bertie's daughter) in 1971. My brother Merritt and his wife also buried a little six-month-old baby son in Dominica, West Indies, where they worked as missionaries for 25 years. They now live in Three Hills, Alta.

But life goes on and it all seems like a dream. Our grandchildren will never know what it is like to use a good long willow stick with a string tied on the end for a horse, cut-out paper dolls and furniture from the last Eaton's catalogue, and play the games "Prisoner's Base," "Steal Sticks" etc. Will they ever go out early in the morning and take their lunch to pick different kinds of berries for fruit for the winter, or use peaches and pears for company? Will they ever scrub on a wash board and throw the white clothes into boiling sudsy water, then taking them out steaming and dripping over to the cold rinse, and into the tub of bluing, wringing out by hand and hanging them on the line to blow in the fresh breeze or to freeze like solid boards?

Many, many more hardships were the lot of the pioneer days before modern conveniences, but we were all happy then with the warmth of neighborly friendships that grew from helping one another back there in "The Good Old Days."

— LUCILLE SWARTZ

ERNIE AND RUBY SNELL

Ernie was born in December, 1928 at Wenham Valley, N.W. 22-47-3-W5, and when he was six years old, his father moved their house a few hundred yards onto the S.W. 22-47-3-W5. He can still remember the excitement of that house moving. He attended school at Wenham Valley. His father passed away on May 19th, 1936 so he never really knew him.

His first job was with John Wheale's sawmill, the winter he turned 16. After working all winter, he had saved enough to buy a new bicycle. He worked there a few years. He also worked for D.R. Fraser lumber for a few years.

In the summer of 1954, when we first met, he was working for Greenwall Bros. of Wetaskiwin, clearing and breaking land.

We were married November 23, 1956 in the Breton United Church when it was still situated where the Treasury Branch is now. For the first year, we lived in John Hunter's yard, a half mile south of Breton, in an 8' x 22' trailer that Ernie helped Frank Conradson build. It wasn't quite finished when we moved in. We used a small camp

stove to cook on for the first few weeks till we got the propane stove hooked up. I'll never forget the time it flamed up and melted the plastic curtains.

Our first daughter, Linda, was born July 29, 1957 on my mother's 60th birthday. What excitement she caused, too; we made it as far as the nurse's office in Winfield. The nurse held the baby back till Dr. Cable got there (about 40 minutes). He then took us both back to Rimbey with him; Ernie travelled behind in Charlie Hunter's car. I'm sure Charlie still thinks of that mad dash in his '51 Ford.



Ernie Snell with Linda and Darlene, 1959.

We moved the trailer to Buck Creek in October, 1957 where Ernie was clearing land for Kris Steffenson and John Hughe with Clint Gardiner's "cat". In April, 1958 we moved back to Breton and stayed a half mile east of town. Darlene was born while we lived there, on August 13th. Thank goodness she wasn't as impatient as her sister. We made it to Rimbey that afternoon with about three hours to spare; she was born at 7 p.m.



Ernie Snell - first crop 1959. It was snowed under in Sept.

We bought the old home place, where Ernie had been born, in June, 1958 and moved out to the farm December first. Alfred Snell and Walter Smith had cooked a lovely moose steak supper for us. I'm sure our first cookstove came over on the ark, but it

worked well and that was the main thing. Coming from a small trailer into a four-roomed house, we didn't know what to do with all that extra space, but that changed after awhile. It was a pretty cold winter with lots of snow.

Four years later, on July 9th, 1962, we moved our house onto the south quarter, to the same spot Ernie's old home had been moved to in 1934. We had to haul water from the old well till November, 1971 when we drilled a well. On June 3rd, 1973 we moved our present house from Edmonton, and finally had running hot and cold water and all the other "indoor" conveniences. I had been born in Scotland, coming to Canada when I was 18, so I wasn't used to roughing it. Although I had worked as a clerk-cashier in a store for 3 years before coming over here, it was three miles to walk or ride a bicycle to get there.

It was quite an experience for me (a city slicker) moving out to the farm where there was no telephone, no power (which we hadn't had since we were married anyway) no close neighbors, that is next door neighbors, and the coyotes seemed a little too close sometimes. The roads were pretty bad, especially in the spring. Ernie would have to make several attempts to get up the hill from our gate. It sure was nice when they put more gravel on. We got the telephone put in in September of 1962 and the power on December 21st, 1964. I'd never been used to animals (except cats and dogs) so cows were a bit scary at first, but I finally managed to milk one. I so wanted to see our first calf born that I made 17 trips (give or take a few) to the barn and still missed it. I discovered, too, that coal and wood stoves could be very temperamental, especially when trying to bake in them with no way of knowing how hot the oven was. And driving on muddy roads for the first time was something else again!

On May 21st, 1968 the fire that had started near Yeoford, had come north and was burning on our place; it burned here for two days. It got pretty close to our barn and there were sparks falling all over the yard, on the house and barn. It finally burned itself out a few miles north.

Ernie had been working for the County of Leduc since May, 1956 when Mr. Leslie Oulton was Councillor, driving a "cat" and scraper, building roads. There were very few roads in the Breton and Buck Creek area that he hadn't worked on by June, 1964 when he quit working out and decided to go farming. We were milking 11 cows by hand then, and a year later when we managed to get a milking machine, we were milking 17.

There was a lot more closeness on the farm then. We did everything together — stacked hay, cut grain with the binder and stooked (grain). It was kind of relaxing to just sit and talk while we were milking the cows. Like everyone else, we had our ups and downs, but mostly it's been a happy life. The girls can look back on all the pets they've had over the years — a calf that followed them around,

even into the house if they'd let it (which they did sometimes), their pet sheep, "Sally", who used to play on the strawpile with them, the dog, Arnold, their pet pig, a magpie, innumerable kittens and even some squirrels.

Both girls are now married. Linda married Dwain Colleton of Warburg on June 7th, 1978. They live east of Breton. Darlene married Norman Trelford of Redwater on August 26, 1978. At the time of writing, they are living in Edmonton while Norman is attending N.A.I.T. His course finishes in May, 1979. They hope, then, to move to the Breton area.

— ERNIE AND RUBY

JOE SOBON

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Sobon mix-farmed northeast of Breton and have three sons and four daughters. Joe is the third child and arrived at the "Thorsby Hospital" in 1936, weighing in at 12 pounds 3 ounces. He was out of school at the age of 14 years and helping his dad. Later, he went trucking, moving rigs and hauling oil. He also worked a short time at the Calmar Creamery.

In 1962 he married me, Gladys Nikolai. We rented land from his dad for five years and mix farmed. We have two sons, Perry and Ronald.



Gladys and Joe Sobon, Ronald and Perry, 1967.

I remember a very wet year in 1964. We used two tractors to pull our binder, leaving the fields cut up and in October it snowed on the stooks.

In 1966, Joe purchased two quarters of land north of Breton, along Highway 12, E ½-11-48-4-W5, where we presently live. It had 30 acres cultivated and the rest was bush, but the power and phone were in the little old four room shack. A root cellar sure kept our garden vegetables and fruits fresh

Tired of bindering and stooking, Joe bought a new 1967 Case combine from Mike Ratchuk, a dealer in town. If the bundles would have been lighter and the weatherman more cooperative, maybe we'd be threshing yet.

There were always roots and rocks to pick by hand because every year Joe had a new piece of land cleared for production.

1968 was the big year we moved onto our very own land and owned a new ½ ton Ford.

We heated our home with a coal and wood cookstove; therefore, it was either too hot or plenty cold! Someone had commented that Gladys had the hottest house or, "When you're cold, go to Joe's!"

Joe's uncle, Joe Kufry, gave us a 4 ton Ford gravel truck. Joe put a cattle and grain box on it and went into general trucking for the Breton area.

Pavement on Highway 12, went past our gate in 1969. That winter it rained in January and the road was like glass the rest of the winter. There was a beautiful fall after the snowfall in September, 1970. Crops were picked up; however the grain lost top grade and value. Joe went into some construction, building houses, sheds and hauling blocks for St. Francis Lumber and also worked for Gooding and Matt Co. A nephew, Dean, stayed with us for some time. In Dec. 1971, Joe lost his Uncle, Anton Zapart, at whose place he stayed while attending Brownlee School.



Mrs. Bober, Mrs. S. Grzyb, Annie Grzyb, and Mrs. S. Sobon, 1946.

Joe recalls winters with lots of snow. One year he and his brother John shoveled a track 1½ miles long for his neighbor, George Horvath, so he could go up town for groceries with his W6 tractor. Roads sure have been upgraded since, and bush is being cleared more and more.

June, 1974 was busy. We started our new home, moving into it just before Christmas. That running water was something else! It sure beat the pail and run!

For the last three years, 1976-78, caterpillars crawled miles and miles in the summer, leaving all poplar trees bare of leaves.

Over the years to 1979, things have improved considerably. We now have 275 acres of cultivated land producing some top quality seed oats. Last year, Joe received second at the Calgary Seed Fair for Frazer oats.

Time makes things better but we lived too, when oats sold for 50¢ a bushel in 1963 and we had to pay \$45 for a ton of fertilizer. A good Super 6 International tractor then cost \$800. Now, in 1978, we got 92¢ a bushel for oats and fertilizer is \$145. a ton and going up.

Machinery prices are out of this world; you practically have to sell the farm to pay cash for a new

tractor.

We don't know how far all these prices and wages can go, but one must keep on a struggle to survive and produce goods for those who can't, in order to keep our community and country together.

— GLADYS SOBON

HALVOR SAUBAK

Halvor Saubak came to the Alsike district in 1921 with his two brothers, John and George. He and his brothers homesteaded on N.E. 13-49-4-W5.



The first buildings on Halvor Saubak's farm, 1923.

Halvor married Elizabeth Froze in 1936. They had 8 children. Earl lives in Tilly, Alberta. He married Norine Day. They have 5 children.

Bill lives in Breton. He married Linda Hanson and they have 4 children.



The twins Agnes, Hannah, Gladys, Phyllis, holding Henry, Doris standing Earl and Bill.

Agnes lives in Calgary, Alta. She married Adam Schmidt and they have 2 children.

Hannah lives on a farm at Falun, Alberta. She married Willard Lynch and they have one boy.

Phyllis lives on a farm at Buck Creek, Alta. She married Lawrence Lind and they have 3 children.

Doris lives in Edmonton. She married Harry Hyrniw and they have one boy.

Gladys lives at Sangudo. She married Gordon

Tough and they have one boy.

Henry lives on the farm that George Saubak had at Alsike. He married Eileen Green and they have 3 children.



Halvor Saubak and his two pet horses.

Halvor was a member of the Farmers' Union Association (F.U.A.) He helped build the Strawberry Ridge School where his children and all the children in the area went to school. He had a threshing machine and he went around to some of the neighbors to thresh for them. They hauled their grain to Leduc with horses and wagons. It was a two day trip.

Halvor passed away in 1966. He lived on the farm until his death. Elizabeth lived on the farm until 1976, when she sold it and moved to Buck

Creek.

— PHYLLIS LIND

HANNAH LYNCH (NEE SAUBAK)

I can remember, as a girl, how different life on the farm used to be. My dad, Halvor, did threshing in the area around Alsike with a threshing machine and a tractor. Dad cleared most of his own land with a bucksaw. He also had a sawmill on the farm and made lumber for the house we lived in.

How happy we children were when it was time to go to town! My twin sister, Ellen Agnes, the other children and myself didn't mind the rough, dusty road or the mud. I really enjoyed berry picking time, when friends and neighbors would get together. We picked raspberries, blueberries, strawberries and other wild fruit for eating fresh and canning.

School days were fun! We had to walk a mile to Strawberry Ridge. Often we picked berries on the way home. Some children had four miles to travel. They usually came by buggy in the summer or by sleigh in winter. Sometimes in winter, we went to school in the sleigh too. Often the snowdrifts were so high, we would fall right through them.

During the noon hour, we picked berries, climbed trees, built tree houses or played ball. In winter we built snowmen, made tunnels through the snowdrifts and sometimes played hockey on the creek, or just went sliding on the ice. My dad played the violin for school dances and school concerts. All the parents and the children would be together for most of these occasions.

After Dad passed away, Mother sold the home place. I miss it and the folks I used to know. My health hasn't been the best lately, but maybe someday I'll return to renew old acquaintances. Or maybe someone will come to Falun to visit me.

THE SHEPHARD SAGA

FATHER — Llewellyn Shephard (deceased) MOTHER — Priscilla Shephard (deceased)

SONS — Bill

Fred

Jack Jim

DAUGHTERS — Ethel (deceased)

Peggy (deceased)

Mona Marvis

Megan

Bill starts the story—

My parents decided to immigrate to this country in order to give their family a better start in life — better than what they could get in Wales.



Arriving in Wenham Valley, spring 1930.

Since I was sixteen and already working in the mines in Wales, my opinion about a move to Canada was taken into consideration — and naturally, at that age, I was anxious to see new lands, so was all for the proposed move! Accordingly, in 1926, we arrived in

Manitoba to go to a farm. However, our stay there was a short one, as my father's "miner's blood" stirred once again when he saw an advertisement about the Drumheller Valley and we soon found ourselves back in the mines. Unfortunately, work was scarce, so my father looked around for a homestead and early in 1930, we arrived bag and baggage — such as it was — in Wenham Valley. Ironically, we had left our homeland — Wales — commonly considered as a land of 'green valleys', only to be immediately and actively involved in two more areas of valleys — Wenham Valley and Drumheller Valley.

As we drove up the hill to the old 'Lashway' place, the fact that it consisted of only a two room house made of logs with a few log outbuildings, did not dampen our enthusiasm for our new home. We had to manage until our boxcar of effects arrived from Drumheller Valley; this consisted of a minimum of household effects, an old Fordson tractor and a wagon. At this time, our family was made up of the folks, myself, my sister, Ethel, and her husband, commonly known as Big Jim because of his size, my other sisters, Peggy, Mona and Marvis and brothers, Fred and Jack, who was the youngest at the age of two. When our effects arrived, we quickly traded off our Westinghouse radio to Harry Asher for our first team of horses — Florrie and Pete. Our gramaphone went to Jack Wheale for an older gramaphone, chickens and harrows and we finished up by selling the Fordson tractor to Jack Bowman for one hundred and fifty dollars in order to pay off a few debts, buy a few miscellaneous items and have a bit of cash. For our first heifer, I cleared approximately four to five acres for Charlie Snell.



Fencing on the Lashway place, 1930.

In order to increase our stock, my father and a neighbor, Dan Nicholson, bought a team of horses and split them. Now we had three horses, a heifer and some chickens — which could be considered progress in those days — and let's not forget the harrows!

However, while we were making progress with our acquisition of livestock, we had hit upon a serious snag in respect to the location of our house, which was situated on top of a hill — no water! Undaunted, my father decided to dig a well at the bottom of the hill, which we subsequently did, and got water — then of course we had to carry the water up the hill and this didn't please my father, so he decided to move the house to the bottom of the hill. Before he did this, he built a barn at the bottom of the hill which we lived in while he was moving the house, log by log, to the bottom of the hill. In the transitional period from the top of the hill to the bottom, the house became a two story one with a log main floor consisting of two rooms, plus a lean-to kitchen. Apparently you can't stop progress!

During the summer, we broke some land for the following year, and by fall, we were completely without funds, so once again my father and I, and Big Jim decided to go back to the Drumheller Valley — specifically East Coulee for the winter but once again we were involved in a situation, that now — in looking back, was quite comical, but at that time was disasterous! We started out for the Drumheller Valley in a 1923 Hupmobile and had gotten as far as Battle Lake when we had car trouble. We had no idea of the problem and certainly had no money to get it fixed. As we sat there — very disconsolate — George Kimmie came along and attempted to help us, but no luck. In complete disgust, desperate and disheartened, my father said, "If someone came along and offered me ten dollars for this they could have it!" Instantly, George replied, "I'll give you ten dollars and my old Model T Touring," which he was driving at the time. The exchange was quickly made, so instead of arriving at the mines with a Hupmobile, worth approximately two hundred and fifty dollars, we arrived with a Model T Touring of about 1916 vintage and a few dollars in our pockets.



Exchanging cars along the Battle Lake road.

Once again, when we arrived at the mines, we found that work was very limited and by Christmas everyone was laid off and we were still flat broke! Without a cash supplement from the mines to help us with the homestead, we were unable to operate efficiently. However, we attempted to carry on to

the best of our ability with the system of the farm in the summer and the mines in the winter. Finally the Depression defeated us and we regretfully decided to give up our homestead and try to establish ourselves permanently in the mines. Early in 1933, we sold out to Jack Kershaw, who was the station agent at that time, for two hundred dollars, and left.

The summer of 1934 found my family, with the exception of myself, driving along the road to our second home in Wenham Valley. I was doing it the hard way — by horseback — which was no small feat for a displaced Welshman! We had had a good winter in the mines and been able to establish a cash fund for ourselves during the long winter months and during that time, Wenham Valley had symbolically become home to use in our minds!



Mr. Llewellyn Shephard in farmyard.

However, my father still had the desire to strike farther afield and when the mining season finished, we struck out for the Caroline district, only to find that there was a lot of muskeg there and they were still getting frost at nights. So my father made a deal



Planting potatoes on the Shephard farm, 1940. Fred, Jack, Megan, and Bill Shephard on plough.

for another homestead approximately a mile from where we had originally settled in Wenham Valley and we were all heading back. We had traded off some of our effects in Caroline for a horse — which I was riding back and my father drove a Model T half ton. When they arrived, they found the house in a state of complete disrepair — no windows, no

doors, and holes in the floors. Dad and my brother, Fred, started to make the place habitable and it was completed within a few days. Fortunately, we were in luck as it was mid July and the weather held good. For a short time, the living was anything but easy! Since my father and I intended to go back to the mines in the fall, we had a lot to do in order to leave the family in good shape for the winter — get a good wood pile, fix the house and try to clear some land for the following summer — which we did. We cleared about three acres and Charlie Snell plowed it up for us so that we could have a house garden at least, the following year.

September came and once again my father and I took off for the mines. A short time later, my father returned to the farm to get my mother who was expecting a child, so that she could be close to a doctor and hospital. This left Peggy, Mona, Marvis and Fred on the farm by themselves. In retrospect, this was not a good idea at the time, but we had no other options. Subsequently, the youngest of our family was born — named Megan — which means "the last" in Welsh — and she was! We had enough — our family now consisted of nine members!



Haying on the old Lashway place, 1942. Mr. Shephard in the background, Megan and Jack.

During all of our moving around the country and up to this time, which was the winter of 1934, the Depression was in full swing. It was at this time, the government came out with the 'back to the land scheme', to get people to go back to the land and take up homesteads. It consisted of a six hundred dollar grant. While my folks and I were in East Coulee, my father applied for this grant and was promptly turned down as they said that he was already established. Some establishment! At this time, we had a house of sorts, one horse that died and three acres of workable ground. My father promptly wrote them back and said that if he could not get the grant, he intended to move the family back to town and then re-apply for the grant. Shortly thereafter, he received forms to complete for the grant and we were contacted by a field man. That spring, we were able to buy three milk cows, a team of horses, a wagon and various pieces of machinery — sufficient for us to commence farming.

Mona continues on—

I have many fond memories of the "growing up" years in Wenham Valley. The school dances and socials were always a highlight. The Aces Club and softball team were great fun and who could forget the weiner roasts we had in the summer! There was a great group of young people there and their parents were all good neighbors. These shared good times will never be forgotten.

One of the things that stands out in my mind and one that we, Fred and I talk and laugh about, occurred the year we were on the farm by ourselves. As Bill has already said, the folks, Bill and Jack were in East Coulee to make some extra money and this left Peggy, myself, Fred and Marvis on the farm by ourselves. I was about 12 and Fred about 10. It was our job to saw wood and keep the fires burning that winter — and it was cold! How cold we didn't know, as we had no radio; but at any rate, it wouldn't have made any difference as once we fell asleep at night, all hell could have frozen over! That old frame house was cold and in order to make the beds in the morning, we literally put on our toques, coats and mittens. There was always frost on the blankets in the morning.

Fred and I always laugh about the time we got up to go to school and the bread was frozen, and we couldn't cut it to make our lunch for school. So we decided to get the hand saw and cut the bread — which we did. One held the bread and one cut. Thinking back, I can only imagine what those bread slices must have looked like! Do we dare call these the 'good old days'? I am sure that Mary Baynes will recall that winter as she spent many a cold night with us, especially when her sister, Nellie, and our sister, Peggy, went out to a dance in the country somewhere. Fred and I also thought that Don Gillies was the greatest, as on several occasions, when we got home from school, we found that he had stopped by and chopped wood for us!



Jack, Megan and Jim Shephard.

Fred continues on with the story—

In the fall, the folks decided that all the family would go to the mines for the winter, so we packed up and off we went. At this time, we had a fellow called Jim Sherry staying with us and he agreed to

stay on at the farm and look after the stock. Once again the mines closed down early and shortly after the 1937 New Year, we were on the road once again for Wenham Valley, which was home to us in a way the mines never could be. We spent the balance of that winter cutting logs and making lumber. The winter social season, such as it was, was at its peak and naturally Peggy, Mona and myself were anxious to get in on the various events. At this time, we would be approximately 17, 14 and 121/2. The dances held at the school had a local group of fellows as a band and they, in retrospect, were very good. Bill, at age 26, still hadn't taken up dancing but I was always on hand to go to the dances with my sisters. One evening we were getting ready to go to the dance and Bill, who had been sitting around the house watching us, suddenly announced that he was going down to the dance at the school with us. Were we ever surprised, as we had, on many occasions, tried to get him to come with us — but with no luck! That night was a highlight for us, as in addition to Bill trying to dance and having two left feet, Malcolm Nicholson also tried, and after that there was no holding back either of them. Any dances that came along, they and we went! On that particular evening, I had gotten all dressed up in a grey flannel suit that someone had given me, and rather than get my dancing shoes muddy, I had worn rubber boots to the dance and intended to change at the school. However, to my chagrin, when I arrived at the school, I found that I had forgotten my shoes; so undaunted, I danced the whole night in my rubber boots, with, of all people, Alfie Snell! I ended the evening with two big blisters on my feet — but that was O.K. I had had a good time!



Mrs. Shephard and her daughter Peggy.

Bill continues on with the story—

In the fall of 1938, we all returned to the mines again, and while in East Coulee my sister, Peggy, who was a very popular girl, went to a moccasin dance on the frozen river and ended up with a very bad cold. She couldn't seem to shake the cold and eventually the folks went back to the farm, leaving me at the mines. Peggy was consistently sick after that and eventually we had the very bad news that she had rheumatic fever.

In 1939, when the Royal Family was travelling across Canada, a group of us at Wenham Valley decided that we would go to Edmonton to see them and to also see, Peggy, who was now confined to the University Hospital in that city. When we arrived in Edmonton, we decided to park the car and go by streetcar to the hospital as we were all unsure of ourselves in the city traffic! We all visited with Peggy, who was very happy to see us. However, Mona and I left the hospital with heavy hearts as Peggy did not seem to be getting any better! We went to the Parliament Buildings to see the Royal Family and shortly after, left the city to return to our home in Wenham Valley. The trip back was a disaster! We had car trouble and it took us all night and most of the next morning to get home. But since we were all in good spirits, we viewed the inconvenience as all in good fun and we had a lot of laughs.

Life seemed to progress fairly uneventfully for us, with the exception of the fact that Peggy was in and out of the hospital in Edmonton and my folks were back and forth to see her a lot.

We were constantly improving the farm in many small ways and we were acquiring a comfortable home. Of course, we would never get rich, but everybody seemed to enjoy life in Wenham Valley and after all, that was the main thing. The three youngest in the family, Jack, Jim and Megan, were able to roam to their hearts' content and at this particular time, they had made a pet out of a pig and named it Johnny. The pig would come running when any of them called it. It was actually quite funny to see, but not so funny when it came time to ship him. When he was in the stock yards in Breton waiting to be shipped, there were three upset children sitting on the fence calling out to him and he was trying to climb up the fence to get to Megan and the boys. My father was practical and would not let sentiment stand in the way of a cash sale, and certainly, we needed all the cash sales we could get in those days.

There was always a big day in Breton on the first of July and plans were well underway for July 1st, 1941; of course, all of us were looking forward to it. My sister, Peggy, was in the hospital in Edmonton at this time and my folks received an urgent call to come into the hospital. Unfortunately, Peggy's time was up; she had fought a good fight but had not won and she passed away. As stated previously, she was well known within the community and when word got around, the dance for July 1, 1941 was cancelled as a show of respect to her and we, as a family, certainly appreciated this gesture. True to old country tradition, my folks would not rest until her body had been returned home, to lay in our front room for several days prior to her burial in the Breton Cemetery. This was a very upsetting time for us and especially my sister, Mona, who was closest to her age, as they had done many things together.

Now we seemed to be getting established on the farm and we could more or less depend on some revenue from the land — not a lot — but at least a little. In addition to this, our family was growing up and in 1941, Fred decided that he too, wanted to go to the mines and so I took him with me. At this time, the economy of the country was on the upswing; the War was on and jobs, in various areas, were beginning to open up and the mines were working a much longer season. Because I was a miner, I was frozen at the mines, although I had joined up, but had subsequently been sent back. In the spring of the year, we returned to Wenham Valley and it was good to be back, as I always looked forward to those months on the farm, being with the family and getting involved in the social season. We had some good times.

In 1942, in the fall, we returned to the mines and during that year I met my future wife. We got engaged in the spring, and since my wife-to-be was not interested in farming, I decided to make my home in East Coulee, which I subsequently did.

As I mentioned previously, the family seemed to be rapidly changing. I had now established my home in East Coulee and Fred had put several seasons in the mines with another one, the fall of 1945, looming on the horizon. This fall, Jack decided that he, too, was going to go to the mines and for my mother this was the last straw. If her boys were all going back to the mines, then she, too, chose to be with them though my father did not want to. Because of the pressure within the family, he put the farm up for sale and held an auction of the farm effects and once again, our family moved back to the mines. Unfortunately, this was the end of farming for the family. Mona and Marvis were working in Edmonton, Fred and Jack in the mines, and Jim and Megan were enrolled in school in East Coulee. As happens in all families, they have all gone their own way and none of them have married farmers or farm girls.

Wenham Valley, to the older ones in our family, is still regarded as home, and of course, the powerful pull for all of us, is the lonely grave of my sister, Peggy. At various times over the years, we have toyed with the idea of having her moved; but in the latter years, we have been satisfied to leave well enough alone as one or the other of us seems to manage to get up that way and the cemetery is now well kept. Over the years she has been joined by friends and good former neighbors, which happens with the passage of time!

Considerable time has elapsed since we drove up to the old Lashway place, full of enthusiasm for our life in Canada. My parents have now passed away, along with two of my sisters, but to my folks, Wenham Valley was always home, especially to my mother. In subsequent years, away from there, she used to speak fondly of the blueberry picking and the raspberries that grew so profusely there and which she loved to pick. During our stay in that area,

it was truly a "land of plenty" — no money — but an abundance of the other good things in life. And these other "good things of life" are not quickly forgotten!

JAMES F. SHAW

A native of the Okanagan Valley in B.C., I first came to the Breton district in January, 1941 having been told that the Breton area was a good place to go for winter work in logging camps; you could earn money for the summer.

While on my way to D.R. Fraser's Camp 34 to look for work, bad roads forced a detour through the Victor Hanson camp on the Buck Creek. It was mealtime and while imposing on their generosity, the family convinced me I should be working for them. Due to this turn of fate, I worked for them, winter and summer for the next five years.

The genuine friendship of the people of the district was catching, and soon my main ambition in life was to own and operate a farm. It did not enter my head that it would take more than a lifetime to earn the money (the hard way — by hand) to buy the farm, and then to make it produce.

In 1943, I bought N.E. 20-47-3-W5 in the Wenham Valley district. The Hanson and Ringborg families, who were neighbors, were our closest associates during all the following years. This land only had 15 acres broken years before, so the following summer I built a house in the Hanson yard, to be moved to my place later. It was built of lumber sawed by the Hanson mill.



Shaw's house.

In March, 1945 I married Anna, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Martin of Berrymoor. The first big job was to get the house moved, so with the help of Ringborg's cat tractor and Gunnar Hanson's 22.36 tractor this was done early in the spring, before the 'mud', as roads weren't as good as they are now. With the house moved, we started building on a bedroom and a porch.

Each year was spent trying to clear a little more land. The first year, Carl Hanson brushed 10 acres.

It took many years to get all the roots picked. We added more buildings and bought machinery as it was needed and could be afforded.

For two winters we moved the family to the Hanson camp. In 1947 I started working at D.R. Fraser's planer mill in Breton, piling lumber for many winters with local men, namely Leo Neutzling, Alvin Ellis, the Kanda brothers, and Reg Carson. We rented Ringborg's farm for 3 years in the early 50's and after that I also worked in the mill in the summer as well as in the winter.



Putting up the winter wood, 1948

In the early 50's we also had a well drilled by Adolf Fieveland of Westerose. Until this time we had a small dug well which wasn't too good most of the time, so we hauled water from many places with a water tank on a two-wheeled trailer that I had made.



Anna and Jim Shaw, Bob and Vera.

In the summer of 1954, all the men of the district worked on the power line and by Christmas

that year we had the power which really was a big help to us.

Another big deal in all our lives was when George Shave started driving the school bus, the year our oldest was ready for school.

1956 was the year I started working in the oil field, first in Buck Creek and later in all the oil patches clear to Violet Grove and in the Breton area, too. In the early 1960's I decided to stay home and live off the land, so we began raising pigs; we built a large pig house and tried to keep 500 pigs at a time, but soon found we had no time for anything else.



Frank, Bob, Ina, Vera

For a few years my wife and I both took part in 4-H clubs. My wife took up sewing and gardening while I was active in grain clubs; we both enjoyed these activities very much. My wife was in the U.C.W. group for many years and also the Hospital Auxiliary when the hospital was built. I also made out the bills for A.G.T. for a time.

We remember many wonderful times through the years. In the early years we used to all get together and go to Pigeon Lake on Sundays. When it rained it wasn't funny getting home with the roads being so muddy. We also enjoyed the movies Mr. Nelson showed at his hall.

We raised four children: Robert (Bob) married Diane Rehman of Hayter Alberta and they have 3 children. They now live in Sherwood Park, Alberta. Vera Mae married Marko Delae of Burnaby, B.C. and they have one boy. Ina Marie married George Infeld and they live in Surrey, B.C. They have two little boys. Franklin George lives in Aldergrove, B.C. and so far he's footloose and fancy free and really enjoys himself.

As the two oldest children had left home and with the prospects of the two other children leaving some day, the farm was no place for me. On August 27 of 1968, my wife, two children, and myself moved to the Fraser Valley for a short while and then moved to Duncan on Vancouver Island.

— JAMES SHAW

BILL AND GRACE SMITH

Late in October, 1927 Bill Smith arrived in Breton with his dog, Buster, while riding in a wagon drawn by a team of horses — Kate and Floss. Mrs. Smith (Grace) and the two boys, Frank aged 4 and Jim aged 2, arrived by train before. All came from Gadsby.

The family stayed at Mitchell's rooming house before moving into the manse. That winter, Bill hauled lumber from Greenwood's mill, west of Breton. The next summer, a small house was built on the north side of town where we lived for the next year. Walter was born in 1929.

Bill filed on the homestead, N.W. 24-47-4-W5, in 1929. During the late winter, wood was hauled to Breton for sale. In June, 1930, the house was moved to the homestead by Bill, Everett Bowes and Joe Klouter. The only road was past Charlie Orlean's (now Ed Grzyb's). We forded the creek at the forks, then went across the Matthew's place to the Anthony sawmill. From there, we went to Antross siding and then east past where the Antross School was later built. He went up Anthony's log road and then had to cut his own road for the last half mile. Later in the summer, heavy rains turned all the little streams into raging torrents.



Bill and Grace Smith.

Fay was born on December 10, 1932. Mrs. Bowes helped. About that time, the Anthony Lumber Co. and the Ross and Beard Lumber Co. donated lumber and supplies for the Antross School. Miss Frances E. Hinds was the first teacher. We would meet with the Jim Impeys, the John Biros and the Dick Ings on the way to school each morning. A three or four mile walk was common in those days.

The Anthony Lumber Co. had a log road from the mill to what was known to us as '28'. This road was used to haul logs on, using four horse teams. Earl McNiel and Ed Goodhand were some of the teamsters we remember. The road went on the north side of our place and between Hans and Carl Hansons'.

Mrs. Smith bought a quarter of land from the Hudson Bay Co. for \$50.00. Fence posts were hauled from there and traded for hay at Falun and Mulhurst. In 1934 Ralph and Albert Friend set up a mill south of our place to saw lumber for Carroll Brothers in Winfield. In the spring, the mill burned down. Bill Matthews was cook for the crew at the time. After the fire, he stayed as watchman with his family of four boys and two girls.



The Smith family, 1946. Left to right, Jim, Walter, Bill, Grace, Faye, Bert and Les in front. Frank is missing.

About the end of May, a forest fire came through and took the rest of the camp. The people in the neighborhood built a log house for Matthews on the east quarter of what is now Alfie Snell's land. Bert Smith was born about this time — February 13, 1936

Albert Nadeau moved a mill in to finish up the timber. Victor Hanson did the logging for the Nadeau mill. Buster Ladouceur hauled lumber to Winfield. A small mill was set up on the Leo Neutzling place to saw some lumber for neighbors. Leo had the misfortune of getting his leg broken at the mill.

A highlight with us each spring was the fish coming up the creek. Sundays, in the fall, were often spent hunting prairie chickens which were plentiful in those days.

The War broke out and many of the men went to join the Army. The Ross Lumber Co. moved to Grande Prairie.

Les Smith was born June 29th, 1940.

In the fall of 1940, Frank went to work at Hystad's mill in Buck Creek and moved with them, when they moved their sawmill to Grande Prairie. In 1943 he joined the Army and was in until February, 1946. He went back to Grande Prairie to work for Hystad's after his return.

In 1946 Jim was working for the D.R. Fraser Lumber Co. and lost his right arm in an accident in the mill in the bush.

When Anthony's mill moved out of Antross, the school closed soon after as there were not enough children in the area to keep it open, so the remaining ones had to go to school in Breton. Finally, the school building was moved to Breton also. It was quite a long walk to Breton but we didn't mind. We had lots of good company as Leo Neutzling's girls, Walter Grzyb, Hugh Impey's boys and Fleshers all were walking, too. Later, a bus was put on that route.



Leslie Smith riding Blondie, 1944.

Frank married Jean Torbett from Lindale in 1948 and had five children; he still lives in Grande Prairie and works for North Canadian Forest Industries. Their children are all married except the youngest who is 16 years old. They all live in Grande Prairie, also. Frank and Jean have two grandchildren.

In March, 1952 Fay married Harry Freisz and in September, 1953 they moved to B.C., but came back in 1961 until 1965 when they moved to Grande Prairie. They have three children, one married and one granddaughter. They all live in Grande Prairie. Harry works for North Canadian Forest Industries.

In 1957 Les went to Grande Prairie where he met and married Jennie Jobson in 1965; they have four children and live in Grande Prairie where he works for North Canadian Forest Industries.

In 1959 Bill passed away and Grace moved to Breton until 1960 when she moved to Grande Prairie, where she still lives with Jim who bought a house there in 1967.

Bert moved to Olds where he married Doreen Dunlop in 1970. They have an acreage at Olds. Bert works at the Agricultural College there.

Walter lives in High Prairie.

When a person thinks back, they were very hard years with really no luxuries, but I think we were happier than a lot of people now that have so much more.

- FRANK AND FAY

STANLEY AND JENEY SOBON

I was born in 1902 in Moscinkowice, Poland, the eldest of seven children. From the time I was old enough to work, I worked to save enough money for my fare to Canada. After a 14 day voyage, I landed in an east coast city and from there boarded a train bound for Edmonton. While looking for work, I stayed at an immigration hall and from other immigrants, I heard of work in the Vegreville area, doing logging and breaking land. Every fall I went stooking, mostly on the prairies in Saskatchewan. While working in the Athabasca area, I put a down payment on some land but got lost in the heavy woods on my way to Edmonton to make a legal claim on my land. I worked my way to Edmonton and ended up working near Leduc where I met my wife, Jeney Kufry.



Stanley Sobon, Sophie, John, Mrs. Sobon, Joe. Front row, Doreen and Elizabeth.

Jeney was born in 1907 in Czajeczyce, Poland. Her brother, Joe, who had been in Canada for a few years, sent for her, so at 22 years of age, she left Poland for a country of which she knew nothing. Her brother wrote that Canada was a free country with a good future.

She landed in Halifax after 9 days of sailing which had made her ill. She didn't know if the illnesss was due to the sailing, coming to a strange land or leaving her parents, five sisters and four brothers behind. From Halifax she boarded a train to Edmonton and started a housekeeping job, arranged by her brother, in Leduc for \$10.00 a month for a wealthy family by the name of Max Maduke. In two years, she learned to be a good cook as the Madukes could afford a lot of groceries. They had a big house with store bought furniture!

Jeney and I were married on January 21, 1932. That spring we put a down payment on a quarter, S.W. 4-49-3-W5, near Warburg, from John Hancar. There was one old building on the place which we

lived in. My wife found it hard to go back to this way of living after the "good life" she had known with the Madukes. The next two years were not profitable and we gave up this land. In 1934, we purchased the S.W. 18-48-3-W5, a bush quarter, for \$600. That summer, we built a 16' x 20' one room log house and a barn for our 2 horses, a cow and calf and 5 chickens. While clearing land, one of the horses died so we harnessed the cow. By spring a daughter, Sophie, was born. We hauled water from a creek a half mile away until we had dug a well and got water at 20 feet!

In those early years, we didn't have a clock or a radio but we were fortunate that we lived one mile from the railroad. When the train sounded its whistle at the crossroad, we knew it was either Monday, Wednesday or Friday and one o'clock (if the train was on time)! We bought our first radio at a nearby farm auction.

During the depression years, three more children were born, Joe, Doreen and Elizabeth and a room had to be added to the house.

We received coupons to buy sugar, flour etc., and sold eggs at 5¢ a dozen, blueberries at 5¢ a pound and a bushel of wheat for 25¢; a cow was \$5 and a horse sold for \$10.



Anton Zapart, John, Stanley Sobon, Adam Kuropatwa and June.

We milked the cows wherever we found them or led them under the nearest tree to keep out of the rain or near a straw pile to shield them from a snowstorm. The fences were poor and one time the whole family spent all day looking for the cows in the dense bush; after walking for miles in the heat, we found them right next door in the neighbor's garden — good thing we couldn't understand Hungarian! Some time later, their pigs got into our garden and after that we became speaking neighbors and friends!

I couldn't read English so I would take my mail to Nick Raczuk, a Polish speaking store merchant,



Pighouse with straw top.

and he would translate and help me fill out forms when necessary.

The three oldest children stayed at their Uncle Zapart's to attend school at Brownlee, one mile away. One morning the uncle went to get a pail of water, but the pail fell into the well! So, Uncle climbed into the well but, because the ladder was in poor condition, he fell into the water and there he stayed for 2 hours calling for help. He finally managed to get out and he saved the pail too! The children stayed in the house all this time as they were told to do, and didn't know their uncle needed help.



Mr. and Mrs. Anton Zapart and Stanley Sobon.

When our youngest daughter, June, was born, we added another room onto the house, this time out of lumber; now we had room for the whole family. Now the children went to school at Breton, $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles away. Our only entertainment was the Christmas concerts. The family allowance, and the school bus service, made life a little easier and more enjoyable.

In the early spring, the grain was hauled to the elevator by wagon or sleigh drawn by a team of horses. The middle of the road was too muddy so the ditches were used for traveling. With no load on the return trip, the horses had no trouble running away through the mud or ditches — we even got dumped a few times! It sure helped when the roads were improved — gravelled in the summer and snow plowed in the winter.

In 1942, we purchased the S.E. 18-48-3-W5, municipal land that was up for tax sale. This quarter

was all bush and was used for pasture and logging as well as firewood.

The N.E. 24-48-3-W5 was purchased in 1948 from a soldier for \$2500. I hired a cat to clear land at \$40 an acre and in 1949 we bought our first tractor, a used McCormick WK40 on steel wheels which used 45 gallons of gas in 12 hours. A plow was also purchased that year.

By this time, we had more land than my wife and I could handle so in 1950, my brother-in-law, Anton Zapart, and I farmed together. That year, Anton sent for his wife, Anna, and 18 year old son, Daniel, from Poland. Also that year, our youngest son, Daniel, was born.

My eldest son, John, quit school at sixteen years of age and his first job was apprenticing as a mechanic at Purdy's garage in Breton. With the first \$60 he earned, he purchased a 1945 car and was going to drive to work in style! But every day he got as far as the first mud hole or snow drift and ended up walking to work and harnessing the horses to pull the car home. After one frustrating year, he bought a bicycle and left home to seek employment in Calmar. He didn't come home for the horses so he must have had more luck with the bike! Later he found a job in Vancouver where he met and later married his wife, Rose, in 1958. They have one daughter, Melanie, and live in Sheardown, Newfoundland.

In 1952 we gave up the team of horses and bought my first truck, an International, from the Greenhough Brothers of Genesee.

In 1953, we had a good crop of clover; the yield was 800 pounds to an acre but we had only 120 acres. The clover sold for 42¢ a pound and with that, we bought a Cockshutt 40 tractor. The year we got power on the farm, we did away with the root cellar hut and bought a deep freeze. No more trips to the well to fetch the jello and table cream when we bought a refrigerator.

Since 1958, we've received oil revenue on all three quarters. Just when the farm was prospering with the help of a tractor, a pull type combine etc., the children grew up and, one by one, left to go on their own. Due to all my back problems, I retired in 1960 and my son, Joe, farmed the land until he got married. Then he rented it until he got his own place a couple of miles away.

I returned to Poland in 1960 for a visit with my brothers and sisters; by this time both of my parents had passed away. Since leaving Poland in 1927, there had been many changes and nothing seemed familiar anymore. The reunion with my brothers and sisters was very enjoyable but when the airplane landed in Edmonton, I was glad to be home and glad that I am a Canadian!

Longing to see her homeland again, my wife, accompanied by our daughter, Sophie and her daughter, Brenda, took a trip to Poland in 1968. She was disappointed that so many changes had taken place--the riverbanks which were forested, now

were developed with factories, businesses and residential areas; even a bridge had been built to cross the river. They visited with her brothers and sisters and also with her mother, who at the age of 82, still walked a mile to church every Sunday. Her mother milked a cow and helped the daughter's family as there is no old age security there.

In 1970 I sent for my brother, John, of Poland so he could visit with us. He enjoyed the visit and said we have a well developed country, a prosperous future and a lot of luxuries; but after his visit, he was

ready to return to his way of life.

Since retiring, we have built a modern two bedroom house and now, when I look out the kitchen window, I see an empty barn, chicken house, hog barn and machine shed and remember the time when I came to Breton. I had one horse, and I still have one horse, but this one doesn't work and belongs to our grandson, Dean. My wife still takes pride in her garden, strawberries and flower beds which she works in all summer long. I am a member of the Senior Citizens' Club in Breton and enjoy playing cards and visiting as well as other activities.

Sophie married Ernie Sawchuk of Willingdon, Alberta in 1956. They have one daughter, Brenda, and live in Edmonton. Sophie is employed at the University of Alberta as a clerk typist.

Joe married Gladys Nikolai of Thorsby in 1962 and they have two sons, Perry and Ronald. They are

living on their farm near Breton.

Doreen married Harold Naprawa of Telfordville in 1958. They have four children, Linda, Joyce, Michael and Debbie.

Elizabeth married Joe Hoshowski of St. Francis, Alta., in 1960. They have three sons, Darrell, Brian and Jody and they live in St. Francis where Joe operates a lumber yard.

June is still single and is employed in Calgary. Danny married Charolette Postnikoff of Breton in 1970. They have three sons, Dean, Derek and Dayton, and live in Drayton Valley where he works for an oil company.

As related to daughter, ELIZABETH (SOBON) HOSHOWSKI

WEGNER AND STEVENSON STORY

In 1928 the Wegner family of eight children fled from Poland to Germany and then to Canada. John was only thirteen years of age. Gertie came to Canada with Mr. and Mrs. Hugo Gulde in 1929. John married Gertie on August 2, 1939, and started farming three miles from Warburg. John and Gertie raised nine children; then in 1950 they moved one block south of Warburg. During the hard years of farming, John worked out on the pipeline for Mannix from 1954 to 1959. He also worked for the Department of Highways and

helped build the highway by Sunnybrook. Mr. Wegner also was a carpenter. Besides building other homes, he built his own home which is now owned by Ted and Dolores Befus. He also built the steeple on the Catholic Church in Warburg and the first Auction Mart in 1961, for Alfred Befus, a son-in-law.



John and Gertie Wegner on their farm.

In 1964 John and Gertie celebrated their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary. Their attendants were the same ones as when they got married, Ed

Wegner and Ida Knopp.

In April, 1970, Gertie flew to Germany with Mr. and Mrs. H. Gulde for a funeral. She came back in May. On May 13, 1970, John and Gertie went up to Edmonton to their daughter's for Mother's Day. On their way back to Warburg, they had a car accident by Calmar and John was killed instantly. He left behind his wife, Gertie, three daughters and six sons.

Dot married Alfred Befus. They have four children and live in Edmonton.

Judy married Robert Williams. They have two children and live in Whitecourt.

Gerald married Doreen Graham and they live in Edmonton.

Robert married Helga Kufeld and they live in Barrhead. They have three children.

Kenneth married Lily Lafreniere and they live in Edmonton and have two children.

Richard farms near Camrose.

Walter also lives in Edmonton.

Harold lives in Edmonton and works with his brother, Ken.

Mrs. Wegner has since remarried and is now Mrs. Wakelin. She and her husband, Jim, live in

Wainwright, Alberta.

I (Margaret Wegner), married Ray Stevenson in 1965. We lived in Edmonton for two years. We then moved to Beaumont where we lived for eight years. After selling the acreage, we moved to our farm two miles east and one mile north of Breton, and have lived here for two and a half years. We are very involved in the community. Ray is a licenced mechanic and also owns and drives a school bus for the County of Leduc. He has a route west of Breton. Between bus hours, he works in the Breton Marshall Wells store. Ray is also a captain for the Breton Fire Department. I am very busy being a housewife and



Ray and Margaret Stevenson and family, Shelly, Tracy, Tammy, and Kimberly.

taking care of our four children. I also enjoy growing a big garden and keep interested in doing ceramics and also playing ball in the summer. I take a keen interest in helping out in the Breton Elementary School, where my children attend, as a volunteer parent assistant. We enjoy living in the Breton area on our farm. Our four children are, Tracy, aged fourteen, Shelley, aged eleven, Tammy, aged eight and, Kim, aged six. They are



The Stevenson yard in winter.

kept very busy with Trail Blazers, Young Peoples, Cadets and attending Sunday School where I am one of the teachers. I enjoy this job very much. I know we will spend many years living in the Breton area on our farm and what better life could there be?

— MARGARET STEVENSON

FRED SNELL FAMILY

Fred Snell was born at Battle Lake on February 17, 1929. Later he moved to a farm three miles east of Breton with his folks. He has two sisters, Dorothy and Sharon, and two brothers, Melvin and Gordon. Fred went to Breton School. He worked in lumber camps west of Breton and at Nordegg from 1945 to 1947. Fred picked fruit in the Okanagon Valley in B.C. Then he went to Port Alberni and worked for B.C. Bridge. In the spring of 1948, Fred started as a rough neck on oil rigs for G.P. at Lloydminster, Alberta, and then continued to work in the oil field in different areas of Alberta.

Fred married Mary Alice Rustand at Lamont, Alberta, July 19, 1952. By this time he was a tool push at Milk River, Alberta and Foam Lake, Sask. He also drilled a well at Payette, Idaho, U.S.A.

Loraine Joan was born at Lamont, Alberta on August 12, 1953. We moved to Ft. St. John, B.C. in January, 1954. Gloria Ann was born February 2nd, 1955. Fred drilled for Commonwealth Drilling while we lived at Ft. St. John.

We moved to Buck Creek in September, 1955 where Fred worked for Parker Drilling. Linda Marie was born on March 14, 1956 at Rimbey. In the spring of 1957, we moved our trailer to our homestead five miles south of Breton, N.W. ¼-1-47-4-W5, when Fred started to work for Canada Cities Service. In the fall we bought a house and lived in Breton. Karen Elaine was born on Dec. 30, 1960 at Drayton Valley. In 1962 we built a house and moved back to the farm and bought more land. We farmed a section of land for several years. The girls attended Winfield School. We sold our farm in June, 1975 and moved into Breton for four months and then moved into Drayton Valley where we now live.

Loraine married Leonard Wenninger on June 2, 1973. Loraine is a C.N.A. They have two children, Lauri born September 16, 1974 and Leslie born June 15, 1976; they now live in Drayton Valley.

Gloria married Dan Jackson on December 7, 1974. They have two children, Shea born on March 30, 1977 and Kevin on February 11, 1979; they live on a farm southwest of Breton. Gloria graduated from the University Hospital as a Registered Nurse.

Linda married Art Lerohl July 31, 1976. Linda graduated from the University Hospital as a Registered Nurse and is now working at the Edson Hospital. They also reside in Edson.

Karen finished her high school in Drayton Valley. Later she went to Alberta College and took a computer course and is now living in Edmonton where she is a computer operator.

THE DOUG SMITH FAMILY

Doug and I met in Edmonton, Alberta in December of 1942. Doug was in the Canadian Air

Force then. After a short courtship, we were married on February the 19th, 1944. After our small wedding, we moved to Calgary where we lived for three years. Our first son, Allan, was born in January 1945 in Calgary's Holy Cross Hospital.



Doug and Kay Smith's wedding, 1944.

When Doug was in the Air Force, he met Ted Grzyb. They became friends and wrote letters to each other while in the Force. When the war ended and Doug got his discharge, we worked around Calgary for awhile. Doug and Ted still wrote to each other and it was through Ted, that we came to the Breton district. Ted wrote and said Doug could get work around here.

We had a 1929 Chevrolet car that Doug had bought when we lived in Calgary. Doug had made a truck out of the car by cutting the body in two and building a box on the back. We packed all our belongings into this, including a dog and some chickens. Leaving Calgary behind, we headed for Breton. It was a slow journey as our tires weren't all that good. We travelled by Red Deer, Lacombe and on to Rimbey. When we stopped at a Bluffton garage, they told us that we were the first "car traffic" through there so far that winter. We never did meet any traffic from Bluffton on. This was fortunate, as we would have had a problem pulling over. However, no trouble was encountered and we reached Ted Grzyb's place on January 5, 1947. Ted and Ann took us in for a few days.

Ted had a building that he said we could use to live in, so we got it ready and moved ourselves in. We lived there the rest of the winter.



Our first team and wagon, 1947.

In the spring, we started to look around for some land and we put in an application for a half section; the S½ section of 22-47-4-W of the 5th. This was through the V.L.A. We acquired our land around the end of June and bought a building from Tom Flint. They said this building had been a post office, at one time, at Norbuck. The building which was to be our house, was moved onto our land. We traded our truck to Tom Flint for a wagon, a team of horses, a bob sleigh and some small horse machinery. A small addition was built onto "our house" and we sheeted the outside up with tar paper. Then we banked it with dirt and made it warm for winter. We also dug a twenty foot well by hand. There was lots of water so we cribbed the well with logs. A pulley was installed along with a rope, and a pail was tied to the end.

I put in a garden at Ted and Ann's place and we bought a milk cow for \$110.00. With our garden, milk and chickens, we didn't live too badly.

We inspected the Antross mill site which had closed down by this time. Many buildings were still around as everyone who lived there had left to go somewhere else. We picked up an outhouse and brought it home; it became our bathroom.

Doug got to know Ben Flesher by this time and he worked for him during harvest. I cooked for the Flesher's threshing crew that fall as Mrs. Flesher was away. We had heard about the Victor Hanson family then, and that they had a lumber mill. We inquired about a job for the winter and they said they could give both Doug and I a job.

After harvest was over and we were waiting for the bush jobs to come up, Doug and I cut and sawed fire wood by hand and sold it around Breton. While Doug delivered a load, I sawed by myself to have a load ready.

It was around the middle of November when we left for the bush to work in the lumber mill, Camp 34. After we closed our house for the winter, Doug worked at the mill and I in the cookhouse. We worked all winter, but spring break up came early that year so we came out of the camp on the 15th of March.

After visiting Doug's mother and dad in Green Court for a few days, we returned to the farm and made our plans for spring and summer. We had to make our own road to our home so brushing and piling on very soft and wet ground became the order of the day. Ben Flesher came over one day and he got stuck with his jeep. The main road to Breton was just a dirt road then, and when it rained in the spring of the year, the roads were very bad, almost impassable. Our only means of travel was with the team and wagon or sleigh in winter time.

In the early summer of 1949, we had land cleared. Lars Munk and Willie Ostby did our cutting and piling and Hugh Impey broke the land for us.

We had bought another milk cow that spring and a small cream separator. Now we were able to ship cream. Chicks were bought and I raised them in the house, around the stove, until they were big enough to go outside. There was lots of wild fruit so Allan and I gathered many berries while they lasted.

We had no electricity in those days so we did without a fridge, deep freeze and running water. Our lights were coal oil lamps; the water was all carried in by pails and the dirty water carried back out. On wash days I scrubbed our clothes on a scrub board.

Saturday night was bath time. We would bring the extra water in that night, heat it in the tub, and we'd all bath in the same water. It was then used to wash up the kitchen floor. There was always the ashes from the stove to take out and wood to carry in

for the night time.

In 1950 we had a very hard and cold winter with lots of snow. I was expecting my second baby then, and Allan was 5 years old. The morning we left to catch the bus at Breton, it was 50° below. The night before, a pail of sand and rocks was heated in the oven for next morning's trip. We put the rocks into a pail and set the pails into the sleigh box and took all the blankets we had. Allan and I got under the covers and Doug dressed warmly so he could drive. Off we went to Breton! We let the horses walk most of the way as we were afraid they may burn their lungs with the cold if they ran. When we finally arrived. Ed Collins had the bus ready as he was the bus driver then. I got on the bus and Doug and Allan left to go back to the farm. I was in Edmonton a week before I went to the hospital and all the time the weather was very cold.

On January the 23rd, when I entered the Royal Alexandra Hospital, they said it was 50° below zero. That evening our first daughter, Marion, was born. Ten days later Doug and Allan came up on the bus to get us and we returned to Breton. The temperature had plunged to 45 or 50° below by the time we got to Breton. It was back to the team, sleigh and hot rocks plus all the blankets. Allan, the new baby, and I got under the covers and we started for home. When we arrived, the house was very cold! With the large airtight heater and lots of wood, we soon made a roaring fire and were then comfortable.

We didn't leave the farm much for the rest of the winter as the weather stayed very cold. It was extremely hard on our livestock. It warmed up at last on the 19th of February. The cold spell had lasted 45 days!

Spring came at last and the baby was doing very well in spite of all the cold. She didn't get one cold and we stayed in good health. Roots were to be picked so I took Allan and the baby to the field. While the baby slept in the carriage, I helped pick roots. Also another big garden was planted.

In the spring of 1951 we had a few more milk cows so we started to sell bottled milk around Breton. We had a Case tractor by that time and Doug made a box on the back of it to hold the milk. Later, Doug bought a jeep from Charlie Ketchum

and we hauled milk to town with it.

In June of 1952 we had another son, Roger, born to us at the Rimbey Hospital.

We sold milk until the fall of 1952 but then gave it up before winter. We shipped cream instead. Doug got a job with Logan Purdy at the garage. He

left the garage later and worked at home.

Our first tractor, 1951

In December of 1956, on Christmas Day, we were blessed with another baby daughter, Carol. I spent Christmas in the hospital and Doug and the other children were invited out for dinner to Hugh Impey's. After coming home from the hospital, I realized our house was getting kind of small. I didn't have a small crib for the baby and not much room for one, so I used a drawer from a dresser. Carol slept in there until she outgrew it.

In the spring of 1956, Doug went to work for Dowell Oil Company. In 1957, May 2nd, we had another son, Donald. Doug left Dowells before I went to the hospital so he looked after the children.

It didn't seem long before the children were getting bigger and beginning to be a help. We didn't have much money at any time so we made a lot of our own entertainment. A skating rink was made in the winter months and many times the "kids" were outside on a moonlight night skating or just playing. In the summer, we took them to the creek at Antross and let them have their fun in the water.

Christmas was always a family affair along with a birthday to celebrate that day. The Christmas dinner was always something very special to the family. Sometimes we couldn't afford a turkey but we always had chickens, so I cooked a nice chicken dinner. Since I always put in a large garden, we had lots of canned vegetables.

On May the 12th, 1960 another son, Gordon, was born. We now had six children.

In November, 1960 Doug's mother passed away at the Coast. We then decided to move to the Coast where Doug could work for his brother. So we rented out the farm and sold all our cattle. On February the 19th, 1961 we left for the Coast. We lived there for three years.

In 1962, Doug's dad passed away. Our house and Doug's dad's were sold and we returned to Alberta in July, 1964. Our original farm had been

sold about the same time as our house at the Coast.

We heard Jack Buchanan was wanting to sell his farm, so after dealing, we bought him out, lock, stock, and barrel. We were into milking cows again so started to ship cream. That fall we bought the quarter of land owned by George Buchanan.

In December of 1964, around the 18th and 19th, we had a bad storm with a wind chill of about -110°. The school buses didn't run for the two days. When we went out to do our chores, we tied scarves over our faces so we could stay outside long enough to do them. Doug and I stayed up most of the two nights to keep the fires going.



Left to Right, Marion, Doug, Kay, Allan, Roger. Front Row, Gordon, Carol and Donald Smith.

We started to ship milk the following spring to the cheese factory at Warburg. In 1966 we stopped shipping as the factory shut down. We had bought the land owned by Charlie Ketchum by then, and were milking quite a few cows. We started shipping fluid milk to Edmonton Palm Dairies.

Allan got married in December of 1966, to Margaret Berher, in Saskatoon, Saskatchewan. In 1967, they moved out from Saskatoon to Breton onto our place that was once Jack Buchanan's. We were living on the place that was the Charlie Ketchum's. Allan worked with us in the dairy and Margaret at the Royal Bank in Drayton Valley.

In 1972 our daughter, Marion, was married to Leonard Stavast. Allan was more on his own then, as he had bought Roy Prentice's school bus and ran his route. So Leonard worked with us in the dairying for awhile until they could manage on their own. Roger had left home, too, and worked around with the big oil rigs. He came back to the farm though in 1974, and in 1975 he married Veronica Meinczinger. In 1976 our son, Donald, was married to Lorraine Hanson and he also left to make a home

for his family. Our daughter, Carol, had gone to NAIT and taken a secretarial course and short hand and she has a job in Camrose. So with one son, Gordon, at home, we were into dairying on a large scale. We had bought more land in 1969 or 1970 and were milking up to 65 cows. Those were busy times with the dairy and putting up silage. There wasn't much time for anything else. But we always had our family with us for Christmas and New Years

Gordon was wanting to get out on his own so Allan and Margaret thought they would like to try the dairy work for awhile. We sold our dairy to them in the spring of 1976, but it was too much for them. That fall, a dairy sale took place and all their cattle and quota and equipment were sold. Doug bought out Lou Selley's All Breed Service then and got his licence to do AI work. In turn we did a little farming.

In the spring of 1978, Doug ran for councillor for the County of Leduc for Div. 6. He was elected. We live alone now and have a modern home with our family all fairly close.

Allan and Margaret have bought the Breton Quality Golf. Marion and Leonard are buying a quarter of land and hope to move onto it in the spring of 1979. Roger and Veronica have their own place about a half mile from us. Don and Lorraine live in our yard in their own place. Our daughter, Carol, is still in Camrose and our son, Gordon, is at Fort St. John working on the service rigs.

We have found Breton a good place to live; we always had good neighbors and that means a lot.

— KATHERINE SMITH

GEORGE SHAVE

In October 1930, I, George Shave, bought my farm 6½ miles southeast of Breton, N.W. 27-47-3-5. I cleared 14 acres the first year.

It was in 1937, when I married Nellie Clarke of Leduc, that we moved out west from the Leduc area to live and stay on the place. I also worked my father's (Sidney Shave) place for about ten years. When we came here, we had a few milk cows and



Oulton's Case steam engine, sawing lumber at George Shave's, 1938.

one horse, a 12' x 18' shack, and a log barn. I hauled loose straw for feed by team, (my father's horses); it took 16 hours one way (a long night and half a day) as it was necessary to arrive here in the daylight as the hills were steep and there were no roads, only trails. In places, the trees were thicks, large and tall and to be able to see blue sky, one had to look staight up. I have had to have four horses to pull an empty wagon out of the mud; that was six miles east of Breton, where the Warburg corner is now.



Hans and Nels Hanson, custom breaking at George Shave's, 1939.

Our early neighbors were Walter Baynes and family, Oscar Bucher, Joe Bell and family and Ed Snell and family. The Shephards, Sid Meade, Reids, Charlie Snells, Wheales, Diestings and the Victor Hanson family lived a little farther from us; there were many more as the district (Wenham Valley) was well settled.

There were two school houses and two teachers at Wenham Valley with about 60 pupils. During the war, many left for the Army or took jobs. Farming was hard then, as the soil was poor, feed was scarce and grain sometimes was too short to cut. The first clover crop I had, had to be scraped off the cutting bar into a basket.



George Shave holding George Jr. beside his Rumley 1630 steel wheeled tractor, used for clearing land in 1939.

When fertilizer was introduced and different clovers were tried on the experimental plots on Ben Flesher's place, farming sure changed. We now can produce heavy crops and hay. The soil also changed from grey to a dark brown. Ben Flesher had yearly Field Days for a number of years, which are still taking place.

Today we can out produce most crops, even those grown in Leduc's black soils, without ever having to summer fallow. With the use of clover, our land is improving while theirs is being robbed. We also have the best area for beef and dairy cattle and sheep.

We found that in our earlier years we had a much better marketing system for our livestock — all could be shipped from any small town by rail; also freight was brought into these small towns as there were machine agents everywhere.

In 1950, our country schools were closed and the children had to be bused into Breton and elsewhere; at that time there were only 5 pupils in Wenham Valley. I was hired to start the first school bus from here, which I operated for 27 years. When I retired, I sold the bus to my son, Robert. I still spare drive for him and other bus drivers.

We have seen many changes in the West, most for the better but some I wish we didn't have.

We have been here for 41 years and we are not ready to quit farming yet. Our four children have grown up and married and are on their own. George married Pat Pritchard and is an oil man living in Fox Creek; they have 5 children. Doreen married Ken Hellervik and lives at Pendryl; they have 2 children. Shirley married Bill Mihalcheon; they live in Edmonton and have one child. Robert married Diane Montieth; they live here and bought our old place and they have two children.

— GEORGE SHAVE

MR. AND MRS. ALFRED SNELL (nee BEATRICE WILLIAMS)

Alfred was born in Wenham Valley, seven miles southeast of Breton in September, 1924. His father, Charles Snell, homesteaded there in 1909. Alfred received all of his schooling at Wenham Valley. His grade one teacher was Miss Nora Shenfield who is now Mrs. Hugh Impey.



Alfred and Ernie Snell, 1938.

Alfred, at the age of twelve years, and his brother, Ernie, at the age of eight years, worked on the road with a team of horses and a slip, filling in corduroy. They were paid as one man and this money was used to pay the taxes on the homeplace; the taxes then, were seventeen dollars a year.

Alfred, at the age of sixteen, left school and went to work down south for different threshing crews. In the winter he worked for Pearson Brothers' and D.R. Fraser & Co. Limited.

In 1943, Alfred was called into the Army. He spent some time in Calgary, then when discharged he went to work in the East Coulee coal mines. Here, he worked underground for three years.

In 1948, Alfred filed on his homestead, two and one half miles south of Breton. Then he went to the oil fields in Leduc. It was while working in Lloydminster, Saskatchewan, that Alfred had his back broken and was in a cast for ten months; he then returned to his homestead. In 1950 Alfred began driving a cat for Robert Greenwall at Wetaskiwin; he did this work for five years.

I, Beatrice, was born in 1936, and was the youngest of the Walter Williams family. I was raised on the old homestead in the New Moose Hill district which my brother, Ross, owns.

I had my first five years of schooling at New Moose Hill School. My grade three teacher was Miss Alice Clark, now Mrs. Bill Bogart. The winters were very cold and my brother, Bob, and I had to walk to school; in the summer we would ride horseback.

In 1947, we, as school children, were centralized at Breton. Roy Prentice was our bus driver. The bus he drove was a one ton jeep.

In 1954, my first job away from home was working for Verma Carson in the Dew Drop Inn Cafe located on Main Street where the Breton Drugstore now stands. In January of 1955, I married Alfred.

Alfred and I spent our first winter in the logging camp of Robert Greenwall in Athabasca. In the spring we moved back to the two room shack on Alfred's homstead. Alfred then went to work for Carroll Brothers' mill in Winfield.

Our eldest son, David, was born on Janury 15, 1956. Wilfred, our second son, was born on November 12, 1957. Our only daughter, Katherine, was born on February 15, 1960. Then on January 31, 1972 we were blessed with Travis, our third son.

Alfred and I have lived and raised our first three children on the farm. Alfred also owns his own sawmill which adds to our income.

David married Lorraine Musson in 1975; he now lives in Malta and works in Libya, North Africa, for an oil company. Wilfred married Shirley Visser in 1978; they live on the farm and he works for an oil company. Katherine married Kim Dingwall in 1977; she has an eighteen month old daughter, Cherry. Kathy lives in Breton.

Travis is now the only one at home. I am kept busy with my music as I play in a local Western band.



Alfred Snell family, 1976. Wilfred, Kathy, David, Travis, Beatrice, Alfred.

With both our families and friends around us, we are content to live in the Breton district.

— BEATRICE (WILLIAMS) SNELL

EDITH SHAVE

I was born in Lea-on-Sea, England in 1902. In 1906 my father, (Sidney Herbert), mother, brothers, Sidney and Harry and I immigrated to Canada — Halifax, N.S., where my dad worked in a cotton factory. My sister, Queenie, was born in Halifax in 1907.

After hearing about the good wheat crops grown in Saskatchewan, we moved to Moose Jaw in 1909 and my father obtained a homestead at Palmer, Sask. We spent our winters in Moose Jaw and our summers on the homestead, traveling back and forth by ox team and covered wagon. My sister, Dorothy, was born in 1910 and my brother, George, was born in 1912. In 1914, my mother passed away in Palmer, Sask.

After the First World War, when my brother, Harry, was discharged from the Army, he took over the homestead at Palmer. We then moved to Langley, B.C. Two years later, we moved to a farm 8 miles south of Leduc, Alta., where we farmed for about 25 years.

In 1937, George came to the Breton area and began farming. Around 1940, Dad became too old to do the harvesting so George would come back to Leduc to take the crop off, while we (Dad and I) stayed on his farm near Breton to do the chores. At that time, I drove a car and the roads were absolutely terrible; we couldn't understand why George wanted to live near Breton. This arrangement went on for about six years; then we decided we would sell the farm at Leduc and move closer to George and to a town. In 1946 we purchased the S.W. ¼-1-48-4-W5th which was near the Village of Breton and had a very good spring for water. When we first came here, the road into



George, Edie and Mr. Shave, 1938.

Breton from the east cut right across our farm.

In 1950 a road was built, going south to Rimbey. The road allowance was all bush and muskeg — not even a cow would walk there. The water from the spring on the west side of our quarter ran across the road allowance and this caused many problems for the road builders. Two big culverts were put in; one had to be taken out twice and better soil and sand put in before it was satisfactory. The water from the spring goes through this culvert, running under the highway.



Mr. Shave and Edie, house at Breton.

In 1953 a road was also cut through swampy land, to the east along the south side of our quarter section.

My house was destroyed by fire in August, 1964. I was looking after the two small Bilyk boys at the time. I was able to buy a house from Texaco



Building Highway 39, 1950.

Exploration and had it moved onto the farm; we moved into the new house on Christmas Eve. About this time, an oil well was drilled on my quarter which

really helped out financially.

I have lived a very busy and interesting life and there is never a dull moment at my home. Until the spring of 1978, I kept a small herd of cattle. To date, I have taken care of 65 children and had 21 boarders. Some of the boarders were high school students who would not have been able to attend school otherwise (this was before the school buses operated); other boarders included school teachers and girls or women who worked in Breton.



Edie Shave, Doreen Shave, Miss Chapman and Bilyk boys.

Last year, after I sold my cattle, I took a trip to England with two cousins. I am a member of the Breton Hospital Auxiliary, the Golden Age Club, the Anglican Church Women and I also teach Sunday School. My big garden still keeps me busy in the summer months and I also continue to do some baby sitting.

— EDITH SHAVE

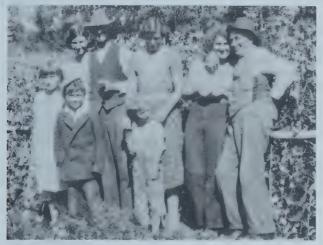
MR. AND MRS. CHARLES J. SNELL

Mr. Charles Joshua Snell was born on October 28, 1879 in Blyth, Ontario. In the year 1909 he came West and settled in the Bittern Lake district where he worked on a ranch. He met and married Edith Kathleen Haselwood on May 31, 1911 in Camrose. They made their home on the south side of Bittern Lake. He hauled mail and worked on the railroad section for a number of years.

Their first child, a daughter, was born in 1912 at Bittern Lake, but passed away when a few days old. On May 31, 1914 another daughter, Louisa Kathleen, was born.

In the year 1912, they came West and took up a homestead east of Breton, then known as the Keystone district.

The following year they returned to Bittern Lake, travelling by horses and wagon over corduroy roads. There he began working on the section again. In the fall, on October 4, 1917, another daughter was born — Ellen Margaret, followed by another daughter, Violet Christine, born on Christmas Day — December 25, 1921.



Charlie Snell family. Standing, Ellen, Mr. Charlie Snell, Mrs. Snell, Louisa, David Snell Jr. Front row, Christine, Alfred and Ernest.

The summer of 1922 they returned to, what is known as Wenham Valley, where they farmed and my mother grew a beautiful garden to feed her growing family. We lived in a one room log house for the first year, later building on an addition. But it was so cold, everything would be frozen solid come morning.



Potato planting time. Mrs. Snell and Ellen, 1937.

My dad worked in the lumber camps in the winter and in the summer he cleared land by hand with the horses. He would also cut and hand rake all the wild hay he could find and haul it home to feed

the livestock. My mother would go out and pick wild berries and would can them in the few jars she could find.

On September 11, 1924, a first son was born, Alfred David, followed a few years later by another son, Ernest Charles, born on December 2, 1928. They had encountered many hardships. My father became ill and he passed away May 19, 1936 at the age of 56 years. This left my mother with four children to raise on her own. She made ends meet by raising pigs and milking cows. Times were very hard.

A number of years passed; in 1945, July 5th, my mother met and married Elmer Sabin and he built her a new house. Later, they moved to Breton and from there, they moved to a farm one mile west of Alsike where they spent many hours clearing land. Then they moved back to Breton. Following several moves, they bought a few acres just south on the outskirts of Breton, known as the former Hooks' place. They resided there where my mother still milked cows and raised chickens and geese. She was a lover of animals.



Mother's 70th birthday, May 9, 1961. Left to right, Louisa, Ellen, Ernest, Alfred, Christine and seated, Mrs. Sabin.

Ill health came to my mother and she had to give up her cows. She passed away October 4, 1971 at the age of 80 years. Her husband, Elmer, lived there for a short time. Following this he resided in Blunt's Nursing Home in Leduc until his passing on January 11, 1978 at 89 years of age.

The children are all married and live in the Breton district. Louisa (now deceased) married Leo Neutzling and had three girls. Ellen married John Hunter,; they have two children, one boy and one girl. Christine married Alfred Pearson (deceased in 1948; they had one daughter. She later married Wilfred Bevan, adopting three children — two boys and one girl. Wilfred passed away in 1971. In 1974 Christine married Gordon Webster. Alfred married Beatrice Williams; they have four children, three boys and one girl. Ernest married Ruby Ritchie and they have two daughters.

- ELLEN HUNTER

JIM SAUNDERS STORY

My mother, Mrs. Agnes Saunders, and I arrived from Lacombe by train on April 19, 1929. Dad was waiting at the station with a team of horses and a lumber wagon to take us to our new home in Canada, which was a log house in the "bush".

We didn't make it home the first day, having to stay overnight at Mads Jacobsen's home. By the time we reached there, I was so bruised and shook up that it was pitiful; there wasn't a smooth place in the road. The next day, we tackled stumps etc. which resulted in more bruises. I was wondering if I would hold together from Mr. Jacobsen's farm to our homestead. For a young chap arriving from England, it seemed like the end of the world — bush, bush, and stumps.



Jim Saunders' passport picture, 7 years old.

If my memory serves me right, we only stayed on the homestead for a short time. Then mother and I returned to Breton where Mother cooked in the Pioneer Hotel which was owned by Mr. and Mrs. Henry Williams. At that time, Breton had only three stores, one owned by Mr. Breton, one by Mr. Jamieson, and a drugstore.



Jim and Rose Ellen Saunders, 1946.

I enjoyed riding down to the station during deliveries with Mindy Anderson and also getting the mail. Mindy had the dray business at this time and he always had his favorite dog with him. I also met Big Bill Fraser and when he saw me in town, he would always treat me to an ice cream cone. Riding the speeder up and down the track with the gang was another great pastime. One of the gang offered me my first chew of snuff — and my LAST.

I can remember Breton for a number of reasons. It was in Breton that I caught the train to Edmonton to enlist in the Army. It was also Breton that we would come to in the fall to work at Fraser's

mill all winter.

When I retire from farming my wife, Rose, and I hope to make our home in Breton with our friends. New folks in town think that I am a stranger in Breton, but really I am not.

- IIM SAUNDERS

THE SAMARDZIC FAMILY — ROBERT, GWEN, ROBERT JR., AND BARBARA

On July 7, 1947, the first taproot of the family was put down in Breton. I came here to make my mark as a bulk agent for Imperial Oil Ltd. and a dealer for the International Harvester Company. At that time Breton was still a good lumbering town, although some of the larger mills were shut down or had moved out. Farming, of the homesteader type, was just really coming into its own — farms were small. The roads, or lack of them, made getting to wherever you were going hard at the best of times. From Breton to Thorsby there was a dirt road, then a gravelled road to Leduc, and finally hardtop from Leduc to Edmonton. I remember one time coming home from Edmonton on the bus. It was raining and the road as we progressed west and south, was getting worse and worse. When we reached Oliver Heighington's farm, five miles north of Breton, we could go no further — we were stuck. Ed Collins, the bus driver, asked all the men to get out and push the bus. So, city finery or no, out they all got and with a mighty heave the bus got back into motion. Without further trouble, we managed to get to Breton but it was nip-and-tuck all the way. We were an hour and a half late and soaking wet.

My first year in Breton was not an easy one. The business had to be built up from scratch — commissions were low and money wasn't really plentiful. The Breton Hotel was my home and my first month's income was \$5.00 short of paying my room and board. However, the first year passed and things began looking up and times were getting

On July 1, 1948, Gwen and I were married in her mother's home in Edmonton, by Rev. Fred Knebel, former ship's padre, whom I had known during my hitch in the Navy. I always say we chose July 1 because it was the only day I could get off, Gwen says it was so I wouldn't forget our anniversary

We built a nice house in Breton and settled in to make our fortune. Besides having Gwen get to know new friends and neighbors, of which there got to be very many, we enjoyed going out and hunting grouse and prairie chickens, and so help me you would see them in flocks that I know numbered in the hundreds, especially west and southwest of Breton. Those were the days my friend — a hunter's paradise.

At this time Breton did not boast sewer, water or electricity, so we carried our water from a little spring about a half a block from the house. The house was wired for electricity and we had our own deisel plant in the shed behind that supplied our needs. I sometimes forgot to shut the motor off soon enough — all the light bulbs would explode at the same time. A few years later, Floyd Graham set up a generating plant and supplied the hamlet with electric lights. He would only run his plant until midnight — so we had lights for about 14 hours a day. If we decided to have a party, I would phone Floyd and ask him if he would run the plant all night if I paid the cost, so occasionally Breton did have power all night. Those were the nice times for the new mothers who had to feed babies in the night.



The Samardzic family. Bob, Gwen, Bob (Jr.) and Barbara.

We drilled a well not long after. The Leo Ladouceurs lived next door and carried water from our well. This was fine in the summer, but in the winter we used a rod type electric heater to keep the water from freezing. Leo and Fern's kids would come over to get water and forget to put the rod back into the well, so the rod would burn out, and I would have a three hour job thawing the well. It sure was a good thing I sold that type of heater or we never could have afforded the luxury of not carrying water.

On May 26, 1951, we were blessed with our first born, Robert Matthew. Not only were we proud and happy about this event, but my late father, Matt, was also proud as Bob was his first grandchild, and as today, every parent lives for this day. Our Bob has curly hair — or has had for most of his life — except for the years between grades one and five. His first

day at school all the kids teased him because of his curls — he came home crying and demanded that we rid him of the curls. He wore his hair very short, cropped from then until he reached grade six. By this time he found curly hair could be an asset so his curls returned.

Bob took all his schooling at Breton and then decided that he would make the oil rigs his career. Once he left the rigs to work a nine to five job in Edmonton but being a farm boy and an outdoor type he hated being cooped up inside—after a week he returned to the rigs. At present he is in Regina, Saskatchewan, where he and his crew are drilling underground storage near the University of Saskatchewan campus.

On July 26, 1953, we were again blessed — this time with a fine young daughter, Barbara Lynn. Barbara took and completed all her formal education in Breton and at the Faculty of Education, University of Alberta.

Barbara is a real stickler on promptness. When she started school she used to run all the way home at noon, four long blocks, bolt her lunch and then run all the way back. She was afraid of being late, and she is the same today.

She taught school in Winfield for three years and now she subs in Breton when Grandfather will babysit. Thanksgiving weekend, 1974, Elwood Johnson of Breton and Barbara were married and at present they live on the land that was called Antross. They have two fine children, Stacey and Jennifer. These two young ones are bringing many happy days into all our lives. Their births are two of the finest events that have taken place since we have been in Breton.



Stacey, Barbara and Elwood Johnson, 1978.

In 1958 I bought three quarters of land on 22-47-4-W5—the site of the Anthony Ross Lumber, Company. We sold our home in Breton to Mr. and Mrs. Charlie King, in 1965, and moved the family to the country, where we could raise cattle, horses,

pheasants and chickens, and we are still doing just that.

During the thirty-two years that we have lived here, as newly weds then, and as a family today, we have met and known a lot of fine people, friends, neighbors and associates. The people in this area have been kind to us. In business, from lumber to mixed farming to the oil fields and now back into farming, we have found the best in people.

Since the year 1900 our family has lived under five British Monarchs, the first being Queen Victoria and our hope, as a family, is that we may continue to live in peace and quietness enjoying the blessings

of the land and the fruits of our labors.

— Bob Samardzic

STEVE TOTH

Steve Toth was born in 1899 in Dunaszentbenedek, Hungary. He came to Canada in 1930 with Alex Kiss. Steve worked in coal mines around Drumheller and on a paving crew for the city of Edmonton for many years.

In 1960 he sold his quarter, S.E. 28-48-4-W5, to Gary Linde and retired into Breton. For several years he was janitor and night desk clerk at the

Breton Hotel.

On September 25, 1970 Steve died in his home. He was survived by his wife and his brother in Hungary.

— ELIZABETH KUGYELKA

THE VIDOK FAMILY

My grandfather, Imre Vidok, came to Canada in the spring of 1928. He was born in 1882 in Dunaszentbenedek, a small village in the district of Pest Megye, Hungary. My grandmother, Lidia Berekai, was born July 2, 1891 in Fokto, a neighboring village. They were married in March, 1909 and my father, James, their only child, was born on August 1, 1911.



Imre, John and Jim Vidok in the 1930's.

Grandpa first settled in the Donatville district, about 35 miles east of Athabasca. He found work on a farm and was earning a wage five times as much as in Hungary. He calculated that at this rate enough money could be earned for him to return to Hungary in about six years, buy additional land there, and still have enough money left to live comfortably after. With these hopes, he sent for his younger brother, John, to join him as soon as possible. Grandma and Dad were to settle their affairs in Hungary and come a year later, being prepared to stay about five years, Grandpa advised that only the bare necessities be packed, as goods were readily available in Canada. Thus reluctantly, my grandmother left behind most of her belongings, not knowing that she would never see them or Hungary again. Experiencing that first winter in Canada, she was thankful that she brought the goose down ticks, for they made the cold nights more bearable.

Grandma and Dad came on a White Star Liner Ship "The Megantic" which landed at Le Havre, Quebec on September 20, 1929. The voyage was

rough and both of them were seasick.

By the fall of 1929, economic conditions had changed and after harvesting was completed that year, my grandparents, Dad and Uncle learned that all they would receive for their labor was a wagon box of wheat.

That winter, Grandpa went to Edmonton to scout around. By chance he met Simon Gabor, from the same village in Hungary. He told Grandpa that an undeveloped C.P.R. quarter was for sale to the east of his in the Funnell district. Grandpa went to the land agent and made a down payment on that quarter S.W. 27-48-4-W5, where the Vidok family became located.

It wasn't easy to find someone with a truck willing to move them and their belongings, which at that time consisted of three wicker suitcases, a bed, stove, cow, chickens, some wheat, hand tools and a sow with her litter, from Donatville to the Funnell district. It was a difficult journey; the roads were poor and west of Weed Creek they became little more than bush trails. Fortunately the weather was mild and there was little snow on the ground.

They arrived in February, 1931 and stayed with Mr. Gabor until their log house was ready. Slabs were obtained free from local sawmills and were used for the roof of the house, as well as many of the first buildings. The gable ends of the house were made by weaving willow saplings together.

Having no money, work was exchanged to obtain their first horse and plow. The land was cleared with a grub hoe and an axe. By late spring, a few acres were ready to be sown. The wheat was scattered by hand and when it ripened it was cut with a scythe. The stems of wheat were twisted into a rope and secured around the centre of an armful of grain, making a sheaf. The sheaves were stooked and when dry, were broken and spread out on a

F.#17815.



No 17367

GOVERNMENT OF THE PROVINCE OF ALBERTA

PROVINCIAL LANDS

ENTRY RECEIPT



I Hereby Certify that I have received from

James Vidok, Breton, Alberta.

HOMESTEAD the sum of ten dollars, being work the fee for entry for the SaWa Quarter of Section 28 Township 48 Range 4 West of the 5 Meridian (area 160 acres), and the said entrant is

Section 28 Township 48 Range 4 West of the Meridian (area 160 acres), and the said entrant is in consequence of such payment, vested with the rights conferred in such easemby the provisions of The Provincial Lands Act.

This entry is granted subject to the right of the Province takes without compensation, prior to the issue of patent, such land as may be required, not exceeding four per rent of the total area—

(a) for road purposes;

(b) for drain or drainage works a particular of the total area—

All minerals existing on or under the lands hasein described are reserved to His Majesty in the right of the Province together with full power to work the same, and for the purpose to enter upon, use and occupy the said lands or so much thereof had to work the terms as may be necessary for the effectual working and extracting of the said minerals.

Subject also to such further reservations as are contained in The Provincial

For

Provincial Lands Entry Receipt. Mar. 4, 1937.

hard clean area and flailed. The grain was then scooped up and thrown into the air to remove the chaff.

Those first few years were difficult ones. Money was scarce so after the seeding was done, the men went searching for work. They took whatever was available, jumping boxcars to such places as Ontario to work in the tobacco fields, or to Saskatchewan for the harvest and working their way west. Sometimes they earned \$1.00 a day and most of the time had to supply their own board. Often, Dad, Uncle John or Grandpa worked for sugar beet farmers around Lethbridge.

In 1937, Dad signed up for a homestead, S.W. 28-48-4-W5, with the usual requirements. Over the years about 100 acres of land were cleared by hand on the two quarters. When more money was available, brush cutters owned by Johnny Colt, Albert Hansen and the Sabos were hired. However, long hours were still required for brush burning and root picking.

When the acreage increased, threshing machines owned by Jim Innes and Art Westling were hired for threshing. Later, until the combines took over, the Jack Moorehouse or Leonard Miller threshing crews did the threshing.

With the men away, it was up to Grandma to tend to the chores and look after a large garden. She said she often thought about her belongings in Hungary, as most of her dresses were worn out and there was no money to replace them. For stockings, strips of cloth were wrapped bandage style around her feet and legs.

There were neighbors, Archie and Mrs. Blake,

the Ostby family, Mrs. Heighington and her family, and Mr. Alfred McCartney, but Grandma spoke very little English so there was not much contact. Mr. Gabor was the closest Hungarian neighbor and he was often away. Mr. Gabor's housekeeper came to his farm shortly before he was killed and continued to live there after his death. She was introduced to Jim Zam who owned land in the Moose Hill district. They decided to marry and chose to live in the Funnell district. It was nice for Grandma to have a friend so close; they visited back and forth as it was only a short walk across the field.

Sometimes the Vidoks went to the Valleyview Hall for the dances. There were many more Hungarian settlers in that area so the dances afforded an opportunity for visiting as well as dancing. It was here, through friends, that Dad learned about a Hungarian girl newly settled in the Genesee district.

My mother, Mary, daughter of Laszlo and Julia Liba, was born on January 20, 1922 in Znatino, Czechoslovakia. She arrived in Canada on March 7, 1937 with her mother, sister Elaine and brother Zoltan, joining their father who had come in 1928. Another brother, Leslie, was born in Genesee. She attended school briefly in Genesee and helped at home on the farm as her dad was working on the railroad.

Dad rode horseback across country to visit her and the ensuing courtship resulted in their marriage on July 20, 1939. Arrangements had been made for the wedding to take place in Breton but because of the preceding rainfall, the minister did not arrive at the scheduled time. A message was left

for him and the wedding party returned home. The Rev. Albert E. Koch eventually arrived to perform the ceremony. The wedding presents were a flour sifter, a length of fabric, two pounds of rice, a set of dishes, a waterpitcher with tumblers and a berry set. Following the wedding supper, a small dance was held in the home with Mary Mockerman (nee Ratz) playing the mandoline and Charlie Kovacs on the

Prior to the wedding, a larger log house was built. Both sides of the walls were plastered with a mixture of mud, horse manure and chaff. The outside was whitewashed and on the inside, calcimine was used. The vegetables and canning from the large garden, beside the house, were stored in the cellar, beneath the kitchen floor.



Left to right, back row, Mrs. Zam, Lidia Vidok, Jim Vidok. Front row, Annie, Elizabeth and Mrs. Mary Vidok. July 1st, 1949.

I, Elizabeth, am the first of four children. I was born at my maternal grandparents home in Genesee on April 21, 1940. My sister, Annie, was born at Mr. L.G. Karsay's lumber camp, west of Breton, on August 20, 1944 where Dad and Mom were working that summer. Jimmy was born at home on January 26, 1950. There was an unusual amount of snow and drifts prevented the planned trip to the hospital. Leslie was born in the Edmonton General Hospital in 1953, on February 22.

Although it was illegal to make wine or spirits, many did so. The Vidoks were suspected of such practices and in the fall of 1940, two R.C.M.P. officers arrived to search the house. I was only a few months old and even my cradle was searched! A small bottle of the "medicine" was found in the cupboard. My grandfather was charged and that winter spent three months in the Fort Saskatchewan jail. Only Uncle John knew the location of the distilling apparatus and even he found the special tree difficult to locate at times. Unimportant, but interesting, is that the "product" was known to be of good quality and found its way into certain establishments as far away as Thorsby.

Mom and Grandma printed many a pound of butter. Mom would take the horse and buggy to

Breton to trade the butter and eggs for goods at the store. Although they were worth very little, every penny counted. When the egg prices increased, they were shipped in 15 or 30 dozen wooden crates by train to the Calmar Creamery. Baby chicks were ordered, arriving by train from Edmonton in early spring. Our boxes of chicks were only a few of the many waiting to be picked up at the C.P.R. station in Breton. You can imagine the noise all those chicks made! The station agent must have been glad when the chick season was over.



Back row, left to right, Elizabeth, Mr. and Mrs. Vidok, Annie. Seated, Jimmie and Leslie, 1962.

Annie and I attended school at Funnell. In winter, the special treat we all looked forward to was the pot of soup brought once a week by a parent of one of the children attending. On cold days, we would leave home early, stopping at McGhie's to warm up a bit while Mavis and Sharon got ready to walk with us the rest of the way. Rides to or from school were also a treat. In school, the whole class would groan when we heard a team or a vehicle go by just before closing time. After the school closed in 1954, we went by school bus to Breton, catching it at Zam's corner. We thought it was great because we had only half as far to walk! By the time Leslie started school, the County provided gate service.

In summer, berries were picked and canned. We did not have far to go for strawberries because they grew prolifically on new breaking. Raspberries grew in the rows of brush piles in the fields. Saskatoons, blueberries and cranberries were not hard to find either. Eventually, Mom planted a large patch of strawberries and raspberries in her large garden. Many of the raspberries were made into a batch of wine, a glass of which was often offered to

guests.

Before electricity and freezers, friends would get together whenever one of them butchered a pig. The work and the meat were shared as fresh meat was not often available in the warmer months. Headcheese, garlic sausage, liver and rice sausages were made. The bacon and hams were salted and, when ready, were smoked in the smokehouse

behind the house. After the work was finished there was food, wine, music and the singing of the old Hungarian folk songs, often lasting into the night. Dad often told us about the first pig butchered here on the farm. Because they had no straw to singe the pig, Dad walked over to Mrs. Funnell to get some straw. She sold him all that he could carry of 10¢!

In 1942, Dad bought a used black Hupmobile with olive green upholstery, from a family in the Warburg district. The car was quite dependable for many years but unfortunately the roads were not. The stretch east of Mrs. Heighington was especially bad as it was a low spot. We could often feel the corduroy roadbed as Dad sped through the muddy ruts. If we did get stuck, it wasn't far to go home to fetch the horses.

Grandpa suffered a stroke in the fall of 1944, after which he was unable to work. He died January 16, 1946 at the age of 64. Uncle John became ill and passed away in the fall of 1948. He is buried in Edmonton. Grandma lived to see the first "Sputnik" and marvelled that in her lifetime so many technical achievements had occurred. She had a stroke in 1957 and died on September 29, 1959.

We always had livestock on the farm as the hogs, cattle and the cream from the cows were the main source of income. Dad had a way with the animals and took pride in whatever he raised. Before the days when the vet was only a phone call away, Dad would ask Lars Munk to help, should one of the animals get sick.

The right of entry paid by oil companies to landowners enabled Dad to apply for Calgary

P. 10 A.E. R 120630 CERTIFICATE OF EXEMPTION (Subject to cancellation) Issued to persons who have been exempted from the provisions of the Defence of Canada Regulations relating to enemy aliens.
Lidia VIDOK This is to certify that Residence address Breton, Alta. Racial origin Hungarian Country of birth Hungary Hungar ian Present nationality Hungarian Age 50

(If British subject, quote Naturalization Certificate Number and Series Letter)

Height 5 3 Weight 55 Complexion Visible marks, etc Pimple right side of nose. is by law entitled and required to carry this certificate upon his is by law entitled and required to carry this certificate upon his person and to produce it for reasonable inspection as may be required by any peace or military officer. He is, subject to compliance with the requirements of the law, entitled to be at liberty and to be immune from interference provided that he shall not change his residence without notifying the Registrar and having this certificate duly endorsed. This certificate shall be good for one year and may be renewed thereafter. THE HOLDER OF THIS CERTIFICATE SHOULD NOT LEAVE CANADA WITHOUT NOTI-FYING THE REGISTRAR. this 5-2-42 Breton, Alta. Dated at..... day ot For Registrar General. (F.J. Langshaw) Certificate of Exemption. May 2, 1942.

Power in 1957, which, in turn, helped him to modernize the mixed farming operation. I left home in 1958 when I married John Kugyelka. In 1961 Ann went to the city to take a hairdressing course. By this time, Jimmy and Leslie were old enough to be of some help on the farm. By the mid-sixties, Dad was having problems with his health. In 1968 he rented the land out as he was unable to actively engage in farming. He died on February 1, 1970 and is buried in the Breton Cemetery beside his mother and father. Mom continued to live on the farm until 1971, when she sold it to Percy Arnell. She bought a house in Warburg where she met Frank Fodor. They were married on December 1, 1973. They are both interested in gardening and maintain a large yard around their home in Warburg.

In 1974, they went to Hungary to visit relatives. The region Mom came from is now a part of the U.S.S.R. and they were able to go there also, to visit her family.

Both of my brothers married girls from the Berrymoor area. Leslie married Carolyn Young, June 29, 1973. They live in Leduc with their children, Roland and Rena. Leslie is a drywall contractor. Jim married Iris Thyr on November 30, 1968. They have two children, Chris and Carrie, and are living in Ft. St. John where Jim operates a service rig.

On August 24, 1963 Ann married Steve Czobor. They are presently living in Edmonton with their children, Steven and Lisa. I married John Kugyelka on June 21, 1958. We have three children, Sandra, Douglas and Janet and reside on a farm in the Funnell district, one-half mile east of the original Vidok farm.

- ELIZABETH KUGYELKA

WIETING STORY

Henry Wieting was born in 1887 at St. Francis, Kansas, U.S.A. In 1911, he came with his parents to the Buford district. In 1914 he married Louise Oelkers of Warburg. Steve was born in 1916.

In 1921, Henry, Louise, and son Steve moved to the Keystone district. We got our mail at the Keystone post office; it was located where Mark Hooks' farm is now. When the railroad came to what is now Breton, the post office was moved to Breton and the name, Keystone, was abandoned.

The railroad came from Lacombe to Breton. It was called the Lacombe North Western Line. I believe, it was in June, 1926 that quite a few of us rode horseback to Breton to see the first official passenger train come in. There were a lot of railroad officials present including Mr. Breton, who was a M.P. for the province. The Dominion government was represented but I don't remember the man's name. The ones I remember best at the

opening were Alvina Webb, Dorothy Oelkers, Annie Oelkers, Charlies Oelkers, Joe Shot, Ben Flesher and Ellis Hooks. Joe Shot and Ellis Hooks used their horses to take the women and children across the muddy road to the railroad station which had been decorated for the occasion. The horses were up to their knees in mud on main street. It was a big event, so there were a lot of people from near and far. Later the C.P.R. bought the railroad and continued it on to Leduc.



Henry and Louise Wieting 1914.

In those years, our trading was mostly done in Breton. At that time, there was a blacksmith shop run by Joe Hoath, a cafe operated by Grenville Mitchell, Mr. Breton's grocery store, and Jack Anderson's livery stable. The farmers used to send their cream out by rail.

In 1939, the Second World War broke out and many of the young people joined the service. I served with the R.C.A.F.



Steve and Flo Wieting 1948.



Mrs. Flora Wieting, Patty, Ray and John.

In 1946 I married Flora Gillespie of Lavoy Alberta. She was in the C.W.A.C. during the war years. We had three children, Pat, Ray, and John. They all went to Breton School and completed their grade twelve. Pat married Dave McKittrick in 1967 and they have one boy Bruce. They are living in Drayton Valley. In 1969 Ray married Peggy Bills. They have two children, Melanie and Scott. In 1971 John married Sharon Cain and they have one boy Justin. Both boys are living near Drayton Valley.

Henry Wieting passed away in 1961. Louise Wieting is still living in a home in Camrose. She is ninety one years old at the time I am writing this. In 1952 we homesteaded the NW 32-48-4-W5 which we purchased through the D.V.A. We sold in 1974 and moved to Medicine Hat.

— STEVE WIETING

THE WESTLING FAMILY

Arthur Francis Westling was born in Wilmar, Minnesota, U.S.A. in 1894 of Swedish parents. He came to Clive, Alberta in 1900 with his parents, Fred and Mamie Westling. He attended Westling School through to grade eight and Swedish Lutheran church school in the summer.



Left to Right, Arthur, Annie. Second Row, Daphne and Theodore Westling, 1938.

In 1915 he married Ruth Bucknell of Haynes, Alberta and a daughter Mabel Irene was born to them in 1917. Ruth died in the flu epidemic and Mabel went to live with her grandparents. Arthur married Annie Moorhouse in 1922 and a son Donald Theodore was born to them in 1927. In the summer of 1927, there was a tax sale of land in the Funnel district held in the Funnel School (Keystone). Arthur Westling, Archibald Billinghurst, George Fretwell, and Mr. Rainier of Clive

attended it. Mr. Westling bought the S.W. of 23-48-4-W.5 and George Fretwell bought the S.W. 14-48-4-W5 which he later sold to Arthur Westling. It was on this land that Arthur later put his buildings.

In 1910 a man by the name of William Bailey had homesteaded S.E. 23-48-4-W.5 and on ten acres of his land a Baptist Church of Good Hope, a log building, was situated. Harry Allen homesteaded S.W. 14-48-4-W.5 in 1910 also, and he donated an acre of his land across the road from the church for a cemetery.

There was a log building on the S.W. 14 when Arthur moved up from Clive with his wife Annie and one year old Theodore. Mrs. Westling and Theo came by train from Lacombe and Arthur came in a box car with his six horses, five cows, two sows, farm machinery, some chickens, and household furniture. The grey tabby cat escaped on

the way up.

Breton, at that time, consisted of Herb Smiths store and the old Pioneer Hotel, run by a Mr. & Mrs. Williams; this was later a livery barn run by Paul Therriault. A hall was built by Sanford Nelson of Nelspur, and another store was built and run by Lawrence Breton. A community hall was started by purchasing a cookshack from Phil Greenwood's saw mill across the track, and moving it to a site beside where the hotel is now. Mr. R. Ramsey was post master at that time.

The end of the Railway was at Breton for a couple of years before joining up with spur from Thorsby. It consisted of a mixed train carrying freight and passengers and taking about six hours to make the trip up from Lacombe. It was a common sight to see the train crew picking wild blueberries along the track while ties etc. were being thrown off.

The country had been burned over in 1915, and most of the top soil burned leaving a light grey soil. Mrs. Westling remembers that there were no dandelions and no fences at that time. The odd gardens planted, were fenced with slabs.



Westling family and friends on a picnic, 1934.

Arthur Westling worked on Mr. McLure's sawmill in the winter of 1929 and I remember that as the coldest winter in my experience, 55° below zero. A cup of water set beside the bed for Theo was

frozen solid before morning and Theo was taken to bed between his parents to keep him warm. One of the sows got a large frozen patch in the middle of its back which, later in the spring, curled off leaving a deep hole.



Art Westling, threshing outfit, 1930. Case steam engine.

In 1932 Mr. Westling and his brother-in-law, Fred Moorhouse, went back to Clive and purchased a Case steam engine and seperator which took ten days to drive back to Breton. They cut wood for fuel along the way. They used it for threshing around the neighborhood, and for sawing and planing lumber. Rough lumber at that time sold for \$9.00 a thousand feet with dockage for any bark left on.

Mr. and Mrs. Westling built a new frame house in 1930. Mr. Westling was a good carpenter and helped his neighbors build frame houses at this time. He also helped to build on the community hall and the United Church in Breton. A daughter, Daphne Ann, was born in 1933. She is now Mrs. Lyle Oulton and lives near Breton.

A new barn was built in 1936 by Mr. Westling and Foster Sutherland. Charlie King and neighbors were instrumental in procuring a government pure bred shorthorn bull which was stationed at

Westlings.

The house and barn built at that time still stands as Theo and his wife Vi, (nee Norman of Buck Creek) have farmed the land since 1950 and raised a family of three. Mrs. Valerie Portas, Neil Westling and Laura Haggert all live in Drayton Valley. Mr. and Mrs. A. Westling retired to Breton in 1950 where Arthur had the B.A. bulk oil station for ten years. He later had a stroke and after a long illness, died in 1971 in the Breton Hospital. Mrs. Annie Westling moved to B.C. where she married Mr. Fred Gibbs of Oliver, B.C.

Mr. Westling was a member of the Funnell School Board from 1930 until it was consolidated. In the early 1930's, the teachers salary was about \$600.00 per year and in 1933 there were so many applications that when the coal oil lamp went dry, the rejected applications were torn up and burned to make enough light to finish the minutes.



Barn building in 1937 on Westling's.

Breton, alberta, "movember 6, 1933.

Mr a Wisting Briton alberta Wedding Invitation The friendly and heartilest weddings invitation from the Bridegroom Daniel Mogdan and Bride: Bertha Brier as wedding parents attained fine to Mor allestling with my ous children on Wednesday Hovember 8 th (933) at 9: o'clock in morning at F. Brier wishing you to appear in wedding Hous. Cleasing you in no way to exuce nor our Relition and invitation to distain, and in quoted time to locate themselves. We are therefore in the best hope you to appear, and to await and friendly to welcome as guest and part taker at peasing table Estimed by: Bridepair and wedding parents Friedrick Brier

Wedding Invitation

Mrs. Annie Westling was born in Lancashire, England in 1903 and came with her mother and two brothers to Alberta in 1909. Her father came earlier in 1907, he worked for a year as a stone mason on the University Hospital in Edmonton.

ANNIE (WESTLING) GIBBS

THE D.T. WESTLING STORY

I was born April 21, 1927 on a farm near Clive, Alberta, the only son of Arthur and Annie Westling. I also had a half sister, Mabel Irene, who was living with her grandparents. We moved to Breton in 1928, by train, onto S.W. 23-48-4-W5 and the next year we started to build a house on that quarter. We lived the first winter in a rough, boarded, railstudded building, covered with building paper on the inside.

In 1929 we moved into a log lean-to attached to the barn on what is now known as the home quarter (S.W. 14-48-4-W5). The building was 'chinked' with moss and clay and covered inside with the same kind of building paper. I can remember Mom saying that it was the coldest winter that they ever put in as the temperature went to 55° below. The house that is still being used was started in 1930 and was lived in that winter with the folks fixing it more as the money became available. Mom's dad, Arthur Moorhouse, was a brick layer so he did the chimney and the plastering for them. Lumber for the house was sawed locally and the logs were cut on the site of the mill. All the dimension lumber was used rough as money wasn't available to plane it.

The barn was built by the previous owners of the quarter and was made of big flattened logs. The main structure was used for the livestock Dad had brought with them when they came. After the family moved out of the lean-to, it was used for the cows and the chickens. I can remember a red and white cow that walked up the manure pile onto the roof of the lean-to and went through. I'll bet that was the

first overhead milk supply around.

Dad had brought a Model T Ford with him when he came and they couldn't afford to run it, so he took the motor out of it and put it on a grain grinder. One of the things I remember about it was how nice and red the exhaust pipe got when he was grinding in the evening. I also remember getting the threads on the end of the exhaust burned into my hand because I didn't believe Dad when he said it was hot. "Oh, the cost of education!"

I started school in 1932 at Funnell School. The teacher, Cyril Richards, was boarding with the folks and he said I could walk the half mile to school with him. That enabled me to start school a year before I was actually supposed to. The same year, Dad and Uncle Fred (Fred Moorhouse) bought a steam engine and drove it up from Clive. They used it for the sawmill in the spring and to thresh grain for the neighbors in the fall. The barn that stands in the vard now was built in 1936 from lumber that was sawed and planed with that steam engine.

It was at this time that the folks had a little girl, Daphne Ann, born in July, 1933 at Mom's folks near

Haynes, Alberta.

Mabel Irene married Matt Zackaruk on Dec. 6th, 1938. Matt was born in the Athabasca area and at the time of their marriage, was working in the Clive area. After being in the Army until the end of the War, Matt and Mabel have resided in Edmonton.

I went out to work on my own in the spring of 1945 on a farm near Lacombe. The people I worked for had just bought 2 three year old horses at the Lacombe horse sale and helping them break them to harness for spring work was the first job. We did that while there was a lot of snow on the ground. I also remember cutting willow posts (pickets) until the ground thawed. I thought the willows were too crooked to cut but I found out you can put a crooked post in a straight hole. While I was working there, I had to go to the post office to register for the Army as the War hadn't ended.

After spring work was over, I came home and helped Dad break some land. He had had some brush cut with Hanson's caterpillar and cutter. We went to work and hand-piled it and pulled the bigger trees with the horses, after grubbing and cutting the main roots. We broke it after with a steelwheeled tractor and a low-beamed breaker that you had to walk behind to operate the adjusting levers. Most of the land in the area was put into production in much the same manner. In those days, you didn't leave the tractor idling because gas was still an expensive item.



Theo and Vi Westling, wedding, June 27, 1951.

I worked out at lots of different jobs when I wasn't needed at home. I drove bus and taxi in Edmonton. I worked for a tire repair place in Edmonton. I hauled pulpwood and loaded it in boxcars on the siding at Breton. Like a lot of other people around here, I worked in the mills. I spent one winter in Prince George, B.C. working in a laundry. When I came back from there I hauled freight from Edmonton to Breton. I took over the B.A. (Gulf) Bulk sales at the same time. I traded jobs with Dad in 1950; when I took over the farm, he did the draying around town and took over the bulk sales.

I bought the S.W. 14-48-4-W5 in 1950 and the S.W. 23-48-4-W5 about ten years later. I 'batched' and ran the farm the first year. It was in the spring of that year that I got run over with a team and load of wood. I was laid up for quite awhile with a bad back and didn't get the spring work started until late. It's times like that when you appreciate close neighbors.

I married Norma Viola Norman of Buck Creek in June of 1951. Vi is the oldest daughter of Adolf and Ella Norman. We started farming and with logging and sawing in our spare time, we are still here.



Laura, Valerie and Neil Westling.

Valerie May was born April 20, 1952 in a hospital in Edmonton. Vi had to stay with my sister, Mabel, and her husband for a while before Valerie was born because all we had to drive was a rubbertired tractor.

We were buying day old calves at the dairies around Leduc to get a start in milk stock. I can remember saying, when bulls were 8 dollars and heifers 10 dollars, that we couldn't afford them anymore, but we had a start in milk cows and we raised our own after that.

Daphne Ann married Lyle J. Oulton on Aug. 18, 1952. Lyle was raised around Breton and he and Daphne have been in or around Breton ever since.

Adolf Norman (Vi's dad) died on June 19, 1953, after moving to Leduc.

Calgary Power was signing contracts for power in the area in 1953 with actual power coming the following year. That was one big step forward for the rural people around Breton.

Neil was born in Rimbey on Jan. 12, 1956 and again we had to get one of the neighbors to drive Vi to the hospital. It was also in 1956 that oil was located on the S.E. 15-48-4-W5 and drilling became a

general thing. I guess the oil kind of took the place of the logging camps for employment for the local people. It wasn't long before a lot of people were working in one way or another in the "oil patch". I went to work as a battery operator in 1957 and, after 2 or 3 companies, I am still contract operating. It wasn't long after I started battery operating that I found it didn't go with milking cows. The milk cows had to go; we had been using an Angus bull on the milk stock so we had a start in black cattle. We also had pigs and kept the boar which was supplied to bring up the quality of pigs in the area.

Laura Ellen was born in Rimbey on May 20, 1958. We had our own means of travel by this time

so things must have been looking up.

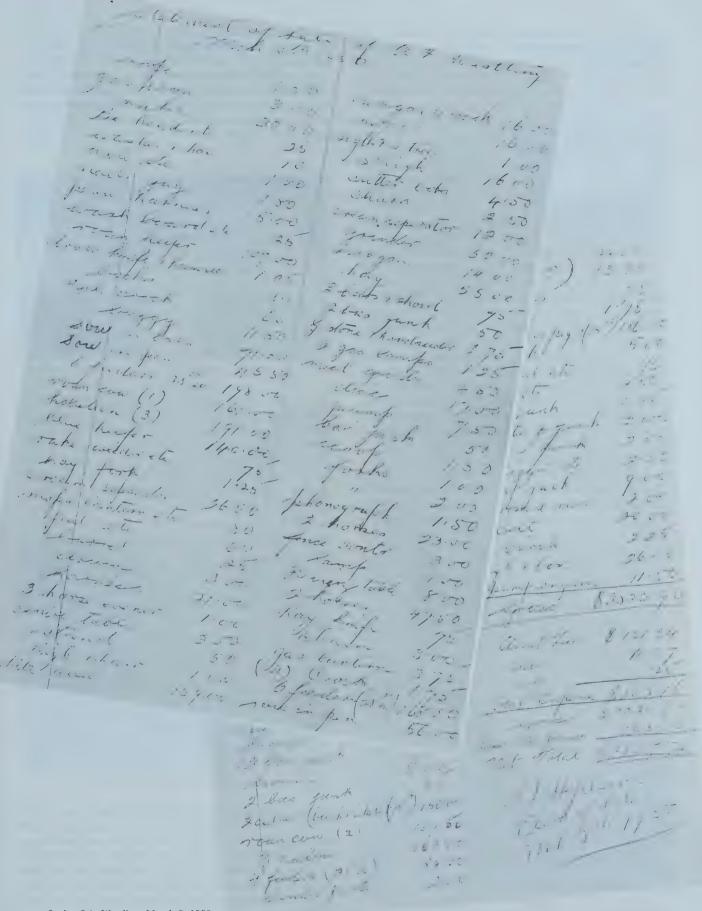
It was also in 1958 that some of the people around the area decided a telephone line was needed so we formed a company and built the line. It kind of mushroomed on us, but it ran for 16 years. I was president of the company for the full time of operation (1958 - 1974).



Valerie, Neil, Terry Bigelow, Laura and Rolly Bigelow.

One of the neighbors and I got the chance to buy the N.E. 4-48-4-W5 in 1960 for pasture and we pastured together for a couple of years after which time, I bought him out.

Around this time, I got involved more in local recreation and started working with the neighbors at the Funnell Community Centre (the Funnell School building). I have been president of the centre for a number of years. I also like curling and got involved in recreation in Breton. I was president of the Breton Community Club for almost seven years and was president when we decided to have a three day Centennial celebration on the July 1st weekend. I got my leg broken in the evening of the first day so the work kind of dropped on the shoulders of the executive but it didn't slow the celebration down a bit. The staff at the hospital really went out of their



way for me that weekend. They let people in that night for information and they moved my bed by the window so I could see the fireworks that took place that night. They also put me in a wheelchair and took me out to see the parade the next morning.

The recreation boards across the county felt it was time to try and coordinate county wide programs in 1964. I worked with people from other towns and villages across the county to try and bring it about but the county council felt it was too soon so it was turned down. I sat on the recreation board for the Village of Breton for a few years after that and was chairperson for three years. At that time the curling rink in Breton needed a lot of work done on it and after a lot of discussion and planning, a new one was decided upon. The plans for a new steel structure were made in 1969. It operated the first year with natural ice and an ice plant and a cement floor was installed the next year. The building was put up with a lot of volunteer labour which seems to be the basis for recreation projects across the country.

I like big game hunting and haven't missed a year since I was big enough to carry a gun. We found that good hunting was getting pushed farther away all the time so in 1970 a couple of us got together and built a track machine to get across muskegs and get our animals out. I think it cost more for coffee while we were working on the machine than it did to actually build it.

Valerie May was married to Dennis Portas of Buck Creek in the spring of 1971, and went to live in Drayton Valley where Dennis has his own welding rig. They now live on an acreage in the old townsite of Buck Creek.

Lisa Ann, a daughter for Valerie and Dennis, was born in 1971 in the Drayton Valley Hospital.

The councillor for the county from our area (Hans Hanson) asked me if I would be willing to sit on a county-wide recreation board in 1974. I have been chairperson of it since it started and have been involved in getting professional help across the county as well as trying to get a regional system working so that each area has a lot of say in their own recreation. The county recreation board has seemed to tie the town and the close surrounding area closer together with the regional system.

Neil finished his N.A.I.T. courses in mechanics in 1978 and works in Drayton Valley.

Laura Ellen was married to Edward Haggart of Alder Flats in June of 1978. They are now living in Drayton Valley.

— THEO WESTLING

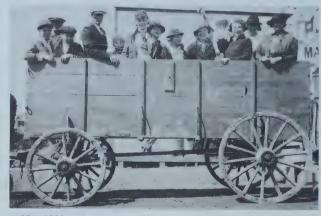
E.B. WEBSTER FAMILY

Eugene and Margaret Webster, with their three children Russell, Gordon, and Lorna, moved to the Breton area from Didsbury, Alberta in the spring of 1934 to a farm four miles north of town. We, the children, attended Funnell School for five years. In the summer we would take the cattle to an adjacent quarter to pasture on our way to school and bring them home at the end of the day, sometimes requiring hours to find them. It was not uncommon to hear cougars as dusk approached.



Left to right, Gordon, Dad, Lorna, Mother, Russell Webster, 1939.

I can recall Dad hitching up the team either with wagon or sleigh, depending on the season, and we would head into Breton to church picnics or concerts and sometimes pick up ten to twenty neighbors along the way. Mother belonged to the Funnell Mothers' Club and also the United Church Ladies' Aid for years. She also used to make all our children's clothes, have a big garden and did lots of canning, too.



May 1939, going to a picnic. Left to right, Russell Webster, Mr. Campbell, Gordon Webster, George Clinansmith, Lorna Webster, Henrietta Mills, Mrs. Funnell, Annie Chomyszyn, Mrs. Campbell, Russell Clinansmith, Pat Campbell, Mrs. Huntley, Mrs. Jackson.

I can remember the clinic coming to Lindale Hall; it was a busy place. Mother and two other women, with a child each, went by horse and buggy there. We slept on the school floor Friday night waiting our turn to get into the clinic on Saturday around noon and returning home on Sunday in a rainstorm; anyway, we had our tonsils out or teeth pulled.

We moved in November of 1940 to a farm just on the edge of Breton. The wood and coal stove was loaded on the sleigh and a fire was kept going in it; by the time everything was unloaded, the roast in the oven was done for supper. Gordon and I attended school in Breton for two years in the United Church; half of it had been converted into a schoolroom until the Wenham Valley School was moved in beside the elementary school.

Russell helped Dad on the farm and then drove truck for Pearson Brothers. After serving in the Army, he went back to driving truck. He married Vickie Bannack and lived in Calgary along with their three children. After a short illness, Russell passed away in 1974. Gordon married the former Christine Snell. They have four children and four grandchildren and farm in the Breton area. I married Floyd Carson and we have three children and live in Breton. Mother and Dad still live in the same house on the farm that Dad had built in 1940.

— LORNA CARSON

JAMES ZAM

James Zam was born on May 2, 1891 in Recsk, Heves Megye, Hungary. He came to the U.S.A. prior to World War I, where he earned ninety cents for ten hours work. However, circumstances made it necessary for him to return to Hungary. When he returned he was quickly drafted into the Army, where he served for four years. In 1925 he decided to come to Canada. His wife, Annie, and his two children, Jim and Mary, remained in Hungary. In 1929, he managed to get his son to Canada but they lived apart most of the time as their work took them to separate locations.



Mr. and Mrs. Kubanski and their living quarters.

He worked for the C.P.R. for many years, in several places, some of which were Granum, Peigan and Brockett. He was a good worker and became a first man on the section gang at Foremost. He quit the section gang and took up a homestead, N.E. 6-48-5-W5, in the New Moose Hill district, west of Breton in about 1934. During the winter he worked in the coal mine at Three Hills, as he had done while

he was working on the railroad. His neighbors were Mr. and Mrs. Walter Williams, Mr. John Kubejko, Mr. Jack Bogart, Mr. and Mrs. Bertie Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. Ted Kubanski, Mr. John Banas, Mr. and Mrs. Udell and Mr. Adolf Possola.



Mr. Zam's living quarters on his homestead west of Breton.

Mr. Zam was married four times. A remarkable thing is that when he married for the third time, it was also her third marriage! Jim Zam's third wife, Mary, was born in Hungary in 1890. She came to Canada in the 20's, settling in the Calgary area where she became widowed. In Calgary, she met a Hungarian gentleman, Simon Gabor. They came to his homestead in the Funnell district (S.E. 27-48-4-W5) in the early thirties. Simon Gabor was killed on his job on the railroad around Calgary and again she was widowed. She stayed on his homestead and eventually she met Jim Zam and they were married. They were both fond of children. Mrs. Zam always had some baking to offer them and Mr. Zam quite often would give the



Mr. and Mrs. Jim Zam with Mrs. Kugyelka and the Kugyelka children in the early 1940's.

children money to buy ice-cream or chocolate bars. Mr. Zam's favorite snack was puffed wheat. There was always a large bag beside his chair at the kitchen table. Both Mr. and Mrs. Zam were fond of playing cards, and would visit other Hungarian neighbors

to play the "Old Country" card games.

They stayed on their farm in the Funnell district and carried on a mixed farming operation until Mr. Zam's health began to fail and they rented the farmland out. In 1958 they decided to retire into the village of Warburg. Early in 1959, Mrs. Zam passed away and in the fall of that same year, Mr. Zam met and married Ettel Szel. For a few years they spent the summers on the farm raising some chickens and tending quite a large garden. Many will remember Mr. Zam's enjoyment of walking and gathering mushrooms which his wife would can or dry for winter use. Mr. Zam's health began to fail further and the last few years of his life were spent at Warburg. He passed away on January 6, 1974. Mr. Zam's son, James, and his wife, Annie, live in Fort Macleod, Alberta. They have three children and two grandchildren.



Mr. Jim Zam Jr., Mrs. Annie Zam, Mrs. Mary Zam seated holding granddaughter Lilly Zam, Annie Vidok, Elizabeth Vidok and Mrs. Mary Vidok, 1948.

In 1975, Mrs. Ettel Zam sold the farm to John and Elizabeth Kugyelka and in 1978 she returned to her native Yugoslavia.

BUCK CREEK

Some of the first settlers in the Buck Creek area were the Oscar Hallgrens and family, Mr. and Mrs. Bathgate and her brother, Jimmy Pennycook, came around 1919.

The Bathgates ran the post office in the area for many years. Once a trail was made into the area, many homesteaders soon followed.

After my father and mother and the Sven Lind family moved in, in 1930, we soon met some people who were there and all that followed. As I remember, this Buck Creek district has always been a friendly place with a good community spirit.

I have the names of most of the settlers, but not

pictures of all of them; some I did not meet.

The first generation names of the district I have are— Mr. and Mrs. Frank Conradson and family, Fritz Larson and family, Mr. Guldbrandsen and family, Smestad and Fremstad, Henry Peterson, Carl Nelson, the Norman family, Joe Pritchard and family, Frank Lyons and family, Mr. and Mrs. Benson and family, Tom and May Bevan and family, the Williams family, the Sharkey family, Mr. Bill Lennick, Henning Hallgren and family, Olaf Erickson, Annie and Sven Lind, Fred and Alice Ish (from Ohio, 1917, to Vulcan, Alberta - 1930), Williamson, Jules Luckin, Mr. Dahl and sons, Randolph Whylman, Mr. and Mrs. McCrank.

The younger generation that still live out there will, no doubt, add to this list.

Mrs. Maggie (Ish) Larson

THE HENNING HALLGREN STORY

My father was born in Vesterbotton, Sweden, in 1902 and left there in 1916 with his parents, three brothers and four sisters. One brother and one sister had preceded them to the U.S.A. They settled for one year in Kulm, North Dakota, before coming to their homestead in 1917 at Buck Creek, Alta. Dad's father passed away in 1925 and his mother in 1928.



Mr.and Mrs. Oscar Hallgren on their homestead at Buck Creek in the early 1900's.

There were no roads, just trails through the tall timber. There were only about four settlers at that time in the district.

The nearest post office during the first four or five years was at Yeoford. Dad and the other settlers

took turns going for the mail, either on foot or horseback. Dad recalls on one trip home from Yeoford he carried a twenty pound weiner pig in a gunny sack that he had bought from Skoglund's who lived three miles east of Norbuck corner. Dad, along with his father and brothers, went to Wetaskiwin or Bluffton and sometimes Gainford with horses and sleighs in the winter and bought enough groceries to last over the summer because roads in the summer were impassable.

They cured their meats and tanned animal hides for harness, back packs and items of clothing such as mitts, vests, belts and shoe packs. Shoe packs were moccasin-like footwear that were oiled to make

them waterproof.



Mr. and Mrs. James McCrank at the Henning Hallgren homestead in the 1930's.

My mother was born in Cambelltown, Scotland, to James and Mary McCrank, in 1907 and left there in 1927 with her parents, three brothers and one sister. They settled on a homestead in the Falun, Alberta area. Mom worked, as a young girl, in the Wetaskiwin area. In the spring of 1929 she went to Pendryl to work for the John Engblom family where she met Dad. They were married in Wetaskiwin on March 11, 1931. A few days later, they left Wetaskiwin with a team and sleighs, three dollars and a few groceries. They settled on their present homestead, S.E. 19-48-6-W5, where Dad had previously built a log cabin. This was the beginning of the Depression years. Wages per day were as little as $95 \, \varepsilon$.

They had four children — Vernon, born in 1932; Louise in 1934; Gordon in 1936 and Betty in 1940. Mom's folks moved to Buck Creek in the midthirties and remained there until their passing. We kids all attended the Meadowdale School which was two miles from home. Our big event was the annual 'end of the school term' picnic where the children and parents took part in all the activities which included ball games, races and tug of war for all ages. After the pot luck picnic, we all enjoyed homemade ice cream.

Another exciting event was the Christmas concert which was attended by almost the entire community. A dance always followed, which lasted until daybreak.

In 1932 when my brother, Vernon, was three months old, my parents moved to the Ross and Beard sawmill between Buck Creek and Buck Mountain where Dad worked for the winter as maintenance man. He made sleighs for the big Lynn and his wages were 95¢ per day (without board). He worked for the D. R. Fraser Lumber Company periodically for 25 years.

In 1918 or 1919, Dad worked with Big Bill Fraser in a logging camp on the North Saskatchewan River where the logs were floated down the river to Edmonton. One of the workers broke his leg in this camp and Big Bill gave him his monthly cheque to help him out. Later on, Frasers moved a sawmill to Buck Mountain and then from there to Camp 34. The planing mill was at Breton.



Left to right, Louise Hallgren, Joyce Steffenson, Gordon Hallgren, Rita Steffenson, Gordon Steffenson, Betty Hallgren, Vernon Hallgren holding pony. Standing, Olof Erickson, Henning Hallgren, Mrs. Ellen Steffenson, Mrs. Hallgren.

Dad tells about the time he took two young lumberjacks out in the timber after supper with a gunny sack and a lantern to hunt snipes. Snipes were worth \$40.00 each. These two men were left to hold the sack open with the lighted lantern inside the sack, while Dad was, supposedly, going to round up the snipes. Dad went back to camp and went to bed. About midnight, cold and tired, the two snipe hunters realized they had been tricked and went back to camp. They were good sports as they all had

a good laugh the next morning.

In the fall of 1944, D. R. Frasers brought about forty German prisoners of war from Lethbridge to work in the lumber camp #32. My father was assigned as foreman. They had an interpreter and five guards. The prisoners had been airmen and were absolutely inexperienced in this type of work. Some were very talented in carving wood, knitting, etc. They took old socks apart and knit sweaters. When it was time for them to leave, one of them gave Dad a model of a German battleship with every intricate detail, that he had carved out of wood with a knife and a piece of glass. On Sundays some of them would go outside and chase each other through the snow, wearing only their shorts and hand-carved wooden sandals.



Sawing wood. Louise, Gordon and Betty Hallgren.

Mom and Dad took a trip to Scotland and Sweden in 1965 where they visited relatives. This was their first trip back to their homeland. Dad retired about ten years ago. They still reside on the original homestead and do a lot of fishing in the summer, some ice fishing in winter and also some crafts.

Their children are all married and have families of their own. They have thirteen grandchildren and two great grandchildren.

— LOUISE KLESPITZ

THE BERGSTROM STORY

One fine Sunday in the summer of July, 1978, together with my sister and our husbands, we journeyed to Buck Creek, west of Breton. Our parents, Axel and T. Irene Bergstrom, had one quarter section and owned a homestead here, near the North Saskatchewan River. Our brother, John H. Bergstrom (more familiarly known as Fred), also owns a quarter of land formerly known as the Pennycook quarter. This land runs adjacent to my parents' homestead, now owned by John H. Bergstrom.

This land was obtained in the thirties, one or the other of the owners having had to put in so much time there in order to prove up the land and get title to the same. There were others from the Meeting Creek and Donalda areas that they knew well as old friends and acquaintances, who were also proving up the land in the Buck Creek and Alder Flats area. So they did not feel alone.

Journeying west on the beautiful paved highway to Drayton Valley, my mind was brought back to the vast change that had come about since we first went out to visit at my parental homestead. I recall one long muddy road west of Breton and it was almost impossible to get through by car; horses and wagon would have been better. What with oil wells being drilled and producing, it wasn't long till

roads were built to carry an endless flow of traffic. The ferry that used to take fur traders, loggers and homesteaders across to the little hamlet of Drayton Valley, is no more. A splendid bridge across the North Saskatchewan is the prelude of this scenic and busy boom town with its numerous amenities to serve a prosperous community.



Mrs. Bergstrom an avid gardener, Buck Creek, 1930's



Mrs. Bergstrom, Buck Creek,

The old homestead lies a few miles south and west of the pavement and we were soon there to reminisce and think of the struggles that our parents had, as well as our brother and sister when they moved there. A small two-roomed house had been built (later destroyed by a grass fire) as well as a granary, chicken house, pump house and a round-roofed barn. The latter buildings are all there today, a witness to much hard work, craft and skill that went into the notching of logs to make such sturdy buildings. The land is no longer farmed by the family; it is mostly in hay and is rented out.

Our youngest sister, Bernice, died tragically in a boating accident in 1948. Our father had passed away in 1936. Mother passed away in 1975. Every year that she came on a holiday from the West Coast, she journeyed to Buck Creek to see the land that she loved so much. Often she would talk of the great community effort and spirit in this new settlement at that time, in the late thirties and early forties. The names that come to mind are the Oscar Obergs, Willie Melins, Wahlbergs, Eric Obergs, Charlie Melin, Bathgates, Richardsons, Andrew Normans, Williamsons and Fremstads.



Charlie Richardson and tame deer, Buck Creek.



Charlie Melin, Buck Creek. He was a great hunter and woodsman.

Deer in season produced meat for many a table.

Our brother and his wife and family live in Edmonton and are able to come to this beautiful part of the country more often, picnicking amongst the huge trees on a Sunday afternoon, away from the noise of the city.

Black Gold has played a most prominent part in opening up this west country. The people before this had a vision and a dream of a debt-free home on land they could call their own.

CONNIE BERGSTROM

FRED ISH

My father, Mr. Fred W. Ish, homesteaded in Buck Creek in 1930 — a team and wagon and family. We soon made friends and Mr. Frank Conradson and Mr. Sven Lind helped my dad built a warm log house and a log barn; then later on, the



Ice house and chicken house on Fred Ish homestead, 1930.

next year, they built the ice house and a chicken house — the ones you see in the pictures.

We soon learned that it took a great deal of firewood to keep warm in winter and also on rainy days in summer. Here is a photo of the two piles of wood that we cut each fall for the next winter and spring — every year.



Wood piles at Fred Ish's, 1935.



Wood piles cut by Fred Ish, Model T Ford in background.

About 1936, our dad decided to buy a used car, an old Model T Ford he pulled in with the horses over the town line from Breton. He bought it in Wetaskiwin, drove it to Breton, bought a barrel of fuel and towed it home to use for a small wood sawmill. From then on, my brother and I did not use the crosscut saw again. The picture shows the six foot crosscut saw we had before. Dad hooked up a belt from the rear wheel of the Ford to the round saw he had mounted on a safety frame, so we would not cut ourselves; then he started up the old Ford — what a noise and excitement for us! I'll tell you, we

sawed up enough wood to do us all winter and then some — in less time than it took my brother and I to saw 1/3 of that pile in picture No. 1. The noise of the saw screaming and the car running (in that quiet country) attracted the neighbors for miles around and they would drop in to see what Fred Ish was up to now. A few loads of that wood got hauled to different homes, too. That was quick work and lots of fun, too.



Wild hay piled on stakes to dry.

For us, living in what people today call the Hungry Thirties was just not true in that sense. As I look back, I can see it was the nicest part of our lives, for we were never hungry. We had a good place to live, food, friends and everyone shared. Who could wish for anything more! We worked hard and were rewarded with all the garden food we needed — see the large garden in the picture. We even sold some of our garden vegetables to the sawmills in the district. We had cows, chickens, geese and lambs.



Mr. and Mrs. Fred Ish and a moose he shot to be used for food.

There were bears in those days and other wild animals which could be hunted for food; also lots of wild berries not far from our place.



Mr. Fred Ish shot a bear, 1932.

Once we did run out of meat so my father said he would catch a beaver (at that time beaver pelts were for sale). When Dad got home, we asked him how he would cook the beaver as we had not had any before. We all stood around quite interested. Dad often did some cooking and always liked to show us just how it was done. He cut the large flat tail off the beaver; then he went outside and measured a flat board just about the same size as the tail. We asked him, "What's that for?" so he said, "Well this will be 'planked beaver tail'." So he cleaned the tail, salted and peppered it, pounded a little flour into it and put a touch of butter here and there. We kept asking when it would be ready to eat. After awhile, he smiled and said, "Well, as soon as the plank is done." We were not very old at the time; that is, we did not really think he was going to surprise us but he did. After awhile, he popped the meat out of the oven into a roasting pan, laid the brown plank on the table and said, "O.K., let's eat." Surprise! My mother was neatly cutting up the tail. She placed it on the plank and with some potatoes, bread and gravy, we had a very nice supper. The rest of the beaver was fixed up into a very nice stew and tasted something like rabbit or chicken stew.

Sometimes, when we get together, we have a laugh about the good old days, for that was a happy place to live; nothing will ever be like the homestead days.

Mrs. Maggie (Ish) Larson

THE SVEN LIND FAMILY

Swen Lind took a homestead in Buck Creek in 1928. He moved his wife, Annie, and young son, Windom, to the homestead in 1931. They built their



Sven and Annie Lind, Windom and Lawrence, 1938.



Our neighbour John Olson, Yule Tucken and Jean Olson. Olson's barn and horses.



Birthday Party, July 26, 1942. Left to right, Fritz Larsen, Albert Larsen, Edith Larsen, Inga Larsen, Windom Lind, Ella Larsen, Ivan Larsen, Annie Lind, Bill Bathgate, Fred Ish. Second row, Hugo Larsen, Torsten Larsen, Lawrence Lind, and Mrs. Bathgate.

house and other buildings then. Sven borrowed a horse from Frank Conradson to haul logs for their first house. He built a barn for John Olson in exchange for a cow, some chickens and a chunk of pork. He did some farming and carpenter work and helped to build the old Buck Creek school, which

was called Meadowdale School. He also helped build the hall and some of the houses in the area.

There was a lot of logging going on in the country then. Fraser had one of the largest sawmills then. They had their logging road going through the Lind farm, which they used for hauling lumber out to sell and for bringing in supplies. Some of the local people used it, too.



Windom and Lawrence Lind. Sven building a barn in the background.

Sven and Annie Lind had three sons, Windom, Lawrence, and Alan. Lawrence and Alan still live in Buck Creek. Lawrence lives on S½ section 4. He married Phyllis Saubak and they have three children. Alan lives on the old Lind homestead, N.E. ¼ section 5. He married Carolyn Henry; they have two children. Windom was killed in a car accident in 1958. He was married to Phyllis Brandson. They had one daughter.

Sven died in 1955. Annie lives at the Shangra La Lodge in Drayton Valley.

— LAWRENCE LIND

THE ADOLF NORMAN STORY

My husband Adolf, his dad Andrew, and brother Willie, applied for homesteads around 1930. Andrew's was N.W. 32-47-6W5. Willie's was S.E. 5, and ours S.W.

We moved to Buck Creek on April 6, 1934. My brother, Gunner Johnson, drove us to Breton from Donalda, Alberta. He had a 1928 Chevrolet car.



Adolf and Ella Norman, wedding, 1933.

Andrew Norman met us at Breton with a team of horses and wagon to take us to our new home.

The road to Buck Creek was just a trail through the bush. I remember the bed springs were scratched by the trees as we went by. The trail was over muskeg and we had to ford the creeks. My husband carried our two month old daughter, Viola, across the Buck Creek, walking on a log. I thought to myself, "How will I ever do that?" But I did it!

We moved into a two room log house, which was on the quarter N.W. 32-47-6-W5. This was Andrew Norman's land. The roof leaked so badly when it rained, that we put our daughter under the table to keep her dry. We later built another story and a new roof so we were quite comfortable. Our heat was supplied by a big cook stove and a small airtight heater. Wood was plentiful as we always had a big wood pile.

We had a team of horses, three cows and some chickens. We got the chickens from Bill Bathgate who was our post master. I remember thinking how

well off we were!

The first person we met from Buck Creek was Henning Hallgren. They had just had a new daughter, Louise. Henning and the community gave us a welcome dinner which was held at his parent's home. The Hallgren's were very good friends.

We went back to Meeting Creek a year and a half later by Bennit buggy. This trip took us three days.



Helen Richardson holding Arnold Norman, Mrs. Ella Norman and Viola Norman at their home at Buck Creek, 1940's.

We grew vegetables and had milk and butter and lots of wild meat. There were lots of wild berries so if a person did some canning, there always was plenty of food. On October the 24th, 1936, our son, Arnold, was born. Mrs. Herman MacDonald and Selma Norman, my mother-in-law, were with me.

On August 19, 1940, our daughter, Margaret, was born. Miss Chapman, the district nurse, was with me. She proved to be a very busy lady, as there were three more births in four days. Betty Hallgren, Ingrid Anderson, and Clara Guldbrandsen were born.



Viola, Margaret and Arnold Norman, log house at Buck Creek, 1941.

That same fall, Andrew and Selma moved to Buck Creek. They moved on the Elof Liefson place. Selma passed away June, 1941 and she was buried at the Buck Creek Cemetery.

In 1942, we moved into our new house, built on our own land. On October 14, our daughter, Florence, was born in Wetaskiwin.

By this time, we milked a few cows and shipped cream to Bluffton. Adolf worked on the road gang for extra money. The two oldest children were in school, (Meadowdale School).

In the spring of forty-six, we moved to the Coal Branch. Adolf worked in the mine at Coal Valley. We moved back to Breton a year later as I couldn't stand the high altitude.

Our son, Ronald, was born October 21, 1950. We sold the farm to Jack Penner and moved to Leduc where Adolf worked in the oil patch.

Adolf passed away June 16, 1953. Eight years later, I married Stanley Moberg. We lived in Leduc for a while; then we moved to Edmonton where I still live. Stanley passed away October 1, 1976.

Viola married Theo Westling and lives on a farm at Breton. They have three children, Valerie, Neil and Laura. Valerie married Dennis Portas and they have one daughter, Lisa. They live at Buck Creek.

Laura married Ed Haggart from Alder Flats and they live at Drayton Valley. Neil is a mechanic and works in Drayton Valley.



Adolf and Ella Norman children, 1963, Vi Westling, Arnold Norman, Margaret Bigelow, Florence Giles, Ronald Norman.

Arnold married Judy Zeiner from Leduc. They have three children, Beverly, Donna Lee, and Howard and they live in Millet. Arnold has two children from a previous marriage — Pauline and Richard. Pauline is married and has one boy.

Margaret married John Bigelow and had five children — Terry, Gerry, Belinda, John and Roland. They live in Edmonton. Margaret passed

away March the 15, 1967.

Florence married Neil Giles of Leduc and they live at Brooks. They have four children, David, Byron, Bob, and Lynda — their chosen daughter.

Ronald married Bev Swanson from Ft. Saskatchewan. They have two children, Cory and

Candance. They live in Edmonton.

Though times were hard, we had good health. The neighbors helped — people like the Hallgren's, Conradsons, Olsons and Melins. There were others, too many to mention. Those of us left, still enjoy remembering as I have.

— ELLA NORMAN MOBERG

FUNNELL MUTUAL TELEPHONES — 1958 to 1974

The Company was started after two or three people in the Funnell area got together to run a fence line phone. The idea took hold and soon a line with 25 members was under construction. The line was constructed on a share basis with \$50.00 cash and \$300.00 labour being the cost of a share. The poles were taken out and all construction was done by the members, with the cash portion of the share being used for wire, insulators and miscellaneous hardware. The original line ran into Breton but was not supposed to be hooked to central and long distance because of the amount of phones we had on one line. With the help of Mrs. George Reid, who was the A.G.T. operator at the time, we got permission to hook through central after the line was proven workable. The phones for the first line were

\$3.00 a piece. For those of you that know how the old phones worked, try figuring out sequences of longs and shorts 25 times and see how long some of

the rings on that line were.

After five years of operation, A.G.T. met with us to see if we would expand our line and break the lines up to no more than 8 to a line. The trend to automatic phones was here and the Alberta Government would make the cost of expansion available so it was decided to upgrade and expand. A loan for \$12,800.00 was taken out at this time and a tender for the required work was let out. The first contract was let for \$10,935.00 to build new lines and run parallel wires to bring the existing line to the 8 party standard. At this time, a change in the share basis was required because of the tendering, so it was decided to make a share \$15.00 cash and borrow \$200.00 to keep the share at \$350.00. The share was set to cover the cost of one mile of line and if a subscriber was over one mile, they would have to pay the extra cost of construction. To give service until the line was completed, we had to buy 30 extra phones from a company in Stony Plain that was being hooked to the new system by A.G.T. We paid \$4.50 a piece for these phones.

We found at this time, that we were going to get more subscribers than our money would cover, so we started talking with A.G.T. and the Treasury Branch; thus we soon refloated the loan and got one for \$23,570.45. This would give the company $129\frac{1}{4}$ miles of line and approximately 70 miles of poles, which was what the company had when A.G.T. took over. At this time, A.G.T. was ready to put the area on to the automatic phone system, so the phones had to be changed. The new ones cost the company \$17.50. The contractor of the extension made arrangements to buy any of the old phones that were to be sold at \$3.00 a piece, as they were getting hard to get. The area covered by the lines now went from Breton, west 13 miles and north 3 miles angling to just east of Carnwood, north of Highway 57 about 4 miles, then east to a line down Highway

12 to Breton.

The company did all its own billing and collecting with the exception of a collection place at the Breton Drugstore. The bills could be paid by mail or directly to the secretary. The charges were fixed to cover the monthly payment of the loan plus the charge A.G.T. made for central use, and a small amount for trouble shooting and repairs. The phone bills began at \$3.50 per month, plus long distance calls, and towards the terminating of the company, went up to \$4.25 plus long distance.

The company did its own maintenance and repair. The secretarial work and maintenance were done by the same person and this was the "only" paid job in the company. Owing to the fact that the phone company and oil drilling started at about the same time in the area, trouble shooting was a big job. The tear outs by big machinery that was being

moved around the area were common occurences. The job of finding out who the guilty person or company was, often proved to be a bigger job than putting the line back into working order. After the cost of repairs became known to the shareholders for these tear outs, all shareholders were involved in trying to stop it. We were able, in most cases, to get the repairs paid for by the guilty personnel. The phone company, over the period of 16 years, lost very little of the price for repairs because of the oil activity in the area.

The charges for tear outs were set on a kind of two-price system. A broken wire or cut guy wire caused by a shareholder was fixed by the trouble shooter at no or very little cost to the shareholder. Broken poles or burnouts caused by grass fires were fixed at cost. Non shareholders causing tear outs where charged a basis fee of \$75.00, plus repair time and materials.

A.G.T. was very cooperative with the collection of delinquent bills. The person (mostly renters of line space) who moved away owing our company a bill, was made to pay it before they could be hooked onto any line through A.G.T.

The phone lines and company were weathering the pace fairly well. Then A.G.T. approached the company to see if the shareholders wanted to have the lines put underground, with a four phone line maximum and direct distance dialing. In 1972, a meeting was called with the shareholders and officials from A.G.T. to explain the circumstances; thus it was decided by the shareholders to cooperate.

The terms of take-over were that A.G.T. would assume the balance of the company debt at the bank and also have the above ground lines torn out at no cost to the company. The salvaged material would then be sold by the company and the money would be distributed amongst the shareholders. When the underground wiring and phones went into service, they would become A.G.T. property and the company would cease to exist.

Underground wires and direct distance dialing went into effect in the fall of 1973 in this area. The removal of overhead lines took place in the summer of 1974 and in Nov., we held an auction sale that netted the company \$9075.60. At the time of take-over, we had 103 shareholders. Early in 1975, after all the debts had been paid and business concluded by the company, we held a supper and dance and each shareholder was given a cheque for \$140.75. Not bad for 16 years of service in a community by the people of the community.

The Ladder of Time

The Ladder of Time goes on and on, From fur trade to lumber they say, And as the years passed slowly by, Lumbering faded away.

But no one stopped to fret and groan, Fertilizers were found, you know, They covered the gray wooded soil with it. And man, how crops did grow!

Now farming continued to make ends meet, With grain and hay and clover, Then oil came bubbling from the ground, So now our troubles were over.

Now oil wells dot our country side, And some fields are yellow with rape, We still find sawmills here and there As a part of our landscape.

I wonder what's in the future — To complete this little rhyme, As we move slowly onward, Down the Ladder of Time.

— By Gwen Hooks



DOWELL INCORPORATED

Dowell's camp and garage were on the same location as Pearson Bros. Ltd. had their lumberyard, S.W. 2-48-4-W5. The cement floor that was

used for their garage is still there.

In the latter part of March, 1955, Dowell of Canada commenced operations out of Breton. The name at the time was Dowell Incorporated. Although the construction of the shop was not quite completed, the oil rigs had to be serviced and Dowell was here for that purpose. The pay was \$260.00 a month and if credit couldn't have been arranged, very little could have been purchased — but we survived! There were boys from as far away as Sidney, Australia who were employed by Dowell. The majority of the working class were from our own locale. Some of the boys who were being paid by Dowell to do the jobs of cementing, fracturing and acidizing were, Tom Impey who was service engineer and who spent a few years abroad and now farms in this area; Clarence Hoff who is now retired from Dowell; Dave Robinson who is now employed by an oil company; Stan Anderson who owns a farm at Kitscoty but spends his winters with Dowell; Laurel Fenneman who is a commissionaire at the Cold Lake Army Base; Alvin Tutty who was a heavyduty mechanic with Dowell and is now the local bailiff working under the Wetaskiwin jurisdiction; Norris Lansdell who has been an auctioneer for a number of years; Floyd Maines who died a few years back; Mike Ratchuk who now farms at Smoky Lake; Ted Krueger who is still with Dowell; Doug Smith who is on county council and also farms; Ordie Mockerman who passed away five years ago; Buster Ladouceur who hauled all the chemical — he moved from here to B.C. where he died. These were some of the local boys. A company has its managers, and in the three years Dowell was in Breton the managers were 'Pop' Blanchard, Bob Harrington, George Welsh and Braithwaite. In the days of working for Dowell, the biggest problem was the roads but when there was opposition like Haliburton, Dowell had to go.



Norris Lansdell on the job.

When the bridge across the Saskatchewan River opened, the Breton Station and equipment were moved to Drayton Valley. All that remains in Breton today is the sand silo which is owned by Cardium Sand.

There is so much that could be said about Dowell but this will give you an idea and a bit of information about a great company. This little write-up is only from memory and any omissions or errors were not done intentionally.

The following poem was made up by Norris Lansdell many years ago . . .

An Ode to All Dowellers

Early in the morning at half past four, There's a man of distinction at my back door. It sure ain't the milkman, he's still in bed It's only Old Krueger, better known as old Ted.

Be ready to roll at a quarter to five, It's a wonderful time to be not alive. I roll out of bed with sleep in my eyes, Old Ted he's so happy, he don't sympathize.

It's darker than black as we leave for the road, We all work for Dowell, we'll carry the load. And the road that we travel is rougher than hell, We'll get there in time, and do the job well.

There's a lot of complaining when we get to Buck Creek,

We go into Jane's, some 'vittles' to seek. Hot cakes and bacon, and coffee they say It fills in the hollows, we're now on our way.

There's Louie in lead as we turn at the hall With Stan right behind him, no fear at all. Now turning the corner is Zeke half asleep Then Bobby so happy, he feels he should weep.

An air horn is blowing, we all know its keen Ten thousand of sand so shiny and clean. It's the sand that is lively, not our friend, Bud, This morning he feels like a bucket of blood.



Dowell-Allison high pressure pumper trucks used for fracturing.

Jack Dredge in the blender, with a dame on his mind

By the way he is driving, you'd swear he is blind. Ordie is lucky, he's a helper today,

When the boys are tied in, in the sun he can lay.

The rest of us fraccing a hole for Seaboard, While the boys in the office ain't earning their board.

We're running the sand at a sluggish four pound,

That's quite a lot through experience we've found.



Remote control panels used for operating the pumper trucks. (left to right) Stan Anderson, Dave Robinson, Ralph Davis.

We're doing quite well, then the 'Jimmies' they cough.

Bless my long undies, we sure sanded off. The engineer's face is as long as a bat, He just shakes his head and says, "That is that."

We back-wash it clean and that's fair enough, They can't blame the boys 'cause they know their stuff.



Three Allison pumper trucks hooked up to the well head, located under the sub-structure of the rig.

We rack up our rigging, chicksan and all, Our tools are all loaded, we're still on the ball.



Truck unloading sand into blender during fracturing operations. 10,000 gal. mixer in background.

Tomorrow is coming and a job for Baysel We'll send out the others, and we do wish them well.

There'll be John Pranter on a super so fine, It's 5350, at the end of the line.

Hall is the swing man on 5234, We're all sort of lucky, like him there's no more. Then of course we have another, Teague is the name.

In 5337, it's working but lame.

The blender is ready all polished and shiny, In it is Lansdell, a Canadian bred limy. Frac hands are busy, in the hours of light, It's tough on cementers, who work in the night.



Some of the Dowell workers.

Ian and Dick are engineers who Work with the boys who see the job through. In this department we have a small few. All in all, they're an ambitious crew.

There's Arnold the Norman, a man of renown, Who with his believing won't let a pal down. Wee little Mike, and our boy Shaul Are busy at times doing nothing at all.

Of course there's a laughter, it's Ellis himself, His troubles are sitting on a far away shelf. These lads are all doing a job for Dowell The boys who sell acid are here just as well. This acid is touchy, they handle with care, With goggles and gloves worn, they all say it's fair.

A man short and stubby, is Rench on one pumper

And Briscoe from Sydney, the kangaroo jumper. They're rough and they're ready when duty does call.

The chaps in the acid are ahead of us all.

Back in the office there is Scotty the Scot.
But though he is working, he don't do a lot.
He sits at the typer, on the keys plays a tune
His day is all finished at the high sign of noon.
If it wasn't for Scotty, no pay would we get.
He looks after the payroll, we praise him, you
bet!

Let's go to the bulkhead, who have we got there? Men of great honor, there's none can compare, Zwerienk, the big boy, of six feet and five Another good Doweller, who tries to survive.

A long streak of misery, is one on our list It's only Stan Humbke, if he quit he'd be missed These boys haul to Parker and Commonwealth too,

Cement by the carload, it's not easy to do.

There's Gordon and Satre, new hands on payroll, Who came to enlighten our burden and toll. The boy we call Davis, is quiet and shy, He'll change his ways as time passes by.

A rattling old tractor is driven by Doug, He storms down the road like a mighty scared thug.

The mixer he'll move to 6-21. Moving that baby sure ain't no fun.

A man ain't alone in the world of today, But a lonely mechanic is just like a stray. Tutty our friend has the tools in the shop He keeps all of us mobile, very seldom we stop. In his overalls dirty, and a lip full of snoose, He's one in the company taking plenty abuse. A captain in charge of the orange and black fleet There's never a job that he has to repeat.

The boys who do hard work, I've spoken of all Without men of honor a company would fall But there must be another much greater than we He's the man who gives orders without him we'd be

A riotous number who'd be slack at our work And while under George our duties won't shirk.

A manager fine who paves the way clean Whene'er trouble shows on him, we can lean. He'll make us all listen to what he can say There's nothing too boisterous will stand in his way.

A fleet to be proud of a sleek orange and black Jobs in the oil field, we're always asked back. Supers and Blenders and roto-voys fine Acid and sand trucks are never behind. Engineers ride in the two-colored car They find service jobs travel quite near and far. Old 'Muskeg Minnie' the town panel wreck, Is Dick Riesterer's pride, he can have her by heck.

She's busted and crippled and all her joints

But at 60 or 70 down the road she will sneak.

We all work for DOWELL, a really go-getter, But actually speaking there isn't one better. His money is good and it comes every week, Expense and pay checks we ne'er have to seek. We'll all stick together, be it east, north or west And do our gall darndest to keep DOWELL

THE BEST.

OIL BOLSTERS SAGGING LUMBER INDUSTRY

After Velocity Surveys did siesmic work during 1954, Century Monarch was the first oil company to explore for oil in the immediate area. The first well was drilled in March of 1955 but unfortunately, this

well was a duster (dry hole)

During April of 1956, Gustavson Rig #4 struck light gravity crude while drilling for Canada Cities Service Petroleum Corp. on the Stan Jackson farm (8-15-48-4W5), 2½ miles northwest of Breton. This wildcat well started producing at the rate of about 25 barrels of oil per day. This was the beginning of what was to become known as the Keystone oil field. This was fortunate for the community because by the end of the year, the lumber industry had ceased. As more wells were drilled, Canada Cities Service rented a house on the Lloyd Polischuk farm for their office and later used Frasers' planer mill yard for the storage of casing, tubing, line pipe, etc.

1957, 1958, and 1959 were exciting times for Breton as it took on all the aspects of a boom town. This was exemplified by the sudden influx of oil companies, drilling rigs, service companies and people. During the next three years, there were approximately 10 to 15 rigs drilling for oil companies such as Canada Cities Service, Imperial Oil, Western Decalta, Hudsons Bay and numerous others. Over the successive years, hundreds of wells were drilled and it was not uncommon to see black plumes of smoke billowing up over the horizon or the reflection of many gas flares in the night sky. Also during this time, we had Halliburton and Dowell servicing the area for cementing, acidizing and sand fracturing to get these wells producing. Forsters had up to one dozen tanker trucks hauling oil, Braid-Nor did the maintenance of oil wells and Rimbey Wireline and Atlantic Wire Lines did the dewaxing; also, Redwell had a service rig stationed in the area for pulling tubing and running pumps. When the giant Pembina field opened up and the bridge was built across the North Saskatchewan River, most of the service companies moved to Drayton Valley leaving Breton with a more stabilized population.

In July of 1958, Canada Cities Service built an office building along with two company houses. Whitehall and Western Decalta also built company houses. As the years went by, the picturesque scenes that were mentioned earlier were destined to disappear as more stringent conservation regulations appeared.

In 1966 Cities Service built a gas processing plant on the Heinrich farm, five miles north of Breton. This was followed in 1974 by a Western Decalta plant, 1 mile east of Breton. The casing head gas from the oil wells, until now a wasted commodity, became valuable feed stock for the plants.

As we look back from the early 1950's to the present day, we find that the oil industry in this community has developed this area from a booming, transient way of life to a more stable, prosperous area. With the onset of the 1980's, Breton citizens, young and old, can give testimony to the prosperity during the lumber years, later to be augmented by the discovery of petroleum, all in the name of progress. One cannot deny that Breton has become a better place in which to live because of the development of these natural resources.



A close-up view of oil rig rotory table and drill pipe lying near drill site.



Lloyd Polischuk, battery operator for Canada Cities Service, 1960-71.



Aerial view of Canada Cities Service Gas Plant, Breton area, 6-35-48-4-W5.



Oil fire. Cause - a frozen oil line, and they were burning off waste oil. This fire is similar to flare pit fires that were commonly seen before the conservation board passed a law stating no more burning oil smoke into atmosphere.



Roughnecks working on drilling rig.



A close-up view of an oil rig drilling for oil.



Keystone Gas Plant 6-35-48-r-W5. It was built in 1966 by Cesco from Edmonton for the purpose of gathering raw flared gas from the Keystone cardium zone, which was flared and burnt into the atmosphere before plant was built. It was found that gas from this area was very rich in hydro-carbons, propane, butane, condensate and sales gas which is still being fractionated at this time.

PUMPERS LAMENT (To the tune of Rattling Cannon Ball)

Here's to Mr. Armstrong, the toughest of them all

Then comes Stanley Jackson, he don't say much at all.

Where is Dewey Peterson, he must have gone away

Because those Pumpers were so dumb, the poor man couldn't stay.

There's a new guy in the office, they call him Freddie Snell

If you don't argue with him, you'll get along quite well.

Oh yes, there's that slim guy, they call him Mr. Hakstol

If you haven't got your books correct, he will make you feel quite small.

CHORUS

Oh for the life of a Pumper, the roads are mighty rough

To work for Cities Service, you have to be damn tough.

Waiting for Rimbey Wireline, I wonder where they're at

They might be up at Taylor's store, chewing on a hunk of fat.

Here comes Johnny Kugyelka in his little heap When he turned the corner I think he was asleep.

And that Mr. Heighington when things start getting rough

He sharpens up his pencil, and tries to run a

We can't forget Albert Hanson, he deals in a lot of junk

When it comes to First Aid classes, son-of-a gun got drunk.

The operations of Donald Jackson I really do not know

I hear that he put half his oil in the firewalls and the snow.

And that Mr. Stephenson, a top-notch man we know

When he worked for Old Tidewater an oil tank did blow.

We can't forget Raymond Gerwien, a careful man is he

What do you call that black stuff running down the tree?

There was old Atlantic Wireline, it really is a shame

They made so damn much money, they had to change their name.

From Old Atlantic Wireline to Rodman they do claim

I wish they hadn't changed it because they're just the same.

Then that Mr. Polischuk, a very rich man was he If I had all his money, Cities Service would work for me.

And now you good people I think you're really swell

The story of old Virgil Platz I really hate to tell.

Virgil Platz

WESTERN DECALTA PETROLEUM LTD.

Western Decalta first started drilling for oil in the Breton area in March, 1957 when they drilled four wells north and west of Breton, to a depth between 4,700 to 5,000 feet in the Cardium Zone. Then there was a period between 1957 and 1964 in which they did not drill. The first steady operator the company had in this area was Ted Smith, whom most people know. Ted was transferred to Calmar and later to Valleyview, Alberta where he still lives.

In May, 1964 Western Decalta drilled 10 Belly River wells, east and southeast of Breton, to a depth of 3,200 to 3,400 feet. They also drilled four wells north and west of Breton on Walter Johnson's, Alvin Tripp's George Horvath's and Tom Impey's land. Between the years of 1965 and 67, Decalta drilled dry holes southwest of Breton on Ordie Mockerman's, Roy Peterson's, and Jim Coombs', southeast of Breton.

In 1968-69, they drilled five wells south of Breton, the first of which was on Roy Matheson's; they drilled more wells the following years.

In 1971 Decalta bought a half section southeast of Breton and built a manmade reservoir which is known as the Poplar Creek Reservoir and is used for water injection in the oil field. Imperial Oil and Husky Oil also take water from the reservoir. The deepest part in the reservoir is between 30 to 35 feet.

In 1972 Decalta unitized, what is known as Belly River B South Unit and built a new battery on what was then the Bob Ross quarter. They also drilled another 10 infield wells which were in the Belly River Zone also.

In 1974 Decalta built a gas plant on the same site as the battery on Bob Ross' land which gathers gas from Imperial Oil and the Husky Oil Co. Gas is pumped directly from the plant into the Northwestern Utilities line. Decalta drilled five wells southeast of Carnwood, which Theo Westling operates.

In 1976, Decalta was purchased by Loram, which is Mannix.

- Lyle Ayrey

HOWARD AND BLANCHE HANSEN AND FAMILY

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Hansen and their three sons, Lee, Albert and Rodney, came to the Breton area in 1956 when the Arrow Drilling Company rig Howard and Lee were working on had been hired by Canada Cities Service to do some wildcat drilling for them. It wasn't long before other drilling companies started moving into the area and one of the largest oil booms in Alberta's history was on. Many of the holes that Howard and Lee helped drill, eventually became some of the first producing oil wells in what is now known as the Keystone Oil and Gas Field. In those days it was quite a common practice to follow right along with the oil rigs from hole to hole with a trailer house (in more recent times referred to as a mobile home). Usually we lived right on the lease but if we were going to drill a number of wells nearby we would try and find a farmyard to park in where we could settle down to a somewhat more permanent way of life. It was while looking for such a parking place that we first met Theo and Vi Westling who welcomed us to move into their farmyard and this is where we spent our first few years in Breton.

Many things have changed since then and in reminiscing we can recall attending the last rodeo held in town just on the west side of the railroad



Howard and Blanche taken shortly after marriage in 1935.



Blanche Hansen and Lee at their first home at Ravenscrag, Sask., 1939.

tracks which is now Billy Adair's Metal Salvage yard, or going to a show in the old hall that used to sit just to the north side of the present day hotel, or taking in a dance at the second hall which used to sit just on the west side of the present day Golden Age Club building, formerly Hawley's store. At that time, the town had no running water or sewer and the sidewalks were still made of rough lumber. Other things that have long since disappeared are the old planer mill located at the northwest edge of town, the old railroad water tower, the C.P.R. station, Sexton's Store, Mrs. Kelly's store and Raczuk's two storey store with groceries being on the ground floor and clothing upstairs. There were two hardware stores, one operated by Walter Baynes and the other by Don McCartney. There were three garages — Purdy's, Samardzic's and McCartney's and three cafes — Ted and Tilly's on Main Street, Ray's on Railroad Ave. and one in the hotel. Between the Golden Age Club and Gordon Snell's garage (formerly McCartney's) stood a combination watch repair and jewellers shop, a barber shop that, I believe, was called the Buckhorn Barber Shop, and a shoe repair shop run by a Mr. Carlson. On the other side of the street, starting from the corner, there was first a vacant lot, then Bob Samardzic's garage; next to it was a small meat market, then the old post office run by Ken Levers. This building has served many purposes. Besides being a post office and private residence, it was Johnny Warchola's first drugstore. It was also used as an auction sales room with sales being conducted by Billy Adair a couple of times a month. It then became a combination watch repair and health food store run by Mr. Leonard Hoare and his wife. Next it was a TV repair shop and finally it is now serving as a variety store. This is only a partial list of the things that we can remember and space doesn't permit us to go on. There were a number of other business establishments that sprang up and flourished for only a short time during the very peak of the original oil boom.

Getting back to our family history, Howard started working on drilling rigs in 1950 when the very first rig we had ever seen, set up just a couple of miles outside of our hometown of Ravenscrag, Saskatchewan. At that time, we owned and operated the only hotel in town. It later burned down and was a contributing factor to an already dying situation. Ravenscrag, today, is not much more than a ghost town as only a couple of families are still living there and most road maps don't even show it anymore.

In younger years, Howard worked as a ranch-hand breaking horses for the RCMP on one of the largest horse and cattle ranches in Saskatchewan located near the old historic Fort Walsh in the beautiful Cypress Hills south of Maple Creek. He spent nine years of his life there. He spent another nine years working on the section for the C.P.R. For a time, he was also a foreman for the P.F.R.A. looking after a crew working on the irrigation system near Consul, Saskatchewan. In more recent times, he switched from drilling rigs to laying pipe line, finally retiring from the work force in 1977. Our family now lives two miles north of Breton.

As for the rest of the family, Lee the oldest of our three sons, lost interest in furthering his education after having to attend nine different schools in one year. This was due to following the oil rigs from place to place. It was at this time that Lee asked his dad to sign papers for him so that he could go to



Lee Hansen with a 25 lb. Lake Trout caught at Namure Lake, Alberta.

work on the drilling rig. This was the only way that Arrow Drilling would concede to let Lee work for them as he was too young and they didn't want to be held responsible for anything that might happen. Since then Lee has had a number of different occupations including such jobs as being a salesman for Fuller Brush, owning and operating his own tank

truck, working for Rodman and Carnwood Wire Lines, manufacturing fishing tackle, driving tank truck for Billy Sutherland (Cameron Bros.) and finally battery operating for Western Decalta. Lee is still single and lives with his parents north of Breton. He is an active member of the Breton and District Fish and Game Association and enjoys hunting and fishing very much. In 1969, while fishing in the Brazeau Dam, he was lucky enough to land the largest Dolly Varden trout ever caught in Alberta. He has also had his name added to the province's record book on a number of other occasions. He's also a member of the Warburg Flying Club owning a share in the club's plane. He likes travelling and taking photographs and has visited Mexico and Central America many times, often staying as long as six months.







The Howard Hansen family. Top row, L. to R. Bert, Rodney. Bottom row, L. to R. Howard, Lee and Blanche.

As for Albert, the second oldest son, he took all of his schooling in Breton where he graduated and went on to NAIT, taking two years in drafting. His first position was with Atomic Energy Research of Canada Ltd. in Pinawa, Manitoba. He worked there several months before marrying Sharon Greenwood, second oldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ted Greenwood, of Cormorant, Manitoba (Ted is formerly from Breton). Both Albert and Sharon were employed by Atomic Research of Canada Ltd. for a couple of years following their marriage. From there they decided to make a move to Fort McMurray, Alberta where Albert took up a new occupation and was employed by Great Canadian Oil Sands as a millwright and has been there for the last ten years. They have three daughters — Sonia aged 11, Lori Anne - 8, and Dina - 5.

Rodney, the youngest son, also attended school in Breton where he went to grade eleven. After quitting school he worked along with his dad on pipe line construction until he married Elaine Thyr, second oldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Thyr of Lindale, Alberta. He then moved to Drayton Valley where he drove for Dial Trucking. From there he decided to follow his brother up to Fort McMurray and was also lucky enough to get a job with Great Canadian Oil Sands. Since then, he has furthered his education by completing a millwright course at NAIT in Edmonton. Rodney and Elaine have three children, one boy and two girls, Avery 8 years of age, Shelly - 5 and Naomi - 1.

AMOCO GAS LOADING TERMINAL

In the spring of 1958, ten acres of land was bought from the northeast quarter of the now Joe Sobon farm, two miles north of Breton. On this site construction began for Goliad Oil and Gas Co. to be known as the Goliad Breton Loading and Shipping Terminal for liquified petroleum gas (propane, butanes, condensate). C.P.R. built a spur from the main line to accommodate loading tank cars and a truck ramp was built for loading trucks with propane. Six huge storage tanks were hauled in by Rehn Trucking of Red Deer. These tanks were so long that it required two trucks to haul them — one at each end of the tank. The truck at the back of the tank had to travel backwards; needless to say, the driver going backwards would have an exciting trip! Upon arrival at the terminal, these tanks were lifted by two cranes from the trucks and placed on cement pillars at each end of the tank. Each tank has a capacity of 55,000 gallons of propane or butane.

In the fall of 1958, the Terminal site was completed and C.P.R. was notified to move in some empty tank cars to load with propane. What an exciting day that was with the official ribbon cutting ceremony and ten men trying to load tank cars that they hardly knew anything about! The propane was fractioned at Goliad's Buck Creek Plant, located seventeen miles west of Breton Terminal, and shipped there via pipeline.



Truck loading rack, 1963.



Unloading off C.P.R. One of the propane holding tanks for the depot north of Breton.



Old and new tank cars.



Storage tank.

For the first three years, the tank cars were small with a shell capacity of 8,000 gallons. In a 16 hour workday, 20 of these cars would be loaded for shipment the next day. Each tank car would have to have a bill of lading typed up, and taken to the Breton C.P.R. agent to sign and he, in turn, had to make up a weigh bill for each car. You can imagine the look of dismay on Percy Seal's face (agent at Breton then) that first morning at 9:00 A.M. when he was handed 20 bills to sign and make weight bills for, before the train arrived at 10:30 A.M. After three years, there was a new tank car made that held 25,000 gallons. What a blessing that was — less work all around!

The Breton Terminal would ship, on an average, 2,000,000 gallons of product a month.

In the year 1976, Goliad Oil and Gas sold out to Amoco Canada Petroleum Co. After the sale was completed, more changes took place at the terminal. First of all, a new office was brought in, much to the operator's delight, as it had hot and cold running water and an indoor privy. Another large truck ramp was built for unloading trucks that haul mixed products from different small plants — some as far away as Penhold and Alix. There were two, four inch lines laid from the terminal to the Dome Petroleum line that crosses the Ed Miller farm, east of the terminal. One of these lines is used to ship the mix to Dome and eventually this same mix, along with other products picked up along the way, reaches Sarnia in Ontario. The other four inch line is used for shipping condensate (unrefined gasoline). The terminal receives about 1,000,000 gallons of mix per month.

When the terminal started, Hugh Campbell and Bob Dowler were hired as operators. After three years, Bob Dowler left to help his father run the family Golf and Country Club at Mulhurst. Hugh Campbell is still operating the terminal, where he has worked for twenty years.

— HUGH CAMPBELL



Oil rig drilling on L. Polischuk farm SW 2-48-4-W5, June 22, 1979.



Gustavson Drilling, summer 1956, 10 miles S.W. Buck Creek.



Gunnar Hanson Construction leaving to trench pipeline for Whitehall Oil Company, spring of 1973.



Gunnar Hanson Construction leaving to bulldoze snow on oil lease right-of-way, 1970.

FROM ESSO RESOURCES CANADA LIMITED — EXPLORATION DEPARTMENT.

 Discovery wells are highlighted by dots together with the date, formation, and company who made the discovery.

The major oil and gas pipelines are shown. Gas processing plants (designed to remove hydrocarbon liquids from the gas) are shown by triangles and the numbers beside them key into the list of gas plant owners.

GAS PLANTS IN THE BRETON AREA

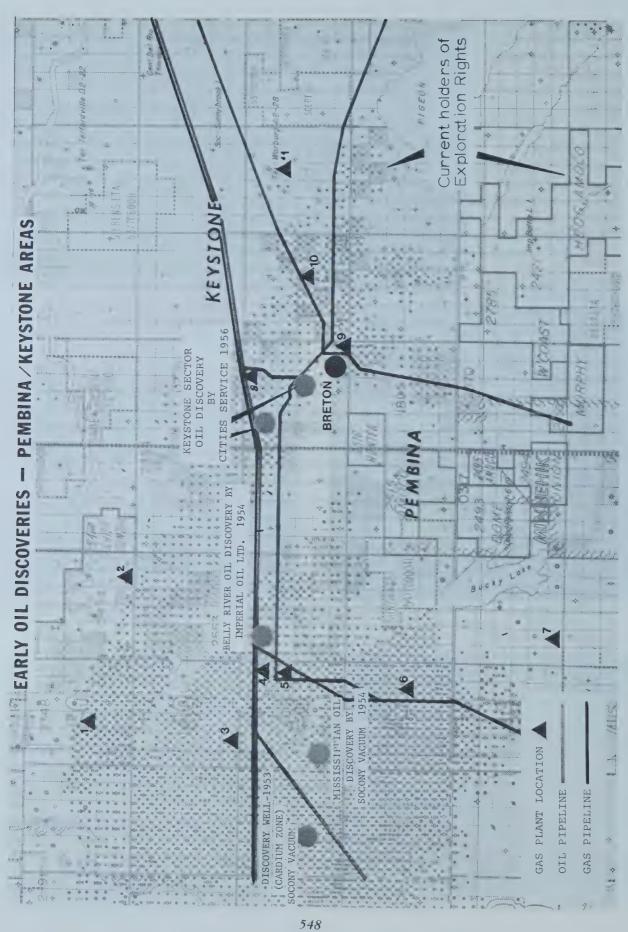
- 1) AMOCO, PEMBINA BIGORY 2,3,4,5,6) AMOCO, PEMBINA
- 7) CANDEL, MINNEHIK BUCKLAKE
- 8) CITIES SERVICE, PEMBINA
- 9) WESTERN DECALTA, PEMBINA

10) KAISER RESOURCES, PEMBINA

11) STAR OIL & GAS, PEMBINA

Essentially all of the oil and gas rights in the Breton area are taken up by numerous exploration companies. The exploration licences are shown together with the company currently holding these licences. Leases are smaller and difficult to show on a map of this scale, however Esso Resources Canada (Imperial Oil Limited) leases are shown by various stipple or lined patterns.

- In the immediate vicinity of Breton the main pools are:
 - the Keystone Cardium pool to the north;
 - various Belly River sandstone pools to the east and to the south, with total ultimate reserves of 130 million barrels.



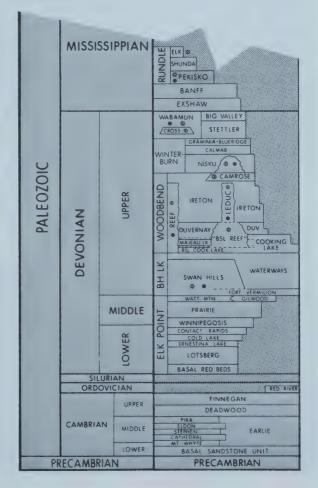
ERA	PERIOD		BRETON AREA
COIC	QUATERNARY		
CENC			PASKAPOO
MESOZOIC	CRETACEOUS	UPPER	SCOLLARD WHITE ID HORSESHOE CANYON & BELLY RIVER BROUSSEAU VICTORIA RIBSTONE CK LEA PARK FIRST WHITE SPECKLED SHALE CARDIUM® SECOND WHITE SPECKLED SHALE
		LOWER	JOLI FOU 651 COLO ® • JOLI FOU 651 COLO ® • GLAUCONITIC 5S. ® OSTRACOD ZONE ® ELLERSLIE ® (BSE QTZ) (CAMERON SS) (POPLAR)
	JURASSIC		NIKANASSIN
	TRIASSIC		
	PERMIAN		
	PENNS	YLVANIAN	

- The map is on a scale of 1'' = 6 miles and shows the township and section grid.
 - = oil well
 - = water injection well (to improve oil recovery)
 - = gas well
 - = dry hole (i.e. abandoned because of no oil or gas present)
 - = abandoned oil well (all the oil has been produced)
 - = abandoned gas well.
- Geological columnar section, showing the geological formations in the Breton area.

The principal oil-bearing formations in your area are shaded, and the completely stippled zones represent geological zones present elsewhere in western Canada but not present in the Breton area.

• The principal producing formation near Breton is the **Cardium** sandstone, which produces in the Pembina field the largest oilfield in Canada with recoverable reserves of 1.5 billion barrels. There are several sectors of the Pembina field, one of which is the Keystone pool which lies immediately north of Breton.

Socony Vacuum (now Mobil Oil) discovered the Pembina field in 1954.



MORE OF OUR PEOPLE



MARGARET ANDERSON AND FAMILY

Margaret Anderson's father, Arnold Drew, was born in Coe in the County of Issabella, Michigan, U.S.A. He came to Winnipeg, Man., in 1904 at the age of 7 with his mother. He finished his schooling in Winnipeg and then trained for a machinist on the C.N.R.

Margaret's mother was born, Maude Kaler, and was raised at Two Creeks and Brandon, Manitoba. She worked as a young girl helping to cook during harvest time when they had the steamers. When she was in her late teens, she and her twin sister, May, moved to Winnipeg where she worked. Later she helped move her family into Winnipeg.

On August 4, 1920 Maude Kaler and Arnold Drew were married. They lived in Winnipeg for one year. In the summer of 1921, Arnold and his brother-in-law, Percy Kaler, set out west looking for land to homestead. They arrived at Tchesinkut Lake, B.C. and filed on two quarters, eight miles

east on the north shore of the lake.

In November, 1921 Arnold brought his wife, Maude, and baby daughter, Pearl, who was born in Winnipeg in August. Those were rough years; during the first winter they lived on rice and rabbit. Two more girls were born — Margaret was born in 1929 in the old cabin on the farm. Maude delivered her by herself with the oldest girl, Pearl, holding the lantern, scissors, and string. Dad was across the lake in a tie camp and didn't get there until later. They then got the doctor from Burns Lake, 30 miles away. They brought him in by boat, having to run it up on a sand bar first, and a fellow by the name of Bill Boxall, carried the doctor on his shoulders to shore. Carrie was born in January, 1936 in the Burns Lake hospital. Margaret took her schooling at Tchesinkut Lake, B.C., where she was raised. She helped her mom run the farm when the oldest girl, Pearl, left home. She rode horseback 8 miles to and from school. After 31/2 years, Margaret and her mom and youngest sister moved up to the highway where it was closer to school as Carrie was ready to start at that time.



Margaret and Bill Anderson, Margaret holding Winnie, in B.C.

After World War II, Margaret met her husband, Bill Anderson. After returning from overseas, he came north from southern B.C. with a bunch of horses and settled on land on Francois Lake, B.C. They were married in 1948. They raised Hereford cattle and horses. All work was done by horses. Cattle drives were made every fall to the nearest railway, 40 miles away. There was no power or phones at that time. They traveled by boat 20 miles to the nearest post office and store, or by team and sleigh or horseback in winter. For the first six months, they lived in a cabin with a dirt floor and slab roof until a 14' by 18' cabin could be built.

Their first child, Winnifred, was born in the first cabin, with Bill and Marg's mom attending. They had five children — Winnifred, Fern, Tilleen, Dusty, and David. Fern passed away at the age of one month. Margaret taught the children for six years and then they boarded out for the school years. Bill wasn't well for some years and in June of 1964, he passed away at the Kelowna hospital. He is buried at Westlawn Cemetery in Edmonton.

Margaret sold the ranch cattle and horses (except the kids' 4 saddle horses which they brought with them), and moved with her family, to her brother-in-law's place in the New Moose Hill district



Winnie on horse, Dave on load, hauling fire wood, 1965.

near Breton. Margaret later bought the farm. It was N.E. 7-48-4-W5, N.W. 7-48-4-W5 and N.E. 8-48-4-W5.

The road from the farm to the main road was a mile of mud that first fall; in the spring, the Poplar Creek, which flows the length of the place, overflowed the bridge and we were stranded for 10 days. The place had no power until Marg had it put in, in 1969, and the phone line was led to the house in 1972.

The children went to school at Breton. They rode on Roy Prentice's school bus. Later Winnie went away to work and she took grade 11 in Calgary. Tilleen also left to work. The boys then rode on Herman Moldenhauer's bus and Winnie decided to come back and take her last year of school at Breton.

Winnie married David Badgerow in August, 1970; they have three children and live at



Left to right, Winnie, Tilleen, Dusty, George Anderson, David.

Carnwood, Alta. Tilleen worked in St. Thomas, Ontario for seven years and then came back and is driving truck and trailer outfits out of Fort St. John, B.C. Dusty lives and works as a cat skinner at Whitecourt. David works and lives at Fort St. James, B.C. driving cat and log loaders.

Margaret sold her farm to Ray Koal of Cooking Lake in 1972 (the farm used to be owned by Bill Bogart's folks). Margaret then became engaged to Herman Moldenhauer and they farm and raise Charolais cattle on their farm at Breton.

MARGARET ANDERSON

PERCY AND KAY ARNELL

We moved here from Calgary in May, 1972. We purchased the S.W. ¼-27 and the S.W. ¼-28, the previous fall. We do not farm the land ourselves.

We have four children and all are married. One girl and two boys live in Edmonton and one boy lives in Calgary. We have 14 grandchildren and 5 great grandchildren.

JOE DIETRICH AND FAMILY

Joe Dietrich was born January 8, 1902 on a farm at Heisler, Alberta, the youngest son of a family of thirteen. He grew up there, and on



Alvin and Florence Dietrich, wedding 1955.

October 30, 1928, married Wynne Burns, formerly from Fergus, Ontario. They lived at Heisler and four children were born there.

They decided to go further west where the lumbering business was starting up. In 1939, they moved to Antross onto a vacated farm. Joe got a job at Anthonys' lumber camp there.

In 1940, they bought a farm at Breton, N.W. 35,47,4 west of the 5th. The buildings were in very bad shape; the house had all the windows broken,



Joe Dietrich.

the doors were off, and the floors were very dirty. The hand dug well had caved in. With the help of a friend, Ollie Olson, shovels, and pails that were attached to a rope, the well was cleaned out. Boards were placed so as to keep it from caving in again and it was then ready for use. After much cleaning with scrub brushes and disinfectant, the



Don Dietrich, 1966.

house became liveable. Also the roof was repaired, the walls calsamined, and a few calendars were hung to make it look homey.

Joe still continued to work at Antross, walking three to four miles each way, down the railway track. In the winter, it got so cold in the house that the water froze in the pail. The only source of heat was the kitchen stove, in which we burned wood. Trees were hauled in from the bush and cut with a buck saw into pieces that would fit into the stove. The wood was piled to keep dry and later hauled by armfuls into the house and piled in the wood box. There was no coal at that time.

In those days, the clothes were ironed with a flat iron which was heated on top of the stove. Water for bathing or washing was hauled up by hand and either heated in a reservoir attached to the stove or in a big galvanized wash tub on the top of the stove. My mother did all her washing by hand over a wash board; even the heavy overalls and fleece lined underwear were washed this way.



Pat Dietrich and Laurence Kobeluck, 1953.

Entertainment for us was the Saturday night show and the annual Christmas concert. To get to these events, we would travel by sleigh; the box on the sleigh was filled with hay and we covered up with blankets to keep warm. Joe would leave the horses at the livery stable until we were ready to go home.

On Sundays, we all went to church and the children attended catechism. All of us children attended Breton School. In the winter, our lunches would freeze and we would have to thaw them beside the pot bellied stove in the school. Boots that were wet still had to be worn, even if they were frozen inside.

All field work was done with a team of horses. Harvesting was done with a threshing machine and a lot of neighbors who went from farm to farm helping each other. A few times we were hailed out.

My mother did all the baking of bread and pies, and also did a lot of canning. Butter, cream, and milk were kept cold by placing them in a pail and lowering them into the well. Coal oil lamps were used for light until Aladdin lamps came out. These lamps had little delicate mantles that used to fall apart even if jarred a wee bit; however, they gave a nice bright light.

Frasers started a lumber business in Breton and my dad got a job there. He worked with them until they quit in the fifties. In 1962 or 1963, he sold the farm where oil was discovered a few years later. Dad bought a house in Wetaskiwin and lived there until



Marlene and Alex Czajkhowski.

his death on February 9, 1969, at the age of sixty-seven.

Mother now lives in Calgary, Alberta. My brother, Don, his wife Rita, and daughter, Sandy, also live in Calgary. Alvin, his wife Florence, and childen, Wendy and Terry all live in Wetaskiwin. Marlene, her husband, Alex Czajkhowski, and sons Larry, Greg, and Johnnie live at Red Deer, Alberta. Their daughter, Lorraine, is married with two girls and lives on a farm six miles from Wetaskiwin. I, Patricia, along with my husband, Lawrence, and children Charmane, Debbie, and Michelle, live in Wetaskiwin.

— PATRICIA KOBELUCK

AURA OF ROMANCE AROUND THE OLD IRON HORSE

In the spring of 1929 dashing, young, rusty-haired "Red" Fenton was employed as a fireman on the C.P.R. railroad, stationed in Edmonton, We'll let him tell his story.

"I was called for duty one morning to fire the engine on a work train ordered for the Hoadley branch. Crews were working to complete the line from Breton to Leduc. Our train hauled ballast from the Rimbey gravel pit to be used on the new roadbed as it advanced to Leduc.

We always stopped at Breton to take water on the old steam engine. As the big "iron horse" approached the water tank, a group of young teenagers, girls and boys, were often sitting on the grass along the bank beside the railroad track. Of course I'd try to look important, especially when my engineer let me run the engine. When the girls waved, I'd wave back with a big smile.

I didn't know the kids' names, nor did I know that six years later I'd return to Breton and marry one of those happy, friendly girls — and we've lived happily ever after."

Bill Fenton and Kathleen Hoath were married in the Mission Covenant Church in Breton on September 29, 1935. It was the first wedding to take place in the new church and it was also Rev. Albert Koch's first wedding. He tied a strong knot for a rooky — it's still holding firm after 42 years.

— "RED" FENTON

JOHN HANSEN

I, John Hansen, was born on an island in the Baltic Sea by the name of Bornholm (a Danish possession) in the year 1899. Later, I moved to the island of Sjelland and lived there until the age of 28 years. During this time, from 1918-20, I served as an Allied soldier in Denmark with the horse-drawn artillery.

In 1927, I came to Canada and lived near King-

man, Alberta for three years.

In 1930 I moved to Buck Creek where I worked in logging camps in the winter and on farms in the summer.

In 1937 my partner and I were logging for the William Anthony Lumber Co. when my partner received a letter from a lawyer stating that he must divide his property with his wife so I purchased his skid horse and cookstove.

Also in 1937, I bought the quarter section, S.E. 34-47-5-W5, from Henry Pearson. At this time, I had a bad heart and suffered thirteen heart attacks from 1933 to 1972. In 1951 George Buchanan found me nearly dead in severe cold weather. Carl Johnson took me, with a police escort, to Wetaskiwin Hospital where it took the doctors a week to revive me. In the late fifties, I moved to Radium Hot Springs to take treatments for sixty days. After the initial treatments, I continued to return to Radium and in 1977, three doctors said my heart was good.



John Hanson.

I spent four years working for Hales Ross who had the contract to cut material for airplane crates — for the war effort. When this industry moved to Grande Prairie, I went along also.

In 1945, I became a Canadian citizen.

In 1963, I moved to Alder Flats and took care of a cattle ranch for seven years until my retirement at 70 years of age. I used to tease the neighbor children that I was building a spanking machine. One day they came to visit me and saw an old binder with the reel turning in the wind. They promptly refused to stay.

On the first of December, 1977, I came to live at West Pine Lodge in Winfield where I presently make my home.

— Asbjurn Jens Johanes Hansen

ELMER HOOKS

Elmer Hooks is the second oldest son of the Hooks family and was born in Sharpes, Oklahoma, U.S.A. and came to Edmonton, Alberta with his parents. From childhood on, he was very talented in music and also in other ways.

He obtained all his schooling at Keystone School, after which time be began working in sawmills while still at home. He also played music in the band with his brother Ellis.

At the early age of seventeen, he left home to see the world. He did travel a large portion and after his travels he settled in San Bernadino, California. There he was married and raised a family. During the last World War he joined the U.S. Navy and spent 2 years with the Navy.

After returning home again, he joined the Labour Union and returned to his trade as a carpenter. He also spent a few years on the Los Angeles Police Force, after which he returned to his trade. He served as Post Commander for the U.S. Legion for 17 years.

He is now retired and is still living at his home in San Bernadino, California and he is also one of Breton's pioneer senior citizens.

ROBERT W. HORVATH

Born in Edmonton in 1944, as the youngest child of George and Mary Horvath, I spent all but four years growing up on the family farm near Breton. As was the case with most farm children at the time, I had a full slate of responsibilities associated with growing up on the farm, including caring for the livestock, getting the land ready for seeding, haying, harvesting, and a multitude of other tasks so common on the farm.

Although times were not "hard" in relation to the many "real" hardships outlined throughout this book, they were certainly different from today. In the 50's mechanization was just coming into its own in the area. Many farms were still without electricity and virtually none had running water. Big tractors, combines, balers etc., were owned by only a very few. Large threshing crews, which formed every fall and went from farm to farm, were still very common. A school bus began running past our farm in 1955. Prior to this, twenty to thirty of us, in virtually all grades, would band together daily for

our three to four mile journey to school.

To provide the spending money needed for my extracurricular activities during adolescence, I assumed some part-time jobs. For several years, I ran the Saturday and Monday night movies held at the Breton Community Hall. Before the Village of Breton 'graduated' to the position of having a water and sewer system, I hauled water every night after school to the local teacherage which was occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Stewart and later by Mr. and Mrs. Bullock. In the spring of every year, I hunted, skinned, and sold beaver hides.

Following graduation from Breton High School in 1962, I struck out to seek my fortune in Edmonton. Following a very exasperating search (unemployment was also high in 1962), I finally got a job in the oil business which immediately had me transfer to Drayton Valley. In 1964 I went to work for my present employer, Mobil Oil Canada Ltd., in Drayton and was subsequently transferred through various financial positions in Whitecourt, Edmonton and since 1966, Calgary. In 1972, following six



Lorena and Robert (Bob) Horvath with their children Cheryl and Michael (1979).

years of attending the University of Calgary at night, I graduated from the Society of Management Accountants with the accounting designation "R.I.A.". My present position is Asset Control Supervisor with responsibility for accounting and physical control of the company's billion dollars worth of assets throughout Canada.

My wife, Lorena (nee Lilje), and I were married in Drayton Valley in 1967. We have two children, Michael, who is six years old and Cheryl, who will be one in August, 1979.

OSCAR AND TONETTE INGEBRETSON

Oscar and Tonette Ingebretson came to Norbuck in July of 1932, from Frontier, Saskatchewan.

There was no school at Norbuck at that time and there were quite a number of children in the district so a teacher, Miss Pierce, was hired, and school started in what later was the Norbuck store, in Frank Rath's house. Later, a nice new school was built by the men of the district, just up the road from Ralph Burris' home. A number of teachers taught in that schoolhouse. Mr. French, Mr. Fife, Mr. Stewart, Miss Code, Mrs. Clinansmith and Mr. Smith are some of the names that come to mind.

During the war years Mrs. Ingebretson and Ruth moved to Edmonton. Roy joined the Navy, and Mr. Ingebretson joined the Army. After Oscar was discharged, he and Tonette moved to Toronto, Ontario, where he took a refresher course in electricity, and then went back to his old trade as an electrician.

Ruth went to Bible School in Regina. After Roy came home from the Navy, he worked in Toronto. In June, 1950, he married June Grant of Toronto. They are still living in Toronto at this time.

Mr. and Mrs. Ingebretson made Toronto their home for well over twenty years. Then they moved to Red Deer, Alberta. In July, 1974 Oscar died of a heart attack. Two and a half weeks later Tonette died.

In September, 1951 Ruth married Jake Nickel of Main Centre, Saskatchewan. They have three children, Marjorie, Wendy and Roy. Wendy married Don Church in March, 1976. Their little boy, Paul, was born in June, 1978. Marjorie married Laurie Goertzen in August, 1979. Roy is attending Briercrest Bible Institute at Caronport, Saskatchewan at this time. Jake and Ruth lived at Herbert, Saskatchewan for many years, where Jake was hospital administrator. In 1969 they moved to Alberta with their family. At the present time they live at Lacombe. Jake works in Red Deer and Ruth in Lacombe.

JAMES LINTON FAMILY

James Linton, with his wife and five of their eight children, arrived at Buck Lake October 31, 1928. Their first home was the Walter Sisson's house, near the lake. He was formerly from Michigan where he had worked in the lumbering industry, and then farmed. He left there when taxes were too high. Archie, Delos and their father worked on the threshing crew where Elmer Sabin of Breton was steam engineer. He told them of the homestead land, lumbering, hunting and fishing in the Buck Lake country, and it appealed to them.

The Depression years of the 30's were just beginning. After working at Wilson and Sisson's mill for three months, the owners went bankrupt and they took lumber for wages. It had to be hauled to

Winfield; roads were nearly impassable when things were ready for the lumber to be moved, in May. There were several other mills around — Bear Creek Mill, Ross and Beard, and Frasers' were on the east side of the lake. They walked across on the



James Linton, 1930.

ice and later went by boat. There were body lice at the camps and clothes were shed as soon as they reached the porch; then they were gone over with a hot iron before being washed. Food in the camps consisted mainly of moose meat, beans, raisins or dried apple pie.

In the spring of 1930 the family moved farther west of the lake, S.W. 18-46-6-W5 which was Archie's homestead. The log house, that the neighbors had helped to build, was $18 \times 24\frac{1}{2}$. In 1933 the bare logs were plastered and white-washed, and the floor was covered with linoleum. It was nice. They bought their first cow for \$65. from Matusies, earlier settlers that lived near the J. Krysta's.

Rabbits had died off before we came to the country, owing to a disease. But around 1933-1941 there were thousands. Many men preferred hunting rabbits to mill work. They could stand in one place and shoot a hundred or more, then pack them up on the sleigh like cord wood, and move on a short distance for more. They got $2\frac{1}{2}$ ¢ each and .22 rifle shells were cheap. Rabbits went out of Winfield by the boxcar loads for fox and mink food. Squirrels, too, were plentiful; they were worth 7¢ each. The men camped out in the fall and winter, for weeks at a time, hunting them.

The first winter was very mild before Christmas Eve — then it snowed and blew. In the morning we had about two feet of new snow. Then there was a real cold snap which lasted about three weeks and it went to 60° below zero. Wilson Sissons lost four good horses when their lungs got frosted on a lumber trip to Winfield, during that time. The Christmas concert that year was put on by Elsie (Brown) Parker (teacher) and was much enjoyed. I remember Claire Parker, dressed like a hobo, sang "Big Rock Candy Mountain". Nora was an Irish girl in a play and wielded a wicked broom. Gaines recited something. All the pupils did their share to entertain us. Then there was the big Christmas tree and a

dance afterwards. The school house at that time was on the land opposite Charlie Parker's and the teacher boarded there. Some of the pupils then were the Parkers — Mary, Lee, Claire, Alberta, Norman and Evelyn, Kathleen (Siegal) Kiss, Jenni Shefflo, Laurence and Goldie Boning, Margaret Beatty, Lillian McCallum, Josephine and Benner Jeffcott; there were others.

Dances and socials were always well attended. Ned McKay called some of the square dances. They had two very pretty daughters, Claudia and Virginia.

Enough can not be said of good neighbors in those days. They were the best. Lloyd and Nettie Parker were closest and they were always jolly. They sometimes went to Lloyd's folks', the Charlie Parker's, for the day and could be heard singing two miles away, till they got home. Hanna and Muriel were with them then. Later, Charles, Clifford, Roy, Dalton, Nettie and Henry were born. They spent many enjoyable evenings playing cards or telling jokes or stories with them, as well as the Charlie Parker family. Other good neighbors were Hlavoys, Miku, Dickersons, Youngs, Laczo, Kiss, Gordons, Shampko, Simpson, Pue, Molnar, Peranski, Todd and Beatrice Bedwell, Pearl and Milo Soules, Jack and Elsie Parker. Archie McDougall often stayed over when walking to or from Buck Creek, usually with news of people in different parts of the country.

The District Nurse was Miss Amy Conroy and she was a real blessing in that country. Often she would just have returned, from a sick call, only to go again with barely time to drink the tea she had prepared. No rest nor sleep for her, when someone needed her. Dressed in her fur coat, she was off in any weather, whatever the roads or trails.

Due to so much clearing of land, fires raged throughout the country in the spring and only by setting a back-fire, many settlers saved their homes.

There were no fences farther west and north for miles. When horses were let out to graze, they joined other horses and it would be a trial to get them home to use them. Many horses were from the prairies, and due to the change in feed and so much wet weather, they died of swamp fever. One year the wet summer and early winter found most folks without enough food for their stock. The government brought relief feed in to Winfield. About that time, many families were brought into the country. They settled on 160 acres and were paid to try to make a living for themselves. This was a government project. Most of them moved out after a time.

People could live here quite satisfactorily after they got a few acres broken for a garden, grain and hay. There was plenty of wild fruit such as strawberries, raspberries, saskatoons, blueberries, high bush cranberries, currants and moss cranberries.

Relief orders of \$5. - \$6. or \$8. a month were usually worked out by cutting out road allowances

etc. By getting the garden early enough, the folks were able to have their new potatoes, carrots, peas, onions and lettuce for what used to be the annual picnic or Sports Day — July 1st. Even tomatoes, that were not generally grown then, were successful. "Ma Linton", as close friends used to call her, made very good cheese. Many others did also. They sold some butter at Tippings' store and got sugar, salt, tea and other things. Later, after they got a cream separator from Eatons, they sold cream which had to be taken to Winfield, via the mail delivery and then the train to the Bluffton Creamery. Mother grew a few lovely flowers. She always had nasturtiums in a window box at the west window. Pansies and hollyhocks grew on one side of the door and there were everlasting flowers in the garden for winter bouquets.

It was very hard clearing land and breaking it; all of it was done by hand. The heat, the mosquitoes and sand flies were hard to deal with. James Linton cut the road allowance in its proper place the first summer they were on the homestead. Wild hay was cut by hand for the cow and two horses. They also bought straw and grain from Charlie Longs and from John Engbloom at Pendryl the first few years. Gaines had a hen Mrs. Charlie Parker had given him. She was called Peggie, because she had one foot frozen off. She hopped along O.K. and laid an egg every day and sometimes two, and was with them a number of years till she died. Nora raised a few geese and after they raised their own grain, Mother had quite a number of turkeys to sell.

Tippings had the only store and the post office at Buck Lake when we came. It was called Minnehik at that time. They were very obliging. They got in the green tea that the folks were used to drinking. Sometimes they asked folks in to have tea or coffee with them. Their son, Dalton, died of pneumonia the first winter we were there. Mary was a real nice person. Mrs. Tippings did quite a lot of craft work. Their son, Dalton, also was game warden for a number of years. He took numerous wild life pictures and he and Mary developed them.

Things and people have changed since those days when men made barely enough money to keep themselves in footwear, mitts and tobacco. Wages were \$.15 an hour and \$.10 a day for compensation. Sunday's board was \$1. Warm socks, though hard to wash and dry, were knit from the natural sheeps' wool. Modern homes now, with all the conveniences of electricity and gas, the telephone — good roads and much pavement, all make for better living standards. The housewife has a car for her convenience. The tractor and big machinery took over from the horse. Now with conservation of resources the wood stove and fireplace are coming back into use.

James Linton died in 1935 and Mrs. Linton in 1941. Both are buried at Maywood Cemetery.

Archie Linton worked cutting logs for a few years and then worked for Allan Siegal doing farm

work for a time. Later, he farmed his own land until his death in 1951. He is buried at Maywood Cemetery.

Delos Linton married Margaret Rathgeber in 1936 and they have two sons and a daughter.

Nora Linton married James O'Brien (Shorty) from Buck Lake. They homesteaded a few years and in 1942 moved to Edmonton. He worked in airplane repairs until the war ended and then at McDonald Consolidated until he retired in 1970. He now lives at a senior citizens' apartment house in Edmonton and enjoys senior citizens' activities in different parts of the city, the occasional trip and visiting with their two daughters at Carvel, Alberta — Mrs. Pat Davis and Mrs. Anna Baxton. Nora passed away in 1971, after working as a lab technician at the Charles Camsell Hospital for twenty years. She is buried in Edmonton.

Ethel Linton worked for Mrs. S. Sabin of Winfield for a number of years. She married Sigfrid Magnusson of Winfield in 1937.

Gaines Linton is the only Linton now at Buck Lake and is at the original homestead, after working for the forestry at Rocky for some time.

— ETHEL MAGNUSSON AND GAINES LINTON

SIGFRID MAGNUSSON FAMILY

Sigfrid Magnusson came to Canada from Sweden, March 19, 1929. He came on an immigrant train to Edmonton. He found work on a farm near Wetaskiwin. The people were Swedish (Bloom) and he was with them for about two years. Then he went to Buck Lake, planning to homestead, but was there only about three months and then came back to Winfield. He went to work for the C.P.R. section crew that summer and cut logs for the mills in the



Lumber piling at McDougall's planer mill in Winfield, 1939. Sigfrid Magnuson on ground.

winter. Carroll Brothers', Nelson's and Frasers' mills were nearby. This was pretty well what he did until 1937 when he married Ethel Linton, also of Winfield. Soon after that, he took up contract lum-



Winfield in 1931.

ber piling for Etter-McDougall Lumbering. His partner was Koare Hanson; then there were Alf Johnson, August Brandt, Nels Hedin, Ole Rilton

and Jonas Johnson.

In 1930-31 the residents of Winfield were the S. Sabin family (I.O. Gibbons' Store), A. Engler (hardware), Groulx (boarding house and blacksmith), Hallgren's boarding house, the Woodbridge family (garage), the Sid Carter family (post office), Mike and Anna Taylor (teacher), Charlie Stady family, Bill and Lena Tait, Ernie and Grace Ayres, Alfred Johansson — C.P.R. section foreman, and the

Clarke family — station agent.

In July, 1940 we bought S.E. 30-46-3-W5. There was \$300.00 owing in taxes. We paid \$100. – the rest to be paid in two years. There was a garden spot cleared; we built a house and moved there the same year. We had sheep and a few cattle. In the spring we had a well drilled. It was very hard getting a start as the land was very hard to clear. Sigfrid walked the two miles to and from the mill most of the time as it rained so much in the summer and the roads were not good enough for biking. Many times, he'd ride to work and push the bike back home. Sigfrid cut wild hay in the summer for the sheep, cow and calf. He also borrowed a team and sleigh from John Olson, our nearest neighbor, and Sunday being the only day off, he hauled feed whatever the weather. This was especially so for a few



Mrs. Sabin, storekeeper at Winfield, and Mrs. W. Sisson, 1931.

years when we had a few more cattle to feed. Hay was mostly \$20. a ton sold by the stack, and much of the time the sheep would not eat it.

In 1948 we got the first team of horses,a wagon and a sleigh. In 1951 we bought a Ford N tractor, and a new plow as we were getting a few more acres by this time, and it was beginning to bother Sigfrid's

legs to walk behind horses. About 1953 Sigfrid bought a half ton truck for \$350. This was well appreciated as Sigfrid still worked in the winter months at Carroll Bros.' mill.

Our closest neighbor was John Olson. He worked for the C.P.R. for a number of years and also supplied milk to many Winfield residents at 11 quarts for \$1. Mrs. Olson took the milk with a horse and buggy and collected empties. She helped her father (at Husband's store) as well, before taking it over after her father's death. Cruikshank, Ole Quam and Rochourt were neighbors for a while; then Bergs, Mazais and Meafrys were neighbors all with children going to school. They will all remember walking the two miles to and from school. At one time there were 18 children going to school; then there were less as some finished. We had six children with lunches to put up for them and another lunch for Sigfrid in the winter months. The children helped us a lot in those years, without complaining too much. They milked the cows and each got a heifer calf to raise for their own cow. They usually sold this cow's calf when it was still a veal. So they had a little money of their own. They also helped with fencing, having etc. After their father's death in 1959, they took over the work without much trouble. We had been selling cream but before long we sold milk to Carnation in Wetaskiwin. We later changed to range cattle which we still have.

Melvin Magnusson of Duffield, farms and works for the Parkland County. They have five chil-

dren.

Eva (Magnusson) Fontaine of Westerose, farms and has a school bus. They have two boys.

Jans Magnusson of Winfield, farms and has a

school bus. They have three children.

Signe (Magnusson) Carden of Pilot Butte, Sask. has a market garden and does carpenter work. They have three children.

Norman Magnusson passed away in 1972 and is buried at Montclare Cemetery in Winfield.

Carol (Magnusson) Thorkman of St. Francis, Alberta is a farmer and oil driller. They have two children.

Ethel Magnusson retired but lives on the farm. Sigfrid Magnusson passed away April 12, 1959, and is buried at Montclare Cemetery in Winfield. At the time of his death, he had 100 acres of the 160 acres under cultivation and had just bought another 160 acres nearby.

ETHEL MAGNUSSON

DELOS LINTON FAMILY

Delos Linton and Margaret Rathgeber were married in April of 1936. From this marriage, there were three children born - Kenneth, Elaine and Harvey.

Kenneth was married at an early age to Eileen Kennedy. They had four boys. One son, Brian, died and is buried at Orangeville, Ontario. Eileen died at the age of 30 and is also buried at Orangeville, Ontario. Kenneth became an aircraft mechanic and is at present employed by Time Air at Lethbridge. Kenneth married again to a lady who also has a boy and girl. She is a nurse at the Lethbridge Hospital.

Elaine finished school and became a good stenographer, and for a few years worked as a secretary for various companies. She married Glen Mullaly. He was killed while working on a truck at a logging camp out of Port Albernie, B.C. A few years later, Elaine married Garry Long. They were married at Yellowknife, N.W.T. and now live in Grande Prairie, Alberta. Garry is an aircraft mechanic and works for Proctor and Gamble maintaining their aircrafts. Kenneth and Elaine and her husband, Garry, each have a private flying license.

Harvey finished school and went on to the University of B.C. where he received his Bachelor of Commerce degree and is now employed by the B.C. Compensation Board. He is an inspector of fishing boats because of his experience as a commercial fisherman for 15 years. Harvey is married to a school teacher. They live in Ladner, B.C.

Mother (Margaret) died in 1970 at the age of 57 and is buried at Nanaimo, B.C.

Father (Delos) became a steam engineer and obtained his Second Class Certificate. He worked in various sawmills in the Breton and Winfield districts a few were Abbott's mill west of Breton and Art Burrows' mill south of Buck Creek. He also worked for Burrows' at Norbuck and for five years was engineer for Etter and McDougall planer mill at Winfield. He later left the sawmills and worked at oil refineries, etc. He retired at the age of 65 in 1975 after 22 years working as engineer for Canadian Industries Limited (C.I.L.). But retirement wasn't for Delos Linton. After two months, he took a lesser job as engineer at the C.N.R. MacDonald Hotel in Edmonton, and at the time of writing and at the age of 69, he would like to continue working for another year. He married again in 1974 and has a nice home in the north part of Edmonton.

DENNIS (RED) McQUILLAN

Where Red was born, I am not sure. He had a garage in Leduc some time in the nineteen twenties or before. He later went to live in the U.S.A. He did mechanical work and sawmill work in Idaho.

Red came back to Alberta and worked for the William Anthony Lumber Co. in the nineteen thirties; in 1937 he went to work for Melvin Hough as sawyer in the mill. It was at this time he met and married Maud Evans. He and Mrs. McQuillan made their home at Hough's mill for some time.

Red bought a truck, hired three other men and hauled sawdust which was loaded into boxcars and shipped to the prairies where it was mixed with poison to kill the grasshoppers in 1937.

Red later contracted to saw lumber on sec. 12, township 48, range 4, west of the 5th for Mr. Carl Johnson.

Red built a home on an acreage on the N.E. 35-47-4-W5 which was his home till he passed away in the 1940's. He now rests in the Breton Cemetery.

— JOHN HOUGH

STELLA MYRHAUGEN

My father, Peter Walstra, was born Feb. 16th, 1870 in Holland and came to the U.S.A. after serving in the Spanish American War.

My mother, Petra Tusty, was born in Volga, South Dakota Nov. 5th, 1882 and moved with her Father Peter Tusty, half-brothers, and sister (whom she had been caring for since the death of her step-mother) to Crooked Lake Alta. Her mother passed away when she was a young girl.



George Turnquist filling radiator of Model T Ford (Liz Jane) seated. Stella with children.

Mom and Dad were married May 28th, 1912. I am the third girl of a family of seven, six girls and one boy. We lived on an acreage on the south end of Crooked Lake. My dad was not very well, but he raised foxes on shares with Montgomery Brothers of Wetaskiwin. He trapped muskrats in the spring and in the summer had a very nice garden. We kept chickens and occasionally a cow to milk; when our cow was dry we would buy butter from Louis Turnquist, \$1.00 for 12 lbs. We also had one horse which we had to take to the neighbors for water as we had no well. As children, our week ends were spent trapping gophers to feed the foxes.

I attended Crooked Lake and Gwynne schools completing grade eight in 1931. I worked out as a house keeper for \$5.00 per month until 1935, then I married George Turnquist January 16th, 1935, we moved to Carnwood where we farmed for 20 years.

We had a large family namely, Adolph (deceased 1974) at the age of 38 years. He had worked for Fraser Brothers, and Bothwell Brothers



Turnquist children, Dennis, Adolph and Helen.

as a heavy duty operator. Helen (Mrs. Pat Flathers) resides at Nanaimo, B.C. and has four children, Karen, Elaine, Michael (deceased), and Wayne. Dennis resides at Prince George, B.C. where he has his own building construction business. He has three girls, Lorine, Corine, and Janice. Patricia (Mrs. Charlie Hunter) resides in Breton and has four children, Glen (deceased), Terresa, John, and Dale. Duane, Allan, and Claire live in Breton and also work on Road Const. and drilling rigs. Roger is married and has two children, Shannon and Sherry. Roger is also employed in road construction by Stailey Const. of Winterburn.



Turnquist family, left to right, back row, Patricia, Dennis, Helen, Adolph, Stella. Front row, Allen, Dwayne, Claire, Roger.

George bought a drilling machine and drilled wells for many local people in the Buck Creek and Breton area. He also worked for Fraser Lumber Co. in the winter months. George passed away in 1953 and that fall I moved into Breton where I rented a house, then owned by Oliva Belanger. I received a pension for \$105.00 per month so had to work at odd jobs to support my family. In Oct. 1955, I married Rolf Myrhaugen and we have one son, Randy.

— STELLA MYRHAUGEN

THE SQUIRREL HUNT

I have worked both in Sweden and here in the western part of Canada, between western Ontario and Vancouver, as a miner, lumberjack, trapper, and fisherman and what have you — anything to turn a dollar and keep body and soul together, probably not so much of a problem the last 44 years but very much so in the years preceding that, from 1929, the year of my arrival in Canada.

My thoughts go back to 1933; I spent that Christmas and New Years at Battle Lake with some friends. Their financial status was about the same as mine so celebrations were not called for nor contemplated; we were happy to have something to eat and just be together. We each had a net under the ice



Mr. and Mrs. Helge Ohlen of Kimberley, B.C.

and I looked after a couple of other nets, all in the hope of selling a few white fish at ten cents each. A dime in those days, in that part of the country, was real money.

After New Years I went to work in a logging camp in the Norbuck area, cutting logs. It was required to cut a minimum of 100 logs a day by two men — easy enough when you are used to that kind of work. We, as a rule, cut 115 to 125 logs a day to keep warm. Our only complaint was the money; 26 days of work and 30 days board gave us the grand total of \$14.30 which is equal to \$.55 per day. The board was good but the cheque was a disaster.

That year was a peak year for the squirrel population; the spruce forest was full of them. At

thirteen cents a skin, that would be just like picking money off trees. With the \$14.30 in my pocket I wasted no time exchanging the crosscut saw for a .22 Cal. rifle and a few staples needed in the bush. I headed west for the tall timber. Here I was in business, finding out first hand (the fundamental truth of Murphy's Law) that nothing is as easy as it looks. It is true that it was possible to make a little money, twenty-five skins was the minimum and many a day I shot up to forty. After shooting one, I would immediately start to skin it and often shoot a second one before finishing the first one, and so it would go.

At dusk it was time to chop down a few pine trees for the night fire; spruce was no good as it threw too many sparks. I used to locate a fallen spruce that had pulled up a big cake of clay and made a good reflector for the fire; a bunch of spruce boughs and a blanket at the bottom of the reflector made the bed. Before retiring there were a lot of chores to be done — the skins to be dried on the stretchers beside the socks and clothes and something to eat (usually a couple of grouse and some bannock, (bacon was a stand by) and tea.

I soon found that it was a long ways from being easy; one was as busy as the proverbial cat on the tin roof. One thing about it, you never had time to be lonely. Breakfast at daybreak usually had to be interrupted by a squirrel or two, that being their busiest feeding time — same at dusk. In the middle of the day there were a couple of hours of quiet when one could cut wood, make a bannock, or just rest.

Once in a blue moon one might meet some other hunter and spend the night together, but not as often as one would expect considering the number of hunters there were that winter. We tried to respect each other's territory as much as possible in order to get as much fur as one could. One was not here for pleasure and everybody was just as greedy as the next.

Every three or four days it was time to load up and move into a new location as the squirrels were getting not only fewer, but wiser. Moving days were always poor hunting days; the exertion of the heavy load made one a poor shot and if one missed the first, they would be gone.

These outside winter camps were not the latest in comfort but with a good axe on hand one could keep warm beside a big fire. I used to stack the logs crossways to make them burn in the center, then after a couple hours' sleep, push the ends together

and go back to sleep.

It so happened I had met a young German who had been injured in a logging accident and, with the compensation so pitifully small, he could not exist in town. Some friends had helped him fix up an old cabin in the bush. He shot a few squirrels and had even trapped a couple of mink in the nearby creek. He wanted me to stay there and help him and we could hunt together. I pointed out to him that we

would both be losers, but I promised that I would come back some other time and stay overnight. A week or ten days later, I realized that I was not far from the same place and as it was late in the afternoon I would go and stay overnight. I found the place deserted, the stove removed and nothing there. I never found out what had happened.

When I started back to my own camp, darkness overtook me. I was not lost, it was just too dark to walk. I had no trouble to get a fire going but I had no axe; without the axe it had to be a small fire, (Indian stay close dead). I didn't suffer too much but sleep was impossible. In the morning I found that with 15 or 20 minutes more of daylight, I would have been back at my camp and axe.

The price for the squirrel fur that started at thirteen cents went up to fifteen cents and the last bunch that I sent to be sold were eighteen cents. At this time of year the sun was getting too warm; too many skins were not prime so it was time to call it quits and I was glad of it. It was a hard life and I was in need of a rest before looking for something else, so here I was back to the fish diet again. In those days one was forever moving with the wind — rumor of a job was enough to set one packing.

After a great deal of job hunting I was fortunate enough to land a job in Kimberly, B.C., as a miner; this was just before Christmas of 1934. In 1939 I met Lily Pearson who had come to Kimberly to spend Christmas with her sister, Jurdis. From Lily I learned that she had spent the winter of 1932 in Breton. She had a job working for Jamiesons who had a hardware store and they also ran a restaurant. Lily also told me all about her dad, uncle, brothers and cousins operating a sawmill at Breton. In 1940 we were married and we continued living in Kimberly; I retired from the mine in 1969, at the age of 65.

— Helge Ohlen

TED OULTON AND FAMILY

I was born December 12, 1918, in Medford Hillside, Boston Massachusetts, U.S.A. and was carried across 'The Line' into New Brunswick in 1919. From there I came west to Clive, Alta. with my folks. Mother hated the West and we went back to New Brunswick, where my father, Leslie, started sawmilling. He sawed on the Bay of Fundy, living in Sussex until 1928, when he went back to Boston. He went west again and in 1929, Mother and I were sent for and arrived at Lacombe in June of 1929.

I went to Abbordale School and to Lacombe High School until 1935 when we moved to Warburg. I ran the feed mill and flour mill that Dad bought, until 1939. Then we started sawmilling again and I was steam engineer until 1940 when I volunteered for the Canadian Army. After five years 3 months, I returned to Canada from England in February, 1946. I arrived in Breton aboard the

'Muskeg Special' from Lacombe while my folks and brother, Lyle, went into Edmonton to meet me there. Not knowing where my folks lived in Breton, I went to the post office. There Postmaster Frank Reid told me where they lived. He told me the key was under the door where your mother always hid it.

I was not a total stranger to Breton as I had played ball there with the Warburg team on Sports Days. I was to become very familiar with everyone around Breton in the future.

I logged and worked in the sawmill with Les Oulton and in 1948, we had our own birth called the 'Anthony Birth' which consisted of 21 sections. One thing that happened to it and to the many other births which, besides the logging, really destroyed the timber, was FIRE. Many thousands of trees were destroyed because of the fires; it was the Alberta government's decision not to reforest the area east and north and around Buck Mountain. My father and I were really sad over that decision. We finished the Anthony timber birth in 1953.

In the fall of 1947, I bought a cat and winch and logged and in 1948 I purchased a breaking plow. I broke about 400 acres with my brother Lyle's help, until the cat burnt up. I had it repaired and by installing a dozer, I cleared and broke the next year.

I married Audrey Delitzoy in 1951 and lived on a homestead 4 miles west of Breton. My oldest boy, Douglas, was born in 1953 followed by Edward in 1955 and Bryon in 1956. From 1953 to 1958 I was involved in a lot of different projects, none of which made me any money.

I moved to Whitehorse, Yukon and my daughter, Juanita, was born in 1959 in Edmonton. She flew back to Whitehorse as the youngest passenger to ever fly C.P.A. I worked for the Federal Government, M.O.T., Indian Affairs. When Audrey passed away in 1962, I came out to Alberta for one year and after having no success with a second marriage here, I went back to the Yukon, leaving my family at the Kiwanis Children's Home in Edmonton. Coming out from Whitehorse to pick up my children, I met Toni Belanger who offered to keep house for me. Without her help I don't think it would have been possible to keep the family together. Two of my boys are in the Yukon and one boy and daughter live with me in Leduc.

I could write pages on my life in Breton: such as falling a tree over 4 feet in diameter; seeing herds of deer 30 or 40 in number; being scared by a big black bull moose; spending the night in a hole in the middle of the highway to Edmonton (Highway 39); watching helplessly as fire destroyed a store, cafe and a pool hall and again when it destroyed a garage and secondhand store in Breton. I worked on the first oil rig close to Breton that started a boom for Breton which is still evident. But I still believe that Breton and area was more beautiful with the lovely green forests than it is now with the hundreds of 'Horses' Head' pumping oil. Instead of carloads of

gas going over the railroad, there were carloads of sweet smelling lumber. In passing, I will say that if it had not been for the revenue from the lumber between Rocky Mountain House and Breton, the Alberta government could not have carried on in the 20's and the 30's.

I remember selling wheat at 17¢ a bu., barley at 16¢, oats by the carload for 8¢ a bu., potatoes for 10¢ a bu., and good cows for \$10.00; pigs brought \$2.50 and eggs and butter 8¢ and 10¢. We traded tamrack rails for flour which was \$2.50 per hundred pounds. and 14¢ was paid for fence posts. Lumber was \$8.00 per 1000 board ft. and many are the houses built around the Leduc area that were built from Breton lumber. At that time our surest means of transportation was the 'Muskeg Special' which took all day to reach Edmonton.

Having been one of the few Conservatives in the West Country, it was joy to me when they took over the Alberta government. I remember in Breton, only 7 Conservative votes in 1948 and now who knows how many.

Many were the free rides. I took in an empty boxcar, having travelled across Canada seven times. I think Breton ranks high in my estimation as a good place to live.

TED OULTON

HAKON AND BEULAH OSTBY

Beulah Fenneman and Hakon Ostby were united in marriage March 31, 1949 in Thorsby, Alberta. After they were married, Hakon and Beulah lived on Archie Blake's, while Hakon worked for Jim Vidok Sr. for \$4.00 per day. That winter Hakon worked at the Les Oulton lumber camp. In the spring of 1950, after Alice was born, Hakon worked for Fraser's. For the next eight months Hakon worked on a farm near Clive, Alberta before coming back to Breton to live on the Fenneman farm for the winter. In the spring of 1952, Hakon moved his family to Warburg while he worked in the elevator. Their second daughter, Irene, was born in Warburg. In 1953 Hakon was employed on a mink ranch for Bert Pearson in Canyon Creek, Alberta for \$200.00 per month. Due to poor health, Hakon had to quit working and moved his family to the Jack Moorhouse place. In the five years they lived there, Elaine was born. Hakon decided he would try looking for a small acreage so he moved his family to the old Proctor place. Due to Hakon's rapidly declining health, he moved the family into Breton on April 1, 1965. Hakon passed away June 10, 1965.

Beulah continued to stay in Breton and finished raising her family alone. In September 1973, Beulah moved to Edmonton and worked for Edmonton Home Service. Not liking the city, she decided to move back to Breton in September, 1977. November of that same year, Beulah and Alice

formed a partnership and opened the A & B

Drop-In in Breton.

After completing high school, Alice married Ernie Mockerman of Breton in June, 1968. Ernie and Alice have made their home on an acreage six miles west of Breton and have two sons — Randy who was born August, 1969 and Robert who was born June, 1971. Ernie received his Interprovincial Automotive license December, 1972. Due to health reasons, Ernie had to leave the automotive trade and is presently employed as sales representative for Commonwealth Mobile Homes in Drayton Valley, Alberta. Ernie and Alice are active members in the Elks and Royal Purple Lodges in Breton.



Beulah and Hakon. Second row, Alice, Irene and Elaine Ostby.

September 9th, 1971 Irene married Walter Block from Winfield, Alberta. They moved to the Mike Block farm five miles south of Breton and are still living there. Irene and Walter have three children — Karen born November, 1971, Carolyn born October, 1974, and Janice born August, 1977. The girls are anxiously awaiting the birth of their new baby brother or sister. Irene is a sales representative for Tri-Chem liquid embroidery.

Elaine and Richard Heidt (of Warburg) were married April 19, 1974. They have one son Kevin, who was born May, 19, 1973. For several years after they were married, Richard drove truck for Cameron Brothers in Calmar and Drayton Valley. In 1976 Richard moved his family to an acreage six miles south of Warburg. Richard is presently employed by Sea Jay Carriers (Roland Scheetz) of Thorsby making interprovincial highway hauls. Elaine is active in the Warburg kindergarten and also works part-time at the A & B Drop-In for Alice and her mother.

— ALICE (OSTBY) MOCKERMAN

THE ROBINSON HISTORY

During the fall of 1950, David Robinson moved from Prosperity, via Edmonton to Breton. He was employed as a mechanic apprentice with Logan Purdy for a short while, then on to the lumber industry for Oultons, Hansons and Frasers. In the late 1950s, his interest changed to oil. He worked for Dowell of Tulsa, in the cement and fract departments. During this time he was stationed at Breton, but drove many miles to various parts of the Western Provinces, bringing in newly drilled oil wells.

Dave had many interests, one of them being the girls! Dave Robinson and Lois Hooks "tied the knot" and continued to live in Breton for three years. Dave continued working in the "oil patch" and Lois taught school in Breton. Family life in the oil patch is never very great as many of you might know, so in 1959, Dave moved to Alder Flats to work as a battery operator for Western Decalta. Lois joined him in the spring of 1960 with son, Leslie Kit. Lois worked as a sub teacher for Leduc and Wetaskiwin Counties during the first year at Alder Flats and then began steady employment for Wetaskiwin County the following year. 1962 brought Dave and Lois a second son, Glen Garland Robinson. Both boys took their education at the Alder Flats School, and are now employed in the petroleum industry. Both boys are snowmobile racers and have spent much time



Kit and Glen Robinson on holidays in Oklahoma visiting relatives, 1966.

and money in this sport. Many trophies grace the piano to show their efforts in this field.

Being gifted in the field of music, Dave has always had a band of some nature. At one time, he and his sisters and brothers played together as a family group. Later, Dave played with other bands around the country. Lois got tired of burning the "midnight oil" so she joined the group and travels with him. Numerous couples have had Dave's group play for their wedding dance.

Dave likes to relate an incident about the weather in the winter of 1951. "I was working at the Oulton sawmill west of Breton, twelve to fifteen miles towards Buck Mountain. When Saturday came, we all headed for town, but we only got a mile from camp when it was impossible to travel due to a terrible storm. The fellows I was with returned to camp but I continued on foot. The snow drifts were

unbelievable. I remember one of the trucks that hauled lumber from the camp. The drifts were so high, that I could step from the snow drift to the cab of the truck."

About two years after Dave's arrival to the Breton area, he was joined by his dad, Shawnee Robinson, sisters, Gloria and Louise, and brothers, Willard and Cecil. Mr. Robinson bought the "old Loomis place", where Mr. and Mrs. Ted Chapin now reside.

Mr. Robinson had lived in the Prosperity district east of Athabasca, where he'd been since 1911. He had come to the Athabasca region as a child from Oklahoma, U.S.A. He and his family had continued farming in that district after the death of his wife.



Dave and Lois at a Klondike celebration in Alder Flats.

Mr. Robinson farmed in the Breton district with the help of the boys when they weren't away working. All of his family were always trying to find girl friends for their father. Being the concerned father that he was, he never remarried until 1961 to Mrs. Edna Harris of Edmonton, a widow of some years. By that time, all of the children were married and away from home. He sold the farm and moved to Edmonton where he still lives, as a widower for the second time.

Gloria Robinson finished her high school education at Breton and then furthered her education to become a teacher. She taught in the Rocky Mountain House area at Cheddarveille for a few years. She moved to Vancouver and became Mrs. Nick Sanchez. From this union came Ernesto, Margie, and Nicky Sanchez. Gloria now resides at Port Coquitlam, B.C. She works in Vancouver in "Early Childhood Education"

Willard Robinson is certainly no stranger to the Breton area. He started serenading the girls with his guitar and singing as soon as he arrived and has never stopped. Willard has worked for various companies in the oil field and is presently employed with Rimbey Wireline. Willard, like his older brother, has always had a music band and puts in many hours entertaining. Willard became a married man in the 1950's. He and Marie Marks were wed and had four sons; Brad, Robbie, Michael

and Shawn. Willard presently resides on a farm north of Breton.

Cecil Robinson attended school in Breton. He was known to charm the girls with his mouth organ music. Cecil never lingered in the area too long. He married Sharlene Clarke of Calmar and moved to Tete Jaune Cache to work in the lumber industry. They are the proud parents of Brenda (now married), Kevin and Rodney. Cecil and Sharlene now live in McBride, B.C., where Cecil works as a lumber grader and Sharlene works as a cook.

Louise Robinson, the baby of the family, took most of her schooling in Breton. She made many friends during her years at the Breton School. Mr. Robinson gave her in marriage to Ben Moench of Hanna in a wedding ceremony in the Breton United Church. Shortly after marriage, Louise and Ben moved to Pincher Creek, and then on to various places in Southern Alberta, following the oil industry and keeping an eye on their farm near Hanna. Louise and Ben became proud parents of two children, Daryl and Tracy Moench. In the 1960s, they moved to Edmonton where they bought a home. Louise became a widow in 1972, but still resides in Edmonton. She works for Lilydale Cooperation Limited in the accounting department.

Lois Robinson

THE SCOTT FAMILY

My father, Robert Scott, was born in Nova Scotia and my mother, Marie (Oelkers) Scott, was born in Cincinnati, Ohio U.S.A. They met while my father worked for the C.N.R. as an engineer between Vancouver, B.C. and Edmonton, Alberta. My mother worked as a cook on the C.N.R. diner car on the same route. Mother was living in Edmonton at the time and Father lived at Smithers, B.C. They were married in Edmonton on Nov. 19, 1919 and made their first home in Vancouver, B.C. where my brother, Robert, was born. When they moved to the Warburg district, I was born; we were all 15 months



In front of our Model T Ford, left to right, Mabel Scott, Louise Wieting, Steve Wieting, Henry Wieting, Dorothy Scott.

apart. Then my sister, Mable, was born 18 months later.

Our mother passed away with cancer of the stomach when my youngest sister was only three years old. Our father couldn't care for the four younger children so our grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. John Oelkers of Warburg, and Mother's sister, Louise, took my two brothers. Mrs. Henry Wieting cared for my sister and I. Our father went to work and helped out as best he could. The hungry thirties began and that certainly didn't help matters any.

My two brothers started school at Keystone. They travelled by horseback and cart, and later one went to Brownlee School which was only 1½ miles from home. My sister and I were not as fortunate, as we had to go 4 miles each way or 8 miles a day. We could take a horse in the bad weather, but on nice days we walked. I had sinus trouble and sure remember some of those jarring headaches from walking. Our school was in Carnwood and was called Liberton School. I also remember riding in a cutter, drawn by one horse, and freezing my heels, one cold winter day. But Auntie was right handy with raw grated potatoes which fixed everything up fine.

One Christmas, my teacher, Mrs. O'Connor, whom I loved very much, knit a pair of mittens for me with one thumb missing; I was so proud of them. I have only one hand which I'll tell about later.



Louise Wieting, 1938.

When we were a little older, my sister and I worked in the fields for Uncle Henry, whom we loved dearly. One year when Steve Wieting, who is our cousin, went out harvesting to earn extra money, in the 30's, Uncle was short of a man on the farm. So we did all the stooking of grain and therefore saved the hiring of another man. We had a ½ section and most of it was under cultivation.

Auntie was a good cook and always made do on what little we had. I was most fond of her potato pancakes. Each year we put in a large garden. Mable and I would weed and carry water from a rope drawn well, up hill to water the vegetables. In the fall we loaded the wagon with vegetables and went to Breton to sell them. We looked forward to this trip each year. It was ten miles and took all day. Our Aunt Louise was very friendly and spoke to

everyone in town, so we got to know a lot of people through this "produce trip". We were well known for our large cabbages.



Robert and Dorothy Scott on the bike she rode 10 miles to work, at Halvor Saubak's place.

On our summer vacation from school, when not working in the fields, we would go picking berries with Auntie. We got stung by bees a lot and have known many swollen eyes. We went to Mudry's sawmill to pick raspberries 1½ miles away, then 2½ miles to pick chokecherries and moss cranberries. We always walked there and back.

When we finished school we went to work for \$9 per month. I worked for Mrs. Rudolph Jehn and Mrs. Chris Strocher, both of Warburg, and Mrs. Halvor Saubak of Strawberry Ridge. Later, I went to Leduc where I was employed by Mrs. Moberg's dairy. My next job was in factories, and finally I went into bakery work in Edmonton.

My Aunt Louise is still living in the Camrose rest home; Uncle Henry passed away some years ago. Steve Wieting and his wife, Flo, live in Medicine Hat. My father passed away last year at the age of 90 years. He was a very witty and humorous person. Father went to work up North and worked for the Americans on the Alaska highway running a steamshovel. He worked for them for a good many years. When Dad got older he quit all that hard work, and started a trap line at Stewart River, Yukon Territory. Our father did not remarry but lived alone all those years. He came to Vancouver in 1957 and lived with Ed and I and our family of eight children. We sure had good times together; my



Robert Scott and his first tractor when he started his land breaking, 1939.

children were his only grandchildren and he was very kind to them all.

My brother, Robert, lives in Warburg and has a cat business for clearing and breaking land for most of Warburg and outlying districts. He's well known in the area for his continuous work of land clearing. He has also, on many occasions, put his cat to work for the municipality on road work.

My brother, Willard, owned a sawmill at Valemount, B.C. for many years, later selling out and moving to Vancouver, B.C. where he learned the arborite trade. He then went to work for himself and did very well, even though he had ostio arthritis. It became very painful and soon he was crippled by it. Willard passed away at 52 years of age in a very tragic hunting mishap. He was lost in the bush for 10½ hours at night, at Fort St. John. He found his way out while many people were searching for him. They put him to bed in a motor home and gave him a bowl of warm soup. On their way home, 20 miles down the road, they checked him and found he had died of a heart attack.

My sister passed away of a heart attack at the young age of 20 years. She was employed by Mrs. Huber of Buford at the time.

Now, for that story about my hand. I was eight months old, when my father had to go out and look for work as there just wasn't enough money in farming to make a living. He told my mother to take good care of the children as he had had a bad dream the night before. He said, "I dreamed Dorothy got hurt." So with that, and good-bye to all, he was off looking for work. That same day, my mother was



The Yardley family, left to right, Kim, Edwin, Perry, Wanda, Kevin, Larry, Connie, Mrs. Yardley, Mr. Yardley and Brent sitting.

working in the garden, and she thought she heard screams, so she looked back to the house, where fire was coming out of every window. She ran for me as I was asleep in a buggy inside the door. As she opened the door, fire came out and hit her. She reached in and got me out. I was on fire! Mother rolled me in the grass and put the fire out but fainted at the same time. When she came to, I was burning again so the fire was put out once more. Mother ran ½ mile for help and when neighbors came they dunked me in a rainbarrel of water as I was burning again. They took me 14 miles to someone who had a Model T Ford car, and I was then taken 40 miles to Leduc. A doctor there attended to me and from there I was taken 20 more miles by train to an Edmonton hospital, where I remained for two months. Five doctors were in attendance there; four of them had no hope for me, but one doctor said I had a very strong heart and thought I'd pull through. I was burned very deeply across the stomach where the diaper was tight, and they could see right inside of me. My face on the left side had all the skin burned off so they grafted both my face and stomach. My right hand has the baby finger off, almost to the hand, and part of the middle finger is missing, so much grafting was done there too. They took skin from my hips for the grafting. My left hand has all the fingers off. The doctors scraped my hands each day for two weeks to keep the proud flesh from growing on it. I grew up very self-conscious of my hands but finally learned to live with it. Our doctor said I'd never have any children but have proven him wrong as I have 8 lovely children.

In 1944, I went to Victoria and worked at the Empress Hotel, then went on to Vancouver where I worked for Spencers in the bakery. I managed 16 girls in the decorating department. One of those girls was my husband's sister; needless to say, that is how I met my husband, Edward Yardley. We were married after a year and from there I was just like my mother, I had a baby every second year.

Our first child is a daughter, Wanda, and is married to Patrick McDonald of Edmonton. They have one daughter, Tara Lee, who has cystic fibrosis. Wanda works for White Pass and Yukon. She's a private secretary to the manager. Patrick has a hair style shop in Vancouver and they live in Burnaby. Larry is married to Patrice Ulm of Calgary. They have one boy and one girl and live in Medicine Hat where Larry is employed as a plumber. Edwin is married to Brenda Remey of Burnaby; she is a secretary in Field's store. Ed is a "Long haul" truck driver for O.K. Transport. he hauls hot tar from Vancouver to all points on Vancouver Island. Perry is married to Debora Mills of North Vancouver and is employed as a hostler for the C.N.R., driving engines. They live in Langley, B.C. Kevin is not married, but is working on it. He works for MacMillan and Bloedell in the timber business at Campbell River. He's a charge hand and driver. Connie is married to Gordon Detjen of Keremeos, B.C. He is a foreman at Porter Trucking in Vancouver. They live in Burnaby, B.C. Kim is married to Dennis Gorrie of Osoyoos, B.C. and they have a son 6 months old. They live in Coquitlam, B.C. Dennis works for the C.P.R. as a boxcar



Robert Scott, holding granddaughter Connie, grandson Kelvin, 1957.

mechanic. Brent is the youngest, 17 years old. He works for the I.G.A. store here in Osoyoos, B.C. and lives at home. He will finish his schooling next year.

My husband, Edward, is semi-retired and works part-time as a steward at the Royal Canadian Legion Branch 173. I am a household engineer and belong to the Legion Auxiliary Branch 173, also. We do catering, hospital work, etc. I also ride horseback and walk a lot.

- DOROTHY (SCOTT) YARDLEY

HAROLD SEVERT (OLE) OLSON

Ole was born in Sweden around the Gotborg, I believe. He had two brothers, a foster brother and one sister that I remember he spoke of often. Early in life, he had polio but this never seemed to hinder his determination in life for at the age of eight, his father walked out on the family, leaving Ole, as the eldest child, with a great deal of responsibility.



Ole Olson and Ordie Mockerman with purebred bull, 1954.

I think it was when he was close to thirty years of age that he came to Canada. He spoke a great deal of when he worked for Pat Burn in Saskatchewan.

When he came to the Breton area he helped out at Impeys during World War II. He spoke fondly of Tommy and Buddy.

Although Ole never married and had no children of his own, he was very kind to them. He used

to say that the crying of children bothered him, especially babies, and he had enough of it at home as the youngest two were twins and were born a very short time after the father left. Having read extensively, he broadened his education and was a great conversationalist. Many times, we had long discussions and we would often sing songs.

Ole stayed at home a number of years. Ole had suffered a stroke, had broken his leg and had other health problems. Through it all, Ole was cheerful. Ole was like a grandfather to Ernie and I, although we never called him that. He was kind, giving us a horse and giving me my only bike.

He loved horses and cattle and had some purebred Herefords. All his horses had names and he knew the traits of them all.

In the latter years, he moved to the senior citizens' home in Leduc, Alta., coming out to visit occasionally. He died in March or April of 1971, I believe. Ole is missed, but not forgotten.

Written as I remember from what he told me.

- JEANETTE ENGBLOM

FOSTER DAVID SUTHERLAND AND FAMILY

Dad was born at South Hanworth township, Perry Sound district, Ontario, on September 11, 1896. He came west with his parents, one brother and six sisters and settled at Strathcona (Edmonton) in 1900.



Foster and Minnie Sutherland, 1919.

On July 12th, 1919 he married Minnie Agnes Campbell. Mother was born at Goderich, Ontario on July 10th, 1896. She came west when she was eighteen to work for her brother, Jack Campbell, at Strathcona.

Dad worked at Berbey's coal mine at Strathcona, hauling coal with a coal box and team the first three years of his married life. Dad and Grandpa Sutherland came to Breton to hunt with Jim Flesher in November of 1923. Dad liked the country so he decided to apply for a homestead quarter. On November 21, 1925 he got the quarter, S.E. 19-48-4-W5, seven miles northwest of Breton. Mrs. George Stevens now owns the land.

Mother and Dad bought a 1923 Chev car in 1927 and Dad decided to drive out to show Mother, Evelyn, Hazel and Irene (a baby) the treasured land. Poor Mother must have thought he was taking her to the end of the earth as there really were no roads, just mud holes on trails. They got as far as the Gist place where George Ellis' parents lived at the time. They stayed there overnight. Next morning, George took them to see the homestead. Dad had started to build a log barn. He had also cleared 10 acres and had started to break land with four horses. During this time he had lived in a tent.

That fall he built a log house and Mads Jacobsen shingled the roof. Dad made many long trips to the homestead before the family could move. Each trip he made, he would take grain and bags of flour that was made from wheat.

The neighbors had a farewell party for the folks before they left Edmonton. I can still remember the pair of buffalo fur mitts and cap they gave Dad. I think all of us, through the years, wore the mitts to keep the cold out. Mother also got some other gifts.

On March 17th, 1928 three loads of furniture, etc. were hauled by Mads Jacobsen, Ted Manning and a hired man, with teams. Dad, Mother, Evelyn, Hazel and Irene came in the old Chev car. They had blankets, pillows and food, also a rooster and dog, Bubbles, in the car. Another dog, Knight, ran all the way behind. They came across country on winding trails north of Breton, past Fenneman's, Charlie King's and through John King's down the Greenwood trail through George Ellis'. They crossed on a slab bridge (car width) below our house up the hill to the yard. Everyone was very tired and hungry. Mother melted snow and made tea and something to eat. There was an old bed there which Dad and Mother slept on. The kids slept on blankets on the floor.

The next day about four o'clock in the afternoon, the men came with the rest of the belongings. The furniture was all put in place in the house. This became home for many years.

Dad dug a well for drinking water in April. Wash water was carried from the creek. Dad bought eight head of cattle from Ernest Snelgar and we had four horses of our own which were brought from Edmonton. As Dad didn't have hay of his own, he hauled it from Mac Mellans, Andrew Nelsons and Joe Becktons of Lindale.

On June 2nd, 1928 I was born. Mrs. Fred Fenneman stayed with Mother while Dad went for the midwife, Mrs. Woruk (Woruks lived where Ed Miller now lives).

Dad rented hay land from Mac McLelland for seventeen years. He also rented cultivated land from Sibrandt Jorgenson for about fourteen years. Ernest Snelgar baled hay for Dad with his horse power baler for several years. The bales were tied with wire and weighed about one hundred and twenty pounds.

Hazel and Evelyn went to Funnell School for fourteen months, walking eight miles each day. Their teacher's name was W. Marcolan. During this time, Dad was helping to build the New Moose Hill School. It was two and a half miles southwest of our place. The first teacher was Miss Mary Hunka. Evelyn and Hazel took the rest of their schooling there. Irene and I took all of our schooling at New Moose Hill. Bill took some at Moose Hill, Strawberry Ridge, Carnwood and Funnell. There were times when a teacher couldn't be hired for New Moose Hill so Bill had to go to other schools. Speaking of school days, I remember how Bud Bogart used to take Irene's old black toque and pull it over his head and eyes and chase the girls. We'd run and scream

like the devil himself was after us.

For entertainment, people did visit back and forth in those days. There were house parties at George Ellis' (George could pound out lively tunes on the organ), also at Jacobsen's, Albert Gillespie's granary and Manning's. We went to dances at Funnell. One person I'll always remember is Ordie Wolfe who played the Hawaiian guitar and his wife who often sang; she had a beautiful voice. Dances were held at Liberton where Pete and Sally Hernberg played and their children often sang. Others who sang over the lunch hour were Frank Loomis, Joe Belanger, Bud Belanger, Frank Todd and others. We also went to Saskatoon Valley School where Mr. Biever and his son, Orville, played and also George Whitelock. Some of these same ones played at Lindale and Berrymoor. Pete Leginsky and Leo Manning played at New Moose Hill and Funnell and the house parties. In later years, Lloyd Ellis, Grace and Ernie Ellis and I played at dances, etc. We also had barn dances in our loft. The folks spent a lot of time cleaning the barn out to avoid fires. We kids helped by bringing in wood to keep the fire going in the cookstove as the coffee was made in the boiler on the stove. Floyd Graham, Clara Power (Hernberg), Gus Hallgren, Charlie Conradson and Ray Arnold played for these dances. Joe or Dan Spence and Raual Meziere also played the violin. Then there were the dances in the Breton Community Hall and the Nelson Hall. We went to shows for years in these same halls. The Christmas concerts at the schools were exciting to be in and to go and see. The big Christmas trees looked so pretty by lamplight as the tinsel sparkled so. Mother spent a lot of time making dresses out of crepe paper for different drills. Then of course, there were picnics where we had sack races, egg races, etc., and best of all, homemade ice cream. We had an ice house and in the spring before the ice went, Dad hauled blocks of ice and buried them in sawdust in the ice house. We kept our cream cool in crocks on the ice.

Getting back to our barn dances, Irene and I went up into the barn and dug all the gum we could find from under the planks that were used for seats. We divided it between us and chewed it. That was soon put to a stop when Mother asked us where we got the gum. It sure broke our hearts to have to throw it in the stove. In those days, it was a real treat to have gum to chew instead of wax or spruce gum (even if it was second-hand).

On November 19th, 1934 our brother, Bill, was born at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Flesher. When Mr. Flesher walked down to get Dad, he told us we had a brother, but he wouldn't tell Dad whether it was a girl or boy. He thought Dad would hook up the team and they'd ride back. But no, Dad was so excited he took off walking and poor Mr. Flesher was so played out trying to keep up to Dad. He almost told Dad what he had before they got there. Olive Udell worked for the folks while Mother was at Flesher's and also after she came home. I remember how Olive liked to whistle.

Dad sold hay to the sawmills at Antross and also to Fraser's. Mother raised turkeys which were killed and plucked. She sold all of them to Anthony's camp except for two which we kept for Christmas and New Year's dinners. The folks also sold vegetables to the sawmills. Mother sold cream, butter and eggs to Mrs. Hellum at the "Copenhagen Cafe", for many years. Billy used to have a piece of pie which Mrs. Hellum always, so kindly, gave him.

Dad cut a lot of timber on our land with the help of Sibrandt Jorgenson, Pete Lingstrip, Fred and Chester Fenneman, Stan and Dennis Jackson,

Mac McLelland and George Ellis.



Foster Sutherland, with a jag of lumber on bob-sleighs, 1937.

About 1935 or '36, Fred Grant from Telfordville set up his sawmill on our place to saw the logs into lumber. Fred was the sawyer and his son, Ed, the tail sawyer; Gunner Lindahl was the canter while Jim Lyons and John Jacobsen helped take the slabs

away. Dennis Jackson and George Ellis did the skidding with the horses. Mr. Grant was also the cook. We kids liked to visit him as he'd give us a dish of home-cooked pork and beans. He also made taffy that he put on pans of snow to harden. They sawed sixty-five thousand feet of lumber. Doug La Rose hauled the lumber to Breton with his truck. Dad sold the lumber to Pete Nikiforuk for eight dollars and fifty cents cash, or nine dollars a thousand in grocery trade. Pete also owned a store in Breton.

We always had a large garden by the house with vegetables and some potatoes. Then down in the field, we had rows and rows of potatoes and turnips. One of us kids rode a horse hooked to the hand cultivator to steer it down the rows of potatoes. Dad hung onto the cultivator, walking behind. He also plowed the potatoes out in the fall and all of us would pick them up and put them into gunny sacks. Then the vegetables and potatoes were put into the root cellar. The root cellar was a large hole dug in the creek bank. The walls were made of tamarack logs resembling a log building, built in the ground. The corners were dovetailed and a vent was made in the roof of the cellar. Dad built a moveable chute to place in the vent; this chute was used to slide the vegetables on, lowering them into the cellar. There was an outer door and an inner door with a distance of about five feet between. During the winter when the temperature was 25 degrees below Fahrenheit or more, a coal oil lantern was hung between the doors to keep the vegetables from freezing.

There was lots of work on the farm which we all took part in, such as milking, feeding the animals and chickens, gathering the eggs, getting the cows

and much more.

Threshing in the fall was a busy time — preparing meals and baking. We usually butchered chickens for meat. Fred Bowen threshed for us and also Art Westling. Neighbor men went from one place to the other hauling bundles and feeding them into

the threshing machine.

Dad had his own grain chopper. If it wasn't working, he brought the grain into Breton to Mr. Webster's feed mill. We also sawed our own wood. Dad propped up the back wheels of the old Chev and a pulley and belt went from that to run the saw. Later on he bought a tractor; then the saw was run with that. I remember how we sang like everything while sawing wood. Just because we couldn't hear ourselves, we took for granted no one else could.

Dad raised a few sheep. Once the weather got hot, the wool was sheared off them. We had a sheep shearer that one person turned by hand and it made the clipper work. We kids also took turns turning the handle while Dad did the shearing. I remember one time after we had sheared the sheep, Dad had taken the bell off the ram (he was a mean old fellow and would chase anyone). But anyway, when Billy was still a little guy he put the bell on the dog. That night, Mr. Ellis and a couple of his sons walked over to our place. They were coming up the lane and the

dog came running to meet them. Of course it was dark and they thought it was the ram, so they we-

ren't long getting over the fence.

Wild berries were always plentiful — blueberries, raspberries, saskatoons and cranberries. These were all canned for the winter — about three hundred quarts. We picked raspberries north of our place where Myrby had their sawmill at one time. It seemed the raspberries always grew best on top of old log piles or roots of trees. We were always afraid a bear might be sleeping under some of these piles. We picked a lot of blueberries on Jack Manning's quarter, south of our place, I remember while still being very young, Mannings, Fleshers and our family came and picked blueberries just north of Breton between the railroad track and the colored cemetery. There seemed to always be people picking there from all over.

For some years, only Chris Myrby, Charlie King and Albert Gillespie had cars. So often when someone got sick, they were called upon to either take the patient to the nurse, or bring the nurse to the patient. One time Chris Myrby took Mother and Evelyn to Edmonton and Evelyn had her appendix out. They started one day and the roads were so muddy they had to come back home. But they did

manage to get there the next day.

Dad and Chris Myrby did a lot of fishing and hunting together. Mother canned a lot of the wild meat and fish. Dad had a hammock and he tied one end to a tree and the other end to another tree.



The Sutherland children, Evelyn, Hazel holding Billy, Irene, Kathleen.

After he put a fishing net in the creek at night, he'd sleep in the hammock and next morning pull the net and bring the fish home in a sack. Many a morning we'd get up to find a tub full of fish waiting, ready to be scaled and cleaned.

We had a pig that had ten little pigs. One night she went out of the pig house and the door stuck so she couldn't get back in. She must have gotten milk fever because Dad found her lying in shallow water in the creek, dead. So Mother raised the ten little pigs on the bottle. Mother had a lovely voice and she used to sing to us — when we were small. When we were older, I learned to play the guitar — from Pete Leginsky and his mother, Anna Zborovsky; a little was also learned on the banjo. Then Dad bought a guitar — so I would play it and we would all sing. I remember, too, there was a continued story in the Free Press so every week when we got the mail and the chores were done, Mother read the story to all of us.

We put earphones on to listen to the first radio we had. One or two could listen at a time. Then we got a battery radio which was a real treat. Remember the soap stories? There was Life Can Be Beautiful, Ma Perkins, Pepper Young's Family and, I believe, The Edge of Night. In the evenings came Gang Busters, Major Bowes Amateur Hour, and in the afternoon, the Farmers' Program and others.

Dad got a Chev one ton truck sometime in the early 1940's. Mother, Dad, and Billy sat in the front and the rest of us sat in the back — going to dances, shows and visiting. Mother and Dad went a couple of times to Edmonton which took all day. If anyone went over forty miles an hour, that was really

speeding.

One time Irene and I were going to a dance at Carnwood. The folks had gone to town (Breton) and in the afternoon it really started to snow. We were afraid our folks wouldn't let us go so we hurried and did the chores, got ready and left before they came home; this was about six-thirty. So we walked as far as Sam Graftaas' place (he had the O'Connor land rented). We were wondering what time it was so I went in to find out. I guess he had his step pulled away from the door so the ice wouldn't form on it. But anyway, when I stepped up to knock, down I fell against the door which wasn't quite shut. I landed on my hands and knees inside. Mr. Graftaas was quite deaf; he was standing stirring something on the stove with his back to the door, so he didn't see me. I just got up quickly, shut the door, and knocked again. I found out the time but with all the commotion, I forgot what he told me by the time I got back to Irene. We laughed about that for a long time after.

Evelyn worked for Percy Anderson at Norbuck; she also worked for O'Connors, Fullertons, Jorgensons and Ericksons near Bashaw and at the Aircraft Repair in Edmonton during the War. Hazel worked at James Flesher's and Ed Goddard's. Irene worked for Jorgensons, Dr. Smith at Camrose, Don Turner, Clyde Cunningham, Victor Anderson, Frank Gillespie and others. I did janitor work at school in my last year; then I worked for Jorgensons, Don Turners (Mrs. Turner was a school teacher at Saskatoon Valley), Fullertons, Clarence Johnsons and George Gillespies — both when they were on the farm and when they bought the livery stable in Breton about 1946. I also worked for Frank Gillespie and Alvin Pearson. At the Breton Hotel, I worked for Kelly Hoffman and up at Jasper at the Astoria Hotel for two summers. I

worked a couple of months for Mr. and Mrs. John Roos in their cafe in Breton. Roxy Pacholko and I had the Breton Hotel Cafe rented for a short while; then I got married.

Billy worked for D.R. Fraser when he was 15, feeding and looking after the horses at the planer mill in Breton. He worked for his brothers-in-law, Bill Roos, Gordon Gillespie and Harry Staudt doing bush work. Then he went up to Burns Lake and worked for Hank Pearson, lumbering. When the Badger Drilling seismograph crew came to Breton, he worked for them. Then he was employed at Swan Hills with Fraser and Bothwell Construction; when they moved from there to the Bashaw area, he worked with them, till he was married.

A baby sister was stillborn on April 21, 1936. Mother passed away New Year's morning, 1947, at the age of fifty. She and the baby are buried in the Breton Cemetery.

On April 11th, 1948, Dad had an auction sale. Norman Berry of Lindale was the auctioneer. Dad sold everything except the household furnishings, land and two horses.

Dad went to work in Edmonton in 1948 for Uncle Tom Stewart and his brother, helping to build the Rainbow Ballroom. Bill and I stayed on the farm. Then in 1949, Dad, Bill and I moved to Breton and rented a house from Pearsons. Dad worked at Hanson's sawmill, then later at D.R. Fraser's planer yard, hauling lumber up to the planer with a team of white horses. I believe their names were Tom and Jerry. Dad then sold machinery for Logan Purdy at Breton.



Foster and Mary Sutherland, 1975.

On August 18th, 1952 Dad married Mary Hauck, the late Charles Hauck's wife. Dad and Mary and Mary's son, Charlie, resided in Breton. Mary sold her lot to Charlie Marks which Ray and Elaine Plaquin now own. Dad had taken over the Watkins dealership and in the spring of 1954, they moved to Thorsby to be more centrally situated in the area of Dad's Watkins' route. In the 1960's they bought a house and lot from Miss Thelma Nelson and her father. Mary worked for some time at the Thorsby Hotel but due to poor health, they both retired. Dad lived at Thorsby till his death. On the

way to the Breton Hospital August 31st, 1975, at the age of 78 years, he passed away. He is buried in the Breton Cemetery.

Mary sold her house in Thorsby in 1977 and is now living in the Park View Apartments in Leduc. Her son, Charlie (Chuck), and wife, Sharon, and their two sons, Michael born Feb. 13, 1968, and Douglas born April 5, 1974, live and own their own house in Leduc. Charlie works for a company going as far as Fort McMurray, Jasper, Lloydminster and Wetaskiwin, fixing electrical machines. He is a very handy carpenter, doing all his own around home.

Hazel, who was born in March, 1920, was the first to get married on October 19, 1939 to Elmor Johnson. Elmor was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Sherman Buffalo. He was born in Dodge City, Kansas in 1909. He came to Breton in May, 1925 at the age of 16 with his parents, two sisters, Mrs. Betty Arp and Mrs. Ruby Moorhouse (now deceased) and one brother, Clarence. They traveled to Alberta in a 1923 touring car. Elmor's folks bought the land that Mitchell Anthony now owns. Elmor bought land out at Buck Lake in 1930 but continued to live with his folks to help on their farm, as well as his own. He built a log house and barn on his land but it was later destroyed by a forest fire.

Elmor had bought a C.P.R. quarter north of Alsike in 1937. During that time, till he and Hazel were married, he worked for Carl Johnson and Melvin Hough at their sawmills west of Breton. He got lumber and material to build a house on the C.P.R. quarter. So it was on this land that he and Hazel settled after they were married. They were married in the United Church manse in Breton. Evelyn and Clarence acted as their witnesses.

To start out farming, they had a team of horses, 'Prince and Rose', three cows (2 of these were gifts from the folks), ten hens which mother had given Hazel and a dog, Touser. Later they got sheep, pigs, turkeys, geese and goats. Elmor logged with John and Halvor Saubak and Emil Polocat. Jim Innis and Halvor Saubak did the threshing in that area. While living there, Joyce was born on September 24, 1941, and on July 14th 1943 a son, Ted, was born. Then on March 9, 1945 Arlene arrived. Mother and we, at home, took care of the children while Hazel was in Edmonton waiting for the arrival of her babies. This we enjoyed very much. I remember Ted always called me 'Mom' while staying with us. Many mornings they went with me to drive Billy to school at Funnell. In 1947 they sold the farm and moved to Grandpa Arp's at Sunnybrook, with a hayrack and team. Then in December, 1947 they had an auction sale and moved to Edmonton. I believe Rusty Irvine moved them there with his big truck. They lived in the city for two years; during that time, Elmor worked for Bohemian Maid Brewing and the Edmonton Gas Company. They also had boarders and rented rooms out.

In 1949 they sold their house and Big 4 Van Lines moved them to the homestead at Spruce Hill,

east of Buck Lake. For a year, they rented a house from Mr. and Mrs. Hulervik which was owned by Ben Nelson, Mrs. Hulervik's brother. During that time, they built their house on Elmor's homestead; Dad helped them build when he had the time. We had some lovely times at their place visiting and playing cards, also going to the lake fishing. Joyce, Ted and Arlene went to school at Spruce Hill; their teacher was Mr. Thomas Sheridan. Hazel and Elmor had some very good friends whom they visited back and forth with. They went to church with Guards, in their "jeep".

On January 14, 1950, another daughter,

Elaine, was born.

In 1951 Elmor worked as a gardener for Mr. Olsen at Winterburn and while there, he traded his tractor for their first car. In 1953 Elmor had a



Arlene, Joyce, Roy, Hazel, Elaine and Ted, 1978.

serious kidney operation and was unable to do any more heavy work. They then rented the Bonham farm west of Breton for a year and then returned to farm at Spruce Hill.

In 1955 they moved to Winfield where Elmor was one of the caretakers at the school for one and a half years. They bought a 1949 Meteor car from

Harry's dad at Richmond, Sask.

After a lengthy illness, Elmor passed away January 21, 1957 at the age of 47. He was laid to rest in Montclare Cemetery in Winfield. We were all saddened to lose Elmor as he was a very good brother-in-law.

Hazel had her problems as three months later, Arlene's appendix ruptured and she nearly lost her. Hazel continued the caretaking work with Mr. and Mrs. Thomas until December of 1964.

In September of 1964 Hazel married Roy Borden; we were very happy for her. They lived in Winfield until moving to Wetaskiwin in 1970. Roy owns his own water truck and worked hauling water for an oil well. Then he got a gravel truck and they moved to Ponoka in 1978. There they bought a double-wide trailer and have purchased a lot.

Joyce, now married to Percy Law, has three children - Karen, Sharon and Cheyne. They live in Wetaskiwin. Karen is married. Ted is also married; he and his wife, Kay, and little son, Erick, live in Edmonton. Ted works for the Alberta Government in the Parks and Recreation Department. Arlene, now Mrs. Wayne Hedlund, lives at Carnwood with their two children, Jodi and Lyle. They bought the land that used to be where the district nurses lived. Wayne works in the oil fields. Elaine, now living at Lindale, is employed by the Bank of Nova Scotia in Drayton Valley.

Irene, born June 8th, 1926, was the next one of the Sutherlands to get married. She married Gordon Gillespie, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gillespie of Carnwood. Gordon Walter was born at Strome, Alberta on January 23rd, 1922. He came with his parents to Carnwood in 1924. Gordon received his schooling at Liberton School. He had five brothers and five sisters. He, with his brothers, helped to

clear land with an axe and grub hoe.

Gordon joined the Canadian Army on August 19th, 1942. He went overseas and joined the Seaforth Highlanders. He served in the Mediterranean area and it was here, in Sicily, that he was wounded. When he came back home, he made numerous trips to Edmonton before receiving his discharge October 25th, 1945. On these trips he hitchhiked or walked most of the way to Edmonton. Irene and Gordon got married on March 3rd, 1947. Rev. Haug married them at the home of our sister, Hazel, at Alsike. Reg, Gordon's brother, and I were their attendants. Dad took us over to Hazel and Elmor's in the sleigh; I remember it was very cold. They shared the house on the Gillespie homeplace with Gordon's mother, his brother, Bill, and his wife. Frances, for a short time.

On Easter Sunday, they moved to their own land, N.W 33-48-5-W5. Gordon had bought a little house from August and Lil Dalke. This was moved to their land. Mr. Moodie drilled their well. Dad gave them a cow for a wedding present. They couldn't afford to build a barn and a woodshed so they built a woodshed using one half for wood and the other half to put the cow in at milking time. Donnie and Oscar Thyr did some breaking for them that summer. That winter Gordon worked for Ful-

lertons, logging.

On January 3rd, 1948 their first child, Shirley Irene, was born. Gordon took Irene to Frank Gillespie's place with the team. Then Wyman Fullerton took her to Wallace and Nellie Hankins' to meet Victor Anderson and the nurse, but it turned out that the nurse had another baby to deliver. So Victor took Irene on to Edmonton to the University Hospital. They got to the hospital at 1:30 a.m. and Shirley was born at 3:30 a.m.; they didn't beat the stork by too much. Bill Gillespie's wife had a baby girl also about the same time in the same hospital.

She and Irene were in the same room and quite often the nurses gave them the wrong baby. They both came home on the bus together. I stayed with

Irene and helped her for awhile.

Gordon built a barn that summer and they got more cows. Ron Innes did more brush cutting while Alvin Ellis and Ervin Dalke were the operators. Then the land was broken and that spring they planted their first big crop. Unfortunately, they were hailed out completely in September.

Lynn Terry, their second daughter, was born September 9th, 1949, on Dad's 52nd birthday or so he thought. Anyway they celebrated together for years. Then Dad sent for his birth certificate and discovered his birthday was on the 11th and also that his second name was David, not Ted (Hazel had thought so too as she had named her Ted after his grandfather). Gordon went down south with Dad, Bud Gilbert and Victor Saunders to harvest. Billy, our brother, stayed with Irene to do the chores and he went to school at Carnwood.

Donna Agnes was born prematurely on August 12th, 1951. She weighed five pounds and one ounce at birth and only four pounds, twelve ounces when Irene brought her home from the hospital. She was like a little doll.

Gordon bought his own threshing machine that fall and did some custom threshing. The road to Irene and Gordon's had a lot of mud holes as they lived one and a half miles from the main road. Irene usually followed Gordon with the tractor when he went out with cream so she could pull him out if he got stuck.

Then in 1952, they got another loan from the V.L.A. and bought Gordon's brother Frank's land S.E. 4-49-5-W5. They moved there in October, 1952.

Their son, Garry Walter, was born on February 10th, 1953 in the University Hospital. They were

very proud to have a son.

Gordon moved the barn from their first quarter onto a foundation on their new quarter of land, with a tractor. He also moved the house there, too. By this time, they had a large herd of cattle and pigs so they hired help and the help lived in the little house. Reg, Gordon's brother, and his wife, Joyce, had a house in their yard; they lived there about two years.

Fran Mae, their youngest child, was born on May 25th, 1955. That same fall, Irene and Gordon moved down to help Gordon's folks run their store. They had bought Victor Anderson's store. Irene's and Gordon's hired help, Harry and Lillian Dell, ran the farm. Irene and Gordon lived in the four rooms above the garage. Shirley had started school at Carnwood, and when they moved to the store, Shirley and Lynn went to Lindale School by bus. They lived there about one and a half years, till 1957. Gordon also bought his brother Bill's land, S.W. 3-49-5-W5.

Gordon's father passed away suddenly in 1958

so they moved back to the store for a few months and eventually returned to the farm.

Gordon got his own sawmill and started to saw. They bought another quarter of land from the government through an agricultural sale, paying seven hundred dollars for it and making one payment a year. Garry has this quarter now and is buying another quarter south of it - N.W. 29-48-5-W5. Gordon bought a planer and sold that to Bill Roos. He bought a larger one in 1966.

Gordon's mother lived in Reg's house for a number of years, in Irene and Gordon's yard.

Gordon logged on a number of quarters of land, even west of Drayton Valley. He acquired a lot of customers from that area and has steadily since, acquired more.



Gordon Gillespie family. Back row, left to right, Garry, Gordon, Fran, Lynn. Front row, Shirley, Irene and Donna.

I remember Irene telling me about one time when the children were younger. She went into the swamp, a little distance from the house, to pick cranberries. She made the remark to Shirley that she (Irene) would have to scrub the floor when she got back. Well, when Irene came home she found Shirley had started to scrub the floor (to help Mother out). But she had used far too much water. Irene said she was so tired she could have sat down and cried. Being the understanding mother Irene was, she thanked Shirley for helping and finished the floor herself.

Irene and Gordon formed their own company under the name of G&I Gillespie Log Bldg. and Lumber Ltd. They built about four houses and sold them.

Irene and Gordon sold the land they were living on to Eldon and Audrey Herbert in 1978, after living there for 25 years. They are now living on the N.E. 28-48-5-W5. This land was bought by Wally Hanna through the Agricultural Farm Sale in 1963. He sold it to his mother and step-father, Fred and Pearl Lalonde; they in turn sold it to Doug and

Patricia Gillespie. Then Gordon bought the quarter from Doug in February of 1973. This quarter is next to and south of Gordon's folks' land which he was raised on. They built a lovely house on it.

The children were all baptized on April 21st, 1957 by Rev. G. Hutchinson at a United Church

service at their community church.

Shirley married Lyle Purdy of Breton. They have two boys, Scott Lyle and Ricky Leigh. They bought an acreage in the Carnwood district. Lynn married Gordon Johnson and has a son, Cody. Lynn is now divorced and has not married again. Donna married Dwayne Laughlin of Berrymoor. They have two sons, Adrian and Tony. They live on an acreage near Drayton Valley. Garry has two sons, Farron and Garry. Garry is, at present, working in Iran on the oil rigs. Fran married Wilfred Ollenberg and they live on a quarter of land once owned by Wilfred's folks, 6 miles north of Breton. Fran is the laboratory and x-ray technician at the Breton Hospital.

Gordon and Irene have been long time members of the Carnwood Country Club Society and the Royal Canadian Legion and Auxiliary. Irene was leader of the Carnwood 4-H Cloth Cutters for a few years receiving a five year certificate. She also helped teach United Church and Vacation School while her children attended and has acted as coordinator between the student minister and the community since. Irene belongs to the Breton United

Church Women.
Evelyn was the next one to get married. She was born December 21st, 1918 and married Bill Roos on the 16th of Nov., 1948 at St. Luke's Church in the Bonnie Doon district in East Edmonton. Bill's brother and I were their attendants. Bill moved with his parents, Elizabeth and John Roos, four brothers and one sister in about 1940 to Buck Creek from the Dnister district. Bill was in the R.C.A.F. during the War.

Bill built a house on his quarter of land, N.W. 24-48-7-W5, but did not finish it till spring. That winter, Evelyn cooked for Bill and his brothers when they cut timber which they also sawed into lumber with their own mill. Dad gave Evelyn a cow and a calf for a wedding present. Then Evelyn bought another cow and by 1954, they had 14 head. When the oil fields started up, they sold their cattle. They raised a lot of pigs till 1975. Evelyn also raised a lot of chickens and sold eggs. In 1950 Bill was made road foreman till 1954. Evelyn and Bill always had a big garden and a lovely big raspberry patch. Bill built a new house in 1958 and in 1961 they moved into it. The Goliad Gas Plant is built on Bill's land.

Bill has his own sawmill and planer; he saws lumber and pipeline skids for sale. Bill has taught a hunters' training course every year since 1969, teaching the course at Breton, Winfield, Buck Creek and Drayton Valley. He is very active in the Fish and Game Association; both he and Evelyn

have a lot of trophies. Evelyn also had a lot of nice house plants. They both liked to travel and fish a lot. I remember one time Evelyn and Bill were coming



Bill and Evelyn Roos, 25th Wedding Anniversary, 1973. Left to right, Kathleen, Evelyn, Bill and George.

to Breton one Saturday night. Bill happened to see this old horse head lying beside the road. He stopped and put it in his truck. He knew that a certain gentleman from out that way would be in the Breton bar. When they got into town, Bill stopped and put the old horse head in on the seat of this man's truck. The poor guy probably thought he was seeing things when he opened his door and looked in. Then I remember, too, Evelyn telling me about one day when she was baking bread. She had the bread sitting up on the warming closet of the stove. While the bread was rising, Evelyn decided to go out and do some work in her garden. Pretty soon she could smell bread cooking. She thought to herself — "I don't remember putting the bread in the oven." She hurried into the house where she saw the bread had risen over the pan, and a piece had fallen on the

Evelyn and Bill never had a family; they lost three babies who were born prematurely. Those times were very sad for both of them. Evelyn's last baby was born at my place as she couldn't make it to Edmonton. The nurse came and delivered the baby; he was still alive. They rushed to Rimbey with him but he was dead on arrival.

Evelyn had a stroke in December, 1967; she recovered from that very well. Then in Sept., 1976 she had another one and on October 13th, she passed away. She is buried in the Breton Cemetery.

Bill still lives on the homeplace, and is still sawing lumber and keeping active with the Fish and Game Club. He also takes trips to go fishing in B.C.

and other places.

I, Kathleen, was the next one to get married. I married Harry Staudt on July 6, 1950. My sister, Irene, and Gordon were our only attendants. Harry was born in Portland, Oregon, U.S.A., on June 23, 1928. He came to the Richmond, Sask. area as an infant with his parents, Lukas and Pauline Staudt. Harry has a twin sister, Helen, and his brother,



Kathleen and Harry Staudt.

John, has a twin sister, Julia. Then there are also three older sisters, Ida, Katie and Emma.

When Harry was in his early teens, he went to Warburg to work. He worked at Ralph Risser's and numerous places in logging camps etc. He also worked up at Fort Smith. He was working at Karsay's logging camp at the time of his marriage to me.

For the first few months of our married life, we lived with Harry's sister and brother-in-law, Emma and Leo Stahl, and their little girl, Dianna. Then we moved over to Zeiner's old campsite. Harry nailed coal doors for Karsays. That fall we moved to Warburg where we bought a lot and had a house that we bought from the Zeiner Campsite moved onto it. Harry worked that winter in the mine at Karsay's.

Our eldest daughter, Connie, was born on December 13, 1950. In the spring, we moved back out to the old Zeiner site where Harry worked for Albert Hanson in the sawmill. There were always bears roaming around there. We had a dog but the dog was as scared of them as we were. That fall, Harry and I decided to go out on our own. We moved our shack over to the town line, 15 or 16 miles west of Breton, where Harry cut mine props. That fall we moved over to the old Burwash campsite. Buster Ladouceur moved the shack for us. That evening we came into town to bring Donald Lauber in as he had helped us move the horses. When we returned, our shack had burnt to the ground. That was quite a shock as everything we owned went up in smoke. We had bought a stove from Elmer McCartney's which we only used a very short while and Dad had given me money when I was married. I bought linoleum with it. We put it on the shack floor and there my nice linoleum was all gone, too. But with the help of donations from friends and relations, we got back on our feet. The sad thing about the fire was that it destroyed things I had gotten from my mother which could never be replaced as she was no longer alive to give to me again. There was an old shack there that Burwashes had left behind. We fixed it up and once again had a home. There were so many mice in that house though; I don't know how we slept. It was also a very cold winter. I slept with the baby on my chest to keep her warm. Many a time the milk froze in the bottle under the pillow. But it seemed we and the baby suffered no bad colds. I remember that spring, one

day, it was so beautiful that I thought this is my chance to do all my extra washing, so I packed water and heated it on the stove. I scrubbed all the clothes on the washboard and hung them out to dry. We had the clothesline tacked to the corner of the shack, out to a big stump. It was quite windy out. Pretty soon I looked out the window to admire my wash. Low and behold, the stump had blown over and there was my nice clean washing lying in old brown water as there used to be a barn nearby. I had to quickly gather the clothes in and haul more water. The line was then tied to a better tree. But I tell you there was some blue smoke flying from my mouth when I saw those clothes all dirty again!

The next spring of 1951, we bought a shack from Pearsons and moved it in the fall, northeast of Buck Mountain where Harry cut mine props. By then, Harry's brother, John, was married to Marie Lauber and Harry Freisz (Harry's cousin) was married to Fay Smith. They had their own little shacks; we spent a lot of time playing cards. We usually came into town Saturday afternoons and went to a show either at Nelson's or the Community Hall. One time we wanted to go to a show but didn't have any money. So we bought this old arm chair at a sale. Well, I got digging around in it and found enough change to go the the show and have lunch after.

In 1952 we rented Ray's Cafe for four months. Then we bought a lot in Breton and moved our shack from the bush on to it. We built another piece onto it and that's where we lived for a few years.



Lorne, Connie, Kristal, Chad.

That winter, on January 18, 1954, our son, Randy, was born. Harry then worked for Logan Purdy in the garage. Harry also had a string of juke boxes from Tofield to Lloydminster including Violet Grove and Alder Flats. That was quite a chore

so he sold them. On January 21st, 1956 our second daughter, Sherry Kathleen, was born but she passed away suddenly the following April 1st. On March 14, 1957, Perry was born. Then in 1958 Harry started to work at Elmer McCartney's garage and took his mechanic's schooling at Calgary. He received his license in 1961.

In 1960 we sold our house and lot and bought the former Rusty Irvine house and lot. In 1962 we built a couple of more rooms on. On February 16, 1963 our third daughter, Cindy, was born. Connie was so happy to have a sister that she ran all over telling everyone. Then May 10th, 1964 Darcy was born in the new Breton Hospital. That same year, we bought Elmer McCartney's garage. In 1967 we sold our house and lot to brother, Bill Sutherland, and bought 13 acres west of the Breton Elementary School where we built a house. We bought this land from Ed and Grace Collins. Ed drove the bus from Breton to Edmonton and back for years. Grace had a clothing store; in fact, she built part of the building where the Senior Citizens' Golden Age Club is now.



Yvonne, Randy and David Staudt.

Harry was on the Village Council for some years and was mayor for one year. He belonged to the Chamber of Commerce and Elks and still belongs to the Firemens' Association. I served with the Royal Purple but gave it up; I still belong to the United Church Women and the Hospital Auxiliary. Also Harry and I like to curl.

Connie was married to Gerry Seich and has a son, Chad, and a daughter, Kristal. They lost a daughter, Kelly Ann, at one month of age. Gerry passed away March 11, 1977. Connie then married Lorne Hicklin on September 16, 1978 and they live at Fort McMurray. Randy married Yvonne Lachance and they have a son, David. A daughter was born on Randy's birthday, January 18, 1978 but she passed away — a crib death — at five weeks. Randy went through for a mechanic and also as a heavy duty mechanic. They live in Breton and own their trailer and lot.

Perry was fatally injured in a motorcycle accident in 1971, at the age of fourteen years. Cindy and Darcy are still at home.

Bill was the last to get married. He married Mary Dubitz of Bashaw who is the daughter of the late Louis and Mary Dubitz. Mary came from a family of six sisters and six brothers. Bill and Mary bought Bert Conradson's house when they were married April 18, 1961. Bill then began driving tank trucks in the oil fields for Cameron Brothers Oil and Water Transport of Calmar. He bought his first tank truck in 1966 and since that time, has gone into partnership with George and Bob Cameron and formed the company called Breton Transport Ltd. of which there is a fleet of seven trucks plus the one that Bill owns himself. He is now manager-operator in the Breton area and has been doing this type of work for the past nineteen or twenty years, along with his wife, Mary, who dispatches and takes telephone calls for various jobs; this keeps them both very busy.



The Bill Sutherland family. Jeff, Tammy, Patty, Bill and Mary, 1978

Billy and Mary bought our house and lot in 1967.

Bill and Mary have three children, two girls and one boy. Pattie is 17, Jeff 14, and Tammy 9 years old. They lost one son in infancy, Danie William, who was born in 1964 and passed away in the same year at the age of six days. They still reside in Breton at the time of this writing. Bill also bought some land from Lena Hanson, east of Reg Carson's quarter.

Thanks to all our friends for making our lives as happy as they have been; God bless each and everyone.

— KATHLEEN (SUTHERLAND) STAUDT

IRENE THOMPSON

Irene Thompson (nee Irene Isable May Hough) was born August 14th, 1943 at her Uncle John Hough's, $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles west of Breton. I attended school in Breton, Fort St. John, B.C. and Edmonton. I married Earl Wilkerson from Edmonton, Alberta on August 29th, 1958. We lived at Breton till 1960 and then moved to Lodgepole, Alberta. We had two sons, Edwin John born October 4th, 1960. Later, we moved to Edmonton where we were separated and then divorced. Edwin is now attending his second year of University at the Simon Fraser University in B.C. and Melvin is living in Winfield, B.C. and is in the Army.

I married Alfred Thompson from Carnduff, Saskatchewan. We have one son, Miles Delair, born November 29th, 1965. After moving around with the rigs to Taylor, B.C., Olds, Alberta and Edmonton, we have decided to settle in Spruce Grove, Alberta, where Miles is attending Woodhaven Jr. High School. Al is a tool pusher for Hi-Tower

Drilling.

IRENE (HOUGH) THOMPSON

MEMORIES OF 1933 - 1941

Mother and Dad, Reg and Betty Weston, moved to Norbuck about 1933. Previous to this, they had lived west of Breton for a period of time.

Arriving at Norbuck with two small daughters, Barbara and Peggy, they built a small house just south of the station and they loaded boxcars with lumber for Oscar Listy. After about a year, they built on the south side of Finn McNabb's quarter and Dad started to work for the D.R. Fraser Lumber Company. I believe his job was called 'tailing the planer'. He worked there until we moved to Edmonton in 1941.

In 1936 Peggy died in a tragic house fire in Winfield; she is buried in the Knob Hill Cemetery. Also that year, Wilma was born and in 1939 Bill joined the family.

During our years at Norbuck, Dad played the organ for the Anglican services. Rev. George Mackie was the minister at that time, and the organ was a small portable one. Due to the roads, which at times weren't roads, Rev. Mackie's car, and the fact that services were held in homes, halls and schools, they had some hilarious experiences.

We moved to Edmonton in 1941 and Dad started to work for the C.N.R. where he retired in

1970 as stationmaster.

Mother passed away in 1967. Dad has remarried and lives in Edmonton where he keeps busy with church work.

I, Barbara, am married to Elwood Huntley of Breton. We have a family of two boys and one daughter; all are married and we farm at Busby. Wilma and her husband, Roy Wright, live in Edmonton with their family of two sons and two daughters. Bill and his wife, Rosalie (Kiser), and their three boys live at Robb.

I remember our years at Norbuck as happy ones, touched with sadness and at times exciting. I especially remember the Christmas concerts in the school, and to this day, I still don't know who Santa Claus was. At the dances in the school, all the younger children were bundled up and put under the benches to sleep the night away. I remember the big fire of 1937 when it snowed on the 24th of May and the snow put the fire out when it was only a little ways from our house.

Most of all, I remember our neighbors, the Burris, Jones, Carson and McNabb families and many more — also the bachelors who farmed or worked at the mill. They always had time to answer a small girl's questions. How nice it would be to relive those days again.

— BARBARA HUNTLEY

ZWIERS FAMILY

The first school was held in Frank Rath's store and post office. The first year, there were ten children, four girls and six boys; this was in September 1929. The teacher was Miss Peers. She was 60 years old.

The Norbuck School was built in 1930 by the local settlers. At that time very little land was broken on the farms. It was all brush and trees, and the land

was swampy at that time.

There were lots of wild raspberries, strawberries and blueberries and the women would all put up their fruit preserves.

It was the sawmills that gave employment to the settlers, and the wife and children would cut and burn brush to start the clearing of land. Of course, this was all axe, shovel and grub hoe work. The people were very healthy.

Some Sundays they would have visitors or go visiting, but most Sundays it was work; that is when the men would be home from the bush or sawmills.

The young people would have baseball games and when they got together from different districts, there would be a booth with refreshments and very good homemade ice cream.

In the summer of 1926, the railway was laid. It was as far as Winfield when we came there.

We moved from Wetaskiwin in April, 1926 with a team and wagon. We were on the road for three days and stayed at Battle Lake in a house that was supposed to be haunted. At that time, we were a family of six, the parents and four children.

In later years, when we went to a dance, we usually walked as it was four miles to Winfield and there was no road to Breton; that came years after. After the school was built in Norbuck, we had a dance there every two weeks; then all of the desks

had to be moved out. We would sometimes have basket socials.

The first teacher in Norbuck School was Mr. French. After that it was Mr. Stuart and then Mr. Rife. Miss Code was my last teacher. In 1936 and '37, I went to school in Wetaskiwin.

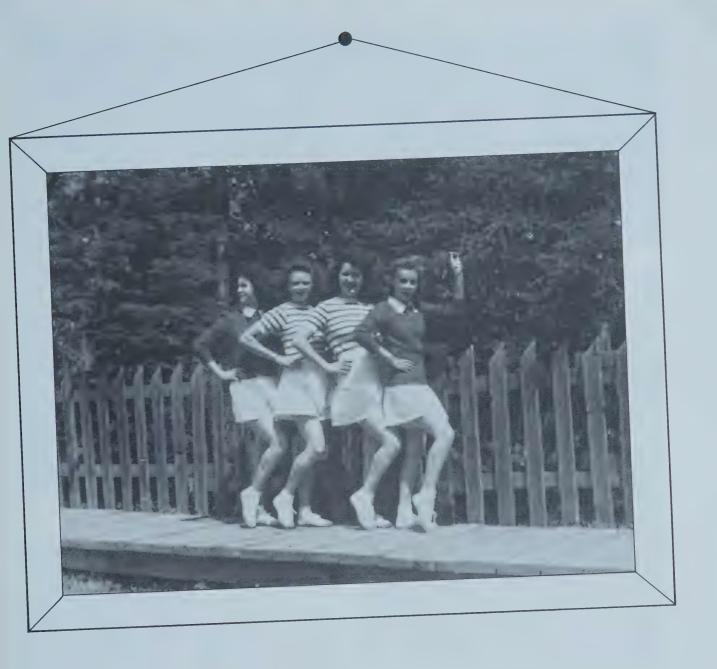
Often my husband has told me in the logging camp, during winter, one took a bath in a small shack which had a wood heater. You could see through the cracks of this shack. The men would put a tub of water on the stove and when it was hot enough, take it down and have a bath. Sometimes the washcloth would freeze while taking a bath. Of course not all would take a bath; some would only change their underwear in the fall and in the spring. The talk was that one man bought a suit of Stanfield underwear and put it on. The whole winter was spent looking for the dirty one he had taken off, and in the spring when he changed to summer underwear, he found that he still had the old one on under the last one.

Bed bugs were bad in those days, especially in the spring when it got warm. One spring the boss left for a couple of weeks. When he returned, he found that the boys had built a bunk outside with a slab and tar paper rack. He wanted to know what all the nonsense was about. One man told him that every morning he found his blankets, that the bed bugs pulled off his bed, in a corner of the bunkhouse. The boss said "We have no bed begs", so they took him inside and kicked a board off the side of the bunk; it was just crawling with them. Shortly after, the bunkhouse burned to the ground.

By the way, a man worked ten hours a day and six days a week. He received \$19 a month for bush work such as falling trees. They charged ten cents a day for compensation, but gave free board and a bunk with straw or hay for a mattress. The men brought their own blankets. I think it came to just about seven cents an hour. Two men had to cut 100 saw logs a day, length from 12' to 16', with all the limbs cut off.

It seems to me that it rained harder in those days. It would start to rain and all of a sudden it would be a cloud burst. One spring we had a hen with small chicks and one of these cloud bursts came along and all the small chicks were washed under the building. We had an awful time getting them out and drying them in the oven.

— RUTH ZWIERS



STEPS BACK INTO TIME

Photographs of Special Interest



A Model T Ford, stuck and being pulled by a team of horses, 1936.

THE AUTOMOBILE



1929 Chrysler Plymouth owner Steve Grzyb.



Mrs. Bertha Myrby at Ryley, 1917. Maxwell car.



Don and Colin Gillies, 1929 Essex Coupe.



Mrs. Mark Anthony, car and year (?).



Mr. and Mrs. J.A. Pearson and family at Hay Lake, 1920.



Stan Taylor on the Ross-Lynn road 1938, a 1932 Packard car.



Neil Polischuk and his 1928 Chevrolet car.



Parade of old cars.



Building roads in the early years.

AROUND THE COMMUNITY



The teachers of the Youth Training Program held at Breton, 1938.



This is the kind of grader we made roads with.



Road grader in Funnell District, 1955.



Provincial Youth training program, 1938-39. Building the Breton Community Hall.



Visitors recreation forest was dense, (building bunkhouse) summer 1937.



Trappers Reg and Ken Vigen, 1942.



Norbuck Post Office.



Joe Lauber and eagle with 7 foot 2 inch wing spread, 1940.



Phoebe Hoath and Jack Sisson in front of garage, 1938-40.



The Breton Quintuplets 1930's, Marie Breton, Dorothy Spindler, Pearl Hoath, Dorothy McLeod, Mabel Hoath.



Trail Ranger Group 1945, Back row L. to R. Bennie Flesher, George Ellis, Jim Seal, Bob Seal, Bud Impey. Front row Billy Flesher, Kenny Flesher, Tommy Impey, Reid, ? , ? , Walter Grzyb, Ken Scott.



World War II training plane crash near Alsike on Arnold's farm.

D. R. FRASER & CO. LTD.

BRETON, ALTA.

Lumber Manufacturers

Mills at Broton, Buck Creek. Retail Yard in Edmonton.

GENERAL SERVICE GARAGE

BRETON, ALTA,

Courtesy and Service

Kinisky and Zuchkar, Props.

JAMIESON HARDWARE

BRETON, ALTA,

"Your Longest Place of Service" Victor Radios Goodyear Tires See us for all your farm needs

HARNESS & SHOE REPAIR SHOP BRETON, ALTA.

W. Mathews, Prop.

New Harness and Collars

Horses for Sale

Come and see what we have

WALTER BAYNES BRETON, ALTA.

Regisfrar Vital Statistics—Issuer Marriage Licenses NOTARY PUBLIC INSURANCE

Distributor BRITISH AMERICAN OIL CO. LTD.

FISKE TIRES

=PROGRAM=

BRETON STAMPEDE



And Ball Tournament

TWO DAY EVENT

ADULTS 50c

CHILDREN 25c

DANCE BOTH EVENINGS

Sponsored by Breton Board of Trade, Community Club and Canadian Legion

Breton Stampede program.

PEARSON BROS. LIMITED

BRETON, ALTA.

Manufacturers of High Class Lumber

FIRST DAY

Wednesday, August 14th, 1946

10:00 a.m.-Ball Game

12:00-Parade

1:00 p.m.—Commencement of Stampede Bucking Horse Riding Steer Bareback Riding Calf Roping, Etc.

3:30 p.m.—Horse Races , Ball Game

4.30 p.m.—Continuation of Stampede

6:00 p.m.—Ball Games Various Foot Races Midway

9:00 p.m.—Dance—Two Halls (Community and Nelson)

TIM SEXTON BRETON, ALTA.

General Store. The Store of Quality and Service Where you Trade With Confidence

BUSY BEE CAFE BRETON, ALTA.

Your Home and Mine for Good Food and Service

SECOND DAY

Thursday, August 15th, 1946

11:00 a.m.—Ball Game

1:00 p.m.—Continuation of Stampede Elimination Rides

3:30 p.m.—Finals in Horse Races

4:30 p.m.—Finals in various Rides

6:00 p.m.—Finals in Ball Games

9:00 p.m.—Dance—Two Halls (Community and Nelson)

BRETON HOTEL

BRETON, ALTA.

Fully Licensed-Comfort and Good Service



Moose Hill School at Coronation parade, 1937.



Art Westling driver, Funnell School at Coronation parade, 1937.



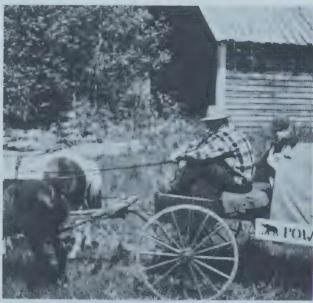
Breton School at Coronation parade, 1937.



July 1st Sports Day 1964. One of the floats which took a prize that Ray and Janet Ellis entered.



July 1st parade, the Breton Boy Scouts, 1955.



Another float in Stampede parade. Ben Flesher driving the team.



Breton Cubs float in a parade for Breton Stampede. Mrs. Annie Westling, the leader, in the truck.



A group on a 4-H plot tour at Margaret Kubejko farm, 1970.



Terry and Wayne Hooks, winners of Search for Talent, 1967.



Farmers' Day Picnic parade, Wolds band, early 1950's.



Breton Stampede, 1946-47.



Home Nursing Course held in the old curling rink building, 1960's. Back row, L. to R. Mary Alice Snell, Edith Craig, Ann Shaw, Lorna Carson, Fern Levers, Stella Myrhaugen, Olive Hopgood, Barbara Boon, Sheila Burkholder, Gunhild Ladouceur, Shirley Burroughs. Second row, Alma Gillies, Lou Burkholder, Betty Fenneman, Ella Tucker, Elaine Reid, Kay Staudt. Front row, Bell Carson, three nursing instructors, Dove McCartney.



Helen and Donald Jackson, Klondiking, 1967.



July 1st parade, 1955.



Coronation parade of schools at Breton, 1937.



Chris Myrby's Chev car, first float for parades in Breton.



Mr. Campbell and Tiny Gilchrist, neighbors visiting over the fence.



The west side of the bridge during the flood of Poplar Creek, 1940.



The flood of Poplar Creek, 1931.



Crossing the North Saskatchewan River on a ferry, 1937.



Damage of flood at Antross, 1944.

SPORTS



Lane Lee 1974 with his silver gloves medal.



Henry Larson, John Kanda and Mark Hooks receiving trophies. John was referee, Henry and Mark were judges.



Lorne Lee 1975 Canadian 105 pound National Champion.



Doug Harstad, vs Calvin Calihoo, Dennis Baumann referee, Breton.

2ND BRETON BOXING CARD

March 30/68

		3 - 2 minute	
REI	D CORNER	rounds	BLUE CORNER
1.	Randy Bauer		Terry Savard
	(Breton)	55 lbs.	(South Side Legion)
2.	Jeff Seguin		
	(Breton)	60 lbs.	(Hinton)
3.	Gordon Scott		Brian Morton
	(Breton)	65 lbs.	(S.S.L.)
4.	Martin Ellis		
	(Breton)	65 lbs.	(Hinton)
5.		85 lbs.	Danny Brown
	(Breton)		(Pembina)
6.		0 * 11	Brian Lee
	(Alta. Gym.)	95 lbs.	(Hinton)
		Silver Glove	
		Title Fight	
7.	Don Wilson	105 lbs.	Lance Ford
	(St. Albert)		(Kingsway)
8.	Jimmy Knight	45 lbs.	Graham Scott
	(Breton)		(Breton)
9.	Kenny Ellis	120 lbs.	David Farmer
	(Breton)		(Hinton)
10.	Dennis Haight	139 lbs.	Dale Johnson
	(Breton)		(Pembina)
11.	Albert Tryon	132 lbs.	Walter Mastre
10	(Breton)	1.45 11	(Pembina)
12.	Larry Ellis	147 lbs.	Harry Cummings
13.	(Breton) George Tryon	160 lb.	(S.S.L.)
15.	(Breton)	160 lbs.	John Teeter
14.	Alex Horvath	178 lbs.	(Pembina) Jerry Day
1-11	(Breton)	170 108.	(S.S.L.)
	(Dictor)		(0.0.1)
		3 - 3 minute	
15	Walter Davis	rounds	T Cl 1
13.	watter Davis	135 lbs.	Terry Chrapko
			(S.S.L.)

One of the Boxing Cards held at Breton.



Winners of southern championships held in Breton, 1972.

ANTROSS SPORTS 1928-36

During the period I spent at Antross our main relaxation was baseball. Antross, Breton, Battle Lake, and Strawberry Hill fielded ball teams. Hank Pearson pitched for Breton, and Mark Anthony and Barney Lee pitched for Antross. The Antross team was called the Antross Pine Cats.

The baseball tournament we took part in was at the South Side Exhibition Park in Edmonton. Every year they had a two day ball tournament and trotting races on July 1st and 2nd.

We wanted to make a good showing at this tournament so we decided to have Barney Lee do the pitching. As Les Anthony could not catch for Barney Lee, we decided we had to pick up a catcher who could. Barney said he knew a fellow who could, if he was out of jail (Fort Saskatchewan). We started looking for him in the apartments he patronized, which at that time were in the east end of Edmonton, east of 100th Street and along Jasper. After calling at several places, we finally found him. He had not been out of the Fort very long and his skin was quite pale in comparison to the rest of us who were all working out in the sun at least 10 hours per day. He surely stood out on the ball diamond. The tournament was umpired by John (Lefty) Ducey who umpired almost all the baseball games in Edmonton then. We finally lost out to the Dollar Cleaners' team who played in the Edmonton commercial league at that time. Scotty Donaldson also played field for us at that time. Our catcher decided he was worth \$50.00 to catch for us for the tournament — a lot of money in the Dirty Thirties, but he got it. I remember during our game against Dollar Cleaners that they were also running off trotting races at the same time. The ball diamond was inside the race track. Scotty, I believe, was out in centre field and got quite interested in watching the trotting race and almost got beaned with a fly ball.



Antross Hockey 1937-38 Team. Back Row L. to R.?, Ron Dalimeter, John Dorsey, Mr. Newman. 2nd Row L. to R. Fred Harman, Joe Pooke R.C.M.P., Les Anthony, Lloyd Thrasher, Ken Bowen. Front Row L. to R. Vern Wadell, Jimmy Dumas, Jimmy Steele. Coach not in picture.

We also played over at Pigeon Lake, against Wetaskiwin who had Chief Jimmy Rattelsnake and Red Beatty pitching for them. We also played against a team that Johnny Sheppard had at Pigeon Lake. Johnny and Frankie Sheppard, at that time, played hockey for the Black Hawks and in the summer had the Tea Kettle Inn at Ma-Me-O Beach. Red McCusker, who played hockey for the Calgary Councils then also, had a small tea house or something at Ma-Me-O. These three and others made up their ball team and we used to play with the idea of bringing out crowds to promote business for the Sheppard's and Red's tea houses.

We also played against Breton and Strawberry Hill; I remember playing a game against Strawberry Hill at the Antross diamond. I was playing short stop and one of their team hit one straight up and it was my ball. It really was high and I had lots of time to wait for it. Some girl from Strawberry Hill started talking to me (usually I didn't hear a thing) but when the ball came down it hit my mitt and bounced for a hit. This got a good laugh from the crowd. We also ran into the Nadeaus' and the Battle Lake team.

We also ventured over to Thorsby with a hockey team a couple of times during the winter. I don't remember all who played on our team. My cousin Cecil Ross, played defense and I was in goal.

— Doug Ross



Breton softball team 1946. L. to R. Elsie Maine, Mildred d'Easum, Annie Dick, ? Verma Hanson, Wilma Ellis, ? , Kay McCormick. Front, Alice McNeil, Daisy Maine, Pat Dietrich.



Breton Broomball Team 1949.



Breton Rink, 1936-7-8-9.



Breton ball team 1927. L. to R. Brownie Hill, Scotty Donaldson, Carl Berry, Harry Asher, Wallace McLaughlin, John Anderson, Jim Anderson, Lorne Pritchard. Seated, Wally Fuller and Zancher.



First Breton Hockey Team. Some of the players who can be identified, back row L. to R. Elgin Hoath, ? , Percy Anderson, ? , Fred Harman. 2nd row, Clarence Jamieson, Lloyd Champion, Lloyd Thrasher.



Winners at teachers' curling bonspiel, 1950's. L. to R. Lyle Oulton, Dorothy Engert, Walter Wynnyk, Nick Ogrodnick.



Girls' ball team. Back row, L. to R. Betty Impey, Mrs. Farrell, Annie Impey, ? . Second row, L. to R. Carol Seal, Phyllis Oelkers, Sophie Sobon, Lois Hooks, Louise Hallgren, ?



Glen Robinson at North Am. snowmobile races at Wetaskiwin, 1978.

BASEBALL IN THE BRETON AND ANTROSS DISTRICTS

Antross had some outstanding ball players in 1929 and the early thirties.

Barney Lee, having played semi-pro ball, was one of the best pitchers to play ball in the Breton area. But, finding a catcher to hold him was a problem. Jimmie Steele or Les Anthony was brave enough to take that position on the condition that the manager would provide a beef steak to take care of the swollen hand. Mark Anthony also added to the pitching staff with his wicked left hand delivery.

One of their strongest oppositions was Frederickheim who had a battery of Mix and Dullmer Hobima and their star pitcher, Chief Jimmie Rattlesnake.

As years went by, Antross and Breton always had good teams. Cecil Ross and Doug Ross added to the power of these teams. Freddie Harmon later on became a standout "chucker" for Breton and Tiny Gilchrest worked on the mound for many games.

During those early lumber years, Fraspur also fielded a ball team. Winfield became a strong competitor with the Martins as batters.

Some of the most colorful players that joined the Breton team were the Johnson brothers. Cliff Johnson held down first base. He could blast a home run practically whenever he chose. His brother had a strong pitching arm and Dunc played the infield.

Some of the teams that can be remembered in those early thirties are Lindale, Tomahawk, Warburg, Genesee, Wenham Valley and Westerose.

Charlie King was one of the earliest ball players in the Breton and Keystone districts. Later, he retired to be a very sought after umpire.

— HENRY PEARSON



Breton Ball Team, 1939. Back row, L. to R. Gordon Welda, Henry Pearson, Mark Anthony, Tiny Gilchrist, Fred Greenwood, Fred Harman. Front row, Les Anthony, Ed Sawyer, Vern Waddell, Harry Asher, Ted Greenwood.



Wenham Valley softball team. L. to R. Kathleen Bunney, Alberta Bunney, Christine Nicholson, Anna Wold, Mona Shephard, Margaret Nicholson and Peggy Shephard. 2nd row, Ruth Mattson, Alma Reid, Netty Wallen, Ruth Bunney.



Breton Ball Team 1947. Back row L. to R. Floyd Carson, Ken Scott, Bob Seal, Tiny Gilchrist, Bud d'Easum, Fred Greenwood. Centre row, Ralph Levers, Henry Pearson, Lyle Oulton, Leslie Oulton, Dave Torbett, Ted Oulton, Ken Levers.



Breton Ladies ball team, back row, Clara Power, George Reid, Mickey Chowen, Bernice Hopgood, Kay McCormick. Front row, Fern Levers, Kay Smith, Alice and Jessie McNeil, Ethel Loomis and Leona Anderson.



Breton Hockey Team 1951.
Back row L. to R. George Reid (coach), Wayne Carson, Floyd Carson, Alf Benson, Bud Clark, Bob Seal, Ken Scott, Cleve Carson (coach manager). Front row, Don McCartney, Gordon Reid, Bud d'Easum, Lyle Oulton, Myles Carson, Ken Levers.



World War II food ration book, 1939-45.

Numeros

Name
Nom

Last Name Nom de lamilie

Street Address or R.R. No.
No et rue ou R.R. No.
City or Town
Ville ou Village

Province
Province

RATION

BOOK 6

PRATION

CARNET DE

RATIONNEMENT 6

PRIMARY PRODUCERS, SUCH AS FARMERS, who produce rationed foods, must collect coupons for all sales of rationed foods and deliver them to their Local Ration Board. Primary producers must also deliver coupons to Local Ration Boards, according to current regulations, against the consumption in their household of certain rationed foods produced by them.

BOOK-HOLDERS' RESPONSIBILITIES

The law requires that:

- a book-holder must detach from his ration book and destroy all unused coupons which have EXPIRED for use by him.
- (b) ration book must be surrendered promptly to the Board if the book-holder dies, joins the armed forces, or ceases to reside in Canada.
- (c) when buying rationed commodities, coupons must be detached only in the presence of the supplier or his representative. It is illegal to use coupons detached in any other manner.
- (d) ration books may be used only by or for the person to whom issued. (Severe penalties are provided for mis-use of ration book or false statement in connection there with).

THERE IS A LOCAL RATION BOARD IN YOUR COMMUNITY. If you have a rationing problem, 'phone, write or visit your Board. A group of citizens serve voluntarily on this Board. Please give them your co-operation.

THE CHARCOAL FACTORY

The factory was in operation in Norbuck from 1932 to 1937.

The wood was burned in large steel barrels and closed off tightly so it would burn slowly, and then slowly die out. At just the right time, water would be pumped in.

Charcoal was then used in pig feed.

The first manager had a Model T Ford and ran it on gas from charcoal. He went to business people in Breton and got donations to repair roads. Ray Burris worked there; near the end he looked after grading and shipping it. He said he remembered soaking it in water to bring up the weight to fifty pounds per bag.



1962

BRETON SUPER MARKET

GROCERIES, DRY GOODS, MEATS, HARDWARE
Phone 3

Nick and Doris Raczuk, BRETON, ALBERTA

1962

The second secon			
JANUARY	FEBRUARY	MARCH	APRIL
SMTWTFS	SMTWTFS	SMTWTFS	SMTWTFS
- 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30
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The Breton Bugle

VOL. 1, No. 1

BRETON, THURSDAY DECEMBER 23, 1937

A School Paper

people of the Breton community will welcome such an undertaking, and with the feeling that such a project will serve valuable educational ends, that the paper has been launched.

Breton and It's Industries

In combission, the tracked wishes to express his sincere ap-

school curriculum. Reading, writing, and arithmetic are merely the tools of education and should be clearly differen-

But the school's responsibilities do not end there. Training in these fundamentals is, of course, not miminized in the larger view of the school pro (Continued on Page 4, Col. 1)

Verma Haintley, a student of the Breton High School, is now able to wear shoes after having to wear a sock on her left foot for three weeks, because of a doctor coming down the stairs, "am (Continued on Page 2, Col. 1) 1 a mother or a father?"

ROUGHT

by W. Spindler

The Breton Bugle is presented to the people of this community by the students of the Breton High School. It represents a modest experiment in enterprise education and, with the exception of three or four four special articles contributed by citizens of the Breton district, it is the work of the students themselves. It is their paper. The news, comments and other items have been prepared and compiled through the cooperative effort of the student body. The teacher has offered suggestions but has refrained from any interference with the workmanship of the paper. He has felt that if it is to be a school paper in the truest sense of the term, that too exacting censorship would retard the motivation necessary for its success. And he has, therefore, thrown the full responsibility of the entherprise upon the school.

It is with the hope that the people of the Breton community will welcome such an undertak?

wishes to express his sincere appreciation to the citizens of the town who have made this publication possible by their generation possible by their generation in advertising in the Bagle.

—The Teacher.

The Teacher.

The Teacher of a Polecman for some patry the nearly of all children. This about a theasand men working in this industry. In a few years the industry. In a few years the industry of all children with its proposal prop

Education and the

Community

W. Stevens

The past few years have brought about great changes in our concepts of education. No longer are the three "R's" considered to be the end all of the school curriculum. Reading. Reading.

In a few years the number will start to diminish.

Some twenty odd years ago, a man travelled all over the children that they use a Policeman was a threat? If they can sheep ranching and reported thus part of Alberta as the working and they should not be threatened with a Policeman, but should not be threatened with a Policeman speak to them, and often a kind word to a child by a Policeman may change the child's future life.

A Policeman is not one that should not be threatened to be successful.

DEMOCRACY IS THREATEN-ED IN FRANCE

French police have discovered

big item.

Winter feeding is now becoming simplified by the use of

A Juvenile Friend

ith the threat of a Pol'ceman.

wool and mutton is steadily in-children should fear but should creasing and will soon become a regard him as a friend who will help and give advice in time of need. Why not teach your chil-dren that a Policeman is a proreter, disposed to promote the good of others. In this way you will find that a Policeman will not only benefit your children but will assist you materially in the state of the promote the general of the good of others. In this way, you will find that a Policeman GENERAL of the promote that a promote the good of the

World News

A Juvenile Friend "Communism", Il Duce's secret police agents have been raiding the homes and offices of those who oppose him, for some time,

(Continued on Page 2, Col. 3)

Pete's Trading

MERCHANT

Dealer in Lumber, Furs and Hides Imperial Oil Products

> P. NIKIFORUK Breton, Alberta

The Breton Bugle

To be published Monthly by

Editor.	Ladic Ponich
Commentator	Clarence Johnson
Local News Editor	Helen Spindler
School News Editor	Viola Anderson
Sports' Editor	Donald Tarney
Advertising Editor	Verma Huntley
Yarn Spinner	Edward Hooks
Music Section	Florence Hallgren

School News Editor
Sports' Editor
Advertising Editor
Advertising Editor
Advertising Editor
Yerma Huntley
Yarn Spinner
Edward Hooks
Music Section
Elorence Hallgren

This new paper that is coming into circulation is being run by the Breton School pupils, but supported by the people of Breton district. We will try to satisfy the public as much as possible. This is not our object though. Our thought is to give the pupils of thus school a chance to experience some responsibility and to express themselves in some way or other by putting articles of interest in this newspaper. This paper will succeed only if we work together in this type of education.

Since it looks as if the skating rink is about finished, we will again be hollering under the grandstand in sub-zero weather.

Viola Anderson
Continued from Page 1)

(Continued from Page 1)

Fascist plot to crush the popular front.

Police found two concrete of proving clover at Battle of the heart of Paris.

Five members of the Cagourards, a hooded society much like the Ku Klux Klan, have been arrested in connection with this plot.

The Cagoulards have been arised in connection with the late Mr. A. C. Bunney started growing clover at Battle of the heart of Paris.

Five members of the Cagourate in the heart of Paris.

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Five members of the Cagourate in the heart of Paris.

Five members of the Cagourate in the late Mr. A. C. Bunney ago the day or district is noted for the fine day of the Cl

Since it looks as if the skating rink is about finished, we will again be hollering under the grandstand in sub-zero weather. We can well recall the razzing we gave the Mounties from Edmonton, as we came to each game to help cheer our side, but, that was last year which is a mere memory. Let's help the league this year more and more by coming down to cheer for the "Antross Stars" and not breaking boards or benches. Fred Harman, our old rink manager, did not start flooding early enough by a week or so, but that does not prevent us from starting off with a hang! but that does not prevent us from starting off with a bang!

Well, old St. Nicholas is catching up to us as usual and everyone is in a hustle to meet him by sending greeting cards and ded 71.7 per cent. Also she furnisheresents to their devoted friends. At this time again we will imported by Japan besides entertain the Breton district with a concert. There will be several smaller amounts of numerous new characters rising to stardom from the High School Dramatic class. The starring Edward Hooks and the glamorous Muriel Huntley will entertain us no end, when they appear on the stage in the popular play, "The Fatal Quest". The Jumor Room is also producing young amateurs who will make us look on with awe unscrupulous industrialists?

Don't forget there's plenty of space to write articles on the Ediorial Page by anyone wishing to do so. There will be two columns, each column contains at least six hundred and fifty words. You are entitled to say anything you wish: on an economic, historic, political, religious or whatnot view. We will be only too glad to have someone write an article, as that shows that there is someone who has an interest in this paper.

School News

(Continued from Page 1)

Miss Mary Baynes, who found she had some sleep to catch up to, did not attend school until 10:30 o'clock one

ence Johnson a few dance steps, which, we hope Clarence will perform before a large crowd on December 22nd.

The other day in the social studies period the teacher asked "What 'Mussolini' was?" Ladic

he saw two editors coming up the street. He waved his arms and beckoned them to him. He had a write-up for the Bugle about Miss Dorothy Spindler.

WHERE BRITA

school until 10:30 o'clock one morning.

Florence Hallgren stayed home Monday, taking the part of washerwoman in her home because of her mother's absence.

The Grade VI class is making relief maps of an old English manor, out of a mixture of salt flour and water. Grades VII and VIII are also making maps of the continent of Africa.

Ladic Ponich has taken on a difficult task of teaching Clarence Johnson a few dance steps, which, we hope Clarence will perform before a horizontal tradition ported the social studies ported the social st

Mr. H. B. Gaetz was im-swered "Mussolini is a sort of patiently treading the side material used for ladies' stock-walk in front of his store when lings." Ponich very intelligently an-

World News In Brief

(Continued from Page 1)

Socialism is now taught in schools in Mexico. One school is made of glass and concrete and covers one complete block.

Everything about this school is modernized. It has many beautiful inscriptions presenting the merits—(or demerits?)

WHERE DOES GREAT BRITAIN STAND?

about Miss Dorothy Spindler.

Dorothy in her excitement about something (I wonder if these to appear hand in glove ten. Bowen is to blame). that she with the Spanish Government.

Miss Mary Baynes, who found she had some sleep to catch up to, did not attend teach up to, did not attend teach up to, did not attend teach up to did not attend teach

Trvel by Bus DAILY SERVICE **EXCEPT SUNDAY**

Safety and Comfort

Special Weekend Fares

Canadian Coachways Ltd.

Shorty's Taxi Fair Rates HARRY ASHER, Prop.

Breton and Its Industries

(Continued from Page 1)

Japan is getting war supplies from Canada with which to slaughter countless thousands of Chinese population.

During 1936 Japan imported

of Chinese population.

During 1936 Japan imported \$3,480,000 worth of alumnum to be used in aircraft manufacture. Of this amount Canada (our own country) supplied 71.7 per cent. Also she furnished 97.11 per cent of the copper imported by Japan besides smaller amounts of numerous other materials.

Should we—the population of a democratic country—tolerate such action on the part of our unscrupulous industrialists?

MEXICO

the growth of mixed rarming is slow because of the lack of the lack of the little town is only eleven years old, but Breton is growing why it should and before many years we hope to have cheap electric sites. Surveyed in 1915, the Government Report from Ottoward and South of the groatest hydroelectric sites. Surveyed in 1915, the Government Report from Ottoward and South of the growth of mixed rarming is slow because of the lack of south steady and sure.

The little town is only eleven years old, but Breton is growing why it should and before many years we hope to have cheap electric sites. Surveyed in 1915, the Government Report from Ottoward South of the steady and sure.

Next Showing of Talk-Motion Pictures will be Shown on the Following Dates:

Sat. Jan. 1, 4 p.m. Sat. Jan. 15, 9 p.m.

Watch for Poster Announcing Name of Show

When in Breton Stop for a SQUARE MEAL

at

WHITE LUNCH

MAIN STREET

News

Mr. and Mrs. G. G. Impey, of Breton, celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary on Saturday, December the eleventh. They were married in South Africa in 1887. They came to Canada in 1922. A re-union of their children and grand-children, was held at their home.

Art. Klimp, of Camrose, is installing a grain chopper and wood saw outfit in Breton.

Mrs. G. Hallgren, of Breton, left Thursday for a two-weeks' visit with her relatives, of Wetaskiwin.

fur farm.

ents for a few days.

Rev. Mackey returned to Breton Friday, where he will take up the post of Anglican minister for Breton and its out. Radsted(s). Watch for further minister for Breton and its outlying districts.

Mr. Mackey has just come to the West from Northern On-tario where he was in charge of an Anglican mission. At present he will hold services in the Community Hall every Sunday.

All the stores are decorated for the Christmas season and are very busy. Mr. Gaetz of the Drug Store is practically work-ing day and night, to fill the

This store is also displaying a three-tier Christmas cake, which is being raffled for the benefit of the children's Christan a new book being a new book being mas tree.

The picture show of Saturday night, was greatly enjoyed by a large crowd.

On Friday last Mr. Fred Harman returned from Edmonton with a new car.

Mrs. Shantz, of Carrot Creek, has returned to Breton to spend the winter with her daughter, Mrs. Thrasher.

* * * * What's the matter, Don, we haven't seen the fresh air taxi in Breton lately? (Short of water or gas?)

Neil Kershaw is enjoying himself tremendously by riding up and down the station platform in a wheel chair.

Harold Gaetz, our local drug- But now that school has started,

Joe Pooke is kept busy these cold days killing flies on the

Our genial High School
Teacher was heard to say that
he is working on an average of
George twenty-six hours a day.

Wetaskiwin.

* * *

Mr. C. Kershaw, of Breton, received a pair of mink with spavin received a poir of more a nucleus of a water melons last summer.

* * *

Charlie Bowen will not be included in Breton Hockey or Broomball Teams, due to a hog in picking water melons last summer.

* * *

M. Oelkers, of Breton, are building a store, seven miles morth of here. He will also interest to the control of here. He will also interest to their uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Anderson, of Breton.

Johny Smith has been exempt stal a gasoline station. Mr. and Mrs. E. Russell, of from service, with the same team for six weeks, due to an accident of a dislocated shoulder while scratching his back.

The First Three Hockey Games or while scratching his back.

announcements.

Dan Jamieson is keeping himself warm by rolling gas barrels up and down the main street.

Herb. Smith still continues his regular morning exercises, out with a lantern looking for daylight.

Just in case the Postmaster is too busy to greet you with the "Compliments of the Season about 'Xmas time" he has paid for a space in the columns of this issue of the Breton Bugle

We understand that there is a new book being published by James Steele of Antross, called, "My Life on the Wagon".

Less Anthony, our little fat catcher, is resting up for the winter months so he will be sure of a place on the baseball team in the Spring.

We are told that "Little" Walter has recovered from his illness after using Carter's Little Pills, "Right"?

It looked for a while as though Mundy would have to buy a bigger team on account of hauling so many kids around.

The Bingo Pary, held in aid of the Breton School Christmas Tree, was enjoyed by a fairly large crowd. The teacher sure must have a check on the kids because when he started calling out the numbers and tree with the started calling out the numbers and tree with the started calling of the started calling th out the numbers not one said "Bingo!" Little Walter in his excitement thought he was playing cards and called out

George and Lloyd Campian, of Tofield, are visiting with their uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Anderson, of Breton.

Breton at Winfield Pigeon Lake at Falun December 19, 1937

Winfield at Breton December 24, 1937

District Breton Blacksmith and Welding Shop

The Elite Barber Shop

Baths, Showers, Snooker, Pool And Billiard Room

C. ORLEANS Prop.

Wishes its Patrons the Compliments of the Season

> C. F. BOWEN Prop.

THE BRETON POST OFFICE

wishes its patrons

the Compliments of the Season

ROOMS and MEALS All With Quick Service and a Smile

Joe Walters, Prop

The Breton Teachers Extend the Season's Greetings to the Breton Community

T. SEXTON

MERCHANT Choice Groceries and Meats Our Prices Are Right

Mindy's Livery Barn

Provides the Best Accommodation at the Fairest Rates DRAYING DONE SHORTEST NOTICE

H. E. SMITH, Prop. The Friendly Store

> Wishes Its CUSTOMERS Compliments of the

Thanking Them for Their Past Patronage

ducation and

(Continuea from Page 1)

primarily to provide training in citizenship is to miss the point in the newer approach to the school problem.

The school should provide the child with more than a knowledge of the bare facts included in a course of studies. It should My Trip to the

ledge of the bare facts included in a course of studies. It should assist him in discovering a point of view which will yield the greatest happiness both for the common process.

First Price Companion for Grade point of the po world on finer and nobler principles. And they should not be fooled into believing that they are living in the best of best possible worlds. Too often in the are living in the best of best possible worlds. Too often in the mane of patriotism people are led to accept glaring evils and stupid injustices just because they happen to be part of the existing order of things. Such is not patriotism, but rather the repudiation of patriotism in its highest sense. True loyalty to one's country find expression in the determination to expose the cilis of any age and to bring sane and constructive pressure to bear upon the problems of the age.

After quite a while of sailing we sighted a vessel far out on the sea. We slowed down until all our ships were in a compact we sighted a vessel far out on the sea. We slowed down until all our ships were in a compact the covered after careful nursing. We did not colonize the country but were satisfied to plunder the poor Indians.

By this time we could tell that it was a British vessel. We now sailed for home, when we arrived home we were ing of the word—drought.

Hardware

Hardware

Turniture

Oils

Our captain was very well

Our captain was very well

the Community

Continuous from Page 1)

thill which comes from the realization that within themselves lies the power to solve the great problems of the world and to mould it to suit their ends, we as teachers may assume that our task has been well done.

gram. Such training should not, however, be considered as an end but rather as a means toward an end. And failure to realize that a teacher's task is infinitely worth while and it is infinitely worth while and it. Such a task is not an easy system.

and feet and gagging him. After that we had no more trouble. After quite a while of sailing

age.

If young people can be made to look at life and the universe capture. We asked them many in terms of eternal and ineviquestions, one of which was, "If table change and sense the there were any more ships com-

Wishing you a Merry Christmas and a Prosperous and Happy New Year BRETON DRUG STORE

ing?" They said there were, So, we made preparations for the fight to come.

There were ten unfortunates There were ten unfortunates on the captured ship. We bound them and threw them overboard into the sea. It was a horrible sight to see them gasping for air. However, they soon died and sank. We fired the ship and watched it burn.

Do You Want to Save Money?

If So, Stop at Garl's Secondhand Store

rattle-snake skins. These snakes is the lack of drinking water, were very numerous.
Four of our men died as a result of bites of these snakes. One other man was bitten but recept that condensed from the other man was bitten but recept that condensed from the country but were careful nursing.
We did not colonize the country but were satisfied to plunder tries such as those mentioned, the poor Indians.

For a Square Deal

Service Our Motto

Main Street

The Breton Bugle

VOL. 1, No. 2

SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1938

10c Per Copy

The Enterprise System

office. Too long have most child-ren regarded their years of school-life as an unavoidable period of drudgery and toil which they must endure. Too long have parcels of knowledge

Knowledge That grudgingly memorized and which, as we know from our experience, were promptly for gotten when the pupils were no longer responsible for them.

Surely it is high time an effort was made to change this!

Alberta's effort has been named.

taking into consideration at least four other main purposes of education, which are deeply correlated with guidance.

Our first purpose is to give to each child an unerring use of the tools which enable him to "get by" in this world of ours. Continued on Page 4)

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Continued the them to wards the Truth. "He is the Light the every man that cometh into the world"

The words of the lible are the words of human beings, who like the world of God: they contain the Word of God: they contain the Page 4

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Continued

SELERELIANCE

Rev. D. M. Ponich

upon the money others have United States

By A. W. Fraser,
Antross School Teacher

Chauncey Depew once said,
"Self-contidence is the attribute of great men and of fools," asying, "Self-reliance is the attribute of great men and of fools," asying, "Self-reliance is the attribute of great men and of fools," asying, "Self-reliance is the attribute of great men and of fools," asying, "Self-reliance is the attribute of great men and of fools," asying, "Self-reliance is the attribute of great principles which link all nature to God. Plato was selfred, out in the investigation of his own seul; and there are relation to the respect of, "the decent, law-tribute of great men, and self-conceit of fools," Emerson said, conceit of fools," Emerson said, relation and to reorganize; to that iron string." Insist on yourself; every heart vibrates to that iron string. "Insist on yourself; never indicate." "Whom would be a man must be a non-conformist." He says most natures are insolvent when the period of drudgery and toil which they must endure. Too earned. Self-reliance is not blind con-

Rev. A. Koch

We must all admit that we are border responsible for them.

Surely it is high time an effort was made to change this!

Alberta's effort has been named the "Enterprise System".

The desire to make education a been made in many departments.

The desire to make education a been made in many departments.

Each book contains the relievable where the progress that has been made in many departments.

Each book contains the relievable where the progress is the progress of the pro

THE BIBLE And HOW to Read It

comes from the Greek title "Ta Biblia", meaning "The Books". Each book contains the relig-

WORLD NEWS

in their brutalizing attacks on labor organizations.)

New Zealand

In sharp contrast to the mud-Rev. G. T. Mackey of the world, New Zealand whole library of books, with hundreds of years between the lightenment and hope. With a long list of notable achievement and the last. Our world world greatly the control of the world when the lightenment and hope. With a long list of notable achievement and the last. Our world world already the ments to their credit already the labor government, which has only been in power a little over Alberta's effort has been named the "Enterprise System". The desire to make education a pleasurable experience can nowhere be as clearly exemplified as in the instructions for the teaching of Literature in Division where it advises all most all admit, too, that in spite of the fact that great strides all away been made in many shrouded mysteries, God is pleased to reveal to us everything that is for the common good of all His creatures; again, God is too lowing to reveal to us things which are needless for us to show, and hence perhaps even detrimental to us. He declares in Divisions on more function—guidance. But we are unable to dwell upon this subject without taking into consideration at least four other main purposes of education, which are deeply correlated with guidance.

Our first purpose is to give to each child an unerring use of the progress that he has made of the first purpose is to give to each child an unerring use of the progress that he has made of the first purpose is to give to each child an unerring use of the progress that he has made to the progress that he has made of the progress that he progress that he has made of the progress that he has made t

us in His Word. To begin with, this independence was a mere diaregard for what the Bible says about the origin of the world and its inhabitants; and the fabrication of certain theor-ies too far fetched and fanciful has too large-tend and tancitum for any intelligent person to try to prove. Having done this, con-sistency forced him to disregard what the Bible says about the destiny of man, which is infinite-by more vital than his source.

This is an exact repetition of:

"Because that, when they knew God, they glorified Him not as God, neither were thankful; but became vain in their imaginations, and their feelish heart went and then got on a sle per for the Egyptian city. Late in the afternoon the train reached a tiny settlement, where we cooks, and changed the Gory of the uncorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible one, and to birds, and fourfacted beasts, and creeping things. Rom. 1:21-23. And is bound to have a two-fold effect.

1. As surely as verses 24-32. The river trip was seen caded This is an exact repetition of:

1. As surely as verses 21-32 with all their glaring vice and westedness follow verses 21-23, just as surely will immorality, and vice, and wickedness follow

just as sirely will immorabily, and vice, and wickedness follow in the train of this wisdom with hances at the series of an arrive, sensual, declared by a sand store. We travelled through country where you could not see a free or a blade of grass, nothing but arrive, sensual, declared by a sand store. We travelled through country where you could not see a free or a blade of grass, nothing but arrive, sensual, declared by a sand store.

Guidance As a Factor of Education of Education and the story but unfortunately for her falling sand. We travelled through this kind of lar if the first country we have a few many very safety be classed as educationable fit without knowledge of the country was absent. The people along the shore are transmitted as effectually as it they were because the seed here. The people along the shore are transmitted as effectually as it to the grass land, where large or a could be 7.

The people along the shore are could be suited function and it is "Guidance on Friday because there third function and it is "Guidance on Friday because there third function and it is "Guidance on Friday because there third function and it is "Guidance on Friday because there was a factor of the first of an area of the first of an are hanging in midair on mere theories E. Stanley Jones says. The p

theories E. Stauley Jones says.

"A question mark is a poor resting place for a tired spirit."

It's a pity onan did not begin to try to know some menitely more simple thing like, for instance."

If a man should cast seed into the ground; and should sleep and rise night and day, and the seed should spring and grow up, he knoweth not and grow up, he knoweth not be water was infested with low." Mark 4.26, 27. For then large crocodies, he should have realized it quite. I sleep five nights on the boat impossible, apart from the and on the sixth morning we

and grow up, he knoweth not the water was infested with how." Mark 4.26, 27. For then large crocodiles, he should have realized it quite. I slept five nights on the boat impossible, apart from the and on the sixth morning we word of God, to know these came to the end of the river greater things.

What a comfort to be able to have considence in the Bible, and through the juncle. That might better still, to trust in the atomement of the shed Blood of Lord native village. Jesus Christ as the only available remedy to the sin-sick soul. Not only can we know how everything came into being, but we can also know our destiny. In addition, the only True God, and Jesus Says, "This is Life Eternal, that they might know Thee, next few days we had to cut our the only True God, and Jesus Christ, Whom Thou has sent". At length we came to the John 17.3. Paul says, "... I cradle of the Nile — I ake Vicknow Whom I have believed and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed the size of Scotland, ted unto Him against that day". Later on we visited Kimbert Time 1:12. John says, "These I yand from then I went to Cape things have I waitten unto you Town. By the time I had reach.... that ye may know that ye de home it was Spring.

A Irip to Africa

First Prize Composition in Grade VII, by Florence Hil-gren, aged 14.

The trip I am now going to cell you about is a 6,000 mile journey from Carlo to Cape Town. It is a trip through Britain's African

The river trip was soon ended and we took to the railroad again. The trip took us over twenty-four hours becaus we

2 cups of white flour; 2 cups rolled oats; 1 cup brown sugar;

% cup butter; 1 teaspoon baking powder;

1 teaspoon baking powder.

1/2 cup vinegar;

cup butter cup raisins;

1 teaspoon each of nutmeg, nnamen, dash of cloves. Makes 2 pies.

both of cattle were peacefully grazing.

The people along the shore were not Arabs but blacks. They were dressed in famey African head-dresses. Along the banks were many hipp-potarous sleeping in the shallow waters. When they see a boat coming along they dive under the water.

Along the banks of the river were large herds of antelepe. The water was infested with large crocodiles.

I slept five nights on the boat and on the sixth roorning we came to the end of the river journey. There we rounded up a seafori and stavted our trek through the juncle. That might we made camp near a small native village. making up an individual." If It Is Broken
Secondly, in this information
should come facts concerning
work, play, health, and morals.
The third kind of information

KNOWLEDGE THAT
COUNTS

(Continued from page 1)
that he is becoming independent, of the Divine Revelation given that know not God, and this independence was a mere this independence was a mere Lord Jesus Christ", 2 These this independence was a mere Lord Jesus Christ", 2 These this independence was a mere Lord Jesus Christ", 2 These this independence was a mere Lord Jesus Christ", 2 These this independence was a mere Lord Jesus Christ", 2 These thinks so. cerning his own trials, but it must be made clear that the guidance is only to be administered to children. Think of the millions of adults today who have had to change occupations, I teaspoon baking powder:
Filling: 1 lb. dates, ½ cup
water. ½ cup brown sugar.
When nived together in the
guider given above and baked
think of the handicapped people water. Is cup brown sngar.
When mixed together in the order given above and baked under ordinary circumstances these ingredients give you a Matrimonial Cake.
JELLY ROLL
1 cup sugar:

guided or connect think of the handicapped people think of the world, who perhaps need guidance more than anything else, but who have been neglected. The deaf, blind, sickly, crippled, and mentally deficient all need the guidance of those who are more able than them-

I teaspoon baking power.
Turn on a damp towel, spread
with jam and roll.

MOCK MINCE MEAT
I cup bread crumbs:
I cup sugar:
Le cup nolasses:
Le cup vinegar:

The fourth function of education can be summed up as "the preparation of the person for an escupation. Here again, the counsellor must be careful; he must know the person's ability, comprehension and the condition and the condition of education can be summed up as "the preparation of the person for an escupation." The fourth function of educations under which he has been brought up.

SCHOOL NEWS

(Continued from Page 1)
it," she thought, "That was
Pook's pup and I will write a
story about it." She wrote a
story but unfortunately for her
it was not what the teacher
wanted!

Little June Halgren, sitting Lattle June Halgren, sitting near the front of the class, sniffed incessantly. Mr. Stevens became anneyed and called June to him and said: "Have you a handkerchief, my dear?"

"Yes, teacher," replied the child, "but mother doesn't like me to lend it to anyone."

Breton Blacksmith Welding Shop Jim Can Fix It J. NORQUAY

Hardware

Furniture

Sec DAN'S HARDWARE

For a Square Deal

Service Our Motto

Main Street



WINDBREAKERS

MEN'S DOUBLE WEIGHT DOESKIN
CLOTH

No. 502—Full zipper front, adjustable side straps, pleated bi-swing back, in a popular shade of dark brown, 2 pockets nicely finished. We have sold lots of them and you'll appreciate why, when you see them.

Sizes 36 to 46.



'Husky' Homesteader

No. 701—Full sizes. Medium weight Chambray. Extra large front and back with reinforced elbow and forearm. Triple seams, strong double yoke shoulders, two button-through pockets. Coat style. Big value! In shades of navy and blue. Sizes 14½ to 79c



MEN'S RAYE KNIT PEANUT STRAWS

Buck Jones Style

No. 1564 — Buck Jones shape. Plain Peanut with colored braid interwoven. Very popular shape. Men's sizes 6 7/8 to 7 3/8. Each 25c

Men's Tom Mix

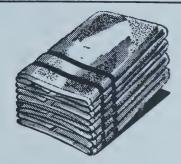
No. 1553—Well ventilated crown for added coolness. Sizes 6 7/ to 25c

women's peanut straw Coolie Hats

No. 1565—Ribbon chin-tie. Varnished as a protection from showers.

LADIES' CHIP BRAID COOLIE HATS

No. 1566—All-over weave in multi colored braid. Ribon chin-tie.





BARGAIN COUNTER VALUES!

25c

No. 3026—Substantial quality, thirsty terry towels in the handy 20 x 40 household size. Deep double loop, in plain white with colorful borders. Strong selvaged edges, with hem back, stitched at corners

No. 3029 — Striped Ecru Towels with "Plenty of Backbone"
Just the towel the household with a planned budget is looking for! Ecru background with colorful stripes in gold, red, green, blue, etc. Deep, strong double loops, that just soak up the moisture, and strong selvaged edges. Size about 20 x 40.

Price 25c

25c

No. 2914 — Deep nap Turkish Toweling. Wonderful value for the housewife who buys her towling by the yd. Woven from heavy weight cotton terry with thickly packed deep, double loops, with strong selvaged edges, About 16"

Ju or up canvar in Bi leathe leathe heels-structi

Just the thing for school or Sunday wear, black medium weight, box kip uppers — and good quality canvas lining throughout, made in Blucher cut style. grain leather insoles, selected quality leather outsoles. Half rubber heels—nailed and sewn construction.

Pete's Trading, Breton

THE SERVICES



John Hanson.



Laurence D. Breton, World War I.



Julius Horvath.





Jack Meakin.



Bob Loshaw standing, Chester Tryon sitting, World War I.



John Bowman in Army uniform, 1919.



Harry Asher, World War I.

WORLD WAR II ARMY

WORLD WAR I

VETERANS



Robert Ross.



Ernest Burris.



Walter Wynnyk.



Carl Jensen.



Milo Scott.



Alvin Ellis.



Hughie Impey.



Erling Wold.



Alfred Pearson.



Roy Young.



Johnny Smith, Nels Hanson.



Ernest Hudson.



Floyd Carson.



William Kanda.



Allan L. Beam.



Mark Hooks.



Ruth Bunney.

Charlie Ing.



Victor James Saunders.



Lloyd Ellis.



Stan Hernberg.



Ted Hernberg.



Bud Wilson.



Nels Hanson.



Gordon Myrhaugen.



Warren Fenneman.



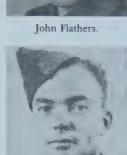
Walter Ing.



Charlie Flathers.



A.C. Flathers.



Ben Flathers.



Bjarne Ostby.



Lloyd Boon.



Harold Bellamy.



Halvor Myrhaugen.



John Flathers.





Bill Anderson.



Ted Greenwood.



Marie (Breton) Farrar.



Norris Lansdell.



Ralph Levers and Lyle Levers.



Carl Kieser.



John Soldan.



Carl Hanson.



Geo. Impey.



Charlie Evans.



Willard Scott.



Mike Nemeth.



Clarence Reid.



Johnny Funnell.



Many of the boys from the Breton area took their first training at the Camrose Training Centre.



Donald Souther.



James Leroy Levers.



Fred Zeiner and Bob Zeiner.



Halvor Myrhaugen and Leroy Myrhaugen.





Viola Anderson and Lloyd Campion.

WORLD WAR II AIR FORCE



Ken W. Levers.



Richard Hooks.



Evans Carson.



Russell Webster.



Lee Wing.



George Impey.

Canada.

Army Form A. 2038. Identification Card for Mechanical Transport Drivers.

THE WAR OFFICE.

The undersigned Page 100 100

(description)

being employed on Military Service, is hereby authorized by the Secretary of State for War to drive a motor car, lorry, motor cycle or other mechanically propelled vehicle when on Government duty.

Signature of Holder. Permanent Under-Secretary of State for War.

Available from....

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Identification Card.



Ted Grzyb.



Edward Buchanan.



Marvin Burris.



Steve Wieting.



Chester Fenneman.



Douglas Smith.



Walter Reid.



Herman Moldenhauer.



Cecil Powell.



Roy Burris.

WORLD WAR II NAVY



Reg Carson.



Robert Samardzic.



Carl Zeiner.



J.E. Overall.



Elmer Hooks.



Alex Waldron.



Selvin Thorkelson.

BRETON CENOTAPH — NOVEMBER 1, 1969

It was first brought to the attention of the Breton Town Council by Comrade Walter Johnson that we should have a Cenotaph erected in memory of our fallen comrades. Comrade Jim Saunders and Comrade Mark Hooks attended the town council meeting and got this worthy project underway. The crosses of the Cenotaph were made by Comrade Jim Saunders and the flag poles by Comrade Lloyd Ellis.

On November 1, 1969, there was a very impressive ceremony for the unveiling of the Cenotaph which was a joint project of the Breton



Breton Cenotaph ceremonies Nov. 1, 1969. L. to R. Comrade Bill Gordon, Hon. Grant MacEwan, Rev. Dr. G. Hutchinson, President Mark Hooks, Rev. Hallgren.

Town Council and the Warburg Legion #205 Branch. The unveiling of the Cenotaph was carried out by the Hon. Grant McEwan, Lt. Gov. of Alberta, and the Provincial President of the Royal Canadian Legion, Comrade Bill Gordon; the dedication of the cairn was made by Rev. Dr. Gerald Hutchinson. Welcome speeches were given by Mayor Harry Staudt, Hon. Grant McEwan, Comrade Bill Gordon, Rev. Dr. Gerald Hutchinson, Rev. Hallgren, and Comrade Mark Hooks, President of the Warburg Legion.



Ceremony of dedication, Nov. 1, 1969. Hon. Grant MacEwan in foreground.

Following the ceremony of dedication, wreaths were laid by Hon. Grant McEwan, Comrade Bill Gordon, Comrade Mark Hooks, and Mrs. Norma Bowen, President of the Warburg Ladies' Legion Auxiliary. Private Alfred Young of the Canadian Armed Forces, who was spending 30 days leave from Camp Borden, Ontario, also took part in the services. The Breton Cadets and Cadettes, under the command of Capt. W. Wynnyk, formed the Guard of Honor and were inspected by Hon. Grant McEwan, Legion Dignitaries, Breton R.C.M.P., and the Breton Elks. Veterans and Ladies' Auxiliary members from other Legion Branches taking part in the ceremony were from Ponoka, Rimbey, Leduc, and Alder Flats. The ceremony was enhanced by a pipe band from Ponoka.

BRETON CADETS

The year 1980 marks 25 years of continuous operation of cadet activity at Breton. Such being the case, it is deemed the cadets have earned a spot in the history of the Breton community.

The beginning of the Corps dates back to the 1954-55 school term when it was perceived the area required a non-selective, extra-curricular program with emphasis on citizenship, leadership and responsibility. Consequently, early in 1955 a group of cadets was organized at Breton for local training—some of the "charter members" being Nels Ladouceur, John Radford, Cecil Robinson and George Shave. An arrangement was worked out with Lt. E. Raitz, Commanding Officer of the Thorsby Cadet Corps, that the Breton platoon would train at Breton for part of the time and then go to Thorsby for a minimum of one parade a month with the Thorsby Corps. Thorsby did the



Cadet airlift at Breton, March 1979. L. to R. Cdts. T. Leuthi, K. Pedersen, T. Stevenson, G. Albers and W. Saubak.

administrative and stores component of the operation.



Annual Inspection May 1978. (Foreground) Capt. W. Wynnyk, Lt. Gov. Ralph Steinhauer, Cdts. L. Grzyb and Colette Hammond (Alder Flats).

In the course of a couple of years this arrangement ceased. Since a new cadet corps, the 2561 Winfield Legion Cadet Corps, had been organized at Winfield under the command of Lt. Stanley Johnson, the Breton platoon was detached from Thorsby and attached to Winfield. Our sponsor at this time was the Royal Canadian Legion, Winfield Branch #236. Our affiliation was with the Wetaskiwin squadron of the 19th Alberta Dragoons.

A number of exercises were held in the Winfield area. One of these was in conjunction with the 19th Alberta Dragoons when some six armoured cars (Ferrets) were brought to Winfield from the Wetaskiwin squadron. The cadets had the experience of driving these. The cars were subsequently recalled and sent to Egypt for patrol duty. A number of combined exercises were held at Wainwright where the Sherman tank was standard equipment for the regiment.

At Winfield we paraded in the school. Progressively, the school was denied for this purpose and parades were held at the old curling rink. Interest in the area was beginning to wane and in time the parades were held at the Legion building. At the time, the training staff was composed of Lt. Stanley Johnson-Commanding Officer, Lt. Keith Johnson-Administrative Officer and Lt. Walter Wynnyk-Instructor. This Johnson, Johnson and Wynnyk team continued with the training till the C.O., Lt. Stan Johnson, on staff of the Winfield High School, left Winfield. At this time, Lt. Wynnyk was requested to take over the command of the Corps.

Since we had the use of the school building at Breton, the Corps' headquarters was moved from

Winfield to Breton. The parades and training were held at the Breton High School. The designation of the Corps was changed to 2561 Breton Cadet Corps with the Breton Elks Lodge No. 402 assuming the sponsorship.

The Corps routine began to pick up and the Corps took the Edmonton United Services Institute silver cup award for the most improved Corps in 1958. At about this time, too, we managed to obtain the services of Mr. Frank Kozar and drafted him into the service. (Captain Kozar still serves with cadets in Grande Prairie) Mr. Kozar commuted from Thorsby till he took over the command of the Thorsby Corps upon Lt. Raitz's appointment to the assistant superintendency of the County of Leduc. In the year 1960, Mr. L.J. Oulton joined the Corps staff and was taken on strength in 1961 with the rank of 2/Lt.



Signals course with 20th Fld. Artillary in Edmonton, April, 1979.

At the same time arrangements were made with Mr. Nevin Ross, then principal of the school at Buck Lake, to open a platoon at Buck Lake and train there once a week. Mr. Ross, upon transfer to Alder Flats, continued with the arrangement till the spring of 1968 when he passed away while in the service of the school and in the service of the cadet movement.

In the interim period, the cadets did their training at the local level and then took summer camp training at either Vernon, B.C. or Clear Lake, Man. The officers, too, spent their summers at training in Vernon, Clear Lake, Ottawa, Royal Military College and Vimy Barracks in Kingston — not to exclude Dundurn, Sask.

The training program, too, showed considerable change over this period. The emphasis shifted more to the citizenship aspect. With the introduction of "mandatory" and "optional" courses, the program could be adapted to fit any local conditions. In the early 70's, with the help of the late Lt. Edmund Krukowski, a driver training program was instituted — a program that provided school credits in high school as well as driver training. For a long period of time, this was the only Corps in Alberta



Cadet winter campout at the mouth of the Brazeau River.

providing this type of training. First aid training played a major role in the program and members in senior high school were able to receive credits in this area as well. Camping skills, outdoor education, orienteering and canoeing played an important role.

A generous amount of work and effort has been expended in the proper use and safety of firearms. Range work and target competitions make



Douglas Kugyelka receiving Gold Duke of Edinburgh award from Prince Philip, Oct. 1977.

up this phase of the program. In this area, the help of Mr. O. Heighington, Mr. L. Wing, Mr. G. Wynnyk and Mr. Roy Stout is gratefully acknowledged.

With the birth of the Army Cadet League of Canada and the Army Cadet League of Alberta, more material aid became available to this Corps. Some 20 pairs of skis were given to the Corps for their use. Camp Mac, on Lake Wabamun, opened its doors to the young people of the province and the strict government budget was supplemented by the League. Backpacking equipment and canoes are being made available to the Corps.

In the Alder Flats area, under the vigilant eye of Lt. Les Dominy, a number of officers followed Lt. Ross. Mr. Norman Moore, Mr. Vincent Farrell and presently, Lts. Gloria and Al Bratland, took turns in

looking after the west end of the Corps. Mr. Dominy's assistance at the numerous camping expeditions is greatly appreciated. The Corps maintains its rating at the top end of the province's cadet corps. In 1969-70 and 1971-72, the Corps placed first among the rural corps in the province. In the training year of 1975-76, the Corps placed first in the province with a rating of 94.1% and received the R.B. Bennett Shield.

One item of the program deserves special mention. It is the "Duke of Edinburgh's Award in Canada." The plan consists of four requirements progressing through the three stages of Bronze, Silver and Gold medals. Some 10 cadets, to date, have received the Gold Medal personally from His Royal Highness Prince Philip, the Duke of Edinburgh. As the Prince was unable to come to Breton, the cadets were taken to the Prince. Although corps in the eastern part of the country had participated in this program for some time, the Breton Corps was the only corps in Alberta to represent the West. Cadets V.R. Rathwell, R.K. Seely and A.S. Weiss were the first Corps' recipients of the Gold Medal, in the summer of 1976 at the Royal Military College in Kingston, Ontario.

The years' training program was not without its lighter and exciting moments. It is recalled during one of the outings at the mouth of the Wolf Creek (Rose Creek on maps) a "defense" position was assumed by half the Corps while the other half were driven a few miles up the road to form the "attack" party. An enterprising cadet assumed an excellent observation point on a shelf on a steep bank of the creek about 50 feet above the water line. Unfortunately, the shelf was of a weak sandstone formation and under the added weight, crumpled and rolled down to the water — with the cadet, though braking, in quick pursuit. Needless to say, the cadet spent the rest of the day in the "intensive observation" tent.

On another occasion, after a hearty noonday lunch, it was observed that a lot of food was left over for supper and the cadets' appetities were lagging. It was therefore decided to engage the troop in a strenuous game of soccer in order to try and stimu-



Canoe training course at Camp Mao on Lake Wabamun.

late the sagging appetities for supper. While Mr. Dominy and I worked on the supper, Lt. Oulton managed the game some 100 yards away. Suddenly, a piercing shriek of pain reached us at the camp. Grabbing the first aid kit, we raced over to a cadet rolling in agony on the field.

"What is the matter — what happened?" we

questioned.

"It's these damn boots," came the tearful reply; "The ball was coming towards me, I went to kick it

and my other foot was in the way."

In the canoeing realm of the training, the Corps prides itself in the strict accounting of personnel and material. To date, not a paddle has been lost. However, on a relatively recent expedition down the North Saskatchewan River, just past the Blue Rapids, one of our canoes relaxed vigilance and turned sideways to a wave. The canoe was swamped and the occupants went into the water. (life jackets are standard procedure). A couple of adjacent canoes immediately came to the rescue and drew the wet cadets out of the water while others recovered canoe, paddles and gear. approaching the shore, one of the wet cadets, obviously overanxious to get on dry land again, stood up in the canoe and attempted to jump to the shore before the craft beached. There were now four wet canoeists — plus a delay of the expedition which provided anxious moments for base camp as well as for the parents that evening.



Wesley Oulton enroute to the Barbados.

The story of the Corps would not be complete without mention of our "Master" and "Gold Star" cadets — Wesley Oulton, Vivienne Scott, Andy Weiss, Doug Kugyelka and Paul Wynnyk. Two of the above particularly distinguished themselves by winning top awards in Provincial and Western Canadian competitions.

Wesley Oulton, in 1971, gained top marks in the Master Cadet examination conducted in Edmonton and was awarded a trip to the Barbados that summer. Wesley is currently enrolled in the Faculty of Engineering at the University of Alberta.

Paul Wynnyk, while at Vernon Army Cadet Camp in 1978, took the highest award — the Sword of Honour. He was awarded the Alberta Army Cadet League Leadership Course at Stanford, Eng-

land where he trained with The First Battalion The Staffordshire Regiment. In the summer of 1979, while on the Cadet Leader Instructor Course at Vernon, he again took the top award and gained a trip to Germany for the summer of 1980. Paul plans to take the Cadet Parachute Course and enrol in the Royal Military College in Kingston, Ont. upon completion of his high school.

Currently, our instructional staff is composed of Mr. R. Stout, Lts. Gloria and Al Bratland, Lt. Lyle Oulton, Lt. Gwen Samardzic and Capt. W. Wynnyk CD. In recognition of the service the Corps has



Paul Wynnyk with Sword of Honor, Vernon Army Cadet Camp, 1978.

provided to the community, its commanding officer has been awarded the Queen's Jubilee Medal on the occasion of Her visit to Canada.

The Corps is in dire need of new and dedicated officers to take over and carry on the tradition of service to the community.

— W. WYNNYK

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